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THE

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DESTRUCTIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE ENERGIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT COMPARED.

We have been witnessing during the past months an extraordinary exhibition of energy on the part of the government of the United States in making sudden preparation for the war with Spain, and in prosecuting that war to a successful issue. Men of science, and teachers and promoters of science, have a special interest in the lessons of the war, because the instruments and means used in modern warfare are comparatively recent results of scientific investigation and of science applied in the useful arts. Moreover, the serviceable soldier or sailor is himself a result, not only of moral inheritance and instruction, but of training in the scientific processes of exact observation, sure inference, and accurate manipulation. It is not the linguistic side of school training which makes the effective soldier or sailor; it is the scientific side. His vocabulary may be limited though expressive, and his grammar false; but his eye must be true, his judgment sound and prompt, and his hand capable of using instruments of precision.

Many suppose that chemistry, mathematics, and physics are the only sciences which have contributed to the resources of modern warfare. This is far from the fact. Biological science is an important contributor. The first-relief package, which every soldier carries, is crammed with surgical knowledge which the world waited for till the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The hospital ship Bay State is full of appliances for the care of the sick and wounded which are new within twenty years, and have all resulted from scientific discoveries and inventions made in times of peace and for purposes the opposite of warlike. Physiological science has really arrived at valuable conclusions with regard to the soldier's diet, — the indispensable foundation of his effectiveness, — conclusions which relate to portability, nutritiousness, and adaptation to different climates; though it must be confessed that these conclusions do not seem to have affected as yet the practice of the United States Commissary Department.[1] Financial science is also a contributor of prime importance; since success in war depends more and more on the command of money and credit. To this war with Spain we owe the most effective revenue bill — or rather, the only comprehensive revenue bill — the country has had within a whole generation.

It cannot be doubted, then, that the energy put forth by our government for the immediate purpose of capturing or destroying Spanish vessels, forts, towns, and war material, and incidentally killing, wounding, and starving Spaniards, has been a great exhibition of power in applied science, and as such must com-

[1] The ration of the United States soldier is a liberal one in comparison with that of other armies; but if the Commissary Department avails itself of the option to issue pork or bacon, it is a

mend itself to the attention of men of science. I hear already a protest against the thought that devotees of science can have any special interest in war, — war the supreme savagery, the legalization of robbery and murder, the assemblage of all cruelties, crimes, and horrors, set up as an arbiter of international justice. I recall the indictment set forth by Charles Sumner forty years ago, in his address on the war system, "that this trade of barbarians, this damnable profession, is a part of the war system, sanctioned by international law; and that war itself is hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the commonwealth of nations, for the determination of international questions!"[1] This is the jurist's and philanthropist's view. But the man of science has another view of war. He regards it as the worst survival of savage life, still occasionally unavoidable because of other survivals of the savage state, such as superstition, passion uncontrolled, and lust of wealth and power. He recognizes the fact that war makes a temporary and local hell on earth, and that all its characteristic activities are destructive; whereas all the normal activities of a free government should be constructive, and intended to promote the good of its citizens and general civilization; but he does not accept Sumner's dictum in his oration of

ration ill adapted to a warm climate. Nevertheless, good cooking would make the American ration an acceptable and wholesome one.

War rations.

British soldier in India: —	Quantity allowed daily. Ozs.
Meat with bone	16.00
Bread	16.00
Potatoes	16.00
Rice	4.00
Sugar	2.50
Tea	0.71
Salt	0.66
Total	55.87
German soldier: —	
Bread	26.50
Fresh or raw salt meat or smoked beef	13.25
Mutton, ham, bacon, or sausage	8.82
Rice or ground barley	4.41
or peas, beans, or flour	8.82
or potatoes	53.00
Salt	0.90
Coffee roasted	0.90
or coffee raw	1.00
United States soldier: —	
Fresh meat	20.00
or salt beef	22.00
or pork or bacon	12.00
Bread or flour	18.00
Potatoes	16.00
Peas or beans	2.40
Rice	1.60
Sugar	2.40
Coffee raw	1.60
Salt	0.25

[1] "'Give them hell!' was the language written on a slate by a speechless dying American officer. 'Ours is a damnable profession,' was the confession of a veteran British general. 'War is a trade of barbarians!' exclaimed Napoleon in a moment of truthful remorse, prompted by his bloodiest field. Alas! these words are not too strong. The business of war cannot be other than a trade of barbarians, a damnable profession; and war itself is certainly hell on earth. But consider well — do not forget — let the idea sink deep into your souls, animating you to constant endeavors, that this trade of barbarians, this damnable profession, is a part of the war system, sanctioned by international law; and that war itself is hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the commonwealth of nations, for the determination of international questions!" (War System of the Commonwealth of Nations: an address by Charles Sumner, before the American Peace Society, at its Anniversary in Boston, May 28, 1849. Boston: Pratt Brothers, 37 Cornhill, 1869. Stereotype Edition. In pursuance of the above vote of our society, several large editions were issued; but, thinking that a performance of such signal ability ought to have a still wider and more permanent circulation, we asked permission to stereotype it. Mr. Sumner kindly consented; and in preparing this edition, he has made no alteration in any principle or argument from the original address, his views, like our own, having experienced on the question of peace and war no change from any events of the last twenty years. — Geo. C. Beckwith, Corresponding Secretary. Boston, Jan., 1869.)

1845 on The True Grandeur of Nations, "There can be no war that is not dishonorable." He recognizes that occasional war, and therefore constant preparedness for war, are still necessary to national security, just as police, courts, prisons, and scaffolds are still indispensable to social order and individual freedom in the most civilized and peaceful states. Moreover, the man of science perceives that, while the immediately destructive objects in war are savage and barbarous, the instrumentalities and forces used in modern warfare are closely akin to the great constructive agencies and forces in human society. The battleship is, to be sure, the most complex and the cruelest machine yet constructed by man; but all its parts, except its armament and its armor, are not only applicable in works of peace, but have actually been wrought out for peaceful constructive purposes. The organization and disciplined skill which make possible the equipment of great bodies of soldiers within a few weeks, and their transportation to distant lands with incredible speed and safety, are the same sort of organization and skill needed in every great productive industry; and the mechanical and electrical engineers who have become indispensable in warfare have been developed, not for war, but for modern industries and systems of transportation. The applications of Bessemer steel in war are not its primary uses; its peaceful constructive applications give it its primary value. The application of compressed air for the transmission of power was not invented for the dynamite gun, but for tunneling and mining. The ammonia refrigerating process was not invented for hospital uses in war, but for domestic and commercial cold storage. No nation can now succeed in war which has not developed in peace a great variety of mechanical, chemical, and biological arts. The normal activities of these arts must and do tend to advance humane civilization. Their application to the destructive cruelties of warfare is abnormal. Yet, inasmuch as they are applied in war with a prodigious energy and intensity, it may well be that the acute horrors of even the shortest war may have a lesson for the long normal periods of peace. The destructive activities of the government of the United States are abnormal and rare; but they are intense, and they attract in a high degree the attention and interest of the people. I therefore wish to call your attention to some of the lessons which this unusual energy of the government in war suggests in regard to its normal activities in times of peace.

One further introductory explanation seems to be needed for the sake of clearness. There is a class of *a priori* social philosophers who would not be at all content with this moderate claim that times of war may have useful lessons for peaceful times; for they believe that the virtues bred and the habits established in war alone make possible the assured progress of society during peace; and that, therefore, occasional wars are to be welcomed as renovators of society, which during peace tends to corruption, luxury, and enfeebling vices. Now men of science, so far as I have observed, generally think that this doctrine just reverses the real order of cause and effect. They do not consider the martial virtues — courage, endurance, loyalty, and the willingness to subordinate self-interest to the interest of clan, tribe, or nation — to be the supreme and ultimate objects toward which the human race must struggle on. They regard these virtues as the elementary, fundamental, preliminary virtues, which can be cultivated in man's savage state, and so become the stepping-stones of his moral advance; but they know, on the demonstrative evidence of both history and natural history, that these virtues may coexist with cruelty, rapacity, and lust, and an almost complete indifference to

both truth and justice. Civilization, in their eyes, means the adding of justice, truth, and gentleness to the martial virtues, — an addition which does not necessarily involve any countervailing subtraction. The civilized man should be as brave, enduring, self-sacrificing, and loyal as the savage, and should also be just, truthful, magnanimous, and gentle. The warlike virtues are those of the hunter, and war is a chase with man the prey; but as man rises in the scale of civilization, he is less and less the nomad and the hunter. Truly, it is not war which prepares men for worthy and successful lives in times of peace. On the contrary, it is worthy life in time of peace on the part of individual men or a nation of men which prepares for success in war; and this principle is quite as true of men in the savage state as in the civilized. The winning tribe in savage warfare is that which in peace lives habitually a simple, hardy, robust life, loves the chase and daring sports, travels fast and far afoot, and subsists at need on what it can find on the way, or carry with it in the rudest methods. In civilized warfare, that nation will be successful which produces plenty of healthy, vigorous, intelligent men, who have added to the ancient martial virtues a moral quality which free institutions can best develop, — namely, individual initiative and self-reliance, — and have acquired skill in a great variety of useful arts. Do we not all believe that the normal activities of peace under free institutions are the best possible, though not the only necessary, preparation for inevitable war, and that such normal activities of the nation never need to be purified or uplifted by avoidable war? Nevertheless, we may also believe that some lessons for times of peace can be drawn from the prodigiously stimulated activity of the government and the sacrifices of the people in time of war.

The first important inference which may be drawn from the experience of our government and people during the past months is anthropological, — it is the permanence of the martial virtues and their commonness. In any vigorous race these virtues may fairly be called inextinguishable. A whole generation has passed since this country has been at war, just as a whole generation passed between the war of 1812 and the Mexican war; and yet courage, endurance, and patience were promptly exhibited by hundreds of thousands of our young men. The extinction of the soldierly qualities is not at all to be feared in a robust race inhabiting the temperate zone, which cultivates manly sports, and pursues on land and sea all the occupations which require the maintenance of a watchful struggle against adverse powers of nature, or the utilization of natural forces of mysterious and formidable intensity. Civilized society is always maintaining a perilous conflict with natural forces, which ordinarily serve man's purposes, but sometimes try to overwhelm him. Fire, the greatest of man's inventions, and his humblest servant, suddenly breaks out into destructive fury; wind ordinarily fills his sails, turns his mills, and refreshes the atmosphere of his cities, but now and then in spots sweeps from the surface of the earth and sea all man's works, — crops, buildings, vehicles, and vessels. The mineral oil which every night lights so brilliantly the humblest homes in every clime occasionally kills the ignorant or careless user, or sets a huge city in flames. Any single-minded worm or insect will be too much for man, unless man knows how to set some other creature of one idea at destroying the first invader. How small is the range of the thermometer within which man can live with comfort or even safety! A change of a few degrees below or above the normal range sets him fighting for his life. This conflict with external nature is the great school of mankind in courage, persistence, patience, and forethought;

and mankind never needs any other. The professional soldier may be softened, and perhaps corrupted, by a long period of peace; for in peaceful times he may have nothing to do, or at least his occupation may be so slight and so dull as not to keep his physical and mental powers at full play; but a citizen soldiery, when free from the horrible activities of war, returns promptly to the labors of peace, and escapes the dangers to which a professional soldiery is exposed. It is, then, the regular pursuits and habits of a nation in times of peace which prepare it for success in war; and not the virtues bred in war which enable it to endure peace.

The second lesson to be drawn from the recent experience of the nation in war is the immense value of long-prepared, highly-trained public service. The instant efficiency of our navy is a striking demonstration of this principle, which needs to be brought home to the great body of our people. The war teaches that though a navy can be extemporized for the purposes of transport and blockade, for fighting purposes the trained naval expert is the invaluable man, whether in command or behind a gun or in the engine-room. The preparedness of our regular army for immediate service, and the comparative unreadiness of the militia, even in those states which have paid most attention to volunteer military organization, enforce the same lesson. Would that the plain teaching of this short war in this regard might sink into the minds of our people, and convince them of the immense advantages they would derive from a highly-trained permanent civil service in every branch of the public administration!

Another lesson of these pregnant months relates to a principle which underlies our form of government, yet is often seen but dimly by portions of our people. I refer to the principle that the government of the United States should do nothing which any other visible agency — state, city, town, corporation, or private individual — can do as well. This seems a strange principle to be enforced by the action of our government in time of war, since the government has a monopoly of that hideous activity; but this war has brought out in a very striking way the fact that, when it comes to the pinch, the source of victory is in the personal initiative of each individual commander and private soldier or sailor. When all preparation is made, when all appliances have been perfected and brought together, in the particular thicket or mined strait in which the work of the moment is to be done, it is the perceptive power and moral resolution of the individual which command success. In warfare, as in industries, the automaton counts for less and less, and the thinking, resourceful individual for more and more. The automaton is the natural result of despotic institutions, civil and religious; the resourceful, initiating individual is the natural product of free institutions, under which the citizens are as little restricted as possible in the development and training each of his own will-power and capacities. To secure this fundamental advantage of free institutions, as many fields of activity as possible must be left open to the individual, and to voluntary associations of individuals. If the government enters a field which individuals, or voluntary associations of individuals, could till, it diminishes by so much the range or reach of the great school of self-governing freemen, namely, the school of creative and constructive industry under liberty and with responsibility. Is it not a wonderful thing that the invention of more and more destructive weapons, like the long-range magazine rifle and the machine gun, which have made impossible close formations, and have forced every modern army to imitate what used to be called Indian warfare, should bring out so strikingly, as this recent war has done, the immense superiority of the disciplined freeman to

the trained automaton? A firing line is now composed of detached men, each seeking cover at every moment, and all using smokeless powder, that the exact position of the line may not be revealed to the enemy one thousand or two thousand yards away. The enemy is invisible, and there is none of the excitement of personal encounter. The individual soldier is not supported on right and left by bodily contact with comrades, and the nearest officer may be a long way off. Under such circumstances each man must do his own fighting, and success depends on the courage, skill, and judgment of the individual soldier. The maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war," means, therefore, vastly more than it used to. It no longer refers chiefly to the provision of vessels, forts, and weapons, but rather to the bringing up of generations of young men trained by school, college, political life, and the great national industries to habits of self-direction and of disciplined coöperation. This bringing up is best secured under free institutions which leave everything possible to the initiative of the citizen.

This principle — that government should do nothing which any other agencies can do as well — being admitted and established, the next question to be considered is whether the legitimate activities of our government in time of peace — activities directed toward constructive and wholly beneficent objects — should not be increased. On this point I cannot help thinking that the lesson of the war is plain and convincing. It is undeniable that our people have rejoiced in the exhibition of power which the government has given during this war. We have all derived great satisfaction from our government's display of power, exercised with promptness, foresight, and the sagacious adaptation of means to ends. It is human nature, always and everywhere, to enjoy such success as the government has won, even when it costs heavily in blood and money. To have the consciousness of possessing power, and to display the power possessed, is a national gratification. Now, this sort of satisfaction ought to be obtainable in peace as well as in war; so that the power of the United States, displayed in peace for ends wholly constructive and beneficent, ought to be in some measure comparable with the power the government is capable of displaying for destructive ends in war. Charles Sumner's argument from the comparative cost of the Ohio, a ship of the line, and of Harvard University[1] (a comparison made in 1845) helped him to the wrong conclusion that war is always dishonorable and always to be avoided, and that preparations for war are foolish and criminal. Nevertheless, the comparison was and is highly suggestive, and becomes more and

[1] "It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer that the whole available property of the University [Harvard], the various accumulation of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to $703,175.

"Change the scene, and cast your eyes upon another object. There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbor, a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836, for $547,888; repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for $223,012; with an armament which has cost $53,945; making an amount of $834,845 (Document No. 132, House of Representatives, Third Session, Twenty-Seventh Congress) as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship, — more than $100,000 beyond all the available wealth of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land!

"Pursue the comparison still further. The expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the Undergraduates, and for the Schools of Law and Divinity, amount to $46,949. The cost of the Ohio for one year of service, in salaries, wages, and provisions, is $220,000; being $175,000 above the annual expenditures of the University, and more than *four times* as much as those expenditures. In other words, for the annual sum lavished on a single ship of the line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country!" (The True Grandeur of Nations: an oration, by Charles Sumner, delivered before the authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845. Boston: American Peace Society, 1869.)

more so as preparation for war and war itself grow more and more costly. Indeed, in one respect the recent war has made such comparisons more effective and interesting; for it has proved that the defense of coast cities and harbors is easier than we had supposed, since the strongest fleets have no formidable powers of offense against them. Comparatively cheap mines, protected by respectable earthworks on shore, cannot be successfully dealt with by any naval forces yet devised. A navy without an army cannot make conquests; and the defense of all important points on a coast can be extemporized at moderate cost. Such comparisons make us desire that the steady energy of the government for good ends in times of peace be made to bear a better comparison with its intense energy in the spasms of war. How can the United States put forth during the long periods of peace a beneficent power comparable to the destructive power it wields in war, without violating the principle of leaving to its citizens every field of activity which they can till to advantage?

If we examine the fields of activity which must perforce remain to the government, we shall find that they will amply suffice for the exercise of power enough to gratify the most ambitious and the most benevolent citizen of the republic. Let us briefly survey some of these fields. The first I shall mention is the fostering of commerce. This function obviously belongs to the general government, which has power not only to regulate, but to annihilate at will, the trade of its citizens with foreign countries. We have indeed seen our foreign commerce destroyed by our own national legislation. Now, commerce, foreign and domestic, is the great peace-maker and peace-keeper, and, on the whole, it is the great enricher of mankind in comforts and luxuries. It deserves on every account the fostering care of a powerful nation, not only for the benefits it confers on that particular nation, but because it tends to bring about the confederation of all races of mankind in the pursuit of a common well-being. The war with Spain has distinctly enlarged the moral outlook of our people. It has presented to them wholly unexpected problems concerning the responsibility of a fortunate people for the welfare of the less fortunate. It has suggested to them that a policy of political seclusion and commercial isolation is not worthy of a strong, free, and generous people; and that such a policy is not the way to the greatest prosperity and the most desirable influence.

Another great field of beneficent activity for our government is the procuring of just and humane conditions of labor in industries which cannot be carried on within the jurisdiction of any single state, because they necessarily cover several states. For the protection of work-people in industries carried on completely within a single state, state legislation may suffice; but when, as in the case of railroads, the industry must be carried on through several or many states, it is only the national government that can adequately protect the interests of the persons employed. The great functions of the national government in this respect are now only beginning to be exercised. In the Ninth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, a report dated June 30, 1897, I read [1] that in the year 1896 the number of railroad employees killed in the service was 1861, and the number injured 29,969, the number of men employed on the railroads of the United States in this year being 826,620. In 1897 the corresponding figures were 1693 killed and 27,667 injured. These actual numbers equal the casualties of a great battle; but the deaths and injuries occurred in a single year, and are not above the average of the five years preceding. The total number of persons killed on American railroads

[1] Comparative summary of railway acci-

in the year 1896 was 6448, while the injured were 38,687, and these figures are not above the average of the five years preceding. In the same year there were killed and wounded in coupling and uncoupling alone 6614 trainmen, 1744 switchmen and flagmen, and 328 other employees, making a total of 8686 killed and wounded in coupling and uncoupling alone.[1] Of the total number of trainmen in the United States one in every 152 was killed, and one in every 10 was injured during the railroad year 1896;[2] during 1897 one in 165 was killed, and one in 12 injured. Great battles do not occur every year; but these losses do. Do not these terrible figures suggest that our government has not yet undertaken to discharge its duty of protecting by legislation large classes of its citizens engaged in indispensable service to the community? The obstacles to the use of automatic couplers are pecuniary alone. On June 30, 1896, only about one third of the total equipment of American railroads in cars and locomotives was fitted with train-brakes, and only about two fifths were fitted with automatic couplers. Have we not here a new function for our government, in which the wise exercise of its great power would have far-reaching beneficent results?

As time goes on, it appears that more and more industries have a national scope. Thus, it may be doubted whether the mining of soft coal can be successfully regulated by the separate legislation of single states; for coal mined in Virginia is necessarily in competition with coal mined in Ohio, for example, and the unprotected condition of laborers in Ohio may prevent the adequate protection of coal miners in Virginia. Within a few months New England cotton manufacturers have been startled

dents for the years ending June 30, 1896, 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, and 1888: —

Year.	Employees.		Passengers.		Other Persons.		Total.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1896 . .	1,861	29,969	181	2,873	4,406	5,845	6,448	38,687
1895 . .	1,811	25,696	170	2,375	4,155	5,677	6,136	33,748
1894 . .	1,823	23,422	324	3,034	4,300	5,433	6,447	31,889
1893 . .	2,727	31,729	299	3,229	4,320	5,435	7,346	40,393
1892 . .	2,554	28,267	376	3,227	4,217	5,158	7,147	36,652
1891 . .	2,660	26,140	293	2,972	4,076	4,769	7,029	33,881
1890 . .	2,451	22,396	286	2,425	3,598	4,206	6,335	29,027
1889 . .	1,972	20,028	310	2,146	3,541	4,135	5,823	26,309
1888 . .	2,070	20,148	315	2,138	2,897	3,602	5,282	25,888

(Interstate Commerce Commission; Statistics of Railways in the United States, 1896, page 87.)

[1] Accidents in the United States, 1896, in coupling and uncoupling: —

Trainmen.		Switchmen, Flagmen, and Watchmen.		Other Employees.		Total.	
Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
157	6,457	58	1,686	14	314	229	8,457

(*Ibid.* page 88.)

[2] Comparative summary showing number of employees and trainmen for one killed and for one injured in the United States for the years ending June 30, 1896, 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, and 1890.

Year.	Number of Employees for one		Number of Trainmen for one	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1896	444	28	152	10
1895	433	31	155	11
1894	428	33	156	12
1893	320	28	115	10
1892	322	29	113	10
1891	296	30	104	10
1890	306	33	105	12

(*Ibid.* page 96.)

by the development of the cotton manufacture in the Southern States; and one of the first suggestions of remedy made by the New England operatives was a national law to regulate hours of labor in cotton mills all over the country. This incident simply marks a tendency. Interests common to many states certainly suggest that the common government has duties in regard to them.

An established function of our national government is the execution of public works for the improvement of rivers and harbors, — works which redound to the advantage of the localities where they are situated, to be sure, but also to that of the people at large. These works are too often executed in a slow, wasteful manner, which no private person or corporation could possibly afford. As an illustration of bad government methods, and therefore of the possibilities of improvement in governmental efficiency, I take the Columbia River at the Cascade Gorge. This improvement comprises works on a great lock and on a canal about three thousand feet long, including the lock. The original estimate of the cost was a million and a half dollars, and the work was actually begun in 1878. At the end of 1891, when $1,609,324.94 had been expended on the work, the estimate for its completion was a million and three-quarters dollars. It is not yet finished, after the lapse of twenty years.[1] In six of the years since the first appropriation was made Congress made no appropriation whatever. Until 1893 it never appropriated anything like the sum which the engineers reported could profitably be expended in the following year, and even then the appropriation lacked half a million dollars of the money the engineers wanted. The total expended to date is more than five millions of dollars, not counting interest on expenditures which have stretched over twenty years. In the meantime not a particle of benefit has accrued to the population on the Colum-

[1] Columbia River at Cascade: —

Year.	Appropriations.	Amount expended including liabilities and contracts.	Available.	Estimated amount that could be profitably expended in following year.	Estimate for completion from date.
1876	$90,000		$90,000.00		
1877		$4,616.65	90,000.00	$500,000	$1,459,136
1878	150,000	5,854.05	235,383.35	500,000	1,524,338
1879	100,000	44,785.87	329,529.30	500,000	1,424,338
1880	100,000	207,626.83	384,743.43	500,000	1,324,338
1881	100,000	83,269.43	217,116.60	750,000	1,224,338
1882	265,000	133,329.57	133,847.17	500,000	1,655,397
1883		186,233.53	265,517.60	500,000	1,655,397
1884	150,000	73,586.92	79,284.07	500,000	1,505,397
1885		133,873.48	155,697.15	750,000	1,250,000
1886	187,500	19,050.74	21,823.67	800,000	1,100,000
1887		110,445.55	190,272.93	400,000	1,850,000
1888	300,000	77,788.44	79,837.38	500,000	1,550,000
1889		221,835.26	302,347.59	700,000	1,250,000
1890	435,000	72,858.38	80,512.33	900,000	1,115,000
1891		234,170.24	442,653.95	1,500,000	1,745,000
1892	326,250	190,650.11	208,483.71	1,419,250	1,419,250
1893	1,239,653*	19,398.27	1,583,736.60		
1894		330,984.95	1,564,338.33		
1895		630,000.00	(From Bookkeeper's accounts.)		
1896		427,001.28			
1897		342,248.72			
Total expended					$5,007,742
Original estimate					1,459,136
Total expended with interest up to 1897 at 4%					5,880,000

* Sundry Civil Act of 1893, — "not more than ¾ to be expended during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894."

bia River or to the nation at large. The delay and waste have been caused by the scanty and intermittent appropriations, involving frequent suspensions of work and the deterioration of an expensive plant.[1] The cost of the work has been greatly enhanced by the necessity of renewing the plant, and recruiting anew at short intervals the whole force of work-people. If a vigorous corporation had undertaken the work, it could have completed the job within six years, and would thereafter have enjoyed a good income on the money invested. It is impossible for the nation at large to take satisfaction in grand works so feebly conducted. Such a process impairs, rather than increases, the self-respect of the nation; for everybody perceives that it is a stupid and discreditable process. Whenever a public work must be completed before the country can derive any benefit from it, the government should prosecute the work with all the dispatch consistent with thoroughness of execution. This single instance illustrates the opportunities for immense improvement in the conduct of the operations of our government on public works. Already there are some examples which indicate that better times are in store for us in this respect. Thus, in 1884, estimates of $3,710,000 were submitted for clearing out the mouth of the Columbia River by dredging and constructing jetties. On June 30, 1896, this work was practically finished at a cost of two millions of dollars, favorable circumstances and prompt continuous work having effected a saving of a million, seven hundred thousand dollars.[2] The rapid erection of the Library of Congress under the direction of General Casey within the original estimates is

[1] Extracts from the reports of U. S. engineers in charge of the work.

Report of Major James, 1885: "In conclusion, I will only add that if the necessary funds can be afforded, I can open this work for navigation inside of two years, and that every year saved in the opening of navigation through the Cascade Mountains will save to the masses of people affected a sum approximate to the whole cost of the work."

Captain Powell, 1887: "Operations had been generally suspended from want of funds for several months previous to August, 1886. . . . The estimate of cost for completing the canal with the single lock, carefully revised during the year and based on the cost of work done, gives a total in round numbers of $1,850,000. The increase over the original estimate results principally from previously uncounted expenses from suspension of work; the severity of the climate and difficulties of the situation at the Cascade Gorge were, I judge, not sufficiently considered. . . . On account of small and uncertain appropriations the opening of the Cascade Canal will require several years."

Major Thomas H. Handbury, 1888: "For all works of this character, where the improvement to be effected must be completed before any advantage can accrue to commerce, it does seem that the policy of small appropriations running through a long term of years enhances enormously their ultimate cost."

Major Handbury, 1890: "On the 5th [of July] active work was resumed and continued until November, when it was discontinued on account of unfavorable weather and a scarcity of funds."

Major Handbury, 1891: "The estimated amount yet to be appropriated for completing the work is $1,745,500. If this amount were available now, so that the work from this time forward could be pushed to the full extent of our arrangements and the capacity of the plant now provided, it is within the range of possibility, under ordinary circumstances of weather, to advance it so near completion that boats could be regularly passed through the lock by the end of the year 1892; but this is not the case."

[2] Extract from report of Major Handbury, 1891: "Receiving reasonably large appropriations, the officer in charge has been enabled to provide a plant commensurate with the importance and difficulties of the work in hand, and has used this to good advantage. The work has been well organized and pushed forward on business principles, as all large government work must be if economical results are to be expected. The rock and other materials have thus far been obtained at reasonable figures, and the employees have taken a commendable interest in the success of the project and rendered faithful service. This could not have been done had the work been overshadowed with the constant dread of disorganization on account of limited and inadequate appropriations."

another hopeful example.[1] The self-respect of the nation is enhanced by every public improvement which is well planned and well executed, and then turns out to be of public benefit proportionate to the expenditure. The cost of clearing the mouth of the Columbia River was not so much as the cost of one armored cruiser; but it is a permanent work of daily utility, the beneficence of which is without alloy.

To illustrate further the directions in which the beneficent expenditures of our government might reasonably be increased, I now invite consideration of certain comparisons between items of military and naval expenditure which the Cuban war has forced on our attention, and the cost of some government establishments which are of especial interest. The annual cost of the Lighthouse Establishment, on the average of five years from 1893 to 1897 inclusive, was $3,000,000. The cost of maintaining naval vessels in commission during the year 1897 — a year of peace — was $9,000,000.[2] Now the Lighthouse Establishment is one of the most interesting and useful departments of national expenditure. It has a high scientific quality, and also a protecting, guiding, friendly quality. It renders an unremitting service in storm and in calm, over rough waters and smooth, on both oceans, on the Great Lakes, and on many rivers, and in all the extremes of climate which our widespread country affords. It calls forth in high degree the best human qualities, — intelligence, fidelity, and watchfulness. It ought to be the object of constant interest on the part of the whole population, and of Congress in particular. With our resources and commercial needs, and our thousands of miles of coasts and rivers, the Lighthouse Establishment ought to be the best in the world, as well as the most extensive. Indeed, it ought to be absolutely as good as it can be made, and every promising experiment for the improvement of any single light or of all lights, of any single foghorn or of all foghorns, ought to be promptly tried by the government without regard to cost. Some other nations and regions of the earth excel us in the proportion of first-order and second-order

[1] The law of October 2, 1888, put the whole charge of the construction into the hands of General Casey, Chief of Engineers, United States Army. In March, 1889, Congress appropriated $5,500,000, in addition to $745,000, a balance of former appropriations. It was then estimated that the time of construction would be eight years. The building was completed just within that time; and there was an unused balance of over $50,000.

[2] From the United States Treasurer's Report: —

	1897.	Average for five years, 1893–1897.
Expenses of the Smithsonian Institution	$127,551.75	$123,882.84
" " National Museum	195,740.14	173,633.80
" " National Zoölogical Park	67,779.26	54,920.83
" " Fish Commission, general	428,827.27	362,078.78
" " Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts	1,056,000.00	969,600.00
" " Department of Agriculture	2,176,530.38	2,030,979.84
" " Weather Bureau	848,949.81	845,360.07
" " Preventing spread of epidemic diseases	32,677.72	127,619.37
" " Protecting public lands, timber, etc.	92,809.69	90,689.47
" " Coast and Geodetic Survey	380,865.52	417,476.27
" " Lighthouse Establishment	3,390,090.45	3,002,231.77
" " Marine Hospital	620,506.90	646,511.81
" " Geological Survey	422,366.82	382,824.95
" " Geological Maps of the United States	65,580.11	58,707.13
" " Increase of the Navy	14,539,911.36	13,680,906.92
Report of the Paymaster-General of the Navy, 1897: —		
For new ships	$10,543,373.72	
Maintaining ships in commission	8,938,549.71	

lights to all lights, and several nations have experimented more patiently and more successfully than we have with the electric coast light. There is no doubt that the number of lights and fog-signals might be increased to great advantage, that many more range lights and lighted buoys should be supplied, and that the vessels maintained by the Lighthouse Establishment might be better equipped and better adapted to the service they are expected to render. A government vessel ought always to be of the best possible type, and to be supplied with all the best appliances for its service.

The progress of medical science imposes upon modern governments a new duty toward their citizens, — the duty, namely, of protecting them from contagious or infectious diseases. This protection has to be provided by means of inspection stations, quarantines, and other methods proper to secure the isolation of infected persons. The doctrine of state rights has been invoked in our country to prevent effective inspection and quarantine on our sea coast, and effective isolation in the interior of the country. The assumption by the national government of an effective control, on the coast and in the interior, over imported infectious or contagious diseases has also been resisted, on the ground that national health officers would not be careful of the commercial interests of single ports threatened with the invasion of disease, or actually suffering therefrom; whereas state or municipal authorities would always bear in mind the commercial and industrial interests of the afflicted places. Such arguments against national control of these dangers are narrow and unworthy, and have too long prevented the establishment of an effective national board of health. The diseases against which protection is most to be desired are cholera, smallpox, leprosy, and yellow fever; and these diseases come in at the coast on vessels which are sailing under national authority and regulation. It is impossible to see how an effective control can be exercised over them except by the national government. The government has an established agency already, called the Marine Hospital Service, which has a considerable variety of functions not well indicated by its title. Thus, it examines candidates for the positions of keeper and surfmen in the Life-Saving Service, pilots for steam vessels in regard to color blindness, cadets and seamen for the revenue-cutter service, and renders aid to the immigrant service by inspecting arriving immigrants. It is also charged with a certain amount of public health service, but its authority on this subject is not well established, and has often been successfully resisted. It is obvious that the Marine Hospital Service is a creditable and useful one, but that it lacks the authority which a national board of health should have, and that both its staff and the money placed at its disposal are inadequate to the important ends in view. Now that our government has driven Spain out from its West Indian colonies, and has assumed possession of Porto Rico and temporary control of Cuba, an opportunity is afforded of organizing this department, and putting it upon a much more effective footing than would have been possible before. The island of Cuba has been the great source of yellow fever infection; and we now have, temporarily at least, the opportunity of ridding ourselves of this source of danger and dread. At the same time, Congress can reconstruct what is now called the Marine Hospital Service, and render it, under some other name, a thoroughly effective agent for the protection of the people of the United States from imported preventable diseases. An effective bureau once established would undoubtedly find new opportunities of usefulness to the people. Thus, the pollution of streams occurring within the limits of one state, but affecting the people of other states, is a subject which a

national health department might very properly deal with; and the disinfection of public interstate conveyances on land and water is another. The community is just beginning to desire the application of effective methods to prevent the diffusion of transmissible diseases. The prohibition of expectoration in public conveyances is a good sign of the advent of better municipal practices with regard to the spread of contagion. The community is also beginning to understand how the industrial effectiveness of the community is diminished by preventable diseases and deaths, and to apprehend the economic aspects of the prevention of disease. The preservation of the public health against the invasion of preventable disease is really one of the great interests of the American people, health and the protection of life to the normal period being infinitely precious to the individual, and desirable alike for the happiness and the productiveness of the whole people. Indeed, the public health more directly concerns the public happiness than does agriculture, mining, trade, or any other of the national activities. The commercial argument for an effective national health bureau is a strong one; yet it is the feeblest of all the arguments for the reinforcement of the existing national health agencies. To remove from American families, or greatly diminish, the fear of death by preventable imported disease would be to confer an immense blessing on all classes of our people. The progress of medical science has made typhoid fever a preventable disease, and has reduced the mortality in diphtheria to one third of the former rate. When the record of this short war with Spain is made up, it will appear that one of the few thoroughly discreditable features of the war was the occurrence of numerous cases of typhoid fever in instruction camps within the limits of our own country. The present expenditure of the government for the Marine Hospital Service has been about $650,000 a year, on the average for the five years 1893 to 1897. This budget ought to be greatly increased. It would be wholly reasonable for the government to spend as much on behalf of the public health as it costs to keep three battleships in commission for a year in time of peace, say $1,000,000. The debates on this subject have been going on for a long time. The cholera invasions of the later forties and early fifties started the discussion. The cholera of 1892 provoked further discussion, and each invasion of our Southern coast by yellow fever has increased the public interest in the subject. In Congress, in local boards of trade, and in the communities which have been invaded by epidemic diseases, all aspects of the subject have been reviewed. It is now time for effective action on the part of Congress.

The Life-Saving Service of the United States deserves to be greatly enlarged. The general sea coast of the United States, excluding Alaska, is estimated as 5705 miles long; but if islands, bays, and rivers to the head of tide-water be included, the estimated length reaches 64,559 miles. This mileage does not include 3000 miles of lake coast, or nearly 5000 miles of rivers above tide-water.[1] On June 30, 1895, the number of life-saving stations was only 251; and

[1] In 1889 the Coast and Geodetic Survey, at the request of the Lighthouse Board, prepared the following statements of the length, in statute miles, of the general sea coast, and also of the coast-line including islands, bays, etc., to the head of tide-water: —

General sea coast of the United States.

Atlantic Ocean	2,043
Gulf of Mexico	1,852
Pacific Ocean	1,810
Alaska	4,750

Coast-line, including islands, bays, rivers, etc., to the head of tide-water.

Atlantic Ocean	36,516
Gulf of Mexico	19,143
Pacific Ocean	8,900
Alaska	26,376

This mileage does not include the more than

of these, 53 were on the Great Lakes, 1 on the Ohio River, and 13 on the Pacific coast. For the year ending June 30, 1895, the men at these stations gave aid in 675 cases of disaster, the amount of property involved being eleven millions of dollars, and the number of persons involved about six thousand. The mere mention of these figures demonstrates at once the inadequacy of the number of stations. The men employed must possess skill in surf-work and in the use of the various appliances for life-saving, and must be also men of unquestionable courage and good judgment. They are exposed in their routine of duty to many hardships and dangers. They struggle with wind and cold on the shore, and with some of the most formidable dangers of the sea. They must patrol beaches or rock-bound shores in the worst weather, and must be always ready for prompt service by night and by day. They need all the martial virtues; and these virtues are displayed not in killing and wounding, but in rescuing from death and injury. They must have not only individual courage and skill, but discipline and capacity for combined action in moments of great excitement and stress. As the result of the organization of this service, the number of lives lost in proportion to the number of persons on board vessels suffering disaster within the domain of the Life-Saving Service has been greatly reduced. The ratio for the five years 1875 to 1880 was 1 to 65; the ratio for the years 1890 to 1895 was 1 to 95. Shall we not all agree that this noble service should not be limited in its scope by any pecuniary consideration; but only by the probability of rendering service? When the United States undertakes to save life, and in so doing maintains a fine corps of servants whose manly qualities are all exerted for beneficent purposes, it should not consider what the service properly organized costs, but simply how useful it can be made. The appropriation for the fiscal year 1898 was only $1,562,795.

The Department of Agriculture is of comparatively recent creation, dating from 1893. The appropriations made for this department have always exceeded the amount expended, partly because of its newness, and partly because Congress has been disposed to be liberal in this direction. The proper objects of the department are the discovery, study, and development of the agricultural resources of the United States. It is primarily a scientific and technical bureau. Of its twenty-two divisions, seven are administrative, eight technical, and seven purely scientific. It is distinguished among the departments of government by having its whole body of servants under civil service rules, the only persons not in the classified service being the secretary, the assistant secretary, and the chief of the Weather Bureau. Its main work is done not in Washington, but at scattered stations all over the country. Thus, there are (1897) outside of Washington 153 observing stations and 244 stations on the sea coasts and Great Lakes where storm signals are displayed for the benefit of mariners. There are (1898) also 135 meat inspection stations in 35 cities of the country, 28 quarantine stations for imported cattle, 16 stations for inspecting export stock, beside several stations for examining stock for Texan fever. The Division of statistics affords a measure of protection against combination and extortion in buying and selling the products of agriculture. It collects information as to the condition and prospects of the principal crops, tabulates statistics of agricultural productions, and of the distribution and consumption of these products, and issues a monthly crop report for the benefit of producers and consumers. It is obvious that this useful Division tends to check irrational and

3000 miles of the lake coast or the nearly 5000 miles of rivers which are lighted; but it does include the Alaskan coasts, great parts of which are not lighted.

injurious speculation in food products. The usefulness of the department is beyond all question, whether we consider domestic or foreign commerce, the agricultural industries proper, or the great business of exporting foods. The English government supervises with much care and at large cost the importation, transportation, and marketing of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and of the foods derived from these animals. Why should we be less careful than the English of the welfare of the population in this respect? When we consider the large proportion of our population engaged in industries which this department serves, and the importance of these industries to our national budget, may we not reasonably be surprised that the department is crippled by the parsimony of Congress with regard to salaries? On account of the low salaries authorized for scientific and technical services, the department is constantly losing some of its ablest and best workers. Universities, colleges, and experiment stations carry off the best men. On account of the youth of the department, most of its officers and servants are now young men, who may perhaps be retained for a time at the low salaries authorized by Congress, but are sure to be lost to the service as their age and experience increase. Apart from the Weather Bureau, which is now one of its divisions, the cost of the Department of Agriculture during the financial year 1896–97 was rather more than two millions of dollars, — about the cost of one day of the war with Spain.

Next to agriculture in importance to the country comes the mining of coal and the metallic ores. The mineral wealth of the United States, including coal, is immeasurable, and there lie the foundations of all our manufacturing industries, and of the household comfort with which our population is so greatly blessed. One would naturally have supposed that the government of the United States would have been inclined to spend liberally on the discovery and investigation of our mineral resources, and that the Geological Survey of the United States would always have been carefully fostered, and developed as rapidly as possible. Whenever new territory has come into our possession, or has been newly occupied, we might naturally have endeavored to obtain, with the utmost promptness, complete surveys of its geological and mineralogical features, in order to bring to the notice of the population the resources of the new areas. Such has not been the history of the Geological Survey of the United States. The expenditure upon it has never been generous, and has often been parsimonious; and large areas of our country have remained for generations unexplored and unmapped. There has been no method of cordial cooperation between national surveys and state surveys, and the geological investigations of the government have generally followed in the wake of private mining enterprises, rather than led the way. For the average of the five years 1893–97 the expenditure of the government on the Geological Survey, and the issue of geological maps, was about $450,000 a year, or less than the cost of six hours' war with Spain from April to August.

In the city of Washington the government maintains a National Museum, a National Zoölogical Park, and a Congressional Library. All these three institutions together do not cost the government $300,000 a year; whereas the English government spends on the British Museum alone about $600,000 a year.

The Weather Bureau of the United States, on which the nation spends less than a million dollars a year, contributes greatly to the comfort and health of the people, and to the protection of their property. The warnings it gives of cold waves, frost, hot waves, and high winds, of the coming of heavy rains and the

rise of rivers, have a constantly increasing usefulness; yet its number of stations for weather observations is manifestly insufficient, and the number of places at which warnings are conspicuously given is also insufficient. We owe to the war with Spain the first attempt to establish an adequate number of observation stations in the West Indies, — stations which have been greatly needed from the first establishment of the Bureau. The field of observation ought to be much broadened, and its results ought to be more thoroughly and promptly made known. In the year ending June 30, 1897, that is, before the war, the country spent twice as much on mere repairs of naval vessels as it did on the Weather Bureau.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey of the United States has been a great credit to the country, and has a value not only for the protection of commerce, but for the promotion of geographical science, — a value it would be impossible to estimate. It should be maintained in a state of the utmost efficiency, and its results should be at the service of every mariner and merchant. It is a part of the equipment of our government which has conferred on the United States scientific distinction. Nevertheless, it has often been crippled in its work by lack of steady, timely, and adequate appropriations. Its annual cost for the five years 1893–97 averaged $418,000, or only a little over what it cost to maintain in commission the armored cruiser New York[1] for the year 1897.

A new department of our government ought to be at once organized to secure the permanent protection and utiliza-

[1] From a statement showing the amounts authorized for new vessels under "Increase of the Navy" in each act of Congress from March 3, 1883, to and including the act of March 3, 1893, the objects (ships) authorized, the amounts appropriated, the amounts expended upon each vessel authorized, including armor and armament, and the actual total cost of completed ships.

Objects (ships) authorized and Dates of Acts of Congress.	Amounts authorized for Hull and Machinery, including Hull Armor.	Cost of Maintenance for One Year, including Coal, Provisions, Repairs, and Pay of Officers, Crew, and Marines.
Act of Mar. 3, 1885, Yorktown .	$520,000	$155,435.36
" Aug. 3, 1886, Terror . . .	630,000	126,561.47
" Mar. 3, 1887, San Francisco	1,500,000	242,845.48
" Sept. 7, 1888, New York .	3,500,000	391,065.69
" Sept. 7, 1888, Bancroft .	260,000	82,444.47
" June 30, 1890, Indiana . .	4,000,000	323,695.67
" June 30, 1890, Oregon . .	4,000,000	
" Mar. 19, 1892, Brooklyn . .	3,500,000	

Ships.	AMOUNTS EXPENDED. For Hull and Machinery, including Hull Armor.	For Armor for Gun Protection.	For Armament.	For Equipment, Bureaus of Equipment, Construction and Repair, and Steam Engineering.	Total.
Yorktown. .	$548,906.61		$156,722.64	$62,401.34	$768,030.59
Terror . . .	1,234,810.91	$144,664.64	133,853.68	64,489.17	1,577,818.40
San Francisco	1,738,257.82		272,876.54	124,168.95	2,135,303.31
New York .	3,727,541.29	170,299.03	341,626.43	107,175.64	4,346,642.39
Bancroft . .	362,505.05		47,559.50	21,217.08	431,281.63
Indiana . .	4,355,893.53	977,134.02	553,972.48	95,691.45	5,982,691.48
Oregon. . .	4,868,902.47	1,029,591.42	585,598.77	75,412.09	6,559,504.75
Brooklyn . .	3,621,268.52	323,552.21	341,639.32	137,330.04	4,423,790.09

tion of the forests on the national domain. The experience of other nations has already demonstrated that well-managed national forest reserves not only pay their expenses, but yield a revenue. The objects of such forest administration are of the utmost importance to a mining and farming population; being, briefly, to insure a permanent supply of timber, to protect the water supply in agricultural regions adjacent to the forests, to prevent floods, and to store water which in arid and semi-arid regions can subsequently be utilized for irrigation. The efforts thus far made to protect the national property in forests have not been successful, the greatest destruction being wrought by fire and by pasturage,[1] but much harm also being done by simple stealing of the forest product in districts where there is no adequate policing of the reservations. The experience of Canada has proved, under conditions analogous to those which exist within our own territory, that forest guards and patrols can do much to keep down fires, even in the driest seasons. The problem in our own country is to procure legislation that will protect the forests, while promoting the occupation by private settlers of land within the districts covered by the reservations which is better adapted to agricultural or mining use than it is to forestry. The opposition to the reservation of forest land which has proceeded from the mining interests is an opposition that prefers the immediate pecuniary interest of a single generation to the permanent pecuniary interest of many generations; for it is certain that diffused mining industries cannot be permanently maintained in regions denuded of timber, except by large companies owning the richest mines, — companies which can support the expense of bringing timber from afar. In semi-arid regions pasturage is fatal to future forest growth, while in well-watered regions like Oregon and Washington the injury it inflicts is insignificant; but it is precisely in semi-arid regions that a storage of water for purposes of irrigation is most important. Neither state ownership of forest lands nor private ownership can be satisfactory under present conditions. Private individuals and corporations have an immediate interest in cutting off the timber; and this done, their interest ceases. Wherever forests are cut down for firewood, as has happened throughout New England, every tree is cut, and the forest is permanently injured. Many deciduous trees, like the birches and maples, start up again from the stumps, with numerous sprouts, and this sprout growth remains very inferior to seedling growth. The woods of New England have been seriously damaged by being cropped for firewood in successive generations. This may happen in regions where the rainfall is sufficient to secure reforesting; but in arid or semi-arid regions reforesting, when once the original timber has been removed, is extremely difficult, or in many cases impossible. Any one who has traveled through

[1] "Most of the Fresno group (Big Tree lumber) are doomed to feed the mills recently erected near them, and a company of lumbermen are now cutting the magnificent forest on King's River. In these milling operations waste far exceeds use; for after the choice young manageable trees on any given spot have been felled, the woods are fired to clear the ground of limbs and refuse with reference to further operations, and of course most of the seedlings and saplings are destroyed.

"These mill ravages, however, are small as compared with the comprehensive destruction caused by 'sheepmen.' Incredible numbers of sheep are driven to the mountain pastures every summer, and their course is ever marked by desolation. Every wild garden is trodden down, the shrubs are stripped of leaves as if devoured by locusts, and the woods are burned. Running fires are set everywhere, with a view to clearing the ground of prostrate trunks, to facilitate the movement of the flocks and improve the pastures." (The Mountains of California, p. 199. By John Muir. New York, The Century Co., 1894.)

the comparatively treeless countries around the Mediterranean, such as Spain, Sicily, Greece, Northern Africa, and large portions of Italy, must fervently pray that our own country may be preserved from so dismal a fate. It is not the loss of the forests only that is to be dreaded, but the loss of agricultural regions now fertile and populous, which may be desolated by the floods that rush down from bare hills and mountains, bringing with them vast quantities of sand and gravel to be spread over the lowlands. Traveling a few years ago through Tunisie, I came suddenly upon a fine Roman bridge of stone over a wide, bare, dry river-bed. It stood about thirty feet above the bed of the river, and had once served the needs of a prosperous population. Marveling at the height of the bridge above the ground, I asked the French station master if the river ever rose to the arches which carried the roadway of the bridge. His answer testified to the flooding capacity of the river and to the strength of the bridge. He said, "I have been here four years, and three times I have seen the river running over the parapets of that bridge." That country was once one of the richest granaries of the Roman Empire. It now yields a scanty support for a sparse and semi-barbarous population. The whole region round about is treeless. The care of our national forests is a provision for future generations, for the permanence over vast areas of our country of the great industries of agriculture and mining, upon which the prosperity of the country ultimately depends. The National Forestry Bureau ought to be organized at once, with its director, clerks, inspectors, head overseers, assistant overseers, rangers, and field force, as recommended by the commission appointed by the National Academy of Sciences on a Forest Policy for the United States. A good forest administration would soon come to support itself; but it should be organized in the interests of the whole country, no matter what it cost. The forestry commission of the Academy estimated the cost of the organization at $250,000 a year for the first five years. This is about the annual expense of the maintenance of the protected cruiser San Francisco.

The government has carried on for many years an inquiry into the habits, feeding-grounds, and modes of breeding and migration of the fish which make an important part of human food, and inhabit the Western Atlantic and the Eastern Pacific, the Great Lakes, and the rivers and brooks of the continent. It is obvious that no power but that of the general government can carry on effectively a research of this magnitude, covering such enormous areas and dealing with such a variety of creatures. The waters of the globe yield food of great variety and great value to mankind; but the habits and conditions of breeding of fish and shellfish have remained until this century almost unknown, and indeed are still wrapped in much mystery. Yet questions are constantly arising as to possible diminution of this important food supply, and as to the effects on the permanence of the supply of new methods of catching fish. These serious questions are legitimate objects of study by the government; but it is obvious that such researches require expensive outfit, long time, and highly trained observers. When to these researches are added the actual breeding of young fish in large quantities for the stocking of rivers, ponds, and brooks, it becomes apparent that the field of labor is simply enormous, and that the economic interests involved are vast and permanent. Now, in this great enterprise the expenditures of the government during the five years 1893–97 have been $360,000 a year, which is less than the annual cost of maintaining one of our battleships.

One other mode of beneficent expen-

diture the United States government has maintained for a generation, namely, the annual appropriation of money for certain colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts, which were founded under the Act of 1862. In aid of these colleges the government appropriated in 1897 a million of dollars. It is hard to see why the government aid should be limited to this particular sort of instruction, to which only a very small percentage of the youth of our country can possibly resort; but if the government is going to aid exclusively the colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts, what a pittance is one million a year! Can any of us see with satisfaction our government spend no more on the annual support of education in agriculture and the mechanic arts throughout the country than on the annual maintenance of three battleships in time of peace?

In instituting these comparisons between military and naval expenditure on the one hand, and expenditure for purely beneficent objects, such as the advancement of science, the development of technical skill, the saving of life, the improvement of industries, and the support of education, on the other, I have no intention of even suggesting that the expenditures on military and naval preparation should be diminished, much less stopped, as Charles Sumner proposed. The short war with Spain has taught us the immeasurable value of the regular army and navy, and has justified the expenditure of all the money they have ever cost. As war becomes more and more a matter of science — chemical, physical, biological, and fiscal — and of highly trained skill on the part of all who direct or operate the complicated machinery of war, it is manifest that it is the duty of the United States to build and maintain the most perfect instruments and appliances of war that the utmost skill of our engineers and mechanics can produce, and to keep in training adequate bodies of men to use effectively this elaborate machinery. But is it not equally clear that the nation which can afford to make this expenditure can afford to make much freer expenditures than our nation has ever made on the wholly beneficent agencies of the government, which save life, increase food and ore production, avert evils, facilitate transportation, promote industries and commerce, and foster education? If the self-respect of the nation were habitually increased by the visible achievements of the government in peace, there would be less chance of the people's being tempted to war by the desire to see the power of the government exhibited. If the government habitually displayed a great beneficent power, a power exerted primarily for the good of its own citizens, but secondarily for the good of mankind, and which, in order to its full effects, called for the permanent maintenance of large bodies of disciplined and devoted servants of an excellence comparable with that of the regular army and navy, would there not be solid grounds for pride and satisfaction in our government which would tend to keep us from seeking that pride and satisfaction in military glory?

After everything possible has been said in favor of martial virtues and achievements, whenever our people really take up the question how best to win glory, honor, and love for free institutions in general, and the American Republic in particular, whether in our own eyes or in the eyes of other nations and later times, they will come to the conclusion that more glory, honor, and love are to be won by national justice, sincerity, patience in failure, and generosity in success, than by national impatience, combativeness, and successful self-seeking; and glory, honor, and love more by as much as the virtues and ideals of civilized man excel those of barbarous man.

Charles W. Eliot.

THE WILD INDIAN.

If after a long period the Indian problem remains a problem still, it is because we have no sufficient knowledge of the people we are striving to teach. The solution of the problem is not to be reached until the stronger race shall understand the weaker, and, in the light of that understanding, shall deal with it wisely and well. I say this with the more confidence because for many years I have lived with the plains people in their homes, engaging in their pursuits, sharing their joys and sorrows, standing toward them in all essentials as one of themselves. I have thus learned to think and feel as an Indian thinks and feels, and to see things as he sees them and from his point of view.

To contribute in some measure to a better comprehension of the Indian as a man, and thus to an appreciation of the real nature of the Indian problem in its present phase, I shall attempt to show very briefly what the Indian was and is; to describe the old-time savage in his old home and his old free life twenty-five years ago, and then the new Indian, who, amid surroundings but dimly comprehended, is staggering under the heavy burdens which civilization has laid upon him.

The wild Indian exists no longer. The game on which he lived has been destroyed; the country over which he roamed has been taken up; and his tribes, one by one, have been compelled to abandon the old nomadic life, and to settle down within the narrow confines of reservations. This change, by which an entire race has been called to give over the ways of wanderers, and to adapt itself to the life of a people of fixed abodes, is most momentous. The magnitude of it is equaled only by the suddenness with which it has been wrought, and by its completeness. The transition is not material alone, but intellectual. To fit himself to it, the Indian of middle age must become literally as a little child, that he may think new thoughts.

The plains Indian on the reservation of to-day is a "reconcentrado," taken from his old home and shut up within narrow limits beyond which he may not pass. He is ignorant unless he be taught, helpless unless he be helped. His is the problem of conforming to unwonted conditions, of adjusting himself to the ways of a new life, of meeting its exactions, reconciling himself to its privations, comprehending the larger opportunities it offers, proving its compensations and winning its rewards. Ours is the problem of helping him in the new life. The responsibility is one we can neither evade nor escape. We shall assume it the more intelligently and discharge it the more successfully when we know the real character of the natural Indian, and understand the influence which his former wild life must have upon the life he is now living on the reservation. We cannot deal with the Indian of to-day unless we know the Indian of yesterday. The average man seldom thinks about Indians, and when he does he thinks of them either with entire indifference or with contemptuous dislike. He is moved in part by that narrowness which leads us to despise those who in appearance or by birth or tradition are different from ourselves,—the feeling which leads many a white man to speak with contempt of negroes or Chinamen. More weighty than this feeling, however, is the inherited one that the Indian is an enemy, who from the time he was first known has been hostile to us. Even nowadays most people seem to think of the Indian only as a warrior, who is chiefly occupied in killing women and children,

burning homes and torturing captives. From the days when Indians fought the Pilgrim Fathers, and then the settlers of the Ohio Valley, and later still the emigrants crossing the plains, nine tenths of all that has appeared in print about them has treated them with prejudiced ignorance; and the newspapers, which now constitute so large a portion of the reading matter of the American public, seldom print anything about Indians except in connection with massacres and uprisings. The effect of all this literature on the popular estimation in which the race is held has been very great.

The popular impressions are entirely erroneous. The Indian was a fighter, yet war was only an incident of his life. Like any other human being he is many-sided, and he did not always wear his war paint. If certain of his characteristics repel us, there are other aspects of his nature which are pleasing. If in some relations he may appear to the civilized man ferocious and hateful, in others he seems kindly and helpful. The soldier sees the Indian from one point of view only, the missionary from another, the traveler from a third, the agent from a fourth. Each of these is impressed by some salient feature of his character, yet each sees that one only or chiefly, and the image shown is imperfect, ill-proportioned, and misleading. Only the man who for years has shared the Indian's home, who has seen him under all the varying conditions of his life, who has learned what motives govern him and how he feels and thinks and reasons, can, in the present mood of almost universal prejudice, form a just estimate of him; only one so well acquainted with the Indian can look at things as he looks at them, and so can fairly judge in what respects he differs from a white man and what his needs really are. Knowledge such as this can be had at first hand only by one who has had a long association with him. You learn him as in the first instance you learn any other human being, — by living with him. And after you have lived with him for a time you will see that if he is a savage, he is also a man. The same wind that freezes you chills him; he is warmed by the same sun, rejoices in the same kind of success, resists when he is ill treated, and when trouble comes is downhearted and depressed. He is a man, but one in the child stage of development, in which passions and impulses are stronger and reasoning powers are more feeble than they are with civilized men.

Perhaps the first thing that impressed the visitor to the old-time Indian camp was its picturesqueness; for whether one viewed him with eyes friendly or hostile the wild Indian was always picturesque. It was a fine sight to watch him on his fleet pony, charging down upon you, when with long hair, feather-decked, streaming in the wind, and weapon ready for instant use, he swept toward you, a perfect master of horse and seat. And it was not less fine to ride in the midst of five hundred such men — your friends — in the hurly-burly of the charge on the buffalo herd, when you felt yourself part of a confused blur of dust, flying pebbles, great brown beasts, naked men, and straining horses. As striking, though in a different way, was the long line of the marching camp, as in slow procession, stretched out over a mile or two of prairie, it wound its course among the hills. Viewed from a distance, it looked like a long ribbon, spotted here and there with bright bits of color; but if you were a part of it, as it advanced, you saw that it was made up of groups of silent men with bows and quivers at their backs, of women riding or leading patient pack ponies that dragged their travois, of racing boys, of loose horses, and of vagrant dogs. The barking, the neighing, the shouting, the scolding, that fell on your ear, told something of the vitality that animated the component parts of the procession.

Hardly less picturesque were the quiet scenes of the Indian's home life, when you lived with him in his village of conical skin tents. Sitting in the shade of the lodge when the sun was hot, you smoked the long-stemmed pipe and talked with your friends, while all about you the people came and went. Men returned from the hunt, riding horses heavily laden with fresh meat and hides; women were at work pegging out the skins or dressing them; from neighboring lodges men were shouting invitations to the feast; all about there were little groups like your own, smoking, chatting, and laughing. For the Indian is not, as the popular idea figures him, stolid, taciturn, or even sullen in his every-day life. He may be shy and silent in the presence of strangers, but in his home life he is talkative, — eager to give and receive the news, and to gossip about it. He is merry and laughter-loving, and likes to make good-natured fun of another's personal peculiarities. Thus, one of her companions may jeeringly call a very slender woman the shadow of a moccasin string. Once, on the prairie, in the bright hot sunlight, I heard one Indian say to another who was very stout, "My friend, stand still for a little while. I want to sit down in the shade and cool off."

Some years ago I was on the reservation of a tribe known as the Big Bellies — Gros Ventres — at Fort Belknap, Montana; and while I was there a new agent came to them. He was a fat man, and one of the Indians, who met the agent for the first time in my presence, said, as he shook hands with him, "Ah, you are one of our own people. You, too, are a Big Belly."

It is true that Indians are savages and have savage vices; but they also have savage virtues, many of which are admirable, among them honesty, bravery, hospitality, consideration for their neighbors, family affection, and fidelity, — the keeping of pledged faith even with an enemy. These people have a respect for their promises which seems remarkable to a white man. A liar is regarded with contempt, and when a man has once been detected in an untruth it is almost impossible for him to regain his reputation. Often when I ask a man to tell me a sacred story, he sits silent for a while, to arrange his ideas. Then he holds his palms up toward the sun, and passes them over his head, arms, and body, rubs them on the ground, and again passes them over his head, arms, and body. Then he prays: "O Wise One Above, listen. Earth, listen. All you Spiritual Powers, listen. Take pity on me. Help me. I am going to talk to this man. I am going to tell him a story of ancient times, of the things which used to happen a long time ago. Help me to talk straight to him. Watch me, and do not let me tell a lie. Make me tell these things just as they used to be. Listen carefully, and make me tell him the truth."

A striking example of the faithfulness with which the Indians keep their engagements was shown by the northern Cheyennes, who in 1879 surrendered, as prisoners of war, to General Miles, and immediately afterward enlisted under him as scouts. For four years, as prisoners of war and mindful of the promises they had made, they faithfully served the government, scouting by themselves over hundreds of miles of territory, and fighting hard against hostile tribes, often against their own people. Instances even more impressive occur at intervals among the civilized tribes of the Indian Territory. Among these people, if a man kills one of his fellows, he is tried by the tribal court, and if convicted is sentenced to be shot. The day for his execution having been fixed, he is released on parole and goes away, promising to be present at the place of execution at the appointed time. He is always there. In a case recently reported, the convict was a member of a famous ball team which

had engagements running through the summer. He was sentenced to die early in August, but in view of the inconvenience which his death would cause to the ball team he was reprieved until the last days of October, so that he might fulfill his engagements with the team. After being sentenced, he married the girl on whose account he had killed his rival, set his affairs in order, played the different games of ball, and on the morning set for his execution went alone to the ground and paid the penalty of death.

Nowhere in the world was property more safe than in the old-time Indian camp. To take what belonged to his neighbor was something that could no more have occurred to an Indian than it would occur to a guest at dinner to pocket the spoons and forks from the table of his hostess. This perhaps is not to be imputed to the Indian for righteousness: the very idea of theft was wholly foreign to him; he was never exposed to the temptation. If in the camp you lost any piece of property, such as your knife or your pipe, and if at your request the old crier shouted through the village that you had lost something, the article, if found by any one in the camp, would be returned to you immediately. Several years ago my brother and I, with an interpreter, visited a camp, took up our quarters in the lodge assigned to us, and unpacked our things there. When we went out, we left our possessions scattered about. Just after leaving the lodge, my brother, who was new to Indian camps, said to the interpreter, "Bill, I left all my things lying on my bed. Will they be safe?" "Safe," returned Bill, "sure; they'll be safe all right. There ain't a white man within thirty miles of here." The Indians of to-day have picked up from white people many of the white people's ways, and are not always honest, but they do not yet take things from one another or from their guests.

Like ourselves, Indians are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters. In order to exist with any comfort they must live on good terms with their neighbors; they love their wives, their children, their friends, their tribe. Their lives are wholly devoted to securing the welfare, first of the immediate family, then of the tribe. No people are more patriotic. They love their tribe as we love our country; an Indian believes that his own people are better than any others. Though so intensely loyal — true clansmen — they are yet sufficiently fair-minded to see the qualities, good and bad, of alien and hostile peoples. I have heard the Cheyennes — one of the bravest tribes of the plains — speak in highest praise of the courage and fighting qualities of tribes who were their enemies, and with contempt of others who might perhaps be their friends. Thus of the Sioux they say that to fight them was like chasing buffalo cows; for the Sioux ran away so fast that the Cheyennes had to ride hard to overtake them before they could kill them. But of the Pawnees and the Crows they say that when they met either of these in battle, the contest was like that between two buffalo bulls fighting: they would come together with a great shock, and push and push, yielding this way and that, and presently one body of men would push harder than the other and would drive their opponents back, and then the latter would make a supreme effort and drive the others a little way; and so the battle might sway backward and forward for hours, before either party gained the victory.

In daily intercourse within the tribe Indians might teach many white people lessons of patience, courtesy, and generosity toward their fellows, and of family affection and consideration for the comfort of wives and children. When a number of men are sitting together, discussing some subject, each speaker is listened to with the same grave patience,

whether he is the wisest and most important or the most foolish and least considered of the group. He is never interrupted, but is allowed to finish his remarks. Even if he should lose the thread of his speech and stop short, striving to remember something he wished to say, no one smiles or laughs or moves. All sit quiet, and wait until he signifies that he has finished what he has to say. If one individual in an assembly begins to pray, all the others are silent until the prayer is ended. No one speaks, no one whispers. When the prayer is over, conversation may begin again. Indians are not ashamed to show their affection for one another. Close friends who have been separated for any length of time, when they meet, put their arms around and hug and kiss one another. Often two young men will be seen standing or sitting close together and holding hands, or with the arm of one about the neck of the other. When we meet after a long absence, my old father among the Blackfeet puts his arms around me and hugs me. The purely social side of life in an Indian camp could not fail to interest any one who might be introduced to it. The gatherings of mature men for discussion of subjects affecting the general welfare, the assembling of old women for gossip and of middle-aged women for gambling, the active games of young men and women, the visiting, the dancing, and the feasting, all remind us as closely as possible of what is going on about us in our own surroundings every day; in fact, these represent our round of town meetings, mutual improvement clubs, whist clubs, and golf meetings, calls and afternoon teas and dances and dinners.

In the family relation the Indian shows a side which is attractive. He loves his wife and family as we love ours, and he thinks of them before thinking of himself. But besides the natural affection that any animal has for its young the Indian cares for his children for another reason. He is intensely patriotic. His pride in his tribe and its achievements is very strong. He glories in the prowess of its braves and the wisdom of its chiefs; his soul thrills as he hears told over and over again the stories of the victories which his people have won over their enemies; he rejoices at the return of a successful war party. In the children growing up in the camp, in the boys shooting their blunt-headed arrows at blackbirds and ground squirrels, or yelling and shouting with excitement in the mimic warfares which constitute a part of their sport, and in the girls nursing their puppies or helping their mothers at their work, he recognizes those who a few years hence must bear the responsibilities of the tribe, uphold its past glories or protect it from danger, as he and his ancestors have done. No wonder he loves them.

Indians seldom punish their children, yet usually they are well trained, though chiefly by advice and counsel. When a tiny little boy, who has just received his first bow and arrows, starts out of the lodge to play with his fellows, his mother is likely to say to him, "Be careful, now; do not do anything bad, do not hit any one, do not shoot any one with your arrows. You may hurt people with these things, if you are not careful. Pay attention to what I say."

If older people are sitting in the lodge, and a child comes in, it sits down by its mother and remains quiet. It seldom speaks or makes any noise or disturbance. If a very small child comes in and begins to talk, its mother lifts up her finger and says *Sh!* and at once it is quiet. I have never seen children who seemed to be better behaved at home. Out of doors they are as full of animal spirits, as boisterous, and as fond of playing in the dirt as healthy children are the world over. The boys hunt birds, engage in sham battles, and go in swimming. The girls play with their

dolls, make clothing for them, and pitch or move their mimic camps. Some of the older people enjoy the society of the children. The father delights to play with his little boys, and the grandfather pets the tiny child, perhaps painting its face or hanging about its neck some cherished charm or ornament that he himself has long worn. Here is the advice given by a poor Pawnee widow to her young son who was growing to manhood. Her precepts of industry, courage, singleness of purpose, charity, and devotion to friends might worthily have been spoken by any woman of the highest civilization.

"You must always trust in God.[1] He made us, and through him we live. When you grow up you must be a man. Be brave and face whatever danger may meet you. Do not forget, when you look back to your young days, that I have raised you and always supported you. You had no father to do it. Your father was a chief, but you must not think of that. Because he was a chief it does not follow that you will be one. It is not the man who stays in the lodge that becomes great. It is the man who works, who sweats, who is always tired from going on the warpath. When you get to be a man, remember that it is his ambition that makes the man. If you go on the warpath, do not turn around when you have gone part way, but go on as far as you were going, and then come back. If I should live to see you become a man, I want you to become a great man. I want you to think about the hard times we have been through. Take pity on people who are poor, because we have been poor, and people have taken pity on us. If I live to see you a man, and to go off on the warpath, I should not cry if I were to hear that you had been killed in battle. That is what makes a man, — to fight and to be brave. I should be sorry to see you die from sickness. If you are killed, I would rather have you die in the open air, so that the birds will eat your flesh, and the wind will breathe on you and blow over your bones. It is better to be killed in the open air than to be smothered in the earth. Love your friend and never desert him. If you see him surrounded by the enemy, do not run away. Go to him, and if you cannot save him be killed with him and let your bones lie side by side. Be killed on a hill, high up. Your grandfather said it is not manly to be killed in a hollow. It is not a man who is talking to you, advising you; yet heed my words, even if I am a woman."

Though the Indian woman — like her husband — works hard in behalf of her family, she is not the slave which popular fancy pictures her. If it is true among civilized people that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, in an Indian village it is not less true that the hand that scrapes the parfleche rules the camp. The impression is firmly fixed in the popular mind that in an Indian camp the woman does all the work, yet I have seen no place in the world where woman was better able to take care of herself than there. In many tribes it is the woman who owns the property. In some tribes women are the chiefs. In all they are treated with respect, receive consideration from men, and possess great influence. In former times young and unmarried women sometimes went off with a war party, usually not as warriors, but as helpers. When they did this, they were treated with the utmost respect and consideration by every member of the party.

Just as in a white community, in an Indian tribe the man is the provider, the woman cares for the household. Among the plains tribes it was the duty of the man to keep his wife supplied with food for the lodge, and with skins for clothing or shelter. He strove to add to the consideration in which he and his family were held by going to war

[1] Atíus Tiráwa = Spirit Father, or Father Above.

and exposing himself to danger, gaining glory and wealth by killing enemies or capturing property. As among white people, the wife cooks for her husband, prepares clothing for the family, attends to the packing up when the village is moved, and, in the case of agricultural people, helps to cultivate and gather the crops. White people look upon hunting and war in the light of pastimes or recreations, but with Indians each of these occupations was a serious one. Often in winter, if food were scarce, men traveled many miles to get buffalo; and they were obliged to go, no matter what the weather was. Though the cold were bitter and the fine snow flying in level clouds over the prairie, his family must eat, and the man must hunt. After he had killed the game, he had to skin and pack his meat; though often before he got it on his horse it might be frozen solid. He might get lost in the storm, and have to lie out for two or three nights, freezing hands or feet, or even perishing. Perhaps the buffalo might disappear from a district, and young men might be obliged, in the worst of weather, to make long journeys, scouting to see where food could be obtained.

The men's toil on the warpath was more severe. The party started out on foot, carrying upon their backs heavy loads of food, extra moccasins and arms. They might be forced to go two or three hundred miles before turning back, every day exposed to discovery and death by the enemies through whose country they were passing. If they made a successful trip and captured a herd of horses, they were obliged, in order to escape pursuit, to ride these naked animals for two or three days, literally without stopping, except to change from tired horses to fresh ones. No one who has not lived the hard life of the plains can imagine what such a journey was. It was far more laborious than anything that the women had to do, and besides it was full of danger.

While the men were engaged in this hard and dangerous work, the women were at home in the comfortable lodges, and had no labor to perform more arduous than cutting and collecting a supply of fuel, which occupied them only for an hour each day. In mild and pleasant days they often worked at the dressing of robes, but in the severest weather they did little or nothing at this. In some sheltered place among the timber they would clear away the weeds and undergrowth from a considerable space, and hanging up about this robes or lodge-skins to serve as wind-breaks, would build a great fire in the middle and work at their tasks before it. Such a place was comfortable, almost like the inside of a lodge, except that it was open at the top.

The Indian woman does not stand in awe of her husband. On the contrary, if in her presence he says something with which she does not agree, she is very likely to correct him, and tell him that he knows little about the matter. I have seen an angry woman enter a lodge in which were sitting half a dozen of the wisest old men and bravest warriors of the tribe, and, irritated by some innocent remark, turn on them and rate them with high-pitched scoldings, until one by one they drew their blankets over their heads and fled from the lodge to escape her clamor. If you wish to have anything done in an Indian camp, and can get the women on your side, you will obtain your desires. At the same time, they are conservative and opposed to change. They sometimes hold the tribe back when the men are willing to make a step in advance and abandon an old custom for the ways of civilization. They are good wives and mothers, and devotedly attached to their families. Frequently the tie of affection between husband and wife is remarkably strong, and this not only between young couples, but even between the middle-aged and the old. Often the

two accompany each other everywhere, and are seldom seen apart. If you stop an old man to talk with him, his wife stops too, and very soon she begins to take part in the conversation. In other words, in a very large proportion of cases the sexes stand on an equality.

This family affection is one of the most striking characteristics of the Indian, and permeates all his legend and folklore. It is the motive which induces many a hero to start off on his travels, striving to accomplish some great thing. Numerous examples might be cited from the literature of those tribes whose stories have been recorded, which exemplify the truth that the family relation among the buffalo savages of the plains is essentially the same that holds good among civilized people. Stories having this motive are Comanche Chief and the Ghost Wife in Pawnee, and Scarface and the Origin of the Worm Pipe in Blackfoot literature. An abstract of this last tale will give an idea of its character, and incidentally show its resemblance to one of the most familiar classical myths.

There was once a man who was very fond of his wife. After they had been married for some time they had a little boy. After that the woman fell sick and did not get well. The young man loved his wife so dearly that he did not wish to take a second wife. She grew worse and worse. Doctoring did not seem to do her any good, and at last she died. The man used to take his baby on his back and travel out from the camp, walking over the hills crying. He kept away from the village. After some time he said to his child, "My little boy, you will have to go and live with your grandmother. I am going to try to find your mother and bring her back." He took the baby to his mother's lodge and asked her to take care of it and left it with her. Then he started off to look for his wife, not knowing where he was going nor what he was going to do. He traveled toward the land of the dead; and after long journeyings, by the assistance of helpers who had spiritual power, he reached it. The old woman who helped him to get there told him how hard it was to penetrate to the ghosts' country, and made him understand that the shadows would try to scare him by making fearful noises and showing him strange and terrible things. At last he reached the ghosts' camp, and as he passed through it the ghosts tried to scare him by all kinds of fearful sights and sounds, but he kept up a brave heart. He reached a lodge, and the man who owned it came out and asked him where he was going. He said, "I am looking for my dead wife. I mourn for her so much that I cannot rest. My little boy, too, keeps crying for his mother. They have offered to give me other wives, but I do not want them. I want only the one for whom I am searching."

The ghost said to him: "It is a fearful thing that you have come here. It is very likely that you will never get away. There never was a person here before." But the ghost asked him to come into the lodge, and he entered. Then this chief ghost said to him: "You shall stay here for four nights, and you shall see your wife; but you must be very careful or you will never go back. You will die right here."

Then the chief went outside and called for a feast, inviting this man's father-in-law and other relations who were in the camp, saying, "Your son-in-law invites you to a feast," as if to say that their son-in-law was dead, and had become a ghost, and had arrived at the ghosts' camp. Now when these invited people, the relations and some of the principal men of the camp, had reached the lodge, they did not like to go in. They called out, "There is a person here!" It seemed that there was something about him that they could not bear the smell of. The ghost chief

burned sweet pine in the fire, which took away this smell, and the people came in and sat down. Then the host said to them: "Now pity this son-in-law of yours. He is seeking his wife. Neither the great distance nor the fearful sights that he has seen here have weakened his heart. You can see for yourselves he is tender-hearted. He not only mourns for his wife, but mourns also because his little boy is now alone, with no mother; so pity him and give him back his wife."

After consultation the ghosts determined that they would give him back his wife, who should become alive again. They also gave him a sacred pipe. And at last, after many difficulties, the man and his wife reached their home.

I have thus briefly indicated some of the more striking personal traits of the Indian in the old time, from which his character may be judged. He was childlike in his simplicity, in his eagerness to revenge a wrong, in his shyness, and in his fear of things that he did not understand. A creature of quick impulses, he could endure the keenest sufferings and the greatest dangers, yet was subject to groundless panics, when, like one of a herd of stampeded animals, he fled in headlong terror from he knew not what. So with the Indian of to-day. His powers of observation are highly trained, yet on matters without the range of his limited experience he reasons like a child. On the prairie, from the appearance of the sky, the direction of the wind, the actions of birds or animals, or of people at a distance, he will make predictions whose accuracy will startle you; but if you attempt to explain to him some of the most ordinary events and methods of civilized life, he fails to comprehend you and seems quite unable to use his wits. A little investigation will show you that you are talking over his head and about something which is utterly strange to him, and that you are using terms for which his vocabulary has no equivalents. Most of the processes of civilization are as obscure to him as is the art of writing to a four-year-old child, and, like a child, the Indian must have instruction — often repeated — before he can comprehend these processes, and much practice before he can perform them.

The old-time Indian had the stature of a man with the experiences and reasoning powers of a child. He was a nomad, a free wanderer, limited in his ordinary hunting journeys only by his natural range, and in war roaming without limits. In summer he followed the game or the fish, accumulating a store of provisions to carry him through the winter. Among the buffalo tribes the winter hunt usually took place during November and December, when the robes were at their best and the buffalo fat, and before the weather became very cold and stormy. When really severe weather came he retreated to his permanent village, or, if his tribe was one that had no permanent habitation, he chose some sheltered place where wood was abundant and remained there with the camp. Except in case of necessity the men did not venture far nor hunt much in bad winter weather, but if the food supply ran low they were forced to brave the storm.

Until about fifteen years ago the old free life still prevailed over much of the Western country. Fifteen years earlier than this it had first in some degree been interrupted by the building of a transcontinental railroad, and every railroad built afterward imposed new and stronger limits on the freedom of the old-time dwellers of the West. The railroads brought hunters and settlers, and made a market for the flesh and skins of the wild beasts on which the Indians subsisted, and so caused extermination of this food supply. With the railroads, too, came the speedier move-

ment of troops, and the punishment and gathering in of hostile or vagrant camps. Thus little by little the Indians were collected on reservations; the wild West began to be settled, and of a sudden was wild no longer. The Indian ceased to wander.

He has ceased to wander, but he has not forgotten. The fierce joys of the warpath still live in his mind: the long weary marches under a sun like fire, the stealthy approach, the successful charge, and the long flight. Sometimes in memory he feels again the sense of swelling triumph that filled his heart as, with blackened face and bearing his trophies, he rode over the hills and swiftly passed on down toward the village; he sees as if but yesterday the people streaming out from the lodges to meet his party, singing for joy and shouting out the names of the fortunate warriors, his name among the rest; he recalls how old men praised him and old women danced before him, singing a song in his honor, and how all the people, old and middle-aged and young, down to the tiniest children, honored him as one of those to whom the tribe owed its triumph. Nor does he forget the pleasures of the more peaceful pursuits of the old life. Often he recalls his scouting as a young man after buffalo, when the camp was hungry, and each scout prayed that he might be the one who should find food and bring life and happiness to the people. He remembers the times when he was successful, and how, when he brought the good news, they said that he was smart and had good luck; how his name was called through the camp, and every one was glad that he, and not another, had been sent out; and he remembers, too, how, on one of these triumphant returns, that young woman — now the mother of his children — had heard about it, and the next time he met her, instead of looking at the ground, she raised her eyes to his face and smiled.

There were many buffalo chases to remember, even from the time when he was a little boy; the shouts of the criers saying that the tribe should hunt, the orders to men and women, the start, the control exercised by the soldiers, the headlong race of the final charge, all the active life and quick changes of the pursuit, and the confusion of the killing; then the happiness that came of plenty in the camp, when the drying-scaffolds hung red and white with sheets of meat and of rich backfat, and the feast shout had no end.

This was the old life in the free days, the life which moulded the Indian and made him what he was and is. No marvel then that to the older men of the tribe, though but a memory growing dim, that old life is yet more real than this new existence on the reservation, with its limitations and perplexities, its white man's ways, which the centuries of his training have made it so hard for the Indian to assume.

George Bird Grinnell.

FATHERS, MOTHERS, AND FRESHMEN.

"By virtue of the authority committed to me," says President Eliot on Commencement Day, "I confer on you the first degree in Arts; and to each of you I give a diploma which admits you, as youth of promise, to the fellowship of educated men." The college sends her alumni into the world with nothing more than a warrant that they are presentable intellectually. Yet her unwritten and unspoken purpose is not so much intellectual as moral; and her strongest

hope is to stamp her graduates with an abiding character. A college stands for learning, for culture, and for power; in particular, it stands for the recognition of an aim higher than money-getting. It is a place where our young men shall see visions; where even the idlest and lowest man of all must catch glimpses of ideals which, if he could see them steadily, would transfigure life. The Bachelor of Arts is seldom, on his Commencement Day, a scholar either polished or profound; but he may be in the full sense of the word a man.

Though the responsibility of the Alma Mater for the manhood of her sons gets little formal recognition, whoever loves her feels it none the less, and knows that her good name depends not so much on her children's contributions to learning as on their courtesy, their efficiency, their integrity, and their courage. The college herself, as represented by her governing bodies, feels this deeply, in a general way, but does not know and cannot find out how far her responsibility reaches into details. Intellectual discipline she professes and must provide, — subjects of study, old and new; instructors that know their subjects and can teach them: and she is happy if she has money enough to make these things sure. Thus beyond what is spent for the chapel and for the maintenance of decent order in the premises there can be little visible outlay for the protection and the development of a student's character. Nor can the formation of character, except as effected by courses in ethics, be measured out and paid for by the hour or by the job; and thus the college can do little more than trust in the awakening of intellectual interests to drive out the trivial and the base, in the often unconscious influence of men of character among its Faculty, and in the habits and standards of conduct already acquired at school and at home. Now and then a college teacher rejects all responsibility outside of the classroom. "My business," he says, "is to teach *men:* if the students are not men, I don't want them in my classes; if they don't care to learn, let them go their own way. What becomes of them is no business of mine; and if they have to leave college, so much the better for the college and for them. The first, last, and only duty of a teacher in a university is to advance the knowledge of his subject; he is false to his trust, if he spends time and strength in patching up worthless boys who have no place in an institution of learning."

This doctrine, seldom enunciated by men that have sons and happily never lived down to, is the natural refuge of professors who see the opposition between the advancement of learning and concern for their pupils' character, and who, with the enthusiasm of the investigator and the teacher, have time and strength for nothing more. Nor is the professor the only interested person that would shift the responsibility. Those parents who have turned their children over successively to the governess, the little boys' school, and the big boys' school, turn them over in time to the college. The college, they admit, has its dangers; yet it is the only thing for a gentleman's sons at a certain time in their lives, and the risk must be taken. The business of the college they patronize is, like the business of the schools they have patronized, to develop, cultivate, and protect their sons, whom, to put it in their own language, they "confide" to the college for that purpose. "I sent my boy to college," writes the mother of a lazy little Freshman that has come to grief, "and I supposed he would be looked out for." "Write me a good long letter about my Darling," says another. "I want my boy to be up *and washed* at eight," says a careful father. "Please send me every week an exact record of my son's absences," a suspicious father writes to the dean, — and the dean wonders what would become of

himself, his stenographer, and his ostensible duties if all parents should ask for consideration on this same scale.

> "Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache;"

and often such appeals as I have cited, though superficially amusing, belong to the sad phenomena of the college world; for they imply distrust at the very time when a youth, just entering the larger life and the fiercer temptations of early manhood, needs, beyond all other human helps, a relation with father and mother of long-tried and perfect trust. They imply, also, parents' ignorance of children's character.

To the dean of a large college, who has most to do with students and their parents in all academic sorrows, it soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect, — and this after liberal allowance for faults in the college and its officers. "I have spent an hour to-day with Jones's father," said a college president in a formidable case of discipline. "I have conceived a better opinion of the son after meeting the father," — and the experience is repeated year by year. Five minutes, or two minutes, with a father or a mother may reveal the chief secret of a young man's failure or misconduct, and may fill the heart of an administrative officer with infinite compassion. "You say he gambles," says a loud, swaggering father. "Well, what of it? Gentlemen always play cards." "I told my boy," says a father of a different stamp, "that I did not myself believe in [what is commonly called "vice"]; but that if he went into that sort of thing, he must not go off with the crowd, but must do it quietly in a gentlemanly way."

Hereditary and home influence less palpable but quite as pervasive and nearly as demoralizing is that of the trivially biographic mother, who, while a dozen men are waiting at the dean's office door, assures the dean that her son, now on trial for his academic life, "was a lovely baby," and who, so to speak, grows up with him then and there, tracking him step by step, with frequent countermarches, to his present station; or of the mother who insinuates that the father (whose ambassador she is) has been less competent and wise than she, and that her son gets from the father's family offensive traits which she hopes will be kept under by the sterling merits that he gets from her own; or of the father who is tickled by the reminiscences of his own youth that are evoked when his son is caught stealing a poor shopkeeper's sign; or of the father who suggests that the college should employ at his expense a detective against his son; or of the father who, when his son is suspended from the university, keeps him in a neighboring city, at any cost and with any risk and with any amount of prevarication, rather than take him home and let the neighbors suspect the truth; or of the father who at a crucial moment in the life of a wayward son goes to Europe for pleasure (though, to do him justice, he has been of little use at home); or of the father who argues that his son's love of drink cannot be hereditary, since he himself straightened out before his son was born.

The best safeguard of a young man in college — better even than being in love with the right kind of girl — is a perfectly open and affectionate relation to both parents, or to the one parent or guardian that represents both. In saying this, I presuppose parents and guardians of decent character, and capable of open and affectionate relations. One of the surprises in administrative life at college is the underhand dealing of parents, not merely with college officers, but with their own sons. "Your son's case is just where I cannot tell whether or no it will be wise to put him on probation," says the dean to a well-educated and agreeable father. "It will do him

good," says the father emphatically. "Then," says the dean, "we will put him on;" and the father, as he takes his leave, observes, "I shall give him to understand that it was inevitable, — that *I* did all *I* could to prevent it." Now and then a father writes to the dean for an opinion of a son's work and character. The dean would like to tell the son of the inquiry and to show him the answer before sending it, so that everything, favorable or unfavorable, may be above board; but he has, or thinks he has, the father's confidence to keep. Accordingly he says nothing to the student concerned, answers the father straightforwardly, and learns later that his letter, if unfavorable, has passed from the father to the son without comment, as if it had been a gratuitous emanation from the dean's office. The letter may be garbled. In answer to the inquiry of a distinguished man about his ward, the dean of a college made clear, first, that the young man had been in danger of losing his degree, and next that the danger was probably over. The distinguished man had the unfavorable part of the letter copied, omitted the favorable, and sent the partial copy to the student. He omitted the dean's signature: but the letter itself showed whence it came; and it appeared to have been written just after the dean had assured the student of his belief that the degree was safe. The young man was frank enough and sensible enough in his perplexity to go straight to the dean; but the false position of the distinguished man and the false position in which (to some degree unwittingly) he would have left the dean before the student are clear. It is absolutely essential to successful college government that executive officers should be square rather than "politic," and should be outspoken, so far as they can be without breaking anybody's confidence. At best, it is scarcely possible to make the younger students see that the main purpose of a disciplinary officer is not the detection of wrongdoers, by fair means or by foul; and it is quite impossible for such an officer to be above suspicion in the eyes of students while parents assume that he is either a partner or a rival in disingenuous dealing.

Sometimes father and son combine to keep a mother in ignorance; and frequently that great principle of parental relation — that father or mother will forgive all and will love in spite of all, but will be most deeply wounded unless trusted — is not recognized by one parent toward another, or by the son toward either. In cases of almost total want of previous acquaintance, cases of parents who complain of vacation at boarding-school because it leaves their children on their hands, this is not to be wondered at; but in the every-day father, willing to give his children the best of all he has, a profound ignorance of his son's acts, motives, and character must be rooted in some deep mistake, not of heart, but of judgment. That such ignorance exists is plain: it attributes truth to the tricky, sobriety to the vinous, and chastity to the wanton. Its existence is further confirmed by the attitude of these misapprehended sons when no argument can persuade them to be the first messengers, to father or mother, of their own transgression. "Your father must know this from me; but he has a right to know it first from you. You say you cannot give him pain; but nothing will help him so much in bearing the pain that must be his as the knowledge that you yourself can tell him all. Before I write to him or see him, I will give you time; and I beg you to tell him: you cannot help him more now than by going to him, or hurt him more than by avoiding him. This I know if I know anything: it is not mere theory; it is based on what I have seen of many fathers and of many sons." Yet often the student, especially the young student, still keeps clear of his father as long as he can.

This want of filial courage at critical moments must be accounted for by a false reticence in those early years in which affectionate freedom between father or mother and son must begin. Unhappily it is fostered by literature. Even Thackeray, whose total influence is honest and clean, seems, when he writes of college life, to have in mind such general propositions as that young men always run into debt and seldom make all their debts known at home; that all normal young men live more or less wantonly; that only girls (whose intellects are seldom strong) are pure in heart and life, and that their purity is a kind of innocence born of blindness and of shelter from the world; that no mother knows the morbid unrest which is stirring in her sweet-faced little boy. Pendennis, Philip, the Poems — all furnish marked instances of Thackeray's attitude toward the exuberant folly and sin of young men; and his notion of a man's standard in things moral is revealed by his remark that "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man," since the author of Tom Jones.

Thackeray is only too near the truth. The earliest important cause of reticence between parent and child, the longest continued, the fiercest, and the most morbidly silent temptation, the temptation most likely to scorch and blight a whole life and the lives of those who come after, the temptation most likely to lead through passion to reckless selfishness, and through shame to reckless lying, is the manifold temptation in the mysterious relation of sex to sex. No subject needs, for the health of our sons and for the protection of our daughters, to be brought earlier out of the region of alluring and forbidden exploration into the light of wholesome truth — out of the category of the unspeakable into the category of things which, though talked of seldom, may be talked of freely between father or mother and son. Temptation, passion, will exist always; but temptation and passion which must be nursed or suppressed in secret are far more insidious, far less conquerable. Moreover, temptation and passion, when confided to a father or a mother by a son who is struggling to do right, lose half their danger: the strength of those nearest and dearest buoys up our own; and the fear of confessing a sin — a false fear when once the sin is committed — may be wholesome as a safeguard. No parent can begin to be in a frank relation to his son if he has left that son to pick up in the street and in the newspaper all his knowledge of the laws to which he owes his life; yet, as things stand, this most vital of all subjects is often the one subject about which a young man shrinks from talking with any but contemporaries as ignorant as himself, a subject kept in the dark, except for coarse jokes at the theatre or at convivial gatherings of boys and men.

Almost equally important with an understanding between parent and son is an understanding between every student and at least one college officer. There must be some one on the spot to whom the student may talk freely and fully about such perplexities as beset every young man in a new life away from home. Even a college-bred father is college-bred in another generation, and cannot know those local and temporal characteristics of a college on the mastery of which depends so large a measure of the student's happiness. Besides, a father may not be promptly accessible, whereas every good college has at hand many officers whose best satisfaction lies in giving freely of their time and strength to less experienced men that trust them. Some confidences, no doubt, a college officer cannot accept; but even in a case of grave wrongdoing, if the relation between him and the student is on both sides clearly understood, a full confession, the only honorable course, is usually, in the long run, the only prudent

course also. At Harvard College the relation between a Freshman and his "adviser" is much what the Freshman makes it; for the adviser feels an older man's diffidence about forcing his friendship on defenseless youth; but it may be made of high and permanent value. So may the relation between a student and any worthy college teacher whom the student, because he has seen in him something to inspire confidence, has chosen for a counselor. Here, too, a father intimate with his son may help him to overcome shyness, and to make use of that disinterested friendship of older men which is one of the best opportunities of college life and is often thrown away.

By fostering these friendships and influences, by interesting himself in every detail of a son's career, a father may do much. A mother may often do more, by establishing her son in the friendship of good women. This is partly a matter of social influence, no doubt; a poor and ignorant woman a thousand miles away may not see how she can effect it; may shrink from an appeal to the unknown wives of unknown professors for friendly greetings to her boy: but many women whose sons are sent to a college town know, or have friends that know, or have friends who have friends that know, good women there. The friendship of good women is, as everybody knows, the sweetest and most wholesome corrective of loneliness and of wandering desires. A boy of seventeen or eighteen, far from home for the first time, fresh from the society of mother and sisters and girl friends, may be terribly lonely. Near any college he will find a number of foolish girls, easy of acquaintance, proud to know a student, and not fastidious about conventionalities; girls not vicious as yet, but on the unseen road to vice; girls whom he could not comfortably introduce to his mother and sisters, but who, *merely as girls*, are of interest to him in the absence of social and intellectual equals. The peril of such friendships is as commonplace as truth and as undying: reckless giddiness on one side, reckless selfishness half disguised by better names on the other, the excitement of things known to be not quite proper but not clearly recognized as wrong, have led to one kind of misery or another, so long as men have been men and women women. Yet these sorrows, toward which men move at first with no semblance of passion, but with mere lonely curiosity, may be forestalled. Counsel of parents, too seldom given in such matters, will do much; access to home life, to the friendship of motherly mothers and of modest, sensible daughters, will do more. Shy and awkward a Freshman may be, and ridiculously afraid of speaking with women: yet the shyer and the more awkward he is, the lonelier he is — the more in need of seeing the inside of a house and of a home; the more likely to remember as what made his first college year supportable some few days in which a good woman who used to know his mother has opened her doors to him as to a human being and a friend.

After all, the most searching test of a parent's relation to his son in college is the son's own view of the purpose of his college life. As I have said elsewhere, "Many parents regard college as far less serious in its demands than school or business, as a place of delightful irresponsibility, a sort of four years' breathing-space wherein a youth may at once cultivate and disport himself before he is condemned for life to hard labor." They "like to see young people have a good time;" a little evasion, a little law-breaking, and a handful of wild oats mark in their minds the youth of spirit. They distinguish between outwitting the authorities, whom they still regard as impersonal or hostile, and outwitting other less disinterested friends. "Boys will be boys" is a cover, not merely for the thoughtless exuberance of lively young animals, but

for selfishness, trickiness, cruelty, and even vice. I wonder at the recklessness with which respectable men talk of wild oats as a normal and on the whole an attractive attribute of youth; for the wild oats theory of a young man's life, when seen without its glamour, may mean awful physical peril, disingenuous relations with father and mother, dishonor to some girl, as yet perhaps unknown, who is going to be his wife. Yet parents, whether by precept or by example or by mere personal ineffectiveness or by dullness and neglect, encourage that very disingenuousness which is exercised against themselves. Those who have seen the unhappiness that such disingenuousness brings can never forget it. I have been begged by undergraduates to keep students out of a great Boston gambling-house, long since closed. In that gambling-house as Freshmen they had become bankrupt; and for months — almost for years — they had shifted and lied to keep their bankruptcy unknown at home. The crash of discovery had come, as it always comes; the air had cleared; and as Seniors they were unwilling to leave college without at least an attempt to save other Freshmen from doing and from suffering what they had done and suffered. I have seen sons before the crash, and I have seen parents after it.

How much that is objectionable in college life is the result of injudicious money allowances (whether princely or niggardly) I have never determined. Some students use large incomes as wisely as their elders and more generously; some pay the entire college expenses of fellow students in need: others, no doubt, have more money than is good for them; but it is hard to pick out that part of their moral and academic disaster for which wealth is responsible.

I may mention here that two-edged argument so often urged by a father when his son is to be dismissed from college: "If you don't keep him here, what *shall* I do with him? He is n't fit for anything else; he would do nothing in a profession or in business." I cannot say with some that it is no concern of the college what is done with him; for a college, as I conceive it, has some interest in the future of every boy that has darkened its doors: but I can say that a youth confessedly fit for nothing else is not often good timber for an alumnus. A college is not a home for incurables or a limbo for the dull and inefficient. Moreover, as a Western father observed, "It does not pay to spend two thousand dollars on a two-dollar boy." Though a firm believer in college training as the supreme intellectual privilege of youth, I am convinced that the salvation of some young men (for the practical purposes of this present world) is in taking them out of college and giving them long and inevitable hours in some office or factory. I do not mean that all success in college belongs to the good scholars; for many a youth who stands low in his classes gets incalculable benefit from his college course. He may miss that important part of training which consists in his doing the thing for which he is booked; but he does something for which — through a natural mistake, if it is a mistake — he thinks he is booked: he leads an active life, of subordination here, of leadership there, of responsibility everywhere; and he leads it in a community where learning and culture abound, where ideals are noble, and where courage and truth are rated high. Such a young man, if he barely scrapes through (provided he scrapes through honestly), has wasted neither his father's money nor his own time. Even the desultory reader who contracts, at the expense of his studies, what has been called "the library habit," may become the glory of his Alma Mater. It is the weak-kneed dawdler who ought to go, the youth whose body and mind are wasting away in bad hours and bad company, and whose sense of truth grows dimmer

and dimmer in the smoke of his cigarettes: yet it is precisely this youth who, through mere inertia, is hardest to move, who seems glued to the university, whose father is helpless before his future, and whose relatives contend that, since he is no man's enemy but his own, he should be allowed to stay in college so long as his father will pay his tuition fee, — as if a college were a public conveyance wherein anybody that pays his fare may abide "unless personally obnoxious," or a hotel where anybody that pays enough may lie in bed and have all the good things sent up to him. No college — certainly no college with an elective system, which presupposes a youth's interest in his own intellectual welfare — can afford to keep such as he. Nor can he afford to be kept. One of the first aims of college life is increase of power: be he scholar or athlete, the sound undergraduate learns to meet difficulties; "stumbling-blocks," in the words of an admirable preacher, "become stepping-stones." It is a short-sighted kindness that keeps in college (with its priceless opportunities for growth and its corresponding opportunities for degeneration) a youth who lies down in front of his stumbling-blocks in the vague hope that by and by the authorities will have them carted away.

The only substitute for the power that surmounts obstacles is the enthusiasm before which obstacles disappear; and sometimes a student who has never got hold of his work finds on a sudden that it has got hold of him. Here, I admit, is the loafer's argument (or, rather, the loafer's father's argument) for the loafer's continuance at a seat of learning. In any loafer may lurk the latent enthusiast: no man's offering is so hopelessly non-combustible that it never can be touched by the fire from heaven; and few places are more exposed to the sparks than our best colleges. Some new study, — chosen, it may be, as a "snap," — some magnetic teacher, some classmate's sister, may, in the twinkling of an eye, create and establish an object in a hitherto aimless life, and an enthusiasm which makes light of work, — just as the call to arms has transmuted many an idler into a man. Some idlers whose regeneration is less sudden are idlers at college chiefly because they have yet to adjust themselves to an elective system, have yet to find their niche in the intellectual life. Talking with a famous professor some years ago about his wish to lower the requirements for admission to college, I expressed the fear that, with lowered requirements, would come a throng of idlers. "That," said he, with a paradoxical wisdom for which I am not yet ripe, but which I have at last begun to understand, "That is precisely what I should like to see. I should like to see an increase in the number of these idle persons; for here are set before them higher ideals than are set before them elsewhere." "People talk of evil in college," says a graduate with business experience in New York. "I tell you, college is a place of white purity when compared with the New York business world." In the withdrawal of the veriest idler from the hope of the vision lies a chance of injury; and this chance, small as it is, may fill the horizon of father or mother. "Dismissal from college means certain ruin." Hence these tears of strong men, these "fits of the asterisks" in undisciplined women. Hence those variations in the father who first proclaims that his son must stand near the head of his class or go; next, when that son has fallen short of the least that the college demands, drags out every argument good or bad for keeping him till the end, — and at last almost leaps for joy if he is warranted auction-sound on Commencement Day. Recognition of the possible disaster in withdrawal may be blended, in a parent's mind, with desire to avoid personal mortification; but it is a strong motive for all that, and a worthy one. It makes an administrative officer cau-

tious in action, and enables him to listen with sympathy to pleading for which a careless outsider might find no excuse.

Yet the chance is too small, and the risk is too great. The shock of adversity when the doors of the college close, the immediate need of hard, low-paid work in a cold world where there is no success without industry, may be the one saving thing after the failure of the academic invitation to duty with no palpable relation of industry to success. Compulsory labor with a definite object may at length bring voluntary labor and that enjoyment of work without which nobody who is so fortunate as to work for his living through most of his waking hours can be efficient or happy; and exclusion from college is sometimes the awakening from dull and selfish immaturity into responsible manhood. No one is entitled to a college education who does not earn the right from day to day by strenuous or by enthusiastic life; college is for the ablest and the best: yet, as some fathers send their least efficient sons into the ministry, as some men who have failed in divers walks of life seek a refuge as teachers of literature, so, and with results almost as deplorable, some people send their boys to college because nobody can see in those boys a single sign of usefulness.

Wise fathers and mothers, when they visit a college officer, are commonly concerned with their sons' courses of study; their mission is rarely sorrowful. The parents of troublesome students are not, as a rule, wise. Yet some fathers and mothers whose sons have gone wrong stand out clearly in my mind as almost everything that a parent should be, — asking no favors, seeing clearly and promptly the distinction between the honorable and the dishonorable, and the distinction between the honorable and the half honorable, holding the standard high for their sons and for themselves in every relation of life: women struggling in silent loyalty to free their children from the iniquity of the fathers, and men as tender as women and as true as truth itself. What they are to their sons we can only guess; to an administrative officer, they are "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

L. B. R. Briggs.

WAITING.

With rosy flushing ear, and cheeks that wear
The soft auroral hues that garment her,
She waits; nor doth one slender gold beam stir,
Of all the floating sunshine of her hair,
One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,
One bosom's heave the tender hope aver
That parts the lips where late her arch smiles were,
Where they will break anon. Hark! On the stair,
She hears, e'en now she hears — thrice-tranced thereby —
The whisper of light feet that come anear,
And nearer; and the spirit of a sigh
Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear,
And yet fulfillment lingers — nigh, so nigh —
Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here!

F. Whitmore.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

II. LITERARY AND SOCIAL NEW YORK, 1830–1840.

ALTHOUGH the New York of my youth had little claim to be recognized as a literary centre, it yet was a city whose tastes and manners were much influenced by people of culture. One of these, Robert Sands, was the author of a poem entitled Yamoyden, its theme being an Indian story or legend. His family dated back to the Sands who once owned a considerable part of Block Island, and from whom Sands Point takes its name. If I do not mistake, they were connected by marriage with one of my ancestors, who were also settlers in Block Island. I remember having seen the poet Sands in my childhood, — a rather awkward, near-sighted man. His life was not a long one. A sister of his, Julia Sands, wrote a biographical sketch of her brother, and was spoken of as a literary woman.

It must have been in the twenties that James K. Paulding united with Washington Irving in editing a comic periodical called Salmagundi. The motto of this announced its character and intention: —

> "In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokeses,
> Et roastum, toastum, boilum folkses."

William Cullen Bryant took a prominent part in politics, but mingled little in general society, being much absorbed in his duties as editor of The Evening Post, of which he was also the founder.

I first heard of Fitz-Greene Halleck as the author of various satirical pieces of verse relating to personages and events of nearly eighty years ago. He is now best remembered by his Marco Bozzaris, a noble lyric, which we have heard quoted in view of recent lamentable encounters between Greeks and barbarians.

Among the lecturers who visited New York I recall Professor Silliman of Yale College; Dr. Follen, who spoke of German literature; George Combe and Sir Charles Lyell.

Charles King, for many years editor of a daily paper entitled The New York American, was a man of much literary taste. He had been a pupil at Harrow when Scott and Byron were there. He was an appreciative friend of my father, although as convivial in his tastes as my father was the reverse. One evening when a temperance meeting was going on in one of our large parlors Mr. King called, and, finding my father thus engaged, began to frolic with us young people. He even dared to say, "Now I should like to open those folding doors just wide enough to fire off a bottle of champagne at those temperance people." He was the patron of my early literary ventures, and kindly allowed my fugitive pieces to appear in his paper. He always advocated the abolition of slavery, and could never forgive Henry Clay his part in effecting the Missouri Compromise, confirming the rights of slaveholders below Mason and Dixon's line. He and his brother James, my father's junior partner, were sons of Rufus King, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I was a child of perhaps eight years when I heard my elders say with regret that "old Mr. King was dying." Quite late in life Mr. Charles King became president of Columbia College, which then, with the homes of its officers, occupied the greater part of Park Place. Its professors were well known in society, and the college was very conservative in its management. The professor of mathematics, when he was asked one day by one of his class whether the sun did not really stand still in answer to the prayer of Joshua, laughed at the ques-

tion, and was in consequence reprimanded by the faculty.

Professor Anthon, of the college, became known through his school and college editions of many Latin classics. Professor Morse, in the department of Hellenics, was popular among the undergraduates, — partly, it was said, on account of his very indulgent method of conducting examinations. Professor MacVickar, in the chair of philosophy, was one of the early admirers of Ruskin. The families of these gentlemen mingled a good deal in the society of the time, and contributed, no doubt, to impart to it a tone of polite culture. I should say that before the forties the sons of the best families were usually sent to Columbia College. My own brothers, three in number, were among its graduates. New York parents in those days looked upon Harvard as a Unitarian institution, and shunned its influence for their children.

The venerable Lorenzo Da Ponte was for many years a resident of New York, and a teacher of the Italian language and literature. When Dominick Lynch introduced the first opera troupe to the New York public, some time in the twenties, the audience must surely have comprised some of the old man's pupils well versed in the language of the librettos. In earlier life he had furnished the text of several of Mozart's operas, among them Don Giovanni and Le Nozze di Figaro.

Charles Augustus Davis, the author of Jack Downing's Letters, was a gentleman well known in the New York society of my youth. The letters in question contained imaginary reports of a tour which the writer professed to have made with General Jackson, when the latter was a candidate for reëlection to the presidency. They were very popular at the time, but have long since passed into oblivion. In one of them Major Downing describes an occasion on which it was important that the general should interlard his address with a few Latin quotations. Not possessing any learning of that kind, he concluded his speech with, "E pluribus unum, gentlemen, sine qua non."

The great literary boast of the city, at the time of which I speak, was undoubtedly Washington Irving. I was still a child in the nursery when I heard of his return to America, after a residence of some years in Spain. A public dinner was given in honor of this event. One of the guests told of Mr. Irving's embarrassment when he was called upon for a speech. He rose, waved his hand in the air, and could only utter a few sentences, which were heard with difficulty. Many years after this time, I was present, with other ladies, at a public dinner given in honor of Charles Dickens by prominent citizens of New York. The ladies were not bidden to the feast, but were allowed to occupy a small anteroom which, through an open door, commanded a view of the tables. When the speaking was about to begin, a message came suggesting that we should take possession of some vacant seats at the great table. This we were glad to do. Washington Irving was president of the evening, and upon him devolved the duty of inaugurating the proceedings by an address of welcome to the distinguished guest. People who sat near me whispered, "He 'll break down, — he always does." Mr. Irving rose and uttered a sentence or two. His friends interrupted him by applause, which was intended to encourage him, but which entirely overthrew his self-possession. He hesitated, stammered, and sat down, saying, "I cannot go on." It was an embarrassing and painful moment, but Mr. John Duer, an eminent lawyer, came to his friend's assistance, and with suitable remarks proposed the health of Charles Dickens, to which Mr. Dickens promptly responded. This he did in his happiest manner, covering Mr. Irving's defeat by a glowing eulogy of his literary merits.

"Whose books do I take to bed with me, night after night? Washington Ir-

ving's, as one who is present can testify." This one was evidently Mrs. Dickens, who was seated beside me. Mr. Dickens proceeded to speak of international copyright, saying that the prime object of his visit to America was the promotion of this important measure.

I met Washington Irving several times at the house of John Jacob Astor. He was silent in general company, and usually fell asleep at the dinner table. This occurrence was, indeed, so common with him that the other guests noticed it only with a smile. After a nap of some ten minutes he would open his eyes and take part in the conversation, apparently unconscious of having been asleep.

In his youth Mr. Irving had traveled extensively in Europe. While in Rome he had received marked attention from the banker Torlonia, who repeatedly invited him to dinner parties, the opera, and so on. He was at a loss to account for this, until his last visit to the bank, when Torlonia, taking him aside, said, "Pray tell me, is it not true that you are a grandson of the great Washington?" Mr. Irving in early life had given offense to the descendants of old Dutch families in New York by the publication of Knickerbocker's History of New York, in which he had presented some of their forbears in a humorous light. The solid fame which he acquired in later days effaced the remembrance of this old-time grievance, and in the days in which I had the pleasure of his acquaintance he held an enviable position in the esteem and affection of the community. He always remained a bachelor, owing, it was said, to an attachment the object of which had been removed by death. I have even heard that the lady in question was a beautiful Jewess, the same one whom Walter Scott has depicted in his well-known Rebecca.

It has been explained that the continued prosperity of France under varying forms of government is due to the fact that the municipal administration of the country is not affected by these changes, but continues much the same under king, emperor, and republican president. I find something analogous to this in the permanence of certain underlying tendencies in the society of New York, despite the continual variations which diversify the surface of the domain of fashion. The earliest social function which I remember is a ball given by my parents when I must have been about four years of age. Quite late in the evening I was taken out of bed and arrayed in an embroidered cambric slip. Some one tried to fasten a pink rosebud on the waist of my dress, but did not succeed to her mind. I was brought into the drawing-rooms, which had undergone a surprising transformation. The floors were bare, and from the ceiling of either room was suspended a circle of wax lights and artificial flowers. The orchestra included a double bass. I surveyed the company of dancers, but soon curled myself up on a sofa, where one of the dowagers fed me with ice cream. This entertainment took place at our house on Bowling Green, a neighborhood which has long been given up to business.

In the days of my childhood silver forks were in use at dinner parties, though on ordinary occasions we used the three-pronged steel fork, which is now rarely seen. My father sometimes admonished my maternal grandmother not to put her knife into her mouth, but in her youth every one had used the knife in this way. Meats were carefully roasted in what was called a tin kitchen, before an open fire. Desserts on state occasions consisted of pastry, wine jelly, and blanc mange, with pyramids of ice cream, which was always supplied by a French resident, Jean Contoit by name, whose very modest garden long continued to be the only place at which such a dainty could be obtained. It may have been M. Contoit who, speaking to a compatriot of his first days in America, said, "Imagine! When I first came to this

place people cooked vegetables with water only, *and the calf's head was thrown away!*"

The ladies of that period wore white cambric gowns, finely embroidered, in winter as well as in summer, and walked abroad in thin morocco slippers. Pelisses were worn in cold weather, often of some bright color, rose pink or blue. I have found in a family letter of that time the following description of a bride's toilet: "Miss E. was married in a frock of white merino, with a full suit of steel, comb, ear-rings, and so on." I once heard Mrs. William Astor, née Armstrong, tell of a pair of brides, twin sisters, who appeared at church dressed in pelisses of white merino trimmed with chinchilla, with caps of the same fur. They were much admired at the time.

Among the festivities of old New York the observance of New Year's Day held an important place. In every house of any pretension the ladies of the family sat in the drawing-room, arrayed in their best dresses, and the gentlemen of their acquaintance made short visits, during which wine and rich cakes were offered. It was allowable to call as early as ten o'clock in the morning, but the visitor sometimes did little more than appear and disappear, hastily muttering something about the "compliments of the season." The gentlemen prided themselves upon the number of visits paid, the ladies upon the number received. Girls at school vexed one another with emulative boasting.

"We had fifty callers on New Year's Day."

"Oh! but *we* had sixty-five."

This perfunctory performance grew very tedious by the time that the calling hours were ended, but apart from this the day was one on which families were greeted by distant relatives rarely seen, while old friends met and revived their pleasant memories. In our house the rooms were all thrown open, and bright fires burned in the grates. My father, after his adoption of temperance principles, forbade the offering of wine to visitors, and ordered it to be replaced by hot coffee, — a prohibition at which we were rather chagrined, but his will was law. I recall a New Year's Day, early in the thirties, on which a yellow chariot stopped before our door. A stout elderly gentleman descended from it, and came in to pay his compliments to my father. This gentleman was John Jacob Astor, who was already known to be possessed of great wealth.

The pleasant custom just described was said to have originated with the Dutch settlers of the olden time. As the city grew in size, it became difficult and well-nigh impossible for gentlemen to make the necessary number of visits. Finally, a number of young men of the city took it upon themselves to call in squads at houses which they had no right to molest, consuming the refreshments provided for other guests, and making themselves disagreeable in various ways. This offense against good manners led to the discontinuance, by common consent, of the New Year's receptions.

Mrs. Jameson's visit to the United States in the year 1835 gave me the opportunity of making acquaintance with that very accomplished lady and author. I was then a girl of sixteen summers, but I had read The Diary of an Ennuyée, which first brought Mrs. Jameson into literary prominence. I afterward read with avidity the two later volumes in which she gives so good an account of modern art works in Europe. In these she speaks with enthusiasm of certain frescoes in Munich, which I was sorry, many years later, to be obliged to consider less remarkable than her description of them had warranted me in supposing. When I perused these works, having myself no practical knowledge of art, their graphic style gave me a vision of the things described. The beautiful Pinakothek and Glyptothek of Munich became to me as if I actually saw them; and when it was

my good fortune to visit them, I seemed, especially in the case of the marbles, to meet with old friends. Mrs. Jameson's connoisseurship was not limited to pictorial and sculptural art; she was passionately fond of music, also. I still remember her account of one evening passed with the composer Wieck in his German home. In this she mentions his daughter Clara, and her lover, young Schumann. Clara Wieck became well known in Europe as a pianist of eminence, and of Schumann as a composer there is now no need to speak.

There were various legends regarding Mrs. Jameson's private history. It was said that her husband, marrying her against his will, parted from her at the church door, and thereafter left England for Canada, where he was residing at the time of her visit. I first met her at an evening party at the house of a friend. I was invited to make some music, and sang, among other things, a brilliant bravura air from Semiramide. When I would have left the piano Mrs. Jameson came to me and said, "*Altra cosa*, my dear." My voice had been cultivated with care, and though not of great power was considered pleasing in quality, and was certainly very flexible. I met Mrs. Jameson at several other entertainments devised in her honor. She was of middle height and red blonde in color; her face was not handsome, but sensitive and sympathetic in expression, and her want of taste in dress somewhat scandalized the elegant dames of New York. I actually heard one of them say, "How like the devil she does look!" After a winter passed in Canada, Mrs. Jameson again visited New York, on her way to England. She called upon me one day with a friend, and asked to see my father's pictures. Two of these, portraits of Charles I. and his queen, were supposed to be by Vandyke, but Mrs. Jameson doubted their genuineness. She spoke of her intimacy with the celebrated Mrs. Somerville, and said, "I think of her as a dear little woman who is very fond of drawing." When I went to return her visit, I found her engaged in earnest conversation with a son of Sir James Mackintosh. When he had taken leave she said to me, "Mr. Mackintosh and I were almost at daggers drawn." So far as I could learn, their dispute related to democratic forms of government and the society therefrom resulting, which he viewed with favor and she with bitter dislike. I inquired about her winter in Canada. She replied, "As the Irishman said, I had everything that a pig could want." Soon after this time her volume entitled Winter Studies and Summer Rambles appeared; her work on Sacred and Legendary Art and her Legends of the Madonna were not published, however, until after a long interval of time.

My first peep at the gay world in grown-up days was at a dinner party given by the lady mentioned above, a daughter of General Armstrong married to the eldest son of the original John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Astor was a person of very elegant taste. She had received a part of her education in Paris at the time when her father represented our government at the court of France, and her notions of propriety in dress were stringent. According to these, jewels were not to be worn in the daytime; glaring colors and striking contrasts were also to be avoided. Much that is in favor to-day would have been ruled out by her as inadmissible. At the dinner of which I speak the ladies were in evening dress, which in those days did not exceed modest limits. One pretty married lady wore a white turban, which was much admired. Another lady was adorned with a coronet of fine stone cameos, which has recently been presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by a surviving member of her family. My head was dressed for this occasion by Martel, a dainty half Spanish or French octoroon, endowed with exquisite taste, a ready wit, and a saucy tongue. He was

the Figaro of the time, and his droll sayings were often quoted among his lady customers. The hair was then worn low at the back of the head, woven into elaborate braids and darkened with French pomade, and upon the forehead, or just above it, there was usually an ornament called a *féronière*. This was sometimes a string of pearls with a diamond star in the middle, oftener a gold chain or band ornamented with a jewel. The fashion, while it prevailed, was so general that evening dress was scarcely considered complete without it.

Not long after the dinner party just mentioned my eldest brother married the eldest daughter of the Astor family. I officiated at the wedding as first bridesmaid, the others being a sister of the bride and one of my own sisters. The bride wore a dress of rich white silk, and was coifed with a scarf of some precious lace in lieu of a veil. On her forehead shone a diamond star, the gift of her grandfather, Mr. John Jacob Astor. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white moire, then a material of the newest vogue. I had begged my father to give me a féronière for this occasion, and he had presented me with a very pretty string of pearls, with a pearl pansy and drop in the centre. This fashion, I afterward learned, was ill suited to the contour of my face; at the time, however, I had the comfort of supposing that I looked uncommonly well. The ceremony took place in the evening, at the house of the bride's parents, and an elaborate supper was afterward served, at which the first groomsman proposed the health of the bride and groom, which was drunk, I remember, without response. A wedding journey was not a *sine qua non* in those days, but a wedding reception was usual. In this instance it took the form of a brilliant ball, every guest being in turn presented to the bride. On the floor of the ballroom a floral design had been traced in colored chalks. The evening was at its height when my father gravely admonished me that it was time to go home; and since paternal authority was without appeal, in those days, I sadly withdrew. In my character of bridesmaid, I was allowed to attend one or two of the entertainments given in honor of this marriage. The gayeties of New York were then limited to balls, dinners, and evening parties, for the afternoon tea was not invented, or imported, until a much later period. A very few extra *élégantes* received on stated afternoons. A dear uncle of mine, taking up a card left for me, with the inscription, "Mrs. S. at home on Thursday afternoons," remarked, "At home on Thursday afternoons? I am glad to learn that she is so domestic." This lady, who was a leading personage in the social world, used also to receive privileged friends one evening in the week, when she served only a cup of chocolate and some cakes or biscuits.

Young as my native city was in my youth, it still retained some fossils of an earlier period. Conspicuous among these were two sisters, of whom the elder had been a recognized beauty and belle at the time of the war of independence. Miss Charlotte White was what was called "a character" in those days. She was tall and of commanding figure, and was always attired after an ancient fashion, but with great care. I remember her calling upon my aunt, one morning, in company with a lady friend much inclined to embonpoint. The lady's name was Euphemia, and Miss White addressed her thus: "Feme, thou female Falstaff." She took some notice of me, and began to talk of the gayeties of her youth, and especially of a ball given at Newport during the war, at which she had received special attention. "I was unwilling," she said, "to have my hair, which was the finest I ever saw, touched by a hairdresser. It was considered necessary, however, and I consented." I cannot now remember the

names of the distinguished officers with whom she had danced, though they impressed me at the time. On returning the visit we found the sisters in the quaintest little sitting-room imaginable, the floor covered with a green Brussels carpet that had a medallion of flowers in the centre, evidently woven to order and in one piece. The furniture was of enameled whitewood, and we were entertained with cake and wine. The younger sister was much afraid of lightning, and had devised a curious little refuge to which she always betook herself when a thunderstorm appeared imminent. This was a wooden platform standing on glass feet, with a seat and a silken canopy; the latter the good lady drew closely around her, remaining thus enveloped until the dreaded danger was past.

My father sometimes endeavored to overcome my fear of lightning by taking me up to the cupola of our house and bidding me admire the beauty of the storm. Wishing to impress upon me the absurdity of giving way to fear, he told me of a lady whom he had known in his youth, who, being overtaken by a thunderstorm at a place of public resort, so lost her head that she seized the wig of a gentleman standing near her and waved it wildly in the air, to his great wrath and discomfiture. I am sorry to say that this dreadful warning provoked my laughter, but did not increase my courage.

My brother and his bride came to reside with us shortly after their marriage. In their company I often visited the Astor mansion, which was made delightful by good taste, good manners, and hospitable entertainments. Mr. William B. Astor, the head of the family, was a rather shy and silent man. He had received the best education that a German university could offer. The Chevalier Bunsen had been his tutor, and Schopenhauer, then a student at the same university, had been his friend. He had a love for letters, and might perhaps have followed his natural leaning to advantage had he not become his father's man of business, and thus been forced to devote much of his life to the management of the great estate. At the time of which I speak he resided on the unfashionable side of Broadway, not far below Canal Street. I was often invited to the house of his father, Mr. John Jacob Astor, — a house which the old gentleman had built for himself, situated on Broadway, between Prince and Spring streets. Adjoining it was one he had built for a favorite granddaughter, Mrs. Boreel. He was very fond of music, and sometimes engaged the services of a professional pianist. I remember that he was much pleased at recognizing, one evening, the strains of a brilliant waltz, of which he said, "I heard it at a fair in Switzerland, years ago. The Swiss women were whirling round in their red petticoats." On another occasion we sang the well-known song Am Rhein, and Mr. Astor, who was very stout and infirm of person, rose and stood beside the piano, joining with the singers.

"Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachset süsses Leben,"

he sang, instead of "unsrer Leben."

My sister-in-law, Emily Astor Ward, was gifted with a voice whose unusual power and beauty had been enhanced by careful training. We sometimes sang together or separately at old Mr. Astor's musical parties, and at one of them he said to us, as we stood together, "You are my singing birds." Of our two repertoires, mine was the more varied, as it included French and German songs, while she sang mostly operatic music; the rich volume of her voice, however, carried her hearers quite away. Her figure and carriage were fine, and in her countenance beauty of expression lent a great charm to features which in themselves were not handsome. The presence of the opera in New York had

done much to create a taste for Italian, and especially for operatic music. One or two of the artists who accompanied Garcia's troupe remained in the city after his departure, and found occupation in cultivating the voices of amateur singers. Garcia's eldest daughter, the signorina so much admired in her early performances, had married a French resident of New York, Malibran by name. He was supposed to be very rich, but went into bankruptcy soon after his marriage, and his young wife was obliged to work for her own support. She gave singing lessons in families, and sang in the choir of Grace Church, which was then by far the best in New York. I remember attending a special service held there in commemoration of John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, then recently deceased. A soprano solo was introduced, of which the words were, "When the eye saw him, it blessed him, and when the ear heard him, it gave witness of him." A female voice, rich, powerful wonderful, seemed to fill the building with pathetic melody. Every heart was thrilled, and those who listened whispered, "Malibran."

Although the elder Astor had led a life mainly devoted to business interests, he found great pleasure in the society of literary men. Fitz-Greene Halleck and Washington Irving were among his familiar visitors, and he conceived so high a regard for Dr. Cogswell, the founder and former principal of Round Hill School, as to insist upon his becoming one of his household. Dr. Cogswell made his home with us for some years after the closing of his famous school, but finally went to reside with Mr. Astor, attracted partly by the latter's promise to endow a public library in the city of New York. This was accomplished after some delay, and the doctor was for many years director of the Astor Library. He used to relate some humorous anecdotes of excursions which he made with Mr. Astor. In the course of one of these the two gentlemen took supper together at a hotel recently opened. Mr. Astor remarked, "This man will never succeed."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Don't you see," replied the financier, "what large lumps of sugar he puts in the sugar-bowl?"

As they were walking slowly to a pilot boat which the old gentleman had chartered for a trip down the harbor, Dr. Cogswell said, "Mr. Astor, I have just been calculating that this boat costs you twenty-five cents a minute." Mr. Astor immediately hastened his pace, reluctant to waste so much money.

In his own country Mr. Astor had been a member of the German Lutheran Church. He once mentioned this fact to a clergyman who called on him in the interest of some charity. The visitor congratulated Mr. Astor upon the increased ability to do good which his great fortune gave him. "Ah!" said Mr. Astor, "the disposition to do good does not always increase with the means." In the last years of his life he was afflicted with insomnia, and Dr. Cogswell often sat with him through a large part of the night; the coachman, William, being also in attendance. In these sleepless nights his mind appeared to be much exercised with regard to a future state. On one occasion, when the doctor had done his best to expound the theme of immortality, Mr. Astor suddenly said to his servant, "William, where do you expect to go when you die?" The man replied, "Why, sir, I always expected to go where the other people went."

The house of my young-ladyhood was situated at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. When my father built it, the fashion of the city had not proceeded so far up town. The model of the house was a noble one. Three spacious rooms and a small study occupied the first floor. These were furnished with curtains of blue, yellow, and red silk. The red room was that in which

we took our meals. The blue room was the one in which we received visits and passed the evenings. The yellow room was thrown open only on high occasions, but my desk and grand piano were placed in it, and I was allowed to occupy it at will. This and the blue room were adorned with beautiful sculptured mantelpieces, the work of Thomas Crawford, afterward known as a sculptor of great merit. Many years after this time he became the husband of the sister next me in age, and the father of F. Marion Crawford, the now celebrated novelist. Our family was patriarchal in its dimensions. The aunt who had taken my dear mother's place lived with us thenceforth. She had married the young physician of whom my father was so fond. Their children, born in our house, were very dear to him. My maternal grandmother also passed much time with us. My two younger brothers, Henry and Marion, were at home with us after a term of years at Round Hill School. My eldest brother, Samuel (the Sam Ward of the Lobby), was sent to Europe immediately after graduating from Columbia College. He had shown an unusual aptitude for mathematics, and it was hoped that he would become eminent as a scientist. His residence in Europe, however, was not strictly devoted to mathematical studies. He returned home after an absence of some years, speaking French and German with fluency, — a most accomplished and agreeable young man. He had been permitted to collect a noble library, and my father, having added to his large house a spacious art gallery, added to this a study whose walls were entirely occupied by my brother's books. I had free access to them, and did not neglect to profit by it.

From what I have said it may rightly be inferred that my father was a man of fine tastes, inclined to generous and even lavish expenditure. He desired to give us the best educational opportunities, the best and most expensive masters. He filled his art gallery with the finest pictures that money could command in the New York of that day. He gave largely to public undertakings, and was one of the founders of the New York University and one of the foremost promoters of church building in the then distant West. He reluctd only at expenses connected with dress and fashionable entertainment, for he always disliked and distrusted the great world.

Our way of living was simple; though the table was abundantly supplied, it was not with the richest food, and for many years no alcoholic stimulant appeared on it. My father gave away by dozens the bottles of costly wine stored in his cellar, but neither tasted it nor allowed us to do so. He was for a great part of his life a martyr to rheumatic gout, and a witty friend of his once said, "Ward, it must be the poor man's gout that you have, as you drink only water." We breakfasted at eight in the winter, at half past seven in the summer. My father read prayers before breakfast and before bedtime. If my brothers lingered over the morning meal, he would come in, hatted and booted for the day, and would say, "Young gentlemen, I am glad that you can afford to take life so easily! I am old and must work for my living," — a speech which broke up our coterie. Dinner was served at four o'clock, — a light lunch abbreviating the fast for those at home, — and at half past seven we sat down to tea, a meal of which toast, preserves, and cake formed the staple. In the evening we usually sat together, with books and needlework, often with an interlude of music. An occasional lecture, concert, or evening party varied this routine. My brothers went much into fashionable society, but my own participation in its doings came only after my father's death, and after the two years' mourning which, according to the usage of those days, followed it. He had retained the Puritan feeling with regard to Saturday evening,

and would remark that it was not a proper evening for company, but a time of preparation for the exercises of the day following, the order for which was very strict. We were indeed indulged on Sunday morning with coffee and muffins at breakfast, but, besides the morning and afternoon services at church, we young folks were expected to attend the two meetings of the Sunday school. We were supposed to read only Sunday books, and I must here acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Sherwood, an English writer now almost forgotten, whose religious stories and romances were supposed to come under this head. In the evening we sang hymns, and sometimes received a quiet visitor.

My readers may ask whether this restricted routine satisfied my mind, and whether I was at all sensible of the privileges which I really enjoyed or ought to have enjoyed. I must own now that, after my schooldays, I warmly coveted an enlargement of intercourse with the world. I did not desire to be counted among fashionables, but I did aspire to much greater freedom of association than was allowed me. I lived, indeed, much in my books, and my sphere of thought was a good deal enlarged by the foreign literatures, German, French, and Italian, with which I became familiar. Yet I seemed to myself like a young damsel of olden time, shut up within an enchanted castle, and I must say that my dear parent, with all his noble generosity and overweening affection, sometimes appeared to me as my jailer. My brother's return from Europe and his subsequent marriage opened the door a little for me. It was through his intervention that Mr. Longfellow first visited us, to become a valued and lasting friend. Through him, in turn, we formed an acquaintance with Professor Felton, Charles Sumner, and Dr. Howe. My brother was very fond of music, of which he had heard the best in Paris and in Germany. He often arranged musical parties at our house, at which trios of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert were given. His wit, social talent, and literary taste unfolded a new world to me, and enabled me to share some of the best results of his long residence in Europe.

My father's extremely jealous care of us was by no means the result of a disposition tending to social exclusiveness. It proceeded, on the contrary, from an overanxiety concerning the moral and religious influences to which his children might become subjected. His ideas of propriety were very strict. He was, moreover, not only a strenuous Protestant, but also an ardent Evangelical, holding the Calvinistic views which then characterized that portion of the Episcopal Church in America. I remember that he once spoke to me of the anguish he had felt at the death of his own father, of the orthodoxy of whose religious opinions he had had no sufficient assurance. My grandfather, indeed, was supposed in the family to be of a rather skeptical and philosophizing turn of mind. He fell a victim to the first visitation of the cholera, in 1832.

Despite a certain austerity of character, my father was greatly beloved and honored in the business world. He did much to give to the firm of Prime, Ward & King the high position which it attained and retained during his lifetime. He told me once that when he first entered the office, he found it, like many others, a place where gossip circulated freely. He determined to put an end to this, and did so. Among the foreign correspondents of his firm were the Barings of London, and Hottinguer & Cie of Paris. In the great financial trouble which followed Andrew Jackson's overthrow of the Bank of the United States, several states became bankrupt, and repudiated the obligations incurred by their bonds, to the exceeding indignation of business people in both hemispheres. The state of New York was

at one time on the verge of pursuing this course, which my father strenuously opposed. He called meeting after meeting, and was unwearied in his efforts to induce the financiers of the state to hold out. When this appeared well-nigh impossible, he undertook that his firm should negotiate with English correspondents a loan to carry the state over the period of doubt and difficulty. This he was able to effect. My eldest brother came home one day and said to me, "As I walked up from Wall Street to-day, I saw a dray loaded with kegs on which were inscribed the letters 'P. W. & K.'" Those kegs contained the gold just sent to the firm from England, to help our state through this crisis.

My father once gave me some account of his early experiences in Wall Street. He had been sent, almost a boy, to New York, to try his fortune. His connection with Block Island families, through his grandmother, Catherine Ray Greene, had probably aided in securing for him a clerk's place in the banking house of Prime & Sands, afterward Prime, Ward & King. He soon ascertained that the Spanish dollars brought to the port by foreign trading vessels could be sold in Wall Street at a profit. He accordingly employed his leisure hours in the purchase of those coins, which he carried to Wall Street and there sold. This was the beginning of his fortune.

A work published a score or more of years since, entitled The Merchant Princes of Wall Street, concluded a sketch of my father with the statement that he died without fortune. This was far from true. His death came indeed at a very critical moment, when, on account of extensive investments in real estate, his skill would have been requisite to carry this extremely valuable property over a time of great financial disturbance. His brother, our uncle, who became the guardian of our interests, was familiar with the stock market, but little versed in real estate transactions. By forced and untimely sales, much of the valuable estate was scattered. Yet it gave to each of my father's six children a fair inheritance for that time; for the millionaire fever did not break out until long afterward.

The death of this dear and noble parent took place when I was a little more than twenty years of age. Six months later I attained the period of legal responsibility; but before this a new sense of the import of life had begun to alter the current of my thoughts. With my father's death came to me a realization of my lamentable insensibility to his great kindness, and of my ingratitude for the many comforts and advantages which his affection had secured to me. He had given me the most delightful home, the most careful training, the best masters and books. He had even built a picture gallery for my especial instruction and enjoyment. All this I had taken as a matter of course and as my natural right. He had done his best to keep me out of frivolous society, and had been extremely strict about the visits of young men to the house. Once, when I expostulated with him upon these points, he told me that he had early recognized in me a temperament and an imagination oversensitive to impressions from without, and that his wish had been to guard me from exciting influences until I should appear to him fully able to guard and guide myself. It was hardly to be expected that a girl in her teens, or just out of them, should acquiesce in this restrictive guardianship, tender and benevolent as was its intention. My little acts of rebellion were met with considerable severity, but I now recall my father's admonitions as "soft rebukes in blessings ended."

Julia Ward Howe.

HOT-FOOT HANNIBAL.

"I HATE you and despise you! I wish never to see you or speak to you again!"

"Very well; I will take care that henceforth you have no opportunity to do either."

These words — the first in the passionately vibrant tones of my sister-in-law, and the latter in the deeper and more restrained accents of an angry man — startled me from my nap. I had been dozing in my hammock on the front piazza, behind the honeysuckle vine. I had been faintly aware of a buzz of conversation in the parlor, but had not at all awakened to its import until these sentences fell, or, I might rather say, were hurled upon my ear. I presume the young people had either not seen me lying there, — the Venetian blinds opening from the parlor windows upon the piazza were partly closed on account of the heat, — or else in their excitement they had forgotten my proximity.

I felt somewhat concerned. The young man, I had remarked, was proud, firm, jealous of the point of honor, and, from my observation of him, quite likely to resent to the bitter end what he deemed a slight or an injustice. The girl, I knew, was quite as high-spirited as young Murchison. I feared she was not so just, and hoped she would prove more yielding. I knew that her affections were strong and enduring, but that her temperament was capricious, and her sunniest moods easily overcast by some small cloud of jealousy or pique. I had never imagined, however, that she was capable of such intensity as was revealed by these few words of hers. As I say, I felt concerned. I had learned to like Malcolm Murchison, and had heartily consented to his marriage with my ward; for it was in that capacity that I had stood for a year or two to my wife's younger sister, Mabel. The match thus rudely broken off had promised to be another link binding me to the kindly Southern people among whom I had not long before taken up my residence.

Young Murchison came out of the door, cleared the piazza in two strides without seeming aware of my presence, and went off down the lane at a furious pace. A few moments later Mabel began playing the piano loudly, with a touch that indicated anger and pride and independence and a dash of exultation, as though she were really glad that she had driven away forever the young man whom the day before she had loved with all the ardor of a first passion.

I hoped that time might heal the breach and bring the two young people together again. I told my wife what I had overheard. In return she gave me Mabel's version of the affair.

"I do not see how it can ever be settled," my wife said. "It is something more than a mere lovers' quarrel. It began, it is true, because she found fault with him for going to church with that hateful Branson girl. But before it ended there were things said that no woman of any spirit could stand. I am afraid it is all over between them."

I was sorry to hear this. In spite of the very firm attitude taken by my wife and her sister, I still hoped that the quarrel would be made up within a day or two. Nevertheless, when a week had passed with no word from young Murchison, and with no sign of relenting on Mabel's part, I began to think myself mistaken.

One pleasant afternoon, about ten days after the rupture, old Julius drove the rockaway up to the piazza, and my wife, Mabel, and I took our seats for a drive to a neighbor's vineyard, over on the Lumberton plankroad.

"Which way shall we go," I asked, —"the short road or the long one?"

"I guess we had better take the short road," answered my wife. "We will get there sooner."

"It 's a mighty fine dribe roun' by de big road, Mis' Annie," observed Julius, "en it doan take much longer to git dere."

"No," said my wife, "I think we will go by the short road. There is a bay tree in blossom near the mineral spring, and I wish to get some of the flowers."

"I 'spec's you 'd find some bay trees 'long de big road, ma'am," said Julius.

"But I know about the flowers on the short road, and they are the ones I want."

We drove down the lane to the highway, and soon struck into the short road leading past the mineral spring. Our route lay partly through a swamp, and on each side the dark, umbrageous foliage, unbroken by any clearing, lent to the road solemnity, and to the air a refreshing coolness. About half a mile from the house, and about halfway to the mineral spring, we stopped at the tree of which my wife had spoken, and reaching up to the low-hanging boughs I gathered a dozen of the fragrant white flowers. When I resumed my seat in the rockaway, Julius started the mare. She went on for a few rods, until we had reached the edge of a branch crossing the road, when she stopped short.

"Why did you stop, Julius?" I asked.

"I did n', suh," he replied. "'T wuz de mare stop'. G' 'long dere, Lucy! W'at you mean by dis foolis'ness?"

Julius jerked the reins and applied the whip lightly, but the mare did not stir.

"Perhaps you had better get down and lead her," I suggested. "If you get her started, you can cross on the log and keep your feet dry."

Julius alighted, took hold of the bridle, and vainly essayed to make the mare move. She planted her feet with even more evident obstinacy.

"I don't know what to make of this," I said. "I have never known her to balk before. Have you, Julius?"

"No, suh," replied the old man, "I nebber has. It 's a cu'ous thing ter me, suh."

"What 's the best way to make her go?"

"I 'spec's, suh, dat ef I 'd tu'n her roun' she 'd go de udder way."

"But we want her to go this way."

"Well, suh, I 'low ef we des set heah fo' er fibe minutes, she 'll sta't up by herse'f."

"All right," I rejoined, "it is cooler here than any place I have struck today. We 'll let her stand for a while, and see what she does."

We had sat in silence for a few minutes, when Julius suddenly ejaculated, "Uh huh! I knows w'y dis mare doan go. It des flash 'cross my reccommemb'ance."

"Why is it, Julius?" I inquired.

"Ca'se she sees Chloe."

"Where is Chloe?" I demanded.

"Chloe 's done be'n dead dese fo'ty years er mo'," the old man returned. "Her ha'nt is settin' ober yander on de udder side er de branch, unner dat willer tree, dis blessed minute."

"Why, Julius!" said my wife, "do you see the haunt?"

"No 'm," he answered, shaking his head, "I doan see 'er, but de mare sees 'er."

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"Well, suh, dis yer is a gray hoss, en dis yer is a Friday; en a gray hoss kin alluz see a ha'nt w'at walks on Friday."

"Who was Chloe?" said Mabel.

"And why does Chloe's haunt walk?" asked my wife.

"It 's all in de tale, ma'am," Julius replied, with a deep sigh. "It 's all in de tale."

"Tell us the tale," I said. "Perhaps, by the time you get through, the haunt will go away and the mare will cross."

I was willing to humor the old man's

fancy. He had not told us a story for some time; and the dark and solemn swamp around us; the amber-colored stream flowing silently and sluggishly at our feet, like the waters of Lethe; the heavy, aromatic scent of the bays, faintly suggestive of funeral wreaths, — all made the place an ideal one for a ghost story.

"Chloe," Julius began in a subdued tone, "use' ter b'long ter ole Mars' Dugal' McAdoo — my ole marster. She wuz a lakly gal en a smart gal, en ole mis' tuk her up ter de big house, en l'arnt her ter wait on de w'ite folks, 'tel bimeby she come ter be mis's own maid, en 'peared ter 'low she run de house herse'f, ter heah her talk erbout it. I wuz a young boy den, en use' ter wuk about de stables, so I knowed ev'ythin' dat wuz gwine on roun' de plantation.

"Well, one time Mars' Dugal' wanted a house boy, en sont down ter de qua'ters fer hab Jeff en Hannibal come up ter de big house nex' mawnin'. Ole marster en ole mis' look' de two boys ober, en 'sco'sed wid deyse'ves fer a little w'ile, en den Mars' Dugal' sez, sezee: —

"'We laks Hannibal de bes', en we gwine ter keep him. Heah, Hannibal, you 'll wuk at de house fum now on. En ef you 're a good nigger en min's yo' bizness, I 'll gib you Chloe fer a wife nex' spring. You other nigger, you Jeff, you kin go back ter de qua'ters. We ain' gwine ter need you.'

"Now Chloe had be'n standin' dere behin' ole mis' dyoin' all er dis yer talk, en Chloe made up her min' fum de ve'y fus' minute she sot eyes on dem two dat she did n' lak dat nigger Hannibal, en wa'n't nebber gwine keer fer 'im, en she wuz des ez sho' dat she lak Jeff, en wuz gwine ter set sto' by 'im, whuther Mars' Dugal' tuk 'im in de big house er no; en so co'se Chloe wuz monst'us sorry w'en ole Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal en sont Jeff back. So she slip' roun' de house en waylaid Jeff on de way back ter de qua'ters en tol' 'im not ter be downhea'ted, fer she wuz gwine ter see ef she could n' fin' some way er 'nuther ter git rid er dat nigger Hannibal, en git Jeff up ter de house in his place.

"De noo house boy kotch on monst'us fas', en it wa'n't no time ha'dly befo' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' bofe 'mence' ter 'low Hannibal wuz de bes' house boy dey eber had. He wuz peart en soopl', quick ez lightnin', en sha'p ez a razor. But Chloe did n' lak his ways. He wuz so sho' he wuz gwine ter git 'er in de spring, dat he did n' 'pear ter 'low he had ter do any co'tin', en w'en he 'd run 'cross Chloe 'bout de house, he 'd swell roun' 'er in a biggity way en say:

"'Come heah en kiss me, honey. You gwine ter be mine in de spring. You doan 'pear ter be ez fon' er me ez you oughter be.'

"Chloe did n' keer nuffin' fer Hannibal, en had n' keered nuffin' fer 'im, en she sot des ez much sto' by Jeff ez she did de day she fus' laid eyes on 'im. En de mo' fermilyus dis yer Hannibal got, de mo' Chloe let her min' run on Jeff, en one ebenin' she went down ter de qua'ters en watch', 'tel she got a chance fer ter talk wid 'im by hisse'f. En she tol' Jeff fer ter go down en see ole Aun' Peggy, de cunjuh-'oman down by de Wim'l'ton Road, en ax her fer ter gib 'im sump'n ter he'p git Hannibal out'n de big house, so de w'ite folks 'u'd sen' fer Jeff ag'in. En bein' ez Jeff did n' hab nuffin' ter gib Aun' Peggy, Chloe gun 'im a silber dollah en a silk han'kercher fer ter pay her wid, fer Aun' Peggy nebber lak ter wuk fer nobody fer nuffin'.

"So Jeff slip' off down ter Aun' Peggy's one night, en gun 'er de presents he brung, en tol' 'er all 'bout 'im en Chloe en Hannibal, en ax' 'er ter he'p 'im out. Aun' Peggy tol' 'im she 'd wuk 'er roots, en fer 'im ter come back de nex' night, en she 'd tell 'im w'at she c'd do fer 'im.

"So de nex' night Jeff went back, en

Aun' Peggy gun 'im a baby-doll, wid a body made out'n a piece er co'n-stalk, en wid splinters fer a'ms en legs, en a head made out'n elderberry peth, en two little red peppers fer feet.

"'Dis yer baby-doll,' sez she, 'is Hannibal. Dis yer peth head is Hannibal's head, en dese yer pepper feet is Hannibal's feet. You take dis en hide it unner de house, on de sill unner de do', whar Hannibal 'll hafter walk ober it ev'y day. En ez long ez Hannibal comes anywhar nigh dis baby-doll, he 'll be des lak it is — light-headed en hot-footed; en ef dem two things doan git 'im inter trouble mighty soon, den I 'm no cunjuh-'oman. But w'en you git Hannibal out'n de house, en git all thoo wid dis baby-doll, you mus' fetch it back ter me, fer it 's monst'us powerful goopher, en is liable ter make mo' trouble ef you leabe it layin' roun'.'

"Well, Jeff tuk de baby-doll, en slip' up ter de big house, en whistle' ter Chloe, en w'en she come out he tol' 'er w'at ole Aun' Peggy had said. En Chloe showed 'im how ter git unner de house, en w'en he had put de cunjuh-doll on de sill he went 'long back ter de qua'ters — en des waited.

"Nex' day, sho' 'nuff, de goopher 'mence' ter wuk. Hannibal sta'ted in de house soon in de mawnin' wid a armful er wood ter make a fier, en he had n' mo' d'n got 'cross de do'-sill befo' his feet begun ter bu'n so dat he drap' de armful er wood on de flo' en woke ole mis' up an hour sooner 'n yuzhal, en co'se ole mis' did n' lak dat, en spoke sha'p erbout it.

"W'en dinner-time come, en Hannibal wuz help'n' de cook kyar de dinner f'm de kitchen inter de big house, en wuz gittin' close ter de do' whar he had ter go in, his feet sta'ted ter bu'n en his head begun ter swim, en he let de big dish er chicken en dumplin's fall right down in de dirt, in de middle er de ya'd, en de w'ite folks had ter make dey dinner dat day off'n col' ham en sweet pertaters.

"De nex' mawnin' he overslep' hisse'f, en got inter mo' trouble. Atter breakfus', Mars' Dugal' sont 'im ober ter Mars' Marrabo Utley's fer ter borry a monkey wrench. He oughter be'n back in ha'f an hour, but he come pokin' home 'bout dinner-time wid a screw-driver stidder a monkey wrench. Mars' Dugal' sont ernudder nigger back wid de screw-driver, en Hannibal did n' git no dinner. 'Long in de atternoon, ole mis' sot Hannibal ter weedin' de flowers in de front gyahden, en Hannibal dug up all de bulbs ole mis' had sont erway fer, en paid a lot er money fer, en tuk 'em down ter de hawg-pen by de ba'nya'd, en fed 'em ter de hawgs. W'en ole mis' come out in de cool er de ebenin', en seed w'at Hannibal had done, she wuz mos' crazy, en she wrote a note en sont Hannibal down ter de oberseah wid it.

"But w'at Hannibal got fum de oberseah did n' 'pear ter do no good. Ev'y now en den 'is feet 'd 'mence ter torment 'im, en 'is min' 'u'd git all mix' up, en his conduc' kep' gittin' wusser en wusser, 'tel fin'ly de w'ite folks could n' stan' it no longer, en Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal back down ter de qua'ters.

"'Mr. Smif,' sez Mars' Dugal' ter de oberseah, 'dis yer nigger has tu'nt out so triflin' yer lately, dat we can't keep 'im at de house no mo', en I 's fotch' 'im ter you ter be straighten' up. You 's had 'casion ter deal wid 'im once, so he knows w'at ter expec'. You des take 'im in han', en lemme know how he tu'ns out. En w'en de han's comes in fum de fiel' dis ebenin' you kin sen' dat yaller nigger Jeff up ter de house. I 'll try 'im, en see ef he 's any better 'n Hannibal.'

"So Jeff went up ter de big house, en pleas' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' en de res' er de fambly so well dat dey all got ter lakin' 'im fus'rate, en dey 'd 'a' fergot all 'bout Hannibal ef it had n' be'n fer de bad repo'ts w'at come up fum de qua'ters 'bout 'im fer a mont' er so. Fac' is dat Chloe en Jeff wuz so int'rusted in one ernudder sence Jeff

be'n up ter de house, dat dey fergot all about takin' de baby-doll back ter Aun' Peggy, en it kep' wukkin fer a w'ile, en makin' Hannibal's feet bu'n mo' er less, 'tel all de folks on de plantation got ter callin' 'im Hot-Foot Hannibal. He kep' gittin' mo' en mo' triflin', 'tel he got de name er bein' de mos' no 'countes' nigger on de plantation, en Mars' Dugal' had ter th'eaten ter sell 'im in de spring; w'en bimeby de goopher quit wukkin', en Hannibal 'mence' ter pick up some en make folks set a little mo' sto' by 'im.

"Now, dis yer Hannibal was a monst'us sma't nigger, en w'en he got rid er dem so' feet his min' kep' runnin' on 'is udder troubles. Heah th'ee er fo' weeks befo' he 'd had a' easy job, waitin' on de w'ite folks, libbin off'n de fat er de lan', en promus' de fines' gal on de plantation fer a wife in de spring, en now heah he wuz back in de co'nfiel', wid de oberseah a-cussin' en a r'arin' ef he did n' get a ha'd tas' done; wid nuffin' but co'n bread en bacon en merlasses ter eat; en all de fiel-han's makin' rema'ks, en pokin' fun at 'im ca'se he be'n sont back fum de big house ter de fiel'. En de mo' Hannibal studied 'bout it de mo' madder he got, 'tel he fin'ly swo' he wuz gwine ter git eben wid Jeff en Chloe ef it wuz de las' ac'.

"So Hannibal slipped 'way fum de qua'ters one Sunday en hid in de co'n up close ter de big house, 'tel he see Chloe gwine down de road. He waylaid her, en sezee: —

"'Hoddy, Chloe?'

"'I ain' got no time fer ter fool wid fiel'-han's,' sez Chloe, tossin' her head; 'w'at you want wid me, Hot-Foot?'

"'I wants ter know how you en Jeff is gittin' 'long.'

"'I 'lows dat 's none er yo' bizness, nigger. I doan see w'at 'casion any common fiel'-han' has got ter mix in wid de 'fairs er folks w'at libs in de big house. But ef it 'll do you any good ter know, I mought say dat me en Jeff is gittin' 'long mighty well, en we gwine ter git married in de spring, en you ain' gwine ter be 'vited ter de weddin' nuther.'

"'No, no!' sezee, 'I would n' 'spec' ter be 'vited ter de weddin', — a common, low-down fiel'-han' lak *I* is. But I 's glad ter heah you en Jeff is gittin' 'long so well. I did n' knowed but w'at he had 'mence' ter be a little ti'ed.'

"'Ti'ed er me? Dat 's rediklus!' sez Chloe. 'W'y, dat nigger lubs me so I b'liebe he 'd go th'oo fier en water fer me. Dat nigger is des wrop' up in me.'

"'Uh huh,' sez Hannibal, 'den I reckon it mus' be some udder nigger w'at meets a 'oman down by de crick in de swamp ev'y Sunday ebenin', ter say nuffin' 'bout two er th'ee times a week.'

"'Yas, hit is ernudder nigger, en you is a liah w'en you say it wuz Jeff.'

"'Mebbe I is a liah, en mebbe I ain' got good eyes. But 'less'n I *is* a liah, en 'less'n I *ain'* got good eyes, Jeff is gwine ter meet dat 'oman dis ebenin' long 'bout eight o'clock right down dere by de crick in de swamp 'bout halfway betwix' dis plantation en Mars' Marrabo Utley's.'

"Well, Chloe tol' Hannibal she did n' b'liebe a wud he said, en call' 'im a low-down nigger who wuz tryin' ter slander Jeff 'ca'se he wuz mo' luckier 'n he wuz. But all de same, she could n' keep her min' fum runnin' on w'at Hannibal had said. She 'membered she 'd heared one er de niggers say dey wuz a gal ober at Mars' Marrabo Utley's plantation w'at Jeff use' ter go wid some befo' he got 'quainted wid Chloe. Den she 'mence' ter figger back, en sho' 'nuff, dey wuz two er th'ee times in de las' week w'en she 'd be'n he'p'n' de ladies wid dey dressin' en udder fixin's in de ebenin', en Jeff mought 'a' gone down ter de swamp widout her knowin' 'bout it at all. En den she 'mence' ter 'member little things w'at she had n' tuk no notice of befo', en w'at 'u'd make it 'pear lak Jeff had sump'n on his min'.

"Chloe set a monst'us heap er sto' by Jeff, en would 'a' done mos' anythin'

fer 'im, so long ez he stuck ter her. But Chloe wuz a mighty jealous 'oman, en w'iles she did n' b'liebe w'at Hannibal said, she seed how it *could* 'a' be'n so, en she 'termine' fer ter fin' out fer herse'f whuther it *wuz* so er no.

"Now, Chloe had n' seed Jeff all day, fer Mars' Dugal' had sont Jeff ober ter his daughter's house, young Mis' Ma'g'ret's, w'at libbed 'bout fo' miles fum Mars' Dugal's, en Jeff wuz n' 'spected home 'tel ebenin'. But des atter supper wuz ober, en w'iles de ladies wuz settin' out on de piazzer, Chloe slip' off fum de house en run down de road, — dis yer same road we come; en w'en she got mos' ter de crick — dis yer same crick right befo' us — she kin' er kep' in de bushes at de side er de road, 'tel fin'ly she seed Jeff settin' on de back on de udder side er de crick, — right under dat ole willer tree droopin' ober de watah yander. En ev'y now en den he 'd git up en look up de road to'ds Mars' Marrabo's on de udder side er de swamp.

"Fus' Chloe felt lak she 'd go right ober de crick en gib Jeff a piece er her min'. Den she 'lowed she better be sho' befo' she done anythin'. So she helt herse'f in de bes' she could, gittin' madder en madder ev'y minute, 'tel bimeby she seed a 'oman comin' down de road on de udder side fum to'ds Mars' Marrabo Utley's plantation. En w'en she seed Jeff jump up en run to'ds dat 'oman, en th'ow his a'ms roun' her neck, po' Chloe did n' stop ter see no mo', but des tu'nt roun' en run up ter de house, en rush' up on de piazzer, en up en tol' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' all 'bout de baby-doll, en all 'bout Jeff gittin' de goopher fum Aun' Peggy, en 'bout w'at de goopher had done ter Hannibal.

"Mars' Dugal' wuz monst'us mad. He did n' let on at fus' lak he b'liebed Chloe, but w'en she tuk en showed 'im whar ter fin' de baby-doll, Mars' Dugal' tu'nt w'ite ez chalk.

"'W'at debil's wuk is dis?' sezee. 'No wonder de po' nigger's feet eetched. Sump'n got ter be done ter l'arn dat ole witch ter keep her han's off'n my niggers. En ez fer dis yer Jeff, I 'm gwine ter do des w'at I promus', so de darkies on dis plantation 'll know I means w'at I sez.'

"Fer Mars' Dugal' had warned de han's befo' 'bout foolin' wid cunju'ation; fac', he had los' one er two niggers hisse'f fum dey bein' goophered, en he would 'a' had ole Aun' Peggy whip' long ago, on'y Aun' Peggy wuz a free 'oman, en he wuz 'feard she 'd cunjuh him. En w'iles Mars' Dugal' say he did n' b'liebe in cunj'in' en sich, he 'peared ter 'low it wuz bes' ter be on de safe side, en let Aun' Peggy alone.

"So Mars' Dugal' done des ez he say. Ef ole mis' had ple'd fer Jeff he mought 'a' kep' 'im. But ole mis' had n' got ober losin' dem bulbs yit, en she nebber said a wud. Mars' Dugal' tuk Jeff ter town nex' day en' sol' 'im ter a spekilater, who sta'ted down de ribber wid 'im nex' mawnin' on a steamboat, fer ter take 'im ter Alabama.

"Now, w'en Chloe tol' ole Mars' Dugal' 'bout dis yer baby-doll en dis udder goopher, she had n' ha'dly 'lowed Mars' Dugal' would sell Jeff down Souf. Howsomeber, she wuz so mad wid Jeff dat she 'suaded herse'f she did n' keer; en so she hilt her head up en went roun' lookin' lak she wuz rale glad 'bout it. But one day she wuz walkin' down de road, w'en who sh'd come 'long but dis yer Hannibal.

"W'en Hannibal seed 'er he bus' out laffin' fittin' fer ter kill: 'Yah, yah, yah! ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! Oh, hol' me, honey, hol' me, er I 'll laf myse'f ter def. I ain' nebber laf' so much sence I be'n bawn.'

"'W'at you laffin' at, Hot-Foot?'

"'Yah, yah, yah! W'at I laffin' at? W'y, I 's laffin' at myse'f, tooby sho', — laffin' ter think w'at a fine 'oman I made.'

"Chloe tu'nt pale, en her hea't come up in her mouf.

"'W'at you mean, nigger?' sez she, ketchin' holt er a bush by de road fer ter stiddy herse'f. 'W'at you mean by de kin' er 'oman you made?'

"'W'at do I mean? I means dat I got squared up wid you fer treatin' me de way you done, en I got eben wid dat yaller nigger Jeff fer cuttin' me out. Now, he 's gwine ter know w'at it is ter eat co'n bread en merlasses once mo', en wuk fum daylight ter da'k, en ter hab a oberseah dribin' 'im fum one day's een' ter de udder. I means dat I sont wud ter Jeff dat Sunday dat you wuz gwine ter be ober ter Mars' Marrabo's visitin' dat ebenin', en you want 'im ter meet you down by de crick on de way home en go de rest er de road wid you. En den I put on a frock en a sunbonnet en fix' myse'f up ter look lak a 'oman; en w'en Jeff seed me comin' he run ter meet me, en you seed 'im, — fer I had be'n watchin' in de bushes befo' en 'skivered you comin' down de road. En now I reckon you en Jeff bofe knows w'at it means ter mess wid a nigger lak me.'

"Po' Chloe had n' heared mo' d'n half er de las' part er w'at Hannibal said, but she had heared 'nuff to l'arn dat dis nigger had fooled her en Jeff, en dat po' Jeff had n' done nuffin', en dat fer lovin' her too much en goin' ter meet her she had cause' 'im ter be sol' erway whar she 'd nebber, nebber see 'im no mo'. De sun mought shine by day, de moon by night, de flowers mought bloom, en de mawkin'-birds mought sing, but po' Jeff wuz done los' ter her fereber en fereber.

"Hannibal had n' mo' d'n finish' w'at he had ter say, w'en Chloe's knees gun 'way unner her, en she fell down in de road, en lay dere half a' hour er so befo' she come to. W'en she did, she crep' up ter de house des ez pale ez a ghos'. En fer a mont' er so she crawled roun' de house, en 'peared ter be so po'ly dat Mars' Dugal' sont fer a doctor; en de doctor kep' on axin' her questions 'tel he foun' she wuz des pinin' erway fer Jeff.

"W'en he tol' Mars' Dugal', Mars' Dugal' lafft, en said he 'd fix dat. She could hab de noo house boy fer a husban'. But ole mis' say, no, Chloe ain' dat kinder gal, en dat Mars' Dugal' should buy Jeff back.

"So Mars' Dugal' writ a letter ter dis yer spekilater down ter Wim'l'ton, en tol' ef he ain' done sol' dat nigger Souf w'at he bought fum 'im, he 'd lak ter buy 'm back ag'in. Chloe 'mence' ter pick up a little w'en ole mis' tol' her 'bout dis letter. Howsomeber, bimeby Mars' Dugal' got a' answer fum de spekilater, who said he wuz monst'us sorry, but Jeff had fell ove'boa'd er jumped off'n de steamboat on de way ter Wim'l'ton, en got drownded, en co'se he could n' sell 'im back, much ez he 'd lak ter 'bleedge Mars' Dugal'.

"Well, atter Chloe heared dis she pu'tended ter do her wuk, en ole mis' wa'n't much mo' use ter nobody. She put up wid her, en hed de doctor gib her medicine, en let 'er go ter de circus, en all so'ts er things fer ter take her min' off'n her troubles. But dey did n' none un 'em do no good. Chloe got ter slippin' down here in de ebenin' des lak she 'uz comin' ter meet Jeff, en she 'd set dere unner dat willer tree on de udder side, en wait fer 'im, night atter night. Bimeby she got so bad de w'ite folks sont her ober ter young Mis' Ma'g'ret's fer ter gib her a change; but she runned erway de fus' night, en w'en dey looked fer 'er nex' mawnin' dey foun' her co'pse layin' in de branch yander, right 'cross fum whar we 're settin' now.

"Eber sence den," said Julius in conclusion, "Chloe's ha'nt comes eve'y ebenin' en sets down unner dat willer tree en waits fer Jeff, er e'se walks up en down de road yander, lookin' en lookin', en' waitin' en waitin', fer her sweethea't w'at ain' nebber, nebber come back ter her no mo'."

There was silence when the old man had finished, and I am sure I saw a tear

in my wife's eye, and more than one in Mabel's.

"I think, Julius," said my wife after a moment, "that you may turn the mare around and go by the long road."

The old man obeyed with alacrity, and I noticed no reluctance on the mare's part.

"You are not afraid of Chloe's haunt, are you?" I asked jocularly.

My mood was not responded to, and neither of the ladies smiled.

"Oh no," said Annie, "but I've changed my mind. I prefer the other route."

When we had reached the main road and had proceeded along it for a short distance, we met a cart driven by a young negro, and on the cart were a trunk and a valise. We recognized the man as Malcolm Murchison's servant, and drew up a moment to speak to him.

"Who 's going away, Marshall?" I inquired.

"Young Mistah Ma'colm gwine 'way on de boat ter Noo Yo'k dis ebenin', suh, en I 'm takin' his things down ter de wharf, suh."

This was news to me, and I heard it with regret. My wife looked sorry, too, and I could see that Mabel was trying hard to hide her concern.

"He 's comin' 'long behin', suh, en I 'spec's you 'll meet 'im up de road a piece. He 's gwine ter walk down ez fur ez Mistah Jim Williams's, en take de buggy fum dere ter town. He 'spec's ter be gone a long time, suh, en say prob'ly he ain' nebber comin' back."

The man drove on. There were a few words exchanged in an undertone between my wife and Mabel, which I did not catch. Then Annie said: "Julius, you may stop the rockaway a moment. There are some trumpet-flowers by the road there that I want. Will you get them for me, John?"

I sprang into the underbrush, and soon returned with a great bunch of scarlet blossoms.

"Where is Mabel?" I asked, noting her absence.

"She has walked on ahead. We shall overtake her in a few minutes."

The carriage had gone only a short distance when my wife discovered that she had dropped her fan.

"I had it where we were stopping. Julius, will you go back and get it for me?"

Julius got down and went back for the fan. He was an unconscionably long time finding it. After we got started again we had gone only a little way, when we saw Mabel and young Murchison coming toward us. They were walking arm in arm, and their faces were aglow with the light of love.

I do not know whether or not Julius had a previous understanding with Malcolm Murchison by which he was to drive us round by the long road that day, nor do I know exactly what motive influenced the old man's exertions in the matter. He was fond of Mabel, but I was old enough, and knew Julius well enough, to be skeptical of his motives. It is certain that a most excellent understanding existed between him and Murchison after the reconciliation, and that when the young people set up housekeeping over at the old Murchison place Julius had an opportunity to enter their service. For some reason or other, however, he preferred to remain with us. The mare, I might add, was never known to balk again.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

AUTUMN IN FRANCONIA.

I.

Five or six hours of pleasant railway travel, up the course of one river valley after another, — the Merrimac, the Pemigewasset, the Baker, the Connecticut, and finally the Ammonoosuc, — not to forget the best hour of all, on the shores of Lake Winnipisaukee, the spacious blue water now lying full in the sun, now half concealed by a fringe of woods, with mountains and hills, Chocorua, Paugus, and the rest, shifting their places beyond it, appearing and disappearing as the train follows the winding track, — five or six hours of this delightful panoramic journey, and we leave the cars at Littleton. Then a few miles in a carriage up a long, steep hill through a glorious autumn-scented forest, the horses pausing for breath as one water-bar after another is surmounted, and we are at the height of land, where two or three highland farmers have cleared some rocky acres, built houses and painted them, and planted gardens and orchards. As we reach this happy clearing all the mountains stand facing us on the horizon, and below, between us and Lafayette, lies the valley of Franconia, toward which, again through stretches of forest, we rapidly descend. At the bottom of the way Gale River comes dancing to meet us, babbling among its boulders, — more boulders than water at this end of the summer heats, — in its cheerful uphill progress. Its uphill progress, I say, and repeat it; and if any reader disputes the word, then he has never been there and seen the water for himself, or else he is an unfortunate who has lost his child's heart (without which there is no kingdom of heaven for a man), and no longer lives by faith in his own senses. On the spot I have called the attention of many to it, and they have every one agreed with me. Mountain rivers have attributes of their own; or, possibly, the mountains themselves lay some spell upon the running water or upon the beholder's eyesight. Be that as it may, Lafayette all the while draws nearer and nearer, we going one way and Gale River the other, until, after leaving the village houses behind us, we alight almost at its base. Solemn and magnificent, it is yet most companionable, standing thus in front of one's door, the first thing to be looked at in the morning, and the last at night.

The last thing to be *thought* of at night is the weather, — the weather and what goes with it and depends upon it, the question of the next day's programme. In a hill country meteorological prognostications are proverbially difficult; but we have learned to "hit it right" once in a while; and, right or wrong, we never omit our evening forecast. "It looks like a fair day to-morrow," says one. "Well," answers the other, with no thought of discourtesy in the use of the subjunctive particle, "if it is, what say you to walking to Bethlehem by the way of Wallace Hill, and taking in Mount Agassiz on our return after dinner?" Or the prophet speaks more doubtfully, and the other says, "Oh well, if it is cloudy and threatening, we will go the Landaff Valley round, and see what birds are in the larch swamp. If it seems to have set in for a steady rain, we can try the Butter Hill road."

And so it goes. In Franconia it must be a very bad half day indeed when we fail to stretch our legs with a five or six mile jaunt. I speak of those of us who foot it. The more ease-loving, or less uneasy members of the party, who keep their carriage, are naturally less independent of outside conditions. When it rains they amuse themselves indoors;

a pitch of sensibleness which the rest of us may sometimes regard with a shade of envy, perhaps, though we have never admitted as much to each other, much less to any one else. To plod through the mud is more exhilarating than to sit before a fire; and we leave the question of reasonableness and animal comfort on one side. Time is short, and we decline to waste it on theoretical considerations.

Our company, as I say, is divided: carriage people and pedestrians, we may call them; or, if you like, drivers and footmen. The walkers are now no more than the others. Formerly — till this present autumn — they were three. Now, alas, one of them walks no longer on earth. The hills that knew him so well know him no more. The asters and goldenrods bloom, but he comes not to gather them. The maples redden, but he comes not to see them. Yet in a better and truer sense he is with us still; for we remember him, and continually talk of him. If we pass a sphagnum bog, we think how at this point he used to turn aside and put a few mosses into his box. Some professor in Germany, or a scholar in New Haven, had asked him to collect additional specimens. In those days of his sphagnum absorption we called him sometimes the "sphagnostic."

If we come down a certain steep pitch in the road from Garnet Hill, we remind each other that here he always stopped to look for *Aster Lindleyanus*, telling us meanwhile how problematical the identity of the plant really was. Professor So-and-So had pronounced it Lindleyanus, but Doctor Somebody-Else believed it to be only an odd form of a commoner species. In the Wallace Hill woods, I remember how we spent an afternoon there, he and I, only two years ago, searching for an orchid which just then had come newly under discussion among botanists, and how pleased he was when for once my eyes were luckier than his. If we are on the Landaff road, my companion asks, "Do you remember the Sunday noon when we went home and told E—— that this wood was full of his rare willow? And how he posted over here by himself, directly after dinner, to see it? And how he said, in a tone of whimsical entreaty, 'Please don't find it anywhere else; we must n't let it become too common'?" Oh yes, I remember; and my companion knows he has no need to remind me of it; but he loves to talk of the absent, — and he knows I love to hear him.

That willow I can never see anywhere without thinking of the man who first told me about it. Whether I pass the single small specimen between Franconia and the Profile House, so close upon the highway that the road-menders are continually cutting it back, or the one on the Bethlehem road, or the great cluster of stems on Wallace Hill, it will always be *his* willow.

And indeed this whole beautiful hill country is his. How happy he was in it! I used sometimes to talk to him about the glories of our Southern mountains, — Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia; but he was never to be enticed away even in thought. "I think I shall never go out of New England again," he would answer, with a smile; and he never did, though in his youth he had traveled more widely than I am ever likely to do. The very roadsides here must miss him, and wonder why he no longer passes, with his botanical box slung over his shoulder and an opera-glass in his hand, — equally ready for a plant or a bird. He was always looking for something, and always finding it. With his happiness, his goodness, his gentle dignity, his philosophic temper, his knowledge of his own mind, his love of all things beautiful, he has made Franconia a dear place for all of us who knew him here.

To me, as to all of us, it is dear also for its own sake. This season I returned to it alone, — with no walking

mate, I mean to say. He was to join me later, but for eight or ten days I was to follow the road by myself. At night I must make my own forecast of the weather and lay out my own morrow.

The first day was one of the good ones, fair and still. As I came out upon the piazza before breakfast and looked up at Lafayette, a solitary vireo was phrasing sweetly from the bushes on one side of the house, and two or three vesper sparrows were remembering the summer from the open fields on the other side. It was the 22d of September, and by this time the birds knew how to appreciate a day of brightness and warmth.

Seeing them in such a mood, I determined to spend the forenoon in their society. I would take the road to Sinclair's Mills, — a woodsy jaunt, yet not too much in the forest, always birdy from one end to the other.

"This is living!" I found myself repeating aloud, as I went up the longish hill to the plateau above Gale River, on the Bethlehem road. "This is living!" No more books, no more manuscripts, — my own or other people's, — no more errands to the city. How good the air was! How glorious the mountains, unclouded, but hazy! How fragrant the ripening herbage in the shelter of the woods! — an odor caught for an instant, and then gone again; something that came of itself, not to be detected, much less traced to its source, by any effort or waiting. The forests were still green, — I had to look closely to find here and there the first touch of red or yellow; but the flowering season was mostly over, a few ragged asters and goldenrods being the chief brighteners of the wayside. About the sunnier patches of them, about the asters especially, insects were hovering, still drinking honey before it should be too late: yellow butterflies, bumble-bees (of some northern kind, apparently, marked with orange, and not so large as our common Massachusetts fellow), with swarms of smaller creatures of many sorts. If I stopped to attend to it, each aster bunch was a world by itself. And more than once I did stop. There was no haste; I had chosen my route partly with a view to just such idling; and the birds were, and were likely to be, nothing but old favorites. And they proved to be not many, after all. The best of them were the winter wrens, which I thought I had never seen more numerous; every one fretting, *tut*, *tut*, in their characteristic manner, without a note of song.

On my way back, the sun being higher, there were many butterflies in the road, flat on the sand, with wings outspread. If ever there is comfort in the world, the butterfly feels it at such times. Here and there half a dozen or more of yellow ones would be huddled about a damp spot. There were mourning-cloaks, also, and many small angle-wings, some species of Grapta, I knew not which, of a peculiarly bright red. Once or twice, wishing a name for them, I essayed to catch a specimen under my hat; but it seemed a small business, at which I was only half ashamed to find myself grown inexpert.

The forenoon was not without its tragedy, nevertheless. As I came out into the open, on my return from the river woods toward the Bethlehem road, a carriage stopped across the field; a man jumped out, gun in hand, ran up to an unoccupied house standing there by itself, with a tract of low meadow behind it, peeped cautiously round the corner, lifted his gun, leveled it upon something with the quickness of a practiced marksman, and fired. Then down the grassy slope he went on the run out of sight, and in a minute reappeared, holding a crow by its claw. He took the trophy into the carriage with him, — two ladies and a second man occupying the other seats, — and as I emerged from the pine wood, fifteen minutes afterward, I found it lying in the middle of the road. Its shining feathers would

fly no more; but its death had brightened the day of some of the lords and ladies of creation. What happier fate could a crow ask for?

One of my first desires, this time (there is always something in particular on my mind when I go to Franconia), was to revisit Lonesome Lake, a romantic sheet of water lying deep in the wilderness on the back side of Mount Cannon, at an elevation of perhaps twenty-eight hundred feet, or something less than a thousand feet above the level of Profile Notch. One of its two owners, fortunately, is of our Franconia company; and when I spoke of my intention of visiting it again, he bade me drive up with his man, who would be going that way within a day or two. Late as the season was getting, he still went up to the lake once or twice a week, it appeared, keeping watch over the cabin, boat-house, and so forth. The plan suited my convenience perfectly. We drove to the foot of the bridle path, off the Notch road; the man put a saddle on the horse and rode up, and I followed on foot.

The climb is longer or shorter, as the climber may elect. A pedestrian would do it in thirty minutes, or a little less, I suppose; a nature-loving stroller may profitably be two hours about it. There must be at least a hundred trees along the path, which a sensitive man might be glad to stop and commune with: ancient birches, beeches, and spruces, any one of which, if it could talk, or rather if we had ears to hear it, would tell us things not to be read in any book. Hundreds of years many of the spruces must have stood there. Some of them, in all likelihood, were of a good height long before any white man set foot on this continent. Many of them were already old before they ever saw a paleface. What dwarfs and weaklings these restless creatures are, that once in a while come puffing up the hillside, halting every few minutes to get their breath and stare foolishly about! What murderer's curse is on them, that they have no home, no abiding-place, where they can stay and get their growth?

It is a precious and solemn stillness that falls upon a man in these lofty woods. Across the narrow pass, as he looks through the branches, are the long, rugged upper slopes of Lafayette, torn with slides and gashed into deep ravines. Far over his head soar the trees, tall, branchless trunks pushing upward and upward, seeking the sun. In their leafy tops the wind murmurs, and here and there a bird is stirring. Now a chickadee lisps, or a nuthatch calls to his fellow. Out of the tangled, round-leaved hobble-bushes underneath an occasional robin may start with a quick note of surprise, or a flock of white-throats or snowbirds will fly up one by one to gaze at the intruder. In one place I hear the faint smooth-voiced signals of a group of Swainson thrushes and the chuck of a hermit. A few siskins (rarer than usual this year, it seems to me) pass overhead, sounding their curious, long-drawn whistle, as if they were blowing through a fine-toothed comb. Further up, I stand still at the tapping of a woodpecker just before me. Yes, there he is, on a dead spruce. A sapsucker, I call him at the first glance. But I raise my glass. No, it is not a sapsucker, but a bird of one of the three-toed species; a male, for I see his yellow crown-patch. His back is black. And now, of a sudden, a second one joins him. I am in great luck. This is a bird I have never seen before except once, and that many years ago on Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine. The pair are gone too soon, and, patiently as I linger about the spot, I see no more of them. A pity they could not have broken silence. It is little we know of a bird or of a man till we hear him speak.

At the lake there are certain to be numbers of birds; not water birds, for the most part, — though I steal forward

quietly at the last, hoping to surprise a duck or two, or a few sandpipers, as sometimes I have done, — but birds of the woods. The water makes a break in the wilderness, — a natural rendezvous, as we may say; it lets in the sun, also, and attracts insects; and birds of many kinds seem to enjoy its neighborhood. I do not wonder. To-day I notice first a large flock of white-throats, and a smaller flock of cedar-birds. The latter, when I first discover them, are in the conical tops of the tall spruces, whence they rise into the air, one after another, with a peculiar motion, as if a hand had tossed them aloft. They are catching insects, a business at which no bird can be more graceful, I think, though some may have been at it longer and more exclusively. Their behavior is suggestive of play rather than of a serious occupation. Near the white-throats are snowbirds, and in the firs by the lakeside chickadees are stirring, among which, to my great satisfaction, I presently hear a few Hudsonian voices. *Sick-a-day-day*, they call, and soon a little brown-headed fellow is directly at my elbow. I stretch out my hand, and chirp encouragingly. He comes within three or four feet of it, and looks and looks at me, but is not to be coaxed nearer. *Sick-a-day-day-day*, he calls again ("I don't like strangers," he means to tell me), and away he flits. He is almost always here, and right glad I am to see him on my annual visit. I have never been favored with a sight of him further south.

The lake is like a mirror, and I sit in the boat with the sun on my back (as comfortable as a butterfly), listening and looking. What else can I do? I have pulled out far enough to bring the top of Lafayette into view above the trees, and have put down the oars. The birds are mostly invisible. Chickadees can be heard talking among themselves, a flicker calls *wicker, wicker*, whatever that means, and once a kingfisher springs his rattle. Red squirrels seem to be ubiquitous, full of sauciness and chatter. How very often their clocks need winding! A few big dragon-flies are still shooting over the water. But the best thing of all is the place itself: the solitude, the brooding sky (the lake's own, it seems to be), the solemn mountain top, the encircling forest, the musical woodsy stillness. The rowan trees were never so bright with berries. Here and there one still holds full of green leaves, with the ripe red clusters shining everywhere among them.

After luncheon I must sit for a while in the forest itself. Every breath in the treetops, unfelt at my level, brings down a sprinkling of yellow birch leaves, each with a faint rustle, like a whispered good-by, as it strikes against the twigs in its fall. Every one preaches its sermon, and I know the text, — "We all do fade." May the rest of us be as happy as the leaves, and fade only when the time is ripe. A nuthatch, busy with his day's work, passes near me. Small as he is, I hear his wing-beats. A squirrel jumps upon the very log on which I am seated, but is off in a jiffy on catching sight of so unexpected a neighbor. So short a log is not big enough for two of us, he thinks. By and by I hear a bird stirring on a branch overhead, and look up to find him a red-eyed vireo. One of the belated, he must be, according to my almanac. He peers down at me with inquisitive, sidelong glances. A man! — in such a place! — and sitting still! I like to believe that he, as well as I, feels a pleasurable surprise at the unlooked-for encounter. We call him the preacher, but he is not sermonizing to-day, perhaps because the falling leaves have taken the words out of his mouth.

It is one of the best things about a place like this that it gives a man a most unusual feeling of remoteness and isolation. To be here is not the same as to be in some equally wild and silent spot nearer to human habitations. The

sense of the climb we have made, of the wilderness we have traversed, still folds us about. The fever and the fret, so constant with us as to be mostly unrealized or taken for the normal state of man, are for the moment gone, and peace settles upon the heart. For myself, at least, there is an unspeakable sweetness in such an hour. I could stay here forever, I think, till I became a tree. That feeling I have often had, — a state of ravishment, a kind of absorption into the life of things about me. It will not last, and I know it will not; but it is like heaven, for the time it is on me, — a foretaste, perhaps, of the true Nirvana.

Yet to-day — so self-contradictory a creature is man — there were some things I missed. The dreamer was still a hobbyist, and the hobbyist had been in the Lonesome Lake woods before; and he wondered what had become of the crossbills. The common red ones were always here, I should have said, and on more than one visit I had found the rarer and lovelier white-winged species. Now, in all the forest chorus, not a crossbill's note was audible.

One day, bright like this, I was sitting at luncheon on the sunny stoop of the cabin, facing the water, when I caught a sudden glimpse of a white-wing, as I felt sure, about some small decaying gray logs on the edge of the lake just before me, the remains of a disused landing. The next moment the bird dropped out of sight between two of them. I sat motionless, glass in hand, and eyes fixed (so I could almost have made oath) upon the spot where he had disappeared. I fancied he was at his bath. Minute after minute elapsed. There was no sign of him, and at last I left my seat and made my way stealthily down to the shore. Nothing rose. I tramped over the logs, with no result. It was like magic, — the work of some evil spirit. I began almost to believe that my eyes had been made the fools of the other senses. If I had seen a bird there, where in the name of reason could it have gone? It could not have dropped into the water, seeking winter quarters in the mud at the bottom, according to the notions of our old-time ornithologists!

Half an hour afterward, having finished my luncheon, I went into the woods along the path; and there, presently, I discovered a mixed flock of crossbills, — red ones and white-wings, — feeding so quietly that till now I had not suspected their presence. My waterside bird was doubtless among them; and doubtless my eyes had not been fixed upon the place of his disappearance quite so uninterruptedly as I had imagined. It was not the first time that such a thing had happened to me. How frequently have we all seen a bird dart into a bit of cover, and never come out! If we are watchful and clever, we are not the only ones.

Luck has no little to do with a bird-lover's success or failure in any particular walk. If we go and go, patience will have its wages; but if we can go but once or twice, we must take what Fortune sends, be it little or much. So it had been with me and the three-toed woodpeckers, that morning. I had chanced to arrive at that precise point in the path just at the moment when they chanced to alight upon that dead spruce, — one tree among a million. What had been there ten minutes before, and what came ten minutes after, I shall never know. So it was again on the descent, which I protracted as much as possible, for love of the woods and for the hope of what I might find in them. I was perhaps halfway down when I heard thrush calls near by: the whistle of an olive-back and the chuck of a hermit, both strongly characteristic, slight as they seem. I halted, of course, and on the instant some large bird flew past me and perched in full sight, only a few rods away. There he sat facing me, a barred owl, his black eyes staring straight into

mine. How big and solemn they looked! Never tell me that the barred owl cannot see by daylight.

The thrushes had followed him. It was he, and not a human intruder, to whom they had been addressing themselves. Soon the owl flew a little further away (it was wonderful how large he looked in the air), the thrushes still after him; and in a few minutes more he took wing again. This time several robins joined the hermit and the olive-back, and all hands disappeared up the mountain side. Probably the pursuers were largely reinforced as the chase proceeded, and I imagined the big fellow pretty thoroughly mobbed before he got safely away. Every small bird has his opinion of an owl.

What interested me as much as anything connected with the whole affair was the fact that the olive-back, even in his excitement, made use of nothing but his mellow staccato whistle, such as he employs against the most inoffensive of chance human disturbers. Like the chickadee, and perhaps some other birds, he is musical, and not over-emphatic, even in his anger.

Again and again I rested to admire the glory of Mount Lafayette, which loomed more grandly than ever, I was ready to declare, seen thus partially and from this point of vantage. Twice, at least, I had been on its summit in such a fall day, — once on the 1st of October, and again, the year afterward, on a date two days earlier. That October day was one of the fairest I ever knew, both in itself (and perfect weather is a rare thing, try as we may to speak nothing but good of the doings of Providence) and in the pleasure it brought me.

For the next year's ascent, which I remember more in detail, we chose — a brother Franconian and myself — a morning when the tops of the mountains, as seen from the valley lands, were white with frost or snow. We wished to find out for ourselves which it was, and just how the mountain looked under such wintry conditions.

The spectacle would have repaid us for a harder climb. A cold northwest wind (it was still blowing) had swept over the summit and coated everything it struck, foliage and rocks alike, with a thick frost (half an inch or more in depth, if my memory is to be trusted), white as snow, but almost as hard as ice. The effect was strangely beautiful. A dwarf fir tree, for instance, would be snow white on one side and bright green on the other. As we looked along the sharp ridge running to the South Peak, so called (the very ridge at the face of which I was now gazing from the Lonesome Lake path), one slope was white, the other green. Summer and winter were divided by an inch.

We nestled in the shelter of the rocks, on the south side of the summit, courting the sun and avoiding the wind, and lay there for two hours, exulting in the prospect, and between times nibbling our luncheon, which latter we "topped off" with a famous dessert of berries, gathered on the spot: three sorts of blueberries, and, for a sour, the mountain cranberry. The blueberries were *Vaccinium uliginosum*, *V. cæspitosum*, and *V. Pennsylvanicum* (there is no doing without the Latin names), their comparative abundance being in the order given. The first two were really plentiful. All of them, of course, grew on dwarf bushes, matting the ground between the boulders. At that exposed height not even a blueberry bush ventures to stand upright. One of them, V. cæspitosum, was both a surprise and a luxury, the small berries having a most deliciously rich fruity flavor, like the choicest of bananas! Probably no botanical writer has ever mentioned the point, and I have great satisfaction in supplying the deficiency, apprehending no rush of epicures to the place in consequence. About the fact itself there can be no manner of doubt. My companion fully agreed with me,

and he is not only a botanist of international repute, but a most capable gastronomer. Much the poorest berry of the three was the Pennsylvanian, the common low blueberry of Massachusetts. "Strawberry huckleberry" it used to be called in my day by Old Colony children, with a double disregard of scientific proprieties. Even thus late in the season the Greenland sandwort was in perfectly fresh bloom; but the high cold wind made it a poor "bird day," though I remember a white-throated sparrow singing cheerily near Eagle Lake, and a large hawk or eagle floating high over the summit. At the sight my fellow traveler broke out, —

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> An eagle in the sky."

On that point, as concerning the fine qualities of the cespitose blueberry, we were fully agreed.

Even in Franconia, however, most of our days are spent, not in mountain paths, but in the valley and lower hill roads. We keep out of the mountains, partly because we love to look at them, and partly, perhaps, because the paths to their summits have seemed to fall out of repair, and even to become steeper, with the lapse of years. One of my good trips, this autumn, was over the road toward Littleton, and then back in the direction of Bethlehem as far as the end of the Indian Brook road. That, as I planned it, would be no more than six or seven miles, at the most, and there I was to be met by the driving members of the club, who would bring me home for the midday meal, — an altogether comfortable arrangement. It is good to have time to spare, so that one can dally along, fearful only of arriving at the end of the way too soon. Such was now my favored condition, and I made the most of it. If I crossed a brook, I stayed awhile to listen to it and moralize its song. If a flock of bluebirds and sparrows were twittering about a farmer's barn, I lingered a little to watch their doings. When a white-crowned sparrow or a partridge showed itself in the road in advance of me, that was reason enough for another halt. It is a pretty picture: a partridge caught unexpectedly in the open, its ruff erect, and its tail, fully spread, snapping nervously with every quick, furtive step. And the fine old trees in the Littleton hill woods were of themselves sufficient, on a warm day like this, to detain any one who was neither a worldling nor a man sent for the doctor. They detained me, at all events; and very glad I was to sit down more than once for a good season with them.

And so the hours passed. At the top of the road, in the clearing by the farms, I met a pale, straight-backed young fellow under a military hat. "You look like a man from Cuba or from Chickamauga," I ventured to say. "Chickamauga," he answered laconically, and marched on. Whether it was typhoid fever or simple "malaria" that had whitened his face there was no chance to inquire. He was munching an apple, which at that moment was also my own occupation. I had just stopped under a promising-looking tree, whose generous branches spilled their crop over the roadside wall, — excellent "common fruit," as Franconians say, mellow, but with a lively, ungrafted tang. Here in this sunny stretch of road were more of my small Grapta butterflies, and presently I came upon a splendid tortoise-shell (*Vanessa Milberti*). That I would certainly have captured had I been armed with a net. I had seen two like it the day before, to the surprise of my friends the carriage people, ardent entomological collectors both of them. They had found not a single specimen the whole season through. "There are some advantages in beating out the miles on foot," I said to myself. I have never seen this strikingly handsome butterfly in Massachusetts, as I once did its rival in beauty, the banded purple (Arthemis); and even here in the hill country it is never so

common as to lose that precious bloom which rarity puts upon whatever it touches.

As I turned down the Bethlehem road, the valley and hill prospects on the left became increasingly beautiful. Here I passed hermit thrushes (it was good to see them already so numerous again, after the destruction that had wasted them a few winters ago), a catbird or two, and a few ruby-crowned kinglets, — some of them singing, — and before long found myself within the limits of a rich man's red farm; fences, houses, barns, poultry coops, and the rest, all painted of the same deep color, as if to say, "All this is mine." I remembered the estate well, and have never grudged the owner of it his lordly possessions. I enjoy them, also, in my own way. He keeps his roads in apple-pie order, without meddling with their natural beauty (I wish our Massachusetts "highway surveyors" all worked under his orders, or were endowed with his taste), and is at pains to save his woods from the hands of the spoiler. "Please do not peel bark from the birch trees," — so the signs read; and I say Amen. He has splendid flower gardens, too, and plants them well out upon the wayside for all men to enjoy. Long may it be before his soul is required of him.

By this time I was in the very prettiest of the red-farm woods. Hermit thrushes were there, also, standing upright in the middle of the road, and in the forest hylas were peeping, one of them a real champion for the loudness of his tone. How full of glory the place was, with the sunlight sifting through the bright leaves and flickering upon the shining birch trunks! If I were an artist, I think I would paint wood interiors.

My forenoon's walk was ended. Another turn in the road, and I saw the carriage before me, the driver minding the horses, and the passengers' seat vacant. The entomologists had gone into the woods looking for specimens, and there I joined them. They were in search of beetles, they said, and had no objection to my assistance; I had better look for decaying toadstools. This was easy work, I thought; but, as is always the way with my efforts at insect collecting, I could find nothing to the purpose. The best I could do was to bring mushrooms full of maggots (larvæ, the carrier of the cyanide and alcohol bottles called them), and what was desired was the beetles which the larvæ turned into. Once I announced a small spider, but the bottle-holder said, No, it was not a spider, but a mite; and there was no disputing an expert, who had published a list of Franconia spiders, — one hundred and forty-nine species! (She had wished very much for one more name, she told me, but her friend and assistant had remarked that the odd number would look more honest!) However, it is a poor sort of man who cannot enjoy the sight of another's learning, and the exposure of his own ignorance. It was worth something to see a first-rate, thoroughly equipped "insectarian" at work and to hear her talk. I should have been proud even to hold one of her smaller phials, but they were all adjusted beyond the need, or even the comfortable possibility, of such assistance. There was nothing for it but to play the looker-on and listener. In that part I hope I was less of a failure.

The enthusiastic pursuit of special knowledge, persisted in year after year, is a phenomenon as well worth study as the song and nesting habits of a thrush or a sparrow; and I gladly put myself to school, not only this forenoon, but as often as I found the opportunity. One day my mentor told me that she hoped she had discovered a new flea! She kept, as I knew, a couple of pet deer-mice, and it seemed that some almost microscopic fleas had left them for a bunch of cotton wherein the mice were accustomed to roll themselves up in the daytime. These minute creatures the entomologist had pounced upon, clapped

into a bottle, and sent off straightway to the American flea specialist, who lived somewhere in Alabama. In a few days she should hear from him, and perhaps, if the species were undescribed, there would be a flea named in her honor.[1]

Distinctions of that nature are almost every-day matters with her. How many species already bear her name she has never told me. I suspect they are so numerous and so frequent that she herself can hardly keep track of them. Think of the pleasure of walking about the earth and being able to say, as an insect chirps, "Listen! that is one of my species, — named after me, you know." Such *specific* honors, I say, are common in her case, — common almost to satiety. But to have a *genus* named for her, — that was glory of a different rank, glory that can never fall to the same person but once; for generic names are unique. Once given, they are patented, as it were. They can never be used again — for genera, that is — in any branch of natural science. To our Franconia entomologist this honor came, by what seemed a poetic justice, in the Lepidoptera, the order in which she began her researches. Hers is a genus of moths. I trust they are not of the kind that "corrupt."

Thinking how above measure I should be exalted in such circumstances, I am surprised that she wears her laurels so meekly. Not that she affects to conceal her gratification; she is as happy over her genus, perhaps, as over the new *édition de luxe* of her most famous story; for an entomologist may be also a novelist, if she has a *mind* to be, as Charles Lamb would have said; but she knows how to carry it off lightly. She and the botanist of the party, my "walking mate," who, I am proud to say, is similarly distinguished, often laugh together about their generic namesakes (his is of the large and noble Compositæ family); and then, sometimes, the lady will turn to me.

"It is too bad *you* can never have a genus," she will say in her bantering tone; "the name is already taken up, you know."

"Yes, indeed, I know it," I answer her. An older member of the family, a —th cousin, carried off the prize many years ago, and the rest of us are left to get on as best we can, without the hope of such dignities. When I was in Florida I took pains to see the tree, — the family evergreen, we may call it. Though it is said to have an ill smell, it is handsome, and we count it an honor.

"But then, perhaps you would never have had a genus named for you, anyhow," the entomologist continues, still bent upon mischief.

And there we leave the matter. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. Some of us were not born to shine at badinage, or as collectors of beetles. For myself, in this bright September weather I have no ambitions. It is enough, I think, to be a follower of the road, breathing the breath of life and seeing the beauty of the world.

Bradford Torrey.

[1] The species was not new. A Maine collector had anticipated her, I believe. Whether *his* name was given to the flea I did not learn or have forgotten.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICISM.

MYSTICISM — that is, the belief in supernatural connections in the physical and psychical worlds — has always been an interesting object of observation for the psychologist. When the human mind believes that it has reached the realm unseen, psychology can analyze its inner experiences and follow up the devious paths from empirical knowledge to the knowing of the mysterious Unknowable. From this point of view, psychology finds a wonderful field of work in the mystical systems from the earliest Hindoo speculation to the spiritualistic doctrines of to-day; and its interest in mysticism is the deeper and more spontaneous, the more complicated the motives which push the soul beyond the limits of natural insight. Religious emotion and hysterical rapture, mysterious fears and superstitious habits, pathological disturbances and surprising experiences, abnormal credulity and dissatisfaction with science, and very many other true and half true impulses come in question. Even the pseudo-mystic, who deceives the world because he knows that the world wishes to be deceived, becomes an attractive object for psychological analysis; fanaticism regarding the church and greed for bread and butter, hysterical pleasure in irritating tricks and sensuous pleasure in power over others, are here among the most characteristic features. What a difference between the neoplatonistic philosopher, who sinks into the Absolute and finds the supernatural reality by his feeling of unity with God, and the modern member of a Society for Psychical Research, who discovers the supernatural world by his mathematical calculations on the probable error in telepathic answers about playing-cards! What a difference between the mediæval monk, who becomes convinced of the mystical sphere because the Virgin appears to him in the clouds, and the modern scholar, who is converted because a pathological woman is able to chat about his personal secrets at the rate of twenty francs a sitting! Yet psychology recognizes the common features and understands the mental laws which make mysticism a never failing element of the social consciousness; the wilder its eccentricities, the more interesting the psychological material.

But the claims of mysticism suggest to the psychologist another attitude less peaceable than that of the observer, the attitude of a rival. If mystics believed only that heavy chairs sometimes fly through the air, that invisible bells ring, and that objects disappear into the fourth dimension, they would have to fight it out with the physicists, but psychology would not interfere. If, inspired by occult advisers, they proposed a new metaphysical theory of the ultimate substratum of the physical universe, the philosophers might stand up as indignant competitors, but the psychologists, again, would have nothing to do with it. The physicians may dispute with the mystics whether the waters of Lourdes are helpful, whether the comets are causes of pestilence, and whether men die on account of being thirteenth at table. There is, perhaps, not a single science, from geometry to theology, which has not its private conflicts with the mystical doctrines; but psychology has no reason to enter the quarrel so long as the mystic does not undertake to answer psychological questions. In this field, however, mysticism has never shown too much modesty. It has at all times, by preference, rioted in the proclamation of mental facts which did not fit into the descriptions and explanations of a sober empirical psychology. If mysticism is right with its old claims, psychology, even

with its newest discoveries, is wrong; and thus arises the question, What has the psychologist to say of the claims of mysticism concerning mental processes and the laws of mental action?

These claims have been different at different periods and in different nations, and are still so divergent that no scientist can contend more sharply with the mystical creeds than they contend with one another in the different sets to-day. The telepathists annihilate the theosophists, and the spiritualists belittle the telepathists; and when the Christian scientists and metaphysical healers on the one side, the mind curers and faith curers on the other side, have spoken of each other, there remain few abusive words at the disposal of us outsiders. The average mystic of to-day is a man of high logical ambitions. He looks with contempt on the gypsy who reads your character from the grounds in a coffee-cup, and smiles over the astrological belief that the position of the stars in the hour of your birth has decided your success in love. The medical remedies which have to be cooked at midnight at the churchyard gate are in discredit; and as we live in an enlightened age, it even appears doubtful whether the witches of early time were really under Satanic influences, as their witchcraft can now be "explained" by the telepathic action of mediums, by malicious spirits and materializations. The requirements of mysticism thus shrink to the following main demands. First, the human mind must sometimes be able to perceive in an incomprehensible way the ideas and thoughts of others. By gradual approaches, this telepathic talent seems also connected with the power to have knowledge of distant physical occurrences; and if our concessions have reached this point, we ought not to strain at the little addendum, the vision of the future. In all cases of this kind the exceptional talents of the soul are receptive and passive. A second group of mystical powers may be formed by the corresponding active influences. In an inconceivable way, it is assumed, the human mind can control the thoughts and actions of others; and here, again, small steps lead soon to greater and greater mysteries. The mental influence may reach not only the soul, but also the body of the other person, and may restore his disturbed health; even a child may produce such metaphysical healing of consumption and heart trouble, cancer and broken legs. The mind which by "love" brings together the fragments of a neighbor's broken bones ought surely to have no serious difficulties with the movements of inorganic bodies: at the bidding of such a mind, tables fly to the ceiling, and a little stick in the hands of a weak woman cannot be moved by the strongest man. A third group refers to the functions of a deeper self, which is usually hidden under our regular personality. In the most different trance states, in crystal vision and automatic writing, this mysterious self appears, and remembers all that we have forgotten, knows many things which we never knew, writes and acts without our control, and shows connections which go far beyond our powers, and mostly even beyond our tastes. Nearly related to these facts is a fourth circle of mystical doctrines, which deal with the psychical deeds of the human spirit after the earthly death. According to these doctrines, the spirits are ready to enter into communication with living men by the help of mediums, with or without materialization, by noises or by table tilting, by slate drawing, and recently even by typewriting. This creed becomes, of course, the starting point for many denominational divergences.

The most natural question is, How far can the regular empirical psychology acknowledge the claimed phenomena? Where is the exact limit which the scientific psychologist is unwilling to pass? He does not discredit perception of

voices from far distances if a telephone is included, and he does not doubt that one person may have influence over another in a hundred ways. We must carefully consider where the mystery begins. The attitude of common sense, however, must not be allowed to dictate this line of demarcation; otherwise the psychologist would be bound to denounce all facts which are rare and surprising to the naïve consciousness, or incapable of explanation to the dilettante. Let us remember that it counts for little whether a fact occurs once a day or once in a century, and that many facts of physiological and pathological psychology must appear to the naïve mind much more surprising and alarming than do the pretensions of the spiritualist. It seems much simpler and more natural to grant that a little word or figure may wander by mere thought transference from one's mind into the mind of a bystander, than to believe in the startling features of the more complicated cases of hypnotism and somnambulism, hysteria and insanity, all of which find legitimate place in the system of modern psychology.

If we begin with the first two groups of the claims of mystics, — the passive reception of outer psychical and physical events, and the active influence upon other souls and organisms, — we can easily state the general principle which here controls the psychological attitude, though it may often be far from easy to follow up the principle in specific cases. The psychologist insists that every perception of occurrences outside of one's own body and every influence beyond one's own organism must be intermediated by an uninterrupted chain of physical processes. The justice of this apparently arbitrary decision may be examined later; at first we ask only for its precise meaning and its consequences. With regard to perception, the limit is certainly sharply drawn, and yet it may be often difficult to recognize it. We perceive only objects which directly or indirectly stimulate our physical sense organs, and which stimulate them by physical means. The perception of a man's body is therefore the primary process; the perception of his thoughts and feelings is secondary, as they must be somehow physically expressed in order to act as stimuli for the sense organs.

In two directions the case may become abnormal: the transmitter or the receiver may differ from the usual type of communicating persons. The transmitter himself, for instance, may not be conscious that he expresses his ideas, or, better, that his ideas discharge themselves in perceptible physical processes. He may blush without knowing it, and thus betray his inner shame; or he may contract the muscles which turn his body toward the outer point he is thinking of; or his breathing or pulse may change through his excitement over a question; and the receiver may be in a situation to become aware of these unintended signals of inner states. Here belongs the well-known stage piece of muscle reading, which is often carelessly confused with real telepathy. It certainly is one of the easily explicable forms of psychophysical communication. Here belong as well all the slight hints by which nervous persons make it possible again and again for confessed impostors to play the rôles of successful mind readers. The pseudo-mediums need only to seek for information in desultory chatting, which, under the high tension of expectancy, suffices to bring about all kinds of unintended expressions which show the clever juggler the way.

The receiver of the physical impressions, also, may differ from the average. We think primarily of the possibility that the receiving instruments — that is, the sense organs or the sensory brain parts and nerve paths — may have become abnormally sensitive, by training or by pathological variations. Through

the touch sensation of his face the blind man perceives distant obstacles in his way, to which our untrained central sense apparatus is unresponsive; but that does not conflict with the propositions of psychology, and is not mystical. We know that the threshold for just perceptible sensations is often surprisingly lowered for hypnotic and hysterical subjects, who can thus perceive faint impressions and signals which must escape the normal consciousness. Even if a man were so gifted as to discriminate smells like a dog, or to see the ultra-violet rays, or to perceive solids by the Roentgen rays, or if he had a sense organ for electric currents more sensitive than the finest galvanometer, the psychologist would have no reason for skepticism so long as the physical nature of the transmission from the outer object to the brain is admitted. Other variations in the receiver may be determined by his state of attention. An outer stimulus may reach his brain by the door of his senses without producing an apperceived idea at the moment, but not without influence on his later feelings and actions; a molecular alteration of the brain disposition may last and work as after effect of the stimulation without having attracted the attention at all. This occurrence, also, which in narrow limits is familiar and usual enough, may be pathologically exaggerated, and may then, as for instance in hysterical cases, produce surprising results, if the subject shows undoubted knowledge of facts which he could never have acquired consciously; but this, likewise, nowhere transcends the psychological probabilities.

Still more complicated, perhaps, are the variations in the active power of the mind, within the limits which psychologists willingly acknowledge, or at least ought to acknowledge. Our thoughts and volitions certainly have influence on other minds; we should not speak a word nor write a line if we did not believe that. But again we consider the psychical effects which we produce in others as intermediated by physical processes. We stimulate the optic and acoustic and tactual nerves of others with the purpose of reaching their central nervous system, and of producing there the ideas with which we started. These ideas must then work for themselves; they stir up their associations and awaken their inhibitions, but the outsider cannot add anything further. He can only communicate the ideas, and let them work in the receiver from a psychological point of view; that is all the influence we have on our fellow men.

There is one complication of this trivial process of communication which seems to touch the borderland of mysticism, — hypnotic suggestion. The hypnotized subject must do whatever the hypnotizer suggests to him. Here the will of one mind seems to have an incomprehensible influence over the other, and as if it were only a short way from the hypnotic rapport to the influences of mystical character; that is, of a kind which excludes the possibility of physical intermediation. The resemblance is deceptive, however; even the most complicated case of hypnotic influence is based only on elementary actions which occur every moment in our normal mental life. If we want some one to do a thing, we communicate our wish to him, trusting that the idea proposed will discharge itself in the desired motor action. That corresponds fully to our general knowledge that every sensory mental state is at the same time the starting point of motor impulses. If we say to our neighbor, "Please pass me the cream," we take for granted that the communicated idea will discharge itself in the little action. But if we say, "Please jump out of the window," the result will not be the same. The communicated idea by itself alone would have the effect of producing the action demanded, but it awakens by the regular associative mechanism a set of ideas on the folly of the demand and the

danger of the undertaking, and all these associations are starting points for antagonistic impulses which are finally reinforced by the whole personality: the proposed action is thus inhibited, and the man does not jump. He would jump if the antagonistic idea could be kept down; and in this case the foolish action would be just as necessarily determined by the conditions and just as natural as the reasonable one. But we all know that this power of ideas to overcome antagonistic associations is quite a normal thing, active in the most varying measure everywhere in our normal mental life.

We call an idea which thus checks the antagonistic one a suggestion, and we may be sure that no education or art, no politics or church life, would be possible without such suggestions. The idea may become a suggestion by the way in which it is presented, but it may also acquire this character by the disposition of the receiver. We know there are stubborn men who contradict every proposition, and there are others who are open to every new idea without inner resistance, and ready to believe everything they hear, or even everything they see in print. They are thus more at the mercy of suggestions; we say they show greater suggestibility. On the other hand, every man's suggestibility is variable; it is increased by fear and other emotions, by alcohol and other nervines, and under special conditions it may reach a pathological intensity. This abnormal degree of suggestibility, in which the antagonistic associations of the suggested ideas are more or less completely inhibited, is the mental state we call hypnotism. If this state of increased suggestibility is reached, the outer action which fulfills the proposed suggestion becomes, through the regular psychophysical mechanism, unavoidable. The final results, to be sure, may appear surprisingly different from the normal actions of the personality, but even the most absurd hypnotic action is based on these simple psychological principles. As, theoretically, everybody can hypnotize everybody, it is obvious that no special mystical power need be invoked at this point; and even if we induce the hypnotized subject to do a criminal action, it is no mysterious power with which we overcome his honesty, but a combination of processes which are neither clearer nor more obscure than normal attention and association. There is not the slightest reason to consider hypnotism, with all its ramifications, as in any degree mystical because of its weird and alarming results. We may not understand every detail as yet, but nothing need suggest any doubt that other principles are involved than those in daily mental activity. Hypnotism is free from responsibility for mystical theories. Mysticism, on the other hand, cannot hope to pass through the entrance door of science on account of its superficial similarity to some hypnotic cases.

Practically, the two may be mixed till they are indistinguishable. In spiritualistic séances the plain hypnotic phenomena are not seldom used to smooth the way for telepathic mysticism, as criticism of the latter will be less sharp if the first part of the performance is undoubtedly reliable. If there is no physical intermediation between the transmitter and the receiver, thought transference remains mystical, and whether the receiver is hypnotized or not has nothing to do with the case. No change is involved by the belief of the subject, no matter how sincere, that he is under such mystical influence from far distances. Only a short time ago I had such a case under my observation. There came to me, late at night, a stranger, in wildest despair, resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices

which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces. I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucination of voices was the chief symptom of his cocainism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic idea grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks. After ten days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic theory was exploded. Even when the voices had gone, he felt for a while that his movements were controlled from over the ocean; and after six weeks, when I had made him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

This case may bring us to another main group of personal influences, the therapeutical ones. The man of common sense is more suspicious of fraud in this field than anywhere else, and yet the psychologist must here concede as possible a greater part of the claimed facts than in the other domains of mysticism. He will reject a good deal, it is true, and in acknowledging the rest of the facts he will not think of committing himself to the theories; yet he must feel sorry that truth demands from him the acknowledgment of anything, not because he thinks himself bound to advertise the regular practicing physician, but because he knows how these facts carry with them a flock of contagious confusing ideas. Seen from the standpoint of the psychologist, the line between the possible and the mysterious healing influences of personality is fairly though not absolutely sharp. We have seen that every normal psychophysical state has the tendency to go over into peripheral bodily processes. We have so far noticed only the processes in the voluntary muscles, the so-called actions, and we have found that there is no special power involved and that no mystery need be invoked, but that every idea discharges itself in an action provided the antagonistic ideas are checked. But the motor nerves and muscular apparatus represent only a part of the central and centrifugal system which can be stimulated by sensory processes. The researches of physiology have fully proved that our involuntary muscles and our blood-vessels, our glands and our internal organs, are under the influence of our central system. Our whole body in every instant resounds in every part to the variations of our brain activity, and the normal functioning of our organism depends in a large degree on the right work of these central stimulations. Are they absent or inhibited, something must go wrong; and if the central stimulus can be enforced, if the antagonistic inhibition can be checked, the right tension and the normal functioning must return as necessarily and as naturally as the suggested action must occur when the contradicting ideas are removed. We have seen that hypnotism is nothing but a psychophysical state of increased suggestibility; that is, a state in which the suggested ideas find less resistance than in normal life. If the hypnotized patient receives suggestions which refer to those physiological functions which are dependent upon the central nervous system, the change and the readjustment of the organic functions by the removal of false inhibitions and by the reinforcement of useful central stimula-

tions are certainly no more obscure than the action of antipyrine and phenacetine. Even that which may be still obscure in the action of the suggestions can be only a matter of details, not of principles.

There are two methods of suggestion open: a more active and talkative way, which turns the subject's attention to the desired point by direct suggestions, and a more passive and silent way, which attempts a general quieting of the mind, in which a new balance of impulses may be inaugurated, and the desire for normal functions may work itself up to increased influence. Every good physician makes use of these two means to increase the effectiveness of his remedies. At the right time, they are almost a substitute for all other aid, and in the mystical therapy of all periods through four thousand years they have developed a high technique. To-day, the passive method of indirect suggestion is the vehicle of the Christian scientists and metaphysical healers; the active way of more direct suggestion belongs to the mind curers and mental healers.

Much of the success of both methods depends, of course, upon the ability of the transmitter to make the suggestions effective. His personal appearance and way of talking, his voice and temperament, must be persuasive, and his reputation and authority must reinforce the expectancy which prepares the inhibitions. Teachers and lawyers and ministers strengthen their influence by these silent servants of a dominant mind. Many of these personal qualities can be replaced, to be sure, by merely mechanical tricks which can be imitated and taught. Our mystical schools bring this technique to external virtuosity. But still more important are the antecedent conditions in the mind of the patient. Whoever has seen the patients in the clinic of a famous hypnotist (half hypnotized as soon as they pass the door of the hospital) knows how the fascination of the attention by belief — by any belief — works favorably for the increase of suggestibility; so that the smallest additional intruder, perhaps the sensation of half-darkened light, of soft touch, of muscle strain in the eyes, is sufficient to bring about the new equilibrium of psychophysical impulses. The most vulgar and trivial belief will answer; the most absurd superstition can bring success, as everything depends upon the intensity of the subject's submission; and the more pitiable the intellectual powers of a creature, the greater may be his chance of a cure by idiotic manipulations. To deny this in the interest of science would be unscientific.

The most deep-seated form of belief is religious faith, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that religious emotion, from the lowest fetichism to the highest protestantism, has always been fertile soil for therapeutical suggestions. What we have called the active method appeals to the subjective faith with direct words; the passive method awakens the same fascination indirectly, lulling to sleep the antagonistic impulses by a feeling that the mind of the transmitter has reached by prayer and love a supernatural unity with the mind of the patient. We must not forget that it is not the solemn value of the religious revelation, nor the ethical and metaphysical bearing of its objects, which brings success, but solely the depth of the emotion. To murmur the Greek alphabet with the touching intonation and gesture of supplication is just as strengthening for the health as the sublimest prayer; and for the man who believes in the metaphysical cure, it may be quite unimportant whether the love curer at his bedside thinks of the psychical Absolute or of the spring hat she will buy with the fee for her metaphysical healing. From the psychological point of view, the direct method of healing by faith and the indirect method of healing by love are thus almost identical; both are confined to the narrow limits within which the nervous

system influences the pathological processes; but in these limits both have some chances of a transitory success, and both are liable to the same illusions on the part of sincere healers and to the same humbug on the part of impostors.

Our review has sought to examine the two large groups of facts which refer to the influence of mind on mind, and to separate in both, in those of active influence and in those of passive reception, the psychological possibilities from those claims which the psychologist at first rejects. There are two groups more which we must sift, — the facts which lead to the theory of double consciousness, and the spiritualistic facts which refer to the communication of the living with the souls of the dead. In the former group there is little fault to be found with the facts; only the theory is misleading. In the latter group, on the other hand, it may be difficult to decide whether the claims for the facts or the attempts at theories are the more objectionable. The phenomena which suggest that a deeper personality lies hidden under the experiences of our surface personality are to-day generally familiar and scientifically well studied. Typical of these phenomena are the interesting facts of automatic writing, apart from the attempts to give them a spiritualistic interpretation. Our hands may be brought to write truths of which we are not conscious, and to answer questions which we do not perceive; and these writings which we do not control may clearly belong to a special personality, with its own memory and its own wit and temper. Many similar facts which do not necessarily point in the same direction presuppose hysterical disturbances. It is true that the idea of a separated subject of consciousness offers itself to a superficial view as the simplest hypothesis, and the acceptance of this hypothesis gives a foothold for the most complicated mystical theories. But there are two groups of facts which we must keep in mind. First, we know that all our complicated useful actions which are acquired under the control of the intellectual attention, as walking and eating, speaking and reading and writing, become slowly automatic, yet nobody thinks of putting them under the care of a deeper personality; we make the right movement in speaking without consciously intending the special tongue and lip movements, because the lower nerve centres steadily unburden the higher ones, and more and more easily transform the stimulus into the useful motor discharge. Even in the most complicated cases, therefore, the unconscious production of apparently chosen and adapted actions is no proof whatever that the whole process was not a merely physiological one. Secondly, a manifoldness of psychological personalities is in no way identical with a plurality of subjects of consciousness. Every one of us finds in his consciousness a bundle of social personalities. We are different men in the office and in the family circle, in the political meeting and in the theatre; one does not care for the others, and may even ignore them; each has his own memory connection and his own impulses. But they do not represent different subjects of consciousness, different groups of objects alternating in the same subject. Of course these various empirical personalities have always some elements in common, by which we can easily bridge over from one to the other, and remember our office anger in front of the stage of the theatre. No change in principle occurs when, by an abnormal brain process, these paths of association and connection are blocked, and one personality remains without relations with the other. In such a case several personalities alternate, each consisting of a set of associations and impulses without remembrance of the others. The student of hypnotism and hysteria is familiar with such phenomena.

These personalities alternate in consciousness in the same way that groups of ideas succeed one another; but the subject which is the bearer of all these personalities remains always the same, and the hypothesis that this subject itself changes when the content of the social personality changes is thus without support in the psychological interpretations of the normal idea of personality. The real source of these theories as to a deeper self and a double consciousness lies, indeed, not in the psychological facts, but in motives of a very different character. We shall turn presently to these more hidden impulses, as they will show us the real springs of mysticism; but we must first glance at our fourth and last group of claims, — the wonders of spiritualism.

So long as we consider spiritualism only from the point of view of its agreement with the system of scientific psychology, the discussion may be extremely short, for one sweeping word is sufficient. There are no subtle discriminations necessary, as in the other fields: the psychologist rejects everything without exception. We have here not the slightest relation to philosophical spiritualism, either to that of the Berkeleyan type or to that of Fichte. We are not on the height of philosophical thinking, but on the low ground of observation and explanation of empirical facts. The question is not whether the substance of the real world is spiritual; it is only whether the departed spirits enter into communication with living men by mediums and by incarnation. The scientist does not admit a compromise: with regard to this he flatly denies the possibility. Of course he does not say that all the claims are founded on fraud. He does not deny that sincere persons have frequently believed, through hallucinations, and still oftener through illusions, that they saw the apparitions of departed friends and heard their voices. The psychologist has no dearth of explanations for this product of the psychophysical mechanism. In the same way, he need not doubt that many of the mediums really believe themselves to be under the control of departed souls; for this also exactly fits many well-known facts of nervous disturbance. But the facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist, and no debate makes the situation better.

Our short survey of the wide domain of mysticism is finished. We have seen what part of its claims can be acknowledged by psychology, and what must be rejected. We have seen that many of those occurrences which appear mysterious and uncanny to the naïve mind are easily understood from a scientific point of view, and are often separated by an impassable chasm from happenings which on the surface look quite similar. We have seen especially that hypnotism and hysteria, muscle reading and hyperæsthesia, alternation of personality and the therapeutic influence of psychophysical inhibitions, hallucinations and illusions, and other mental states which psychology understands just as well as it does the normal associations and feelings, explain many of the observed events, and bring them from the domain of mysticism into the sphere of causally necessary processes. And yet all this is only a preamble for our real discussion. We have given decisions, but not arguments; we have shown that psychology is able to explain many of the facts, but we have not shown as yet why we have the right to reject other so-called facts and to deny their possibility; and everything must at last depend upon this right alone.

The modern mystic, if he is ready to follow us thus far, would not find the slightest argument against his position in any of our preceding points. He would say: "I accept your psychophysical explanations for the facts which you acknowledge; with regard to the others, I see only that you are unable to understand them, but that gives you no right

to deny them. There are many facts which are still puzzles for science. History must make us modest, showing that again and again the truth was at first ridiculed and the deeper insight derided. These very phenomena of hypnotism and automatism and hysteria were denied in their reality only a few generations ago. Science must give everything fair play, and a refusal even to examine the facts is unworthy of real science. It is narrowness and stubbornness to reject a fact because it does not fit into the scientific system of to-day, instead of striving toward the better system of to-morrow, which will have room for all the phenomena; and this the more if these facts are of vast importance, involving the immortality and the absolute unity of all minds, the spiritual harmony of the universe, and the very deepest powers of man."

This is the old text, indeed, preached from so often, and sometimes in so brilliant and fascinating a style that even the best men lowered the sword. Yet it is wrong and dangerous from beginning to end, and has endlessly more harm in it than a superficial view reveals, as it is in its last consequences not only the death of real science, but worse, — the death of real idealism.

First a word about the so-called facts. Our newspapers, magazines, and books are full to overflowing of the reports of happenings which no science can explain, and which may overwhelm the uncritical mind by their sheer bulk. But whoever stops to think for a moment how the psychological conditions favor and almost enforce the weedlike growth of mysterious stories will at least agree that a live criticism must sift the tales, even if they are backed by the authority of a most trustworthy sailor or a most excellent servant girl. If the glaring light of criticism is thrown on this twilight literature, the effect is often surprising. Some of the "facts" prove to be simply untrue, having grown up through gossip and desire for excitement, through fear and curiosity, through misunderstandings and imagination. Another set of the "facts" turns out to be true, but not mysterious; being merely a checkered field of abnormal mental phenomena, such as hypnotism, somnambulism, hysteria, insanity, hyperæsthesia, automatic action, and so forth. Another large group is based on conscious or unconscious fraud, from the mildest form down through a long scale to the boldest spiritualistic forgery. If we take away these three large groups, there is a remainder which may deserve discussion as to its interpretation. Here belong the chance occurrences which appear alarmingly surprising if taken in isolation, but quite natural if considered as members of a long series, giving account of all the cases in which the surprising coincidences did not occur. The recent statistics of apparitions and hallucinations show clearly the difficulty of finding always the right basis for such calculation of mathematical probabilities. Here belong, further, the illusions of memory, by which present experiences are projected into the past, or past experiences are transformed by present sensations; the surprising coincidences illustrated by recent experiments, which are produced by the concordance of associations and other similarities of mental dispositions; and the illusions of perception which allow us to hear and see whatever we expect or whatever is suggested to us.

If we are ready to make full use of every means of possible explanation, there remains hardly an instance where it is impossible to tear aside the veil of mystery, and to explain psychologically either the occurrences of the facts themselves, or the development of the erroneous report about them. Even when long series of careful experiments on thought transference and similar problems were made, the cautious papers discreetly reported in most cases, not that a proof was furnished, but only that the evidence

seemed to point in a certain direction. And even the most ardent believer in telepathy, Mr. Podmore, concedes that "each particular case is susceptible of more or less adequate explanation by some well-known cause." Mr. Podmore considers it absurd to accumulate the strained and complicated explanations which thus become necessary, instead of accepting the simple wholesale interpretation that telepathy took place. But with the same right we might say that in an endless number of instances the lowest animals and plants rise from inorganic substances; each case taken separately could be explained by biologists from procreation, but since such explanation would involve an accumulation of complicated theories about the conditions of life for the lowest animals, it would be much simpler to believe in *generatio equivoca.*

Our presupposition was that a large proportion of the claims are false. Even the champions of mysticism are to-day ready to admit that the temptations and chances for deception are discouragingly numerous. Not only is there an abundance of money-making schemes which fit well the natural credulity and suggestibility of the public at large. Some lie and cheat merely for art's sake, getting pleasure from the fact that their fiction becomes real through the belief that it awakes, and some do the same merely in boyish trickery. Some elaborate their inventions to make themselves interesting, and some feast in the power they thus gain over men. Some begin by consciously embellishing the slender facts, and end with a sincere belief in their own superstructure; and others, through hysterical excitement, are unaware of their own cheating. Add to these causes the incorrectness with which most men observe and report on matters in which their feelings are interested, and the miserable lack of the feeling of responsibility with which average men and average papers put forth their wild tales. Consider how again and again the honored leaders of mystical movements have been unmasked as cheap impostors and their admired wonders recognized as vulgar tricks, how telepathic performances have been reduced to a simple signaling by breathing or noises, and how seldom disbelievers have interrupted a materialization séance without putting their hands on a provision of beards and draperies. Think of all this, and the supposed facts dwindle more and more.

At this point of the discussion the friends of mysticism like to go over to a more personal attack. They say, "How do you dare to presuppose credulity and suggestibility in the observer, and intended or unintended tricks and dishonesty in the performer, when you have never taken part in such experiments, and when some brilliant scholars have examined them and found no fraud?" To such personal reproach I answer with personal facts. It is true, I have never taken part in a telepathic experiment or in a spiritualistic séance. It is not a nervous dislike of abnormalities which has kept me away, as I have devoted much time to the study of hypnotism and insanity. The experiences of some of my friends, however, made me cautious from the beginning; they had spent much energy and time and money on such mysteries, and had come to the conviction that all was humbug. Once, I confess, I wavered in my decision. I received a telegram from two famous telepathists in Europe, asking me to come immediately to a small town where they had discovered a medium of extraordinary powers. It required fifteen hours' traveling, and I hesitated; but the report was so inspiring that I finally packed my trunks. Just then came a second message with the laconic words, "All fraud." Since that time I do not take the trouble to pack. I wait quietly for the second message.

Why do I avoid these séances? It is

not because I am afraid that they would shake my theoretical views and convince me of mysticism, but because I consider it undignified to visit such performances, as one attends a variety show, for amusement only, without attempting to explain them, and because I know that I should be the last man to see through the scheme and discover the trick. I should certainly have been deceived by Madame Blavatsky, the theosophist, and by Miss Paladino, the medium. I am only a psychologist, not a detective. More than that, by my whole training I am absolutely spoiled for the business of the detective. The names of great scientists, like Zoellner, Richet, Crookes, and many others, do not impose on me in the least; for their daily work in scientific laboratories was a continuous training of an instinctive confidence in the honesty of their coöperators. I do not know another profession in which the suspicion of constant fraud becomes so systematically inhibited as it does in that of the scientist. He ought to be at once dismissed from the jury, and a prestidigitator substituted. Whether I personally take part in such meetings or not is, therefore, without any consequences; I take it for granted from the start that wherever there was fraud in the play, I should have been cheated like my brethren. The only thing that the other side can reasonably demand from us is that we be fully acquainted with their claims and with the evidence they furnish in their writings. I confess I have not had quite a good conscience in this respect; I had not really studied all the recorded Phantasms of the Living and all the Proceedings of the Societies for Psychical Research, and I am afraid I had forgotten to cut the leaves of some of the occult magazines on my own shelves. Now, however, my conscience is fully disburdened. I used — or ought I to say, misused? — my last summer vacation in working through more than a hundred volumes of the so-called evidence. I passed through a whole series of feelings. Indeed, I had at first a feeling of mysterious excitement from all those uncanny stories, but that changed into a deep æsthetical and ethical disgust, which flattened finally into the feeling that there was about me an endless desert of absolute stupidity. I, for one, am to-day far more skeptical than before I was driven to examine the evidence; I have studied the proofs, and now feel sure of what before I only suspected, — that they do not prove anything; and if we condemn science on such testimony, we do worse than those who condemned the witches and vampires.

In short, I believe that the facts, if they are examined critically, are never incapable of a scientific explanation; and yet even this is not the central point of the question. I must deny that the battle is waged over the facts which science understands and those which it does not understand. No scientist in the world feels uncomfortable over the confession that there are many — endlessly many — things in the world which we do not know; no sane man dreams that the last day of scientific progress has yet come, and that every problem has been solved. On the contrary, the springs of scientific enthusiasm lie in the conviction that we stand only at the beginning of knowledge, and that every day may unveil new elements of the universe. Even physiological psychology, which seems so conceited in the face of mysticism, admits how meagre is the knowledge it has so far gleaned. Almost every important question of our science is still unsettled, and yet that has never discouraged us in our work. The physicist and the astronomer, the chemist and the botanist, the physiologist and the psychologist, work steadily, with the conviction that there are many facts which they do not know, like the Roentgen rays ten years ago, and that many facts are not fully understood, like the Roentgen rays at present. If the mystical facts were

merely processes which we do not understand to-day, but which we may understand to-morrow, there would not be the slightest occasion for a serious dispute. But the situation is very different. The antithesis is not between the facts we can explain and the facts we cannot explain, and for which we seek an explanation of the same order. No; it is between the facts which are now explicable by causal laws, or may be so in any possible future, and those facts which are acknowledged as in principle outside of the necessary causal connections, and bound together by their values for our personal feelings instead of by mechanical laws. As Professor James puts it excellently: It is the difference between the personal emotional and the impersonal mechanical thinking, between the romantic and the rationalistic views of the world. Here lies the root of the problem, and here centres our whole interest. Indeed, all that is claimed by the mystic as such means, not that the causal connections of the world found so far are still incomplete and must be supplemented by others, but that the blanks in the causal connections allow us glimpses of another world behind, — an uncausal emotional world which shines through the vulgar world of mechanics.

If the astronomer calculated the movement of a star from the causally working forces, he might come to the hypothesis that there are centres of attraction existing which we have not yet discovered: it was thus Leverrier discovered Neptune. But his boldest theories operate only with quantities of the same order, with substances and forces which come under the categories of the mechanical world. If, on the other hand, he accepted some emotional view, perhaps the æsthetical one, that the star followed this curve because it is more beautiful, as indeed an older astronomy did; or the ethical one, that this movement of the star occurred because it served to make the moral progress of men possible, while the causal movement would have thrown the earth into the sun; or the religious one, that the angels chose to pull the star this way rather than that; or the poetical one, that the star was obliged to move just so in order to delight the heart on a clear evening by its sparkling, — in none of these cases would he be doubtful whether his hypothesis were good or bad; he would be sure that it was not an astronomical hypothesis at all. He would not search with the telescope to find out whether or not his theory was confirmed by new facts. No; he would see that his thought denied the possibility of astronomy, and was a silly profanation of ethics and religion at the same time.

The naturalist knows, if he understands the philosophical basis of his work, and is not merely a technical craftsman, that natural science means, not a simple cast and copy of the reality, but a special transformation of reality, a conceptual construction of unreal character in the service of special logical purposes. The naturalist does not think that bodies are in reality made from atoms, and that the movements of the stars are really the products of all the elementary impulses into which his calculation disintegrates the causes. He knows that all his elements, the elementary substances and the elementary forces, are merely conceptions worked out for the purpose of representing the world as a causally connected mechanism. The real world is no mechanism, but a world of means and aims, objects of our will and of our personal purposes. But one of these purposes is to conceive the world as a mechanism, and so long as we work in the service of this purpose we presuppose that the world is a mechanism. In the effort to represent the world as a causal one — that is, in our character as naturalists — we know only a causal world, and no other. We may know little about that postulated causal world, but we are sure beforehand that whatever the future may discover about it must belong to the

causal system, or it is wrong. We are free to choose the point of view, but when we have chosen it we are bound by its presuppositions. A naturalist who begins to doubt whether the world is everywhere causal misunderstands his own aim and gives up his only end.

These simple facts from the methodology of science repeat themselves exactly, though in a more complicated form, for psychology. Psychology, also, is never a mere copy of the reality, but always a transformation in the service of a special logical purpose. Our real inner life is not a complex of elementary sensations as psychology may see it: it is a system of attitudes of will, which we do not perceive as contents of consciousness, but which we live through, and objects of will which are our means and ends and values. It becomes a special interest of the logical attitude of the will to transform this real will system in conceptual form into a causal system, too, and, in the service of this end, to put in the place of the teleological reality a mechanical artificial construction. This construction is psychology, and it is thus clear that in the psychological system itself every view which is not causal is contradictory to the presuppositions, and therefore scientifically untrue. Between the mental facts, in so far as they are considered as psychological phenomena, there exists no other possible connection than the causal one, though, to be sure, this causal view has not the slightest meaning for the inner reality, which never consists of psychological phenomena. This is the point which even philosophers so easily overlook: as soon as we speak of psychical objects, of ideas and feelings and volitions, as contents of consciousness, we speak of an artificial transformation to which the categories of real life no longer apply, — a transformation which lies in the direction of causal connection, and which has, therefore, a right to existence only if the right to extend the causal aspect of nature to the inner life is acknowledged. The personal, the emotional, the romantic, in short the will view controls our real life, but from that standpoint mental life is never a psychical fact.

It is one of the greatest dangers of our time that the naturalistic point of view, which decomposes the world into elements for the purpose of causal connection, interferes with the volitional point of view of the real life, which can deal only with values, and not with elements. I have sought again and again to point out this unfortunate situation, and to show that history and practical life, education and art, morality and religion, have nothing to do with these psychological constructions, and that the categories of psychology must not intrude into their teleological realms. But that does not blind me to the fact that exactly the opposite transgression of boundaries is going on all the time, too. If the world of values is intruded into the causal world, if the categories which belong to reality are forced on the system of transformation which was framed in the service of causality, we get a cheap mixture which satisfies neither the one aim nor the other. Just this is the effort of mysticism. It is the personal, emotional view applied, not to the world of reality, where it fits, but to the physical and psychical worlds, both of which are constructed by the human logical will for the purpose of an impersonal, unemotional causal system. But to mix values with laws destroys not only the causal links, but also the values. The ideals of ethics and religion, instead of growing in the world of volitional relations, are now projected into the atomistic structure, and thus become dependent upon its nature. Intended to fill there the blanks in the causal system, they find their right of existence only where ignorance of nature leaves such blanks, and must tremble at every step of progress science makes. It is bad enough when the psychological categories are

wrongly pushed into ethics by the over-extension of psychology, but it is still more absurd when ethics leaves its home in the real world and creeps over to the field of psychology, satisfied with the few places to which science has not yet acquired a clear title. Our ethics and religion may thus be shaken to-morrow by any new result of laboratory research, and must be supported to-day by the telepathic performances of hysteric women. Our belief in immortality must rest on the gossip which departed spirits utter in dark rooms through the mouths of hypnotized business mediums, and our deepest personality comes to light when we scribble disconnected phrases in automatic writing. Is life then really still worth living?

We must here throw more light on some details which may be difficult to understand. We have said that the claims of mysticism impose the emotional teleological categories upon the psychological facts; that is, upon constructions which are formed for the purpose of the mechanical categories only. It may not be at once evident how this is true for special propositions of a mystical nature. Of course we cannot develop here the presuppositions of psychology; a few words to show the nature of the problems must be sufficient. Psychology tries to consider the mental life as a system of perceivable objects which are necessarily determined; every transformation which is serviceable for this purpose is psychologically true. If the mental facts are thought as determining one another, we must presuppose that they have characteristics to which this effective influence attaches. These characteristics are called their elements, and therefore, for psychologists, the mental life consists of elements. The psychical material is different from the physical by the presupposition that it exists for one subject only. It is therefore not communicable; since incommunicable, it is not determinable by communicable units, and hence is not measurable, — not quantitative, but only qualitative. Consequently, it is incapable of entering into a mathematical equation, and is unfit to play the rôle of determinable causes and effects. Before psychical elements can be transformed into a system of causes and effects a further transformation must be made; they must be thought as amalgamated with physical processes which exist for many, and which are measurable, and therefore capable of forming a necessary causal system. The psychical facts are thus thought as accompaniments of physical processes, and in their appearance and disappearance fully determined by the physical events. There is no materialistic harm in this doctrine, as it aims at no reference to reality, but is merely a construction for a special purpose; within its sphere, however, there cannot be any exception. If the psychical facts are thought as accompaniments of the physical processes, they must be projected into the physical world, and must accept its forms of existence, space and time. The real inner life in its teleological reality is spaceless and timeless, — it knows space and time only as forms of its objects; the psychological phenomena themselves enter into space and time as soon as they are connected with the physical phenomena. They are now psychophysical elements which can determine one another only by the causal relations of the physical substratum. The working hypothesis of modern psychology — that every mental state is a complex of psychical elements, of which each is the accompaniment of a physical process in time and space, and influences others or is influenced by others merely through the medium of physical processes — is then not an arbitrary theory. It is the necessary outcome of the presuppositions which the human will has freely chosen for its logical purposes, and to which it is bound by its own decision.

From this point a full light of expla-

nation falls upon all our earlier decisions. We rejected every claimed fact in which the psychological facts were without a physical substratum, as in the case of departed spirits and those in which psychical facts influenced one another without physical intermediation, as in telepathy. If mental life is taken in its reality, it must not be considered as composed of elements, ideas, and feelings, but must be taken as a whole; then it is not in bodily personalities, not in space and not in time, — in short, is not a psychological fact at all. But if we take it as psychological fact in human bodies and in time, it must be thought in accordance with the psychological presuppositions, as bound to the physical events, communicated by their intermediation and disappearing at their destruction. Where these conditions are in part wanting, psychology declines to accept the propositions as truths, and demands a further transformation of the facts till the demands of psychology are satisfied. Mysticism, however, prefers an easier way. Wherever the conditions of psychological truth are absent, and, owing to the lack of physical substrata or of physical mediation, the psychical facts are disconnected or unexplained in their existence, there mysticism imports the teleological links of the prepsychological real world, and gives the illusion that the psychical facts have been thus explained and connected.

Perhaps most instructive in this respect are those claims of mysticism which refer to the healing influences of men, because here it appears most clearly that it is not the facts, but only the points of view, which constitute the mysticism. The facts from which these claims arise the psychologist does not deny at all; as we have seen, he takes them for granted. But he explains them by suggestion and other familiar laws of mental action, and thus links the psychical phenomena by an uninterrupted chain of physical processes. The mystic, on the other hand, brings the same facts under the categories which belong to the world of values: prayer has now a healing influence, not because it is perceived by the senses of the patient, and works through association some inhibitory changes in his brain, but because prayer is ethically and religiously valuable. Not its physiological accompaniments which produce psychophysical effects, but its goodness and piety secure success, and, conversely, the illness which is cured by the prayer must be a symptom of moral and religious obliquity. The causal conception of a disturbance of physiological functions is thus transmuted into the ethical conception of sin. Exactly the same psychophysical facts, the prayer of the transmitter and the feeling of improvement in the receiver, are in this case, then, connected by the mystic and the scientist in different ways, without any need on either side of a further transformation of the facts. For the one, it is the causal process that a suggestion psychophysically overpowers nervous inhibition; for the other, it is the victory of sainthood over sin, by its religious values. If the scientist maintains that only the first is an explanatory connection, the second not, does he mean by this that goodness has no power over evil? Certainly not; he means something very different. Goodness and evil, he thinks, are relations and attitudes of will, which have their reality in being willed and lived through. They are not psychophysical facts, to be perceived as taking time, and going on in space in a special brain and nervous system. They belong to the world of willing subjects, not to the world of atomistic objects; they are primary, while suggestions and inhibitions and all the other psychophysical objects are unreal derived constructions. If prayer and sin are taken in their reality as we live through them, then of course their meaning and their value alone are in question, and it would be absurd to apply to them the relations

of causal connection. As realities, they are not brain processes; as such, they do not come in question as processes in time and space; as such, they are not transmuted into mere objects. If we take them in their reality as will attitudes, they have no relation to causality. If we take them as psychological processes which go on in time in physical personalities, then we have transformed them in the service of causality, and have pledged ourselves to the causal system. An ethical connection of psychophysical facts is a direct inner contradiction; it means applying the categories of will to objects which we have taken away from the will for the single purpose of putting them into a system of will-less categories. We might just as well demand that the figures of a painting should talk and move about.

Another case in which scientists and mystics agree in regard to the facts is that of double personality. The difference here, also, is only one of interpretation. We have seen that the psychologist understands this class of facts as various degrees of disaggregation of psychophysical elements, whereas the mystic introduces the ethical categories of different responsibility and dignity. It is otherwise with the telepathic or spiritualistic claims: here there is no agreement about the facts, and yet the principle is the same as in the other cases. The mystic applies the emotional personal links in this case, also, not to the reality, but to psychological facts in a stage of transformation which the psychologist does not accept because they do not allow causal connection. The psychologist calls the claimed facts untrue, because the transformation of reality is psychologically or physically true only when it has reached that form in which it fits into the causal system. It is the aim of science to find the true facts, — that is, to transform reality till the ends of causal ordering are attained; and if they are not attained, the objects have not become a part of the existing psychological or physical world. An infinite number of facts appear to us in disconnected form, but we ignore them; they remain only propositions; they have not existence, because they do not fulfill the conditions upon which, according to the decision of the will which produces science, psychical or physical existence depends. That a fact is true in the world of psychical facts means that it is selected as fit for a special logical purpose; and if the telepathic facts, for instance, are not suited to that purpose, they are not true according to the only consistent standard of truth. They must become somehow otherwise; that is, they must be transformed until they can be accepted as existing. The history of science constantly demonstrates this necessity. It is absurd for the mystics to claim the backing of history, because it shows that many things are acknowledged as true to-day which were not believed in earlier times. The teaching of history, on the contrary, annihilates almost cruelly every claim of mysticism, as, far from a later approval of mystical wisdom, history has in every case remoulded the facts till they have become causal ones. If the scientists of earlier times disbelieved in phenomena as products of witchcraft, and believe to-day in the same phenomena as products of hypnotic suggestion and hysteria, the mystics are not victorious, but defeated. As long as the ethical category of Satanic influence was applied to the appearances they were not true; as soon as they were brought under the causal categories they were accepted as true, but they were then no longer mystical, — it was not witchcraft any more.

This process of transformation goes on steadily; millions of propositions which life suggests remain untrue till they are adjusted. Just this would be the fate of the telepathic propositions: they would remain below the threshold of the world of empirical facts, if a mistaken

emotional attitude did not awaken the illusion that there exists here a connection capable of satisfying the demand for explanation. The personal importance then links what ought to be linked by impersonal causality. A feeling of depression in the psychophysical organism and the death of a friend a thousand miles distant have for us no causal connection, but an emotional one. The two events have no relation in the sphere of objects; they are connected only in the sphere of will acts; and the link is not the goodness, as in the case of healing by prayer, but the emotional importance of the death for the friend's feeling attitude. By this will connection the two phenomena are selected and linked together, and offer themselves as one fact, while without that emotional unity they would remain disconnected, and therefore in this combination they would not be accepted in the sphere of empirical facts.

Does the scientist maintain, in his opposition to telepathy, that in reality mental communication between subjects is possible only by physical intermediation? Decidedly not. If I talk with others whom I wish to convince, there is no physical process in question; mind reaches mind, thought reaches thought; but in this aspect thoughts are not psychophysical phenomena in space and time, but attitudes and propositions in the sphere of the will. If we take our mental life in its felt reality, then the emotional conviction that no physical wall intervenes between mind and mind is the only correct one; it would be even meaningless to look for physical connection. But if we transform the reality into psychological objects in time and in bodies, then we are bound by the aim of the transformation, and we can acknowledge their connection as true only if it is a mechanical one.

Finally, the ethical demand for immortality, when applied to the artificial construction of psychology instead of to the real life, brings out the most repulsive claim of mysticism, — spiritualism. The ethical belief in immortality means that we as subjects of will are immortal; that is, that we are not reached by death. For the philosophical mind which sees the difference between reality and psychological transformation, immortality is certain; for him, the denial of immortality would be even quite meaningless. Death is a biological phenomenon in the world of objects in time; how then can death reach a reality which is not an object, but an attitude, and therefore neither in time nor in space? Our real inner subjective life has its felt validity, not in time, but beyond time; it is eternal. We have seen why the purpose of psychology demands that this non-local and non-temporal subjectivity shall be transformed into a psychical object, and as such projected into the space and time filling organism. By that demand the mental life itself becomes a process in time; and if the ethical demand for immortality is now transplanted into this circle of constructed phenomena, there must result a clash between psychology and human emotion. Conceiving mental life as a process in time was done merely for the purpose of representing it as the accompaniment of physical phenomena, and now to demand that it should go on in time after the destruction of this physical substratum is absurd. In so far as we think mental life as an artificial psychological process in time, in so far we can think it only as part of a psychophysical phenomenon, and thus never without a body, disappearing when the body ceases to function. To the ethical idealist this impossibility of the psychological immortality is a revelation; for such pseudo-immortality could satisfy only the low and vulgar instincts of man, and not his ethical feelings. Only to a cheap curiosity can it appear desirable that the inner life viewed as a series of psychological facts shall go on and on, that we may be able to see what is to happen in

a thousand or in a million years. Life seen from a psychological point of view as a mere chain of psychological phenomena is utterly worthless. It would be intolerable for seventy years; who would desire it for seventy million years? Multiplication by zero always leads back to naught. And even if we perceive all the facts of the universe for all time to come, is that of any value? We should shiver at the thought of knowing all that is printed in one year, or all that men of a single town feel passing through their minds; how intolerable the thought of knowing even all that is and that will be! It is like the thought of endlessness in space: if we were to grow endlessly tall, so that we became large like the universe, reaching with our arms to the stars, physically almighty, would our life be more worth living, would it be better or nobler or more beautiful? No; extension in space and time has not the slightest ethical value, for it necessarily refers only to those objects which exist in space or time, and all our real values lie beyond it. The mortality of the psychological phenomena and the immortality of our real inner life belong necessarily together, and the claim that the deceased spirits go on with psychological existence is therefore not only a denial of the purposes for which the idea of psychological existence is constructed, but also a violation of the ethical belief in immortality.

Here, then, as everywhere, mysticism means nothing else than the attempt to force the emotional categories on an unreal construction, whose only presupposition was that it had to be constructed as an unemotional objective mechanism. The result is a miserable changeling, which satisfies neither the one side nor the other. If mysticism is not contented with the childish or hysteric pleasure of throwing obstacles in the way of advancing science, it can have, indeed, little satisfaction from its own crippled products. Thousands and thousands of spirits have appeared; the ghosts of the greatest men have said their say, and yet the substance of it has been always the absurdest silliness. Not one inspiring thought has yet been transmitted by this mystical way; only the most vulgar trivialities. It has never helped to find the truth; it has never brought forth anything but nervous fear and superstition.

We have the truth of life. Its realities are subjective acts, linked together by the categories of personality, giving us values and ideals, harmony and unity and immortality. But we have, as one of the duties of life, the search for the truth of science which transforms reality in order to construct an impersonal system, and gives us causal explanation and order. If we force the system of science upon the real life, claiming that our life is really a psychophysical phenomenon, we are under the illusion of psychologism. If, on the other hand, we force the views of the real life, the personal categories, upon the scientific psychophysical phenomena, we are under the illusion of mysticism. The result in both cases is the same. We lose the truth of life and the truth of science. The real world loses its values, and the scientific world loses its order; they flow together in a new world controlled by inanity and trickery, unworthy of our scientific interests and unfit for our ethical ideals.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE TWENTY-FIRST MAN.

THORPE BEECKMAN sat in a hansom cab, watch in hand. When at last the cab turned off Fifth Avenue into one of the upper Fiftieths, and stopped before a large, brilliantly lighted house, Mr. Beeckman gave a sigh of relief. He did not wish to begin his career in New York society, after his seven years' absence, by being late at his first dinner party.

"You did it with two minutes to spare," he said to the driver as he jumped from the cab, and, thrusting a bill into the man's hand, he ran without a moment's delay up the canopied stone steps.

"That dude 's in a hurry!" called an urchin from the crowd that pressed around the awning. "He 's got no use for change."

"Hurry up, Al-ger-non, or you 'll be in the soup," drawled a girl.

"I 'm pretty close to being late for it, which is worse," he smiled to himself, as he gave his hat and coat to a tall footman in silk stockings, and followed another up the wide white marble staircase. The great hall above, with its pillars and statuary, opened into a vista of dazzling rooms, whence came the sound of laughter and talk. From a balcony above floated down the strains of the Hungarian orchestra.

"This seems more like London than New York," Beeckman thought, as he looked about him. "I had no idea Mrs. Thornton was such a tremendous swell." Then his name was announced. He stood for an instant at the doorway of the drawing-room, looking for his hostess. A tall and extremely handsome young woman, with a blaze of diamonds in her dark hair, stepped from the little group near the door and advanced a step toward him with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Mr. Bateman," she said, with a gentle cordiality, "I have been looking for you. My mother is very sorry not to be able to welcome you herself, but she was badly frightened in a runaway accident this afternoon, and has been obliged to intrust her guests to my tender mercies."

Beeckman expressed a becoming regret at the accident.

"I am Mrs. Burke Heatherfield, you know, the daughter of the house," she added, with a smile, "and I have heard very pleasant things of you from my mother. I am not sure that you know every one here to-night, — I confess I don't myself; but there is one good friend of yours, Miss Muriel Dean, and I am going to ask you to take her in to dinner."

Beeckman was puzzled. "A clear case of mistaken identity," he said to himself; but before he could reply, Mrs. Heatherfield had turned to a pretty, rather audacious-looking girl who stood near her.

"Muriel," she said, "here is Mr. Bateman waiting to hear the dénouement of your yesterday's escapade. Be careful what you tell him, though, for he may put the whole thing into one of his clever stories." Another guest was announced, and she turned away.

Miss Dean looked at Thorpe Beeckman and smiled mischievously. "My cousin has certainly put her little tag on the wrong man," she said, evidently relishing the situation.

"She has simply put it on a Beeckman instead of a Bateman. It is merely the difference of a syllable," he replied.

She laughed. "That is a rather neat way of introducing yourself, Mr. Beeckman, though I don't as a rule approve of puns."

"The lowest form of wit," he admitted.

"The trouble is, the other man is sure to come, and as he also has been told that he is to take me in to dinner there might be complications."

"If I am offered as a substitute, I promise not to put you into a clever story. I can assure you that you would be entirely safe in my hands," he rejoined.

"But the other man is Frederick Waring Bateman, the novelist," she said triumphantly.

Beeckman bowed. "I acknowledge my utter insignificance. I must go at once and confess it to Mrs. Heatherfield."

"If she were any one but herself, she would be quite distracted this evening. She was summoned home from Lakewood late this afternoon to act as hostess at this dinner of her mother's, and she found aunt Margaret too upset even to tell her who had been asked. And now, as a climax, Lord Burnside, who is to be lion of the evening, is desperately late. If *any* of us get taken in to dinner, it will be surprising."

Beeckman glanced from his lively companion to Mrs. Heatherfield's beautiful, serene face. Just then Mr. Bateman's name was announced. An expression of surprise, or perhaps of perplexity, passed over the face of the young hostess; but in an instant it was gone, and she greeted the newcomer with sweet graciousness. Then her eyes wandered for a moment to Beeckman.

"Evidently there is a hitch somewhere," he said to himself. Then an awful thought came to him. "By Jove! I believe I 'm an extra man, and she is wondering what to do with me. I wish I could spare her this awkward moment by flying up the chimney."

Mr. Bateman had turned from Mrs. Heatherfield to Miss Dean, with whom he began a lively conversation. Just then the butler handed Mrs. Heatherfield a note. She read it hastily; then turning to the knot of people gathered about her said serenely, "This seems to be a day of accidents. Lord Burnside sprained his ankle on the golf links this afternoon and will not be able to be here."

"She is magnificent," thought Beeckman, as he watched her, — "a thoroughbred, if ever I saw one; and for all her poise, I don't believe she 's over twenty-two. Strange that Mrs. Thornton never mentioned her to me by her married name." He approached her.

"Mrs. Heatherfield," he said, "I fear you mistook me for a more distinguished guest when you assigned me to take Miss Dean in to dinner. I am not Mr. Bateman, the novelist. I am Thorpe Beeckman, a painter."

Mrs. Heatherfield raised her long-lashed hazel eyes and regarded him with that direct gaze which one associates with childhood. Then she smiled radiantly. "Will you forgive my mistake, Mr. Beeckman, the artist, and will you take *me* in to dinner?"

He bowed and offered her his arm. "With such royal compensation, I can bear even the imputation of writing clever stories."

"She is perfect," he added to himself. "Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have attempted impossible explanations, and spoiled the situation."

As they led the way down the stairs to the dining-room, Muriel Dean said to Mr. Bateman, "In point of looks, Mr. Beeckman is a magnificent substitute for poor wabbly little Lord Burnside; but what I don't understand is whom he would have taken in if Burnside had n't sprained his ankle at the last minute, — or where he would have sat, for that matter, for there are just twenty covers."

While the guests were seating themselves Beeckman's eyes wandered about the superb room, his critical taste keenly appreciative of its beauty. There were great pictures on the wainscoted walls, a Gainsborough, a Veronese, and a splendid Rembrandt; there were richly carved Renaissance sideboards, old tapestries, old silver. In the centre of this rich setting, the table, with its banks of crimson roses and its weight of shining glass and silver, glowed and glittered in the

light of countless shaded candles. There was not a false note anywhere.

"The late lamented Mr. Thornton must have been an artist," Beeckman decided. "All this is a perfectly appropriate setting for that imperial girl; but I can't reconcile it with the thought of fat, jolly, bourgeoise little Mrs. Thornton."

Thorpe Beeckman found himself next to Miss Dean. She chattered to him vivaciously for a few moments.

"You have your right label now, I see," she said, laughing, "and it has drawn a higher prize than the other."

"A double prize," he rejoined lightly, "since, after all, I am placed next you."

She turned her head to answer a sally of Mr. Bateman's, and Beeckman, with a feeling of relief, turned to look at his beautiful neighbor. She seemed lovelier than ever, with the soft light of the candles falling on her face and white shoulders, and gleaming on the diamonds in her hair.

"Mr. Beeckman, won't you help me out?" The clear, low voice, with its perfect modulations, fell like a benison on his ear. "Mr. Morley and I are discussing that beautiful portrait of Miss Grace Markham that was on exhibition at the Durand-Ruel gallery last spring. Mr. Morley says that it was by Constant, but I am quite sure that Mr. Beeckman was the artist." She looked directly at him and smiled interrogatively.

"Mr. Morley pays a very high compliment to a modest young painter," he replied. "I fear Constant would hardly be flattered at the imputation."

She turned to Mr. Morley with a little gesture of triumph. "I have the double pleasure of presenting the artist himself to you and of proving myself right, all in the same breath," she said, with the slow, alluring smile that Beeckman found himself waiting for.

When she turned again to Beeckman, their talk grew animated. She seemed to know all his favorite haunts.

"And do you remember the narrow lane behind the cathedral at Avalon, where the old sacristan lives in a queer fragment of a house covered with Provence roses? — roses like this," and she touched the crimson rose that glowed against the whiteness of her breast, its petals fluttering softly with her breathing.

"Indeed I do," he rejoined eagerly, bending slightly toward her. "Your rose has the same languorous fragrance. Old Pierre was a good friend of mine. I have a sketch of him and of his house that I hope you will let me show you some day. But you must have been a long time in Southern France, to become so familiar with all these out-of-the-way corners."

"Yes, we lived there for more than a year while my husband was ill," she said simply. "Mr. Heatherfield died there."

Beeckman found himself starting involuntarily. She was a widow, then. It was utterly absurd for him to be glad of it, but he could not deny the little thrill of pleasure that shot through him. How fresh her appreciations were, how simple and direct her way of looking at things! With all her poise and brilliance she was unconventional at heart. He even told himself that she would make an adorable Bohemian. When Mrs. Heatherfield gave the signal and the ladies rose, Beeckman was amazed.

"This is the shortest long dinner I have ever known!" he exclaimed, and so earnestly that she smiled again.

Just before he left the house, that evening, Mrs. Heatherfield said to him, "By the way, what do you think of Bonnat's portrait of my mother?"

Beeckman's eyes followed her gesture, and he stood looking confusedly at a fine, broadly handled portrait of a distinguished-looking woman with snow-white hair. Mr. Morley joined them. He was an old gentleman and garrulous.

"I call Mrs. Van Arminge still the handsomest woman in New York, bar none but her daughter."

Beeckman distinctly felt himself grow cold, then hot. At last a numb feeling came over him. Mrs. Van Arminge! He had heard the name many times that evening; he had seen it often in the newspapers, as who had not? He looked at the handsome, unfamiliar face in the picture.

"Yes, it 's well worth your study, Mr. Beeckman," Mr. Morley was saying. "You young fellows can't do better than follow such a master hand. What breadth! What color!"

"Do you think it a good likeness?" Mrs. Heatherfield's low voice questioned.

"It is a very fine piece of work," Beeckman murmured weakly, — "superbly painted!"

When he said good-night, Mrs. Heatherfield raised the long curled lashes from her wide hazel eyes and gave him one of her direct looks.

"I am at home on Thursdays," she said, "and perhaps we may arrange for the visit to your studio after mother is well. Good-night."

As Beeckman walked down the steps he took a card out of his overcoat pocket and read it: —

"Mrs. Ezra Thornton requests the pleasure of Mr. Beeckman's company at dinner on Thursday evening, March the third, at eight o'clock.

"17 Fifty- ——th Street, West."

He looked up at the great doorway. In the wrought ironwork of the lunette was the number "19."

Thorpe Beeckman groaned. "If it had been any one else, I could have endured it," he said. But to have intruded into *her* home, claimed her hospitality under false pretenses, caused her embarrassment, thrust himself upon her acquaintance, — how could he ever look at her again? He smiled grimly. She would probably take good care never to give him another opportunity. Even if she accepted his explanation, how flat and ridiculous he would appear in her eyes! Perhaps Mrs. Van Arminge would say he had planned the whole thing, and would count the spoons.

Strange to say, he felt but slight compunction at the thought of his empty place at Mrs. Thornton's dinner table. He decided that he must write to Mrs. Heatherfield before she had had time to talk the dinner over with her mother. It was after three o'clock when he finally mailed his letters. He was still young.

A few days after this, he received a note that sent the blood to his face.

"My dear Mr. Beeckman, — "My mother and I will be at home, as usual, on Thursday, and we shall hope to see you then. Our old friend Mrs. Thornton will act as mistress of ceremonies.

Cordially yours,

Gwendolen Heatherfield."

. . . . . .

A year later, Thorpe Beeckman and his beautiful wife made a little pilgrimage to the house of the sacristan, behind the ancient cathedral at Avalon. Old Pierre was not at home, and the quiet lane was deserted. Gwendolen Beeckman stood under the rose arbor, the petals of the crimson Provence roses falling on her upturned face. She was tall, but her husband was taller, and he bent his head a little in order to look into her smiling eyes.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether I first fell in love with you when you told me I might take you in to dinner, or whether it happened when you touched that red rose in your gown and talked about old Pierre. I believe I waited till then," he added meditatively, picking a rose and tucking it into her dress. "That was the human touch; you had seemed so much of a calm goddess before."

Gwendolen laughed. "A terribly frightened goddess when she discovered that there was a twenty-first man. I believe I fell in love with you when I found you were only twentieth, after all."

Madge Sutherland Clarke.

A MOTHER OF MARTYRS.

You would see only a small knot of people, say twenty; perhaps a flourish of wooden clubs in the air. Then the mob would move on, leaving the body of a dead Armenian behind. This was massacre. Not a sound signified the horrible business afoot. The shops were closed as if for a holiday; people, men and women, evidently all Turks, were quietly moving about the streets. The stillness of it seemed to me the most appalling part. One soon grew hardened to the sight of dead men. One came to expect that venerable Ulemas and ascetic young Softas, on their way from mosque to mosque, would kick the mangled bodies which blocked their paths, and curse them for dogs of Armenian traitors. The pools of blood in the streets, in some places actually dripping and trickling downhill, came in time, after you had stepped over and around a hundred of them, to remind you of some early visit to a slaughter house. Animal blood all seems the same: it was hard to realize that this had run in human veins.

Looking back upon those three terrible days in Constantinople, in August, 1896, when from seven to ten thousand Armenians were killed, it is difficult to believe that such things actually occurred. The first news of the outbreak came most unexpectedly. It found the diplomatic colony in the enjoyment of one of their delightful summers at Therapia. Both threats and entreaties had been received at the embassies from the Armenian revolutionary societies; but these had come to be so usual that they were not noticed, — so many threats had remained unfulfilled. Perhaps the culminating event of that season at this Oriental Newport was the very pretty *bal poudre* that was given at the British Embassy by the chargé d'affaires and his attractive American wife on the evening of August 25th. As our party separated in the early morning of the 26th, not one of us dreamed of what the day would bring. The passing of ten hours found some members of the party prisoners in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, at the mercy of a band of determined Armenian revolutionists, who threatened to blow up themselves and their prisoners with hundreds of pounds of dynamite. It found the rest of us hurrying, frightened, up and down the city, doing whatever we could to save them. It found the women weeping and terror-stricken, huddled together in small groups for comfort and consolation.

I did not go down to the city that morning. In the summer season, the presence of one of the members of the force in the American Legation each day was all that was necessary. As it happened to be the turn of Riddle, my colleague, the minister and I remained at Therapia, busily engaged with Washington correspondence. We had no news from town until about four o'clock in the afternoon; then one by one horrified messengers began to arrive. The first only knew that a general massacre was on; that the streets were filled with dead Armenians, and that bombs were being exploded all over town, especially wherever a squad of Turkish soldiery attempted to pass. Later came news of the taking of the great bank. Of course we had no details until days afterwards; at first we heard only that the bank was held by a band of twenty-five revolutionists, who threatened to blow it up with all of the two hundred employees inside, unless the Sultan promised immediate compliance with their demands. These called for the improvement of the political status of his Armenian subjects. Afterward we heard how

two strange Armenians had come to the receiving teller of the bank that morning and announced that, as agents of a silver mine in the interior, they wished to deposit a lot of silver bullion. This was a common occurrence, and they were told to bring in the bricks. What seemed to be the ordinary hamáls (porters) of the streets were given free admittance with the bags of supposed bullion on their backs. Then came the sudden killing of the two great Croatian porters, who stood in red and gold liveries at the door, and huge iron doors were swiftly closed and barred. In full possession of the bank, the alleged miners announced their terms to the frightened directors present, and sent out one of them as a messenger to the palace, bearing their demand and the fierce threat accompanying it. This was Wednesday afternoon. That night no one slept. Diplomatic launches were going up and down the Bosphorus all night. The ambassadors were sending their dragomans first to the bank, to parley with the revolutionists, and then to the palace, to insist there that immediate steps be taken for the release of the unfortunate men in the bank, and that a stop be put to the prevalent wholesale murder. Naturally, the women relatives of the directors and clerks in the bank were nearly distracted with fear. We caught ourselves listening for the sound of a great explosion. It was nearly day when Maximoff, the famous first dragoman of the Russian Embassy, brought the Sultan's promise of immunity to the revolutionists, as well as the immediate proclamation of the political reforms, if they would give up the bank. Surrendering, as they said, not to save their wretched lives, but to secure the desired irade (proclamation), they were taken, carefully guarded, to the French launch in the Golden Horn, and carried out to the private yacht of Sir Edgar Vincent, governor-general of the bank, anchored in the Sea of Marmora, to await there the coming of an outbound passenger boat which would take them to Marseilles. In this way the ambassadors secured their first point. The bank employees, save the poor doorkeepers who had been killed at first, came out uninjured, and told us wonderful tales of their fifteen hours' imprisonment. During that time a continual fusillade went on between the soldiers surrounding the bank without and the Armenians within. One of the band accidentally dropped a piece of dynamite, and was torn to pieces in the explosion which followed. He died after hours of stoic suffering, refusing all aid offered him by the clerks: he was glad, he said, to die for his country.

Next day we were early in town. In the clear August sunlight the outlook was ghastly. We stopped by the bullet-battered bank, on our way to the Legation. We saw pools of blood dotting the cobble pavement, and lines of soldiers standing silently about. We were just concluding that the massacre had stopped when a rattle of shots attracted our attention to a side street, where a crowd of rough-looking Turks were gathered before a barred and barricaded house. We passed several similar scenes, all of them in front of Armenian houses. The shots came from the owners, who were vainly trying to defend themselves against the rapacious mob. The stolid Turkish soldiers, standing about meanwhile, acted as if they were wholly unconscious of what was going on. The only moving vehicles in the empty streets were carts and carriages loaded down with dead men, — the bodies piled in any fashion, arms and legs hanging out, — on their way to the cemeteries. There was prompt system evident in every direction. The dead were being taken out of sight almost before they grew cold; the battered Armenian shops were being closed up with rough boards; lines of patrol were established in all of the principal streets. Every-

thing was done save the one thing essential: no one raised his hand to save an Armenian life. Wherever two Turks, or even one, met a luckless Armenian or ferreted out his hiding-place, they beat him over the head with the wooden clubs which all the Turks carried, and an Armenian never attempted to resist. With a submission that was wonderful, he bowed his head to the blows. Only when he was in his home, barricaded, and felt that he could kill several Turkish soldiers, did he ever make any show of resistance.

When we reached the Legation, we heard unnumbered stories of the day and night before. Many people, among them rich Armenian bankers and merchants, were gathered there for protection, and each had some terrible personal experience to relate. Most of them had lost relatives, and all had lost friends. Lemme, our second dragoman, who lived over in Psamatia, the Armenian quarter of Stamboul, told of the awful butchery going on there, because the place was known as a hotbed of revolution. Many of the revolutionists were armed with dynamite, and were throwing bombs wherever Turkish soldiers tried to arrest them. He told how one band barricaded itself in a church, and kept off the soldiers for hours. Finally, by promising to surrender, they tempted the soldiers in, until the church was filled; then, exploding a great amount of powder and dynamite, they killed themselves and their enemies. Of course many of the stories were exaggerated. One, subsequently verified, was of ten Turks who, armed with wooden clubs, entered the general railway station in Stamboul and killed thirteen Armenians, who were working with iron crowbars upon the track. It was in a discussion that arose over this incident that I heard one of the most prominent of the Armenian bankers of the city say to the minister, who could not understand the sheeplike submission of a whole race to death, that every Armenian was ready to die, if assured that his death would arouse Europe to the extermination of the Turk. We had often heard this threat of national suicide, but could never before believe it. A letter from the venerable missionary, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, published in our Red Book for 1895, quoted it as coming from a leader of the revolution. Only after this experience was its appalling truth forced upon us.

As it was well established that the murderers were seeking none but Armenians, and were offering not the slightest injury to other Christians, we were also convinced of what it has been so hard for the Western world to understand. This is that these massacres were in no sense religious, but were wholly political. They had no connection with the Moslem church, except in so far as all political movements have their centre in the priesthood. Armenians were killed because the Turks were convinced that they were conspiring against the holy government; and they were permitted to be killed because that same holy government did not dare to add to its well-established unpopularity by interfering with its infuriated subjects. Undoubtedly the priesthood had much to do with inciting the murderers.

Thursday afternoon, convinced of the safety of all other Christians, Riddle and I, accompanied by Cabell, a young Virginian, a chance tourist in Constantinople, took a long walk, wholly undefended and unarmed, over into Stamboul, where we knew the massacre was still unrestrained. Here again we saw the silent groups and the dead bodies they left behind when they moved on. We also saw, to be perfectly just, bands of cavalry in the open places, dispersing the mobs with riding-whips. But never a Turkish soldier dared to fire on a ruffian. And the soldiers seemed totally blind to many murders that went on in the smaller side streets.

Thursday night the killing continued;

so, also, all night long, the rattle of the death carts through the streets carrying the dead to the burying trenches. Not until Friday night did the continual pressure of the ambassadors force the government to issue orders to the soldiers to fire on all mobs. Then the massacre came promptly to an end. A visit made on Saturday morning to the Armenian cemetery at Chichli gave the best idea of the awful extent of the deadly work. Here the American and the Belgian ministers estimated that they saw from fifteen hundred to two thousand bodies, laid out in long lines, awaiting the completion of the trenches. Many of them had been lying in the hot sun since Wednesday, and were so swollen that their arms and legs were thrust up stark and stiff into the air.

Is it to be wondered at that, after this experience, ordinary stories of suffering and death seemed trivial, and only the extraordinary moved us to attention? For weeks there was a constant stream of petitioners to the American Legation asking for protection and aid to leave the country. Since we had been directed by the government to give aid to all who could prove their American citizenship (many Armenians have secured naturalization from us, only to return home to live), as well as to the women relatives of Armenian citizens in America, the idea got abroad that we were befriending the whole race. Therefore hundreds who could establish no claim upon us were turned away, weeping and bitter. Every morning there were sure to be groups of them sitting about the hall of the Legation, awaiting the arrival of the minister. They all came to be of the same type, and to attract little of our attention.

One afternoon, on coming in from luncheon, I saw sitting just outside the minister's room, where so often I had seen the black-draped figures, widowed or childless, a large woman with a markedly strong face. She was not bowed down in grief, as many of them had been, but sat straight up, looking ahead as if she saw nothing of the passing visitors. If there was some ideal of incarnate motherhood about her, there was also a firm expression of self-reliance. Her story, I felt, would not be of the usual tearful type. Her clear eyes were of a sort that yields few tears. As she waited for an audience I watched her, convinced that hers would be no ordinary story.

I spoke to Lemme about her. Lemme knew all the prominent Armenians in town. "Oh yes," he said, "that is old Madame Manelian. I would have sworn that she was mixed up in the troubles in some way. She is a very famous character in Psamatia, and I heard the other day that all three of her sons were killed in the massacre. Her father was Agop Agopian, one of the best known Armenians in this country under the reign of Abdul Medjid. He was one of the Sultan's secretaries, and for a long time one of those favorites such as we still have, and who, as you know, are often the real power. He once saved the Sultan's life, when a young officer, for some grievance, attacked his Majesty. Agopian snatched a gun and killed the youngster. He grew old and rich and, it was said, very corrupt in the service. His daughter, the lady there in the hall, married Manelian, a professor in the military school near St. Sofia. At the time of the deposition of Murad in '76 Manelian was charged with fomenting a conspiracy among the students, and was sent to die at work on the fortifications somewhere on the frontier. Ever since then Madame Manelian has been very bitter, and does not hesitate to call down curses on the head of the present Sultan openly and everywhere. I wonder the authorities have not laid hands on her long before this."

This determined me to hear her story, and when I spoke to her she replied, as do most Armenians, in bad Levantine

French. Fortunately a prominent Armenian came in for a visit to the minister just at this time, and she was enabled to tell her story fluently in her own language, which he interpreted, as she went slowly along, in perfect English. It was written down that night into a long memorandum, and I am therefore able to give it here almost in her own language: —

"I come to ask your Excellency to be so graciously kind as to assist me, as you have assisted so many of my poor people, to leave this burial ground of our race. If I were a man I would stay here and fight for my rights. But I am only a poor woman, sixty years old. I have given my husband and my sons to the cause, and what more can a woman give? The police know me and watch me, but they do not dare to hurt me. The bloody monster of Yildiz, base as he is, will not allow them to touch me. He remembers what his father, Abdul Medjid, owed to my father Agopian. He would have arrested me, but he is superstitious and therefore frightened. My father saved his father's life; he fears that he would lose his own if I were harmed. I am safe. But my strength is almost gone; I have no further sons to urge against him; my days are almost run, and I would die in peace. My only remaining child, a daughter, is married and living in Bucharest; I come, therefore, to your Excellency, to ask your protection in leaving, and a small assistance which will enable me to reach Roumania."

Questioned as to what claim she had upon the United States, she knew of none. She understood that we were giving assistance to all Armenians who wished to leave. Assured that this was a mistake, she seemed very much disappointed, though she gave no sign of the tearful pleading usual at this point. But in his kindness the minister promised to use his good offices for her, and to do what he could, unofficially, to assist her departure. Then, because he was anxious to gather all the information possible concerning the massacres, he asked her of her experience. Very slowly and calmly, with but slight punctuation of sighs, she told this remarkable story: —

"I had no cause to raise my sons to love the Sultan. Their poor father was sent to cruel imprisonment and a slow death, only because he was a friend of the brave, good Murad, whose place this usurper now holds. They knew his history. But to save them I sent them away as soon as they had been properly educated. Serkis, the elder, went to Athens, where he followed his father's profession and taught. Hagop went first to Marseilles, then to Paris, and finally to Berne, where he was actively engaged in furthering the work of the revolutionary committee. But this, I assure your Excellency, was against my advice. Only Mardiros, their milk brother, the child of my sister, who died in giving him birth, remained with me. My daughter Anna was married two years ago. Almost before I knew it my boys became very much involved and very enthusiastic in the Huntchagist cause. The government knew it. The police came to see me and questioned me about them. They followed Mardiros, but he, poor boy, knew nothing of the cause until my sons returned.

"I was ignorant of their plans until one night in July they knocked at my door. I should never have known them, they were so grown and changed. Both had heavy beards, and their oldest friends passed them in the street unnoticed. We sat that whole night through talking of their plans. They had returned for a grand demonstration in favor of the reforms. Mardiros was soon their enthusiastic companion. He helped to conceal their presence; and he gave it out among the neighbors that I had taken in two of his companions of the Regie [tobacco monopoly] to board.

We thought we had completely deceived the police. Serkis and Hagop came and went undisturbed for a month. They were so brave and so unselfish. My pride in them was very great. I knew the whole plan. I had helped with my own hands to store the explosives in the cellar of my own house. They went out each night to meetings of the revolutionists, and spent the day in the manufacture of bombs, which Hagop had learned in Switzerland, and which he soon taught to Serkis and Mardiros. They planned that one band, as has come to pass, should seize the bank in Galata. Another, on the same day, was to occupy the great building of the administration of the Ottoman debt in Stamboul. In this last party were my boys. I saw them go forth on the morning of the day, and kissed them good-by as proudly as if they went to battle. I had well nursed my hatred through the long years; I almost wished, old woman that I am, to go with them. Then I waited.

"Now that I see more clearly than I did through the youthful enthusiasm of my boys' eyes, I believe that we are not a fit people for self-government. Long submission has propagated in us all the meaner vices, and the virtues have had little nourishment. I have long known we are a race despised by the world. My boys knew it also. They told me how the people in other countries judge Armenians; but they were filled with enthusiasm to prove their bravery and their honor, and I shared in their ardor. Now I have greater faith in the judgment of the world. In spite of the long cruelty of the Turks to my people as a race, in spite of what we have all suffered as individuals under the present reign, there were actually Armenians so base that for a little of the Sultan's gold they betrayed their brothers. Some there were who, attending all of the meetings, promptly made plain to the authorities all that passed. The government knew of the whole plan days before it came to be carried out. They could have prevented the whole demonstration. But it pleased them to permit the attack on the bank to be made, in order to justify in the eyes of the world a wholesale massacre. And they have well succeeded.

"It happened that one of the chief traitors was to lead the attack on the debt building. He failed to appear at the proper time, and sent messengers postponing the attack and deceiving my boys, who were there ready. Then came the news, like lightning, of the taking of the bank. My boys hurried home and thought themselves still safe. They little knew, as I know now, that the police, thanks to their traitorous colleagues, had been watching them for days. On the evening of Wednesday one of the chief police of Psamatia, at the head of a squad of soldiers, came to my house and demanded my sons. By this time the killing was well on in the streets, and all of our houses were closed. I opened a window in the upper story and denied that my sons were in the country. He replied that I was lying, and then began to tell me how long they had been there, what they had been doing, and even where they had been in the morning. The boys, who were listening behind me, knew then that some one had proven traitor. I still denied their presence. Then the officer ordered the men to batter in the door. They struck it not more than once, when Serkis seized some bombs which were under the divan and began to let them fall among the soldiers. Two, I think, were killed. But as they began to shoot I could no longer watch them. I ran to aid Mardiros in bringing the bombs from the cellar into the second story. Before we had carried them all upstairs the soldiers came back reinforced and the battle began again. One of their bullets made a fine hole for me to look through. How I rejoiced to

see the bragging police officer, who was directing the attack, die! Three times during the night they returned, and each time went back carrying their dead with them. None of us spoke a word. We all remained at our posts without food and without drink. We saw them kill the neighbors. They even set fire to the near-by houses in the hope of reaching ours. But, for a time at least, God was with us and the houses would not burn. Though none of us said a word of it during all that night and the next morning, we all seemed to know what was to be done. I have often wondered how the same idea came into the minds of all three of my boys, though there had been no plans for this circumstance beforehand. Meanwhile we all worked with a will, repulsing each attack as it was made, and killing I should say at least ten soldiers and wounding as many more. Turks are brave. They never fear death. When I was not watching I was distributing the ammunition in three little piles behind each of my boys. I also watched for an attack on the back door. It never came. We had but to open the wooden shutter for a moment whenever the soldiers tried to enter the door and let the bombs fall. The noise was so great as completely to deafen me. I remember wondering why the last made so little noise. There was a deep pit dug in front of the house where the bombs had fallen.

"It was just at sunset on Thursday when the last attack was made. I had not thought of the time when our ammunition would give out, but the boys had. They did not tell me, perhaps thinking that I would oppose them. I was trying to count the dead from the last bomb when I heard a different and a nearer report in the room. My first-born, Serkis, had shot himself in the temple. Then I saw to my horror that all of the ammunition was gone. I heard the blows of the soldiers raining upon the door, as I ran to pick up my dying son. I had not noticed that Hagop had taken the pistol from his hand until another shot in the room took my eyes from Serkis. Hagop lay at my feet. He died immediately. None of us said a word. The blows came thicker and thicker upon the door below, but it was strong. I saw little Mardiros take the pistol out of Hagop's hand, and I did not try to stop him. He looked straight at me and smiled as he pressed the barrel against his temple. I did not seem to hear the sound of the shot that killed him, for there was a great crashing noise made by the falling in of the door. I heard them entering below with loud hurrahs and curses. Serkis' head was in my lap. As I heard them searching downstairs, I put out all my strength and drew my other dead babies to me, and, leaning my back against the wall, pillowed their heads in my lap. I was smoothing their hair with my fingers when the soldiers entered the room. It was nearly dark, and one held a lighted torch. Five or six of them came, but somehow they all stopped as soon as they saw us. They stood there for some time looking at me, saying nothing, and I spoke not to them, but I smoothed the hair of my boys. Then one said, 'Leave the old she-dog alone with her dead puppies.' And they went away."

We all sat for some minutes in silence after the story was told. The desolate mother had the same clear look in her eyes, wherein was never a tear. She scarcely breathed a sigh, but the interpreter was weeping softly, — weeping, I suppose, over this fine remaining monument of his degenerate race. And surely such a one should leaven a multitude despised!

Chalmers Roberts.

SALUTATION.

To Nicholas II.

1898.

Salute the soul that dares, though royal born,
Become knight errant of the hope forlorn;
Disdain the sneer that curls the curving lip,
Arrest a world's doubt by the sceptre tip.
As sure as crawling slug within the wood,
The lowest reading of the highest mood.
As surely as the skies the caverns crown,
The noble deed shall live the base thought down.
As certain as the dawn to stir the dark,
The arrow of the age flies to its mark.
Dividing years and years to be shall know
Whose was the hand that held and bent the bow.
Now, then, and ever well the great law wears:
All souls high-born salute the soul that dares.

. . . . . .

Mighty the voices of powers
Pent in the prisoned world;
Mighty the forces of nations,
Peoples on peoples hurled.
Strong are the hands of the masters
Moulding the minds of men;
Gray is the wisdom of statecraft,
Old is the poisoned pen.

Mightier the cry of the human
Wakening from his sleep;
Mightier the woe of the ages
Wailing up from the deep.
Stronger the ache of the yearning
Arms that were torn apart;
Wiser the science of loving,
Older the smitten heart.

Policy, thronecraft, and deathcraft,
Cursèd and choked with blood;
Codes and traditions, delusions,
Evil intent for good, —
Great was your day. But there cometh
Greater than that, or this.
Lean on the strength of the State, where
Peace the archangel is.

Deep is the truth as mid-ether,
Fixed as the suns above;
Laurels of death bud no roses
Of joy and of gentle love.
Challenge the drum-throbs to tell it!
Bugles, oh, sing it wild!
Worth the world, dear are the kisses
Of wife and of clinging child.

Spirits of men who have yielded
Hopes of their youth and prime;
Scorning for flag and for country
Dreams and the deeds of time, —
An army invincible marcheth,
Moveth with soundless tramp,
Glittering, and serried, and awful,
Out of an unknown camp.

"Where are the visions we died for?
Gone with the gift of breath;
Dim as the standards we followed.
Grant us the rights of death!
Blood-bought the protest we enter;
Crimson, our brief is unfurled.
Who hears the vanished complainants
Hushed in the courts of the world?

"Nay! Add no more to our legions!
Piteous their number rolls.
Ghosts of the slaughtered quintillions, —
Countless the sum of our souls.
We, doomed by a brutal beast doctrine
Blind from its hated birth,
Arraign it! arraign it! appealing
Up from the courts of the earth."

But vaster another pale army, —
Fearful their ranks appear;
Sweeping on, sacred, resistless,
The broken of heart draw near.
Phalanxes terrible, gentle,
Crying with outstretched hands:
"Alas, for the anguish of women,
Wide as the seas and sands!

"Sobs of the wife, of the mother,
Moans of the widowed maid;
Our soldiers did sleep in their trenches.
We have lived on," they said.

"Ancient our suit is. Present it.
Who rights us, desolate?
Man's is the crime: we arraign him.
God's is the bar: we wait."

. . . . . .

Compassionate of soul! Fused from an iron race,
Elect of heaven and thine own heart, sustain the case.
Peace, conquering, warred with war within thy regal veins;
The bounding artery of mercy strong remains.
Be blest! For grateful tears of living and of dead
Shall melt and mist into a rainbow round thy head.
Crown of the Romanoffs on colder brows has shone;
But *this*, of all thy House, thou proudly wear'st alone.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A NEGRO SCHOOLMASTER IN THE NEW SOUTH.

Once upon a time I taught school in the hills of Tennessee, where the broad dark vale of the Mississippi begins to roll and crumple to greet the Alleghanies. I was a Fisk student then, and all Fisk men think that Tennessee — beyond the Veil — is theirs alone, and in vacation time they sally forth in lusty bands to meet the county school commissioners. Young and happy, I too went, and I shall not soon forget that summer, ten years ago.

First, there was a teachers' Institute at the county-seat; and there distinguished guests of the superintendent taught the teachers fractions and spelling and other mysteries, — white teachers in the morning, Negroes at night. A picnic now and then, and a supper, and the rough world was softened by laughter and song. I remember how — But I wander.

There came a day when all the teachers left the Institute, and began the hunt for schools. I learn from hearsay (for my mother was mortally afraid of firearms) that the hunting of ducks and bears and men is wonderfully interesting, but I am sure that the man who has never hunted a country school has something to learn of the pleasures of the chase. I see now the white, hot roads lazily rise and fall and wind before me under the burning July sun; I feel the deep weariness of heart and limb, as ten, eight, six miles stretch relentlessly ahead; I feel my heart sink heavily as I hear again and again, "Got a teacher? Yes." So I walked on and on, — horses were too expensive, — until I had wandered beyond railways, beyond stage lines, to a land of "varmints" and rattlesnakes, where the coming of a stranger was an event, and men lived and died in the shadow of one blue hill.

Sprinkled over hill and dale lay cabins and farmhouses, shut out from the world by the forests and the rolling hills toward the east. There I found at last a little school. Josie told me of it; she was a thin, homely girl of twenty, with a dark brown face and thick, hard hair. I had crossed the stream at Watertown, and rested under the great willows; then I had gone to the little cabin in the lot where Josie was resting on her way to town. The gaunt farmer made me welcome, and Josie, hearing my errand, told me anxiously that they wanted a school over the hill; that but once since the war had a teacher been there;

that she herself longed to learn, — and thus she ran on, talking fast and loud, with much earnestness and energy.

Next morning I crossed the tall round hill, lingered to look at the blue and yellow mountains stretching toward the Carolinas ; then I plunged into the wood, and came out at Josie's home. It was a dull frame cottage with four rooms, perched just below the brow of the hill, amid peach trees. The father was a quiet, simple soul, calmly ignorant, with no touch of vulgarity. The mother was different, — strong, bustling, and energetic, with a quick, restless tongue, and an ambition to live "like folks." There was a crowd of children. Two boys had gone away. There remained two growing girls; a shy midget of eight; John, tall, awkward, and eighteen ; Jim, younger, quicker, and better looking; and two babies of indefinite age. Then there was Josie herself. She seemed to be the centre of the family : always busy at service or at home, or berry-picking ; a little nervous and inclined to scold, like her mother, yet faithful, too, like her father. She had about her a certain fineness, the shadow of an unconscious moral heroism that would willingly give all of life to make life broader, deeper, and fuller for her and hers. I saw much of this family afterward, and grew to love them for their honest efforts to be decent and comfortable, and for their knowledge of their own ignorance. There was with them no affectation. The mother would scold the father for being so "easy ;" Josie would roundly rate the boys for carelessness ; and all knew that it was a hard thing to dig a living out of a rocky side hill.

I secured the school. I remember the day I rode horseback out to the commissioner's house, with a pleasant young white fellow, who wanted the white school. The road ran down the bed of a stream ; the sun laughed and the water jingled, and we rode on. "Come in," said the commissioner, — "come in. Have a seat. Yes, that certificate will do. Stay to dinner. What do you want a month ? " Oh, thought I, this is lucky ; but even then fell the awful shadow of the Veil, for they ate first, then I — alone.

The schoolhouse was a log hut, where Colonel Wheeler used to shelter his corn. It sat in a lot behind a rail fence and thorn bushes, near the sweetest of springs. There was an entrance where a door once was, and within, a massive rickety fireplace ; great chinks between the logs served as windows. Furniture was scarce. A pale blackboard crouched in the corner. My desk was made of three boards, reinforced at critical points, and my chair, borrowed from the landlady, had to be returned every night. Seats for the children, — these puzzled me much. I was haunted by a New England vision of neat little desks and chairs, but, alas, the reality was rough plank benches without backs, and at times without legs. They had the one virtue of making naps dangerous, — possibly fatal, for the floor was not to be trusted.

It was a hot morning late in July when the school opened. I trembled when I heard the patter of little feet down the dusty road, and saw the growing row of dark solemn faces and bright eager eyes facing me. First came Josie and her brothers and sisters. The longing to know, to be a student in the great school at Nashville, hovered like a star above this child woman amid her work and worry, and she studied doggedly. There were the Dowells from their farm over toward Alexandria : Fanny, with her smooth black face and wondering eyes ; Martha, brown and dull ; the pretty girl wife of a brother, and the younger brood. There were the Burkes, two brown and yellow lads, and a tiny haughty-eyed girl. Fat Reuben's little chubby girl came, with golden face and old gold hair, faithful and solemn. 'Thenie was on hand early, — a jolly, ugly, good-hearted girl, who slyly dipped snuff and looked

after her little bow-legged brother. When her mother could spare her, 'Tildy came, — a midnight beauty, with starry eyes and tapering limbs; and her brother, correspondingly homely. And then the big boys: the hulking Lawrences; the lazy Neills, unfathered sons of mother and daughter; Hickman, with a stoop in his shoulders; and the rest.

There they sat, nearly thirty of them, on the rough benches, their faces shading from a pale cream to a deep brown, the little feet bare and swinging, the eyes full of expectation, with here and there a twinkle of mischief, and the hands grasping Webster's blue-back spelling-book. I loved my school, and the fine faith the children had in the wisdom of their teacher was truly marvelous. We read and spelled together, wrote a little, picked flowers, sang, and listened to stories of the world beyond the hill. At times the school would dwindle away, and I would start out. I would visit Mun Eddings, who lived in two very dirty rooms, and ask why little Lugene, whose flaming face seemed ever ablaze with the dark red hair uncombed, was absent all last week, or why I missed so often the inimitable rags of Mack and Ed. Then the father, who worked Colonel Wheeler's farm on shares, would tell me how the crops needed the boys; and the thin, slovenly mother, whose face was pretty when washed, assured me that Lugene must mind the baby. "But we 'll start them again next week." When the Lawrences stopped, I knew that the doubts of the old folks about book-learning had conquered again, and so, toiling up the hill, and getting as far into the cabin as possible, I put Cicero pro Archia Poeta into the simplest English with local applications, and usually convinced them — for a week or so.

On Friday nights I often went home with some of the children; sometimes to Doc Burke's farm. He was a great, loud, thin Black, ever working, and trying to buy the seventy-five acres of hill and dale where he lived; but people said that he would surely fail, and the "white folks would get it all." His wife was a magnificent Amazon, with saffron face and shining hair, uncorseted and barefooted, and the children were strong and beautiful. They lived in a one-and-a-half-room cabin in the hollow of the farm, near the spring. The front room was full of great fat white beds, scrupulously neat; and there were bad chromos on the walls, and a tired centre-table. In the tiny back kitchen I was often invited to "take out and help" myself to fried chicken and wheat biscuit, "meat" and corn pone, string beans and berries. At first I used to be a little alarmed at the approach of bedtime in the one lone bedroom, but embarrassment was very deftly avoided. First, all the children nodded and slept, and were stowed away in one great pile of goose feathers; next, the mother and the father discreetly slipped away to the kitchen while I went to bed; then, blowing out the dim light, they retired in the dark. In the morning all were up and away before I thought of awaking. Across the road, where fat Reuben lived, they all went outdoors while the teacher retired, because they did not boast the luxury of a kitchen.

I liked to stay with the Dowells, for they had four rooms and plenty of good country fare. Uncle Bird had a small, rough farm, all woods and hills, miles from the big road; but he was full of tales, — he preached now and then, — and with his children, berries, horses, and wheat he was happy and prosperous. Often, to keep the peace, I must go where life was less lovely; for instance, 'Tildy's mother was incorrigibly dirty, Reuben's larder was limited seriously, and herds of untamed bedbugs wandered over the Eddingses' beds. Best of all I loved to go to Josie's, and sit on the porch, eating peaches, while the mother bustled and talked: how Josie had bought the sewing-machine; how

Josie worked at service in winter, but that four dollars a month was "mighty little" wages; how Josie longed to go away to school, but that it "looked like" they never could get far enough ahead to let her; how the crops failed and the well was yet unfinished; and, finally, how "mean" some of the white folks were.

For two summers I lived in this little world; it was dull and humdrum. The girls looked at the hill in wistful longing, and the boys fretted, and haunted Alexandria. Alexandria was "town," — a straggling, lazy village of houses, churches, and shops, and an aristocracy of Toms, Dicks, and Captains. Cuddled on the hill to the north was the village of the colored folks, who lived in three or four room unpainted cottages, some neat and homelike, and some dirty. The dwellings were scattered rather aimlessly, but they centred about the twin temples of the hamlet, the Methodist and the Hard-Shell Baptist churches. These, in turn, leaned gingerly on a sad-colored schoolhouse. Hither my little world wended its crooked way on Sunday to meet other worlds, and gossip, and wonder, and make the weekly sacrifice with frenzied priest at the altar of the "old-time religion." Then the soft melody and mighty cadences of Negro song fluttered and thundered.

I have called my tiny community a world, and so its isolation made it; and yet there was among us but a half-awakened common consciousness, sprung from common joy and grief, at burial, birth, or wedding; from a common hardship in poverty, poor land, and low wages; and, above all, from the sight of the Veil that hung between us and Opportunity. All this caused us to think some thoughts together; but these, when ripe for speech, were spoken in various languages. Those whose eyes thirty and more years before had seen "the glory of the coming of the Lord" saw in every present hindrance or help a dark fatalism bound to bring all things right in His own good time. The mass of those to whom slavery was a dim recollection of childhood found the world a puzzling thing: it asked little of them, and they answered with little, and yet it ridiculed their offering. Such a paradox they could not understand, and therefore sank into listless indifference, or shiftlessness, or reckless bravado. There were, however, some such as Josie, Jim, and Ben, — they to whom War, Hell, and Slavery were but childhood tales, whose young appetites had been whetted to an edge by school and story and half-awakened thought. Ill could they be content, born without and beyond the World. And their weak wings beat against their barriers, — barriers of caste, of youth, of life; at last, in dangerous moments, against everything that opposed even a whim.

The ten years that follow youth, the years when first the realization comes that life is leading somewhere, — these were the years that passed after I left my little school. When they were past, I came by chance once more to the walls of Fisk University, to the halls of the chapel of melody. As I lingered there in the joy and pain of meeting old school friends, there swept over me a sudden longing to pass again beyond the blue hill, and to see the homes and the school of other days, and to learn how life had gone with my school-children; and I went.

Josie was dead, and the gray-haired mother said simply, "We 've had a heap of trouble since you 've been away." I had feared for Jim. With a cultured parentage and a social caste to uphold him, he might have made a venturesome merchant or a West Point cadet. But here he was, angry with life and reckless; and when Farmer Durham charged him with stealing wheat, the old man had to ride fast to escape the stones which the furious fool hurled after him. They told

Jim to run away; but he would not run, and the constable came that afternoon. It grieved Josie, and great awkward John walked nine miles every day to see his little brother through the bars of Lebanon jail. At last the two came back together in the dark night. The mother cooked supper, and Josie emptied her purse, and the boys stole away. Josie grew thin and silent, yet worked the more. The hill became steep for the quiet old father, and with the boys away there was little to do in the valley. Josie helped them sell the old farm, and they moved nearer town. Brother Dennis, the carpenter, built a new house with six rooms; Josie toiled a year in Nashville, and brought back ninety dollars to furnish the house and change it to a home.

When the spring came, and the birds twittered, and the stream ran proud and full, little sister Lizzie, bold and thoughtless, flushed with the passion of youth, bestowed herself on the tempter, and brought home a nameless child. Josie shivered, and worked on, with the vision of schooldays all fled, with a face wan and tired, — worked until, on a summer's day, some one married another; then Josie crept to her mother like a hurt child, and slept — and sleeps.

I paused to scent the breeze as I entered the valley. The Lawrences have gone; father and son forever, and the other son lazily digs in the earth to live. A new young widow rents out their cabin to fat Reuben. Reuben is a Baptist preacher now, but I fear as lazy as ever, though his cabin has three rooms; and little Ella has grown into a bouncing woman, and is ploughing corn on the hot hillside. There are babies a plenty, and one half-witted girl. Across the valley is a house I did not know before, and there I found, rocking one baby and expecting another, one of my schoolgirls, a daughter of Uncle Bird Dowell. She looked somewhat worried with her new duties, but soon bristled into pride over her neat cabin, and the tale of her thrifty husband, the horse and cow, and the farm they were planning to buy.

My log schoolhouse was gone. In its place stood Progress, and Progress, I understand, is necessarily ugly. The crazy foundation stones still marked the former site of my poor little cabin, and not far away, on six weary boulders, perched a jaunty board house, perhaps twenty by thirty feet, with three windows and a door that locked. Some of the window glass was broken, and part of an old iron stove lay mournfully under the house. I peeped through the window half reverently, and found things that were more familiar. The blackboard had grown by about two feet, and the seats were still without backs. The county owns the lot now, I hear, and every year there is a session of school. As I sat by the spring and looked on the Old and the New I felt glad, very glad, and yet —

After two long drinks I started on. There was the great double log house on the corner. I remembered the broken, blighted family that used to live there. The strong, hard face of the mother, with its wilderness of hair, rose before me. She had driven her husband away, and while I taught school a strange man lived there, big and jovial, and people talked. I felt sure that Ben and 'Tildy would come to naught from such a home. But this is an odd world; for Ben is a busy farmer in Smith County, "doing well, too," they say, and he had cared for little 'Tildy until last spring, when a lover married her. A hard life the lad had led, toiling for meat, and laughed at because he was homely and crooked. There was Sam Carlon, an impudent old skinflint, who had definite notions about niggers, and hired Ben a summer and would not pay him. Then the hungry boy gathered his sacks together, and in broad daylight went into Carlon's corn; and when the hard-fisted farmer set upon him, the angry boy flew at him

like a beast. Doc Burke saved a murder and a lynching that day.

The story reminded me again of the Burkes, and an impatience seized me to know who won in the battle, Doc or the seventy-five acres. For it is a hard thing to make a farm out of nothing, even in fifteen years. So I hurried on, thinking of the Burkes. They used to have a certain magnificent barbarism about them that I liked. They were never vulgar, never immoral, but rather rough and primitive, with an unconventionality that spent itself in loud guffaws, slaps on the back, and naps in the corner. I hurried by the cottage of the misborn Neill boys. It was empty, and they were grown into fat, lazy farm hands. I saw the home of the Hickmans, but Albert, with his stooping shoulders, had passed from the world. Then I came to the Burkes' gate and peered through; the inclosure looked rough and untrimmed, and yet there were the same fences around the old farm save to the left, where lay twenty-five other acres. And lo! the cabin in the hollow had climbed the hill and swollen to a half-finished six-room cottage.

The Burkes held a hundred acres, but they were still in debt. Indeed, the gaunt father who toiled night and day would scarcely be happy out of debt, being so used to it. Some day he must stop, for his massive frame is showing decline. The mother wore shoes, but the lionlike physique of other days was broken. The children had grown up. Rob, the image of his father, was loud and rough with laughter. Birdie, my school baby of six, had grown to a picture of maiden beauty, tall and tawny. "Edgar is gone," said the mother, with head half bowed, — "gone to work in Nashville; he and his father could n't agree."

Little Doc, the boy born since the time of my school, took me horseback down the creek next morning toward Farmer Dowell's. The road and the stream were battling for mastery, and the stream had the better of it. We splashed and waded, and the merry boy, perched behind me, chattered and laughed. He showed me where Simon Thompson had bought a bit of ground and a home; but his daughter Lana, a plump, brown, slow girl, was not there. She had married a man and a farm twenty miles away. We wound on down the stream till we came to a gate that I did not recognize, but the boy insisted that it was "Uncle Bird's." The farm was fat with the growing crop. In that little valley was a strange stillness as I rode up; for death and marriage had stolen youth, and left age and childhood there. We sat and talked that night, after the chores were done. Uncle Bird was grayer, and his eyes did not see so well, but he was still jovial. We talked of the acres bought, — one hundred and twenty-five, — of the new guest chamber added, of Martha's marrying. Then we talked of death: Fanny and Fred were gone; a shadow hung over the other daughter, and when it lifted she was to go to Nashville to school. At last we spoke of the neighbors, and as night fell Uncle Bird told me how, on a night like that, 'Thenie came wandering back to her home over yonder, to escape the blows of her husband. And next morning she died in the home that her little bow-legged brother, working and saving, had bought for their widowed mother.

My journey was done, and behind me lay hill and dale, and Life and Death. How shall man measure Progress there where the dark-faced Josie lies? How many heartfuls of sorrow shall balance a bushel of wheat? How hard a thing is life to the lowly, and yet how human and real! And all this life and love and strife and failure, — is it the twilight of nightfall or the flush of some faint-dawning day?

Thus sadly musing, I rode to Nashville in the Jim Crow car.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

THE CORPS OF PAGES.

IV.

THE years 1857–61 were years of rich growth in the intellectual forces of Russia. All that had been whispered for the last decade, in the secrecy of friendly meetings, by the generation represented in Russian literature by Turguéneff, Tolstoy, Hérzen, Bakúnin, Ogaróff, Kavélin, Dostoévsky, Grigoróvich, Ostróvsky, and Nekrásoff, began now to leak out in the press. Censorship was still very rigorous; but what could not be said openly in political articles was smuggled in under the form of novels, humorous sketches, or veiled comments on west European events, and every one read between the lines and understood.

Having no acquaintances at St. Petersburg apart from the school and a narrow circle of relatives, I stood outside the radical movement of those years, — miles, in fact, away from it. And yet, this was, perhaps, the main feature of the movement, — that it had the power to penetrate into so "well meaning" a school as our corps was, and to find an echo in such a circle as that of my Moscow relatives.

I used at that time to spend my Sundays and holidays at the house of my aunt, mentioned in a previous chapter under the name of Princess Mírski. Prince Mírski thought only of extraordinary lunches and dinners, while his wife and their young daughter led a very gay life. My cousin was a beautiful girl of nineteen, of a most amiable disposition, and nearly all her male cousins were madly in love with her. She, in turn, fell in love with one of them, and wanted to marry him. But to marry a cousin is considered a great sin by the Russian Church, and the old princess tried in vain to obtain a special permission from the high ecclesiastical dignitaries. Now she brought her daughter to St. Petersburg, hoping that she might choose among her many admirers a more suitable husband than her own cousin. It was labor lost, I must add; but their fashionable apartment was full of brilliant young men from the Guards and from the diplomatic service.

Such a house would be the last to be thought of in connection with revolutionary ideas; and yet it was in that house that I made my first acquaintance with the revolutionary literature of the times. The great refugee, Hérzen, had just begun to issue at London his review, The Polar Star, which made a commotion in Russia, even in the palace circles, and was widely circulated secretly at St. Petersburg. My cousin got it in some way, and we used to read it together. Her heart revolted against the obstacles which were put in the way of her happiness, and her mind was the more open to the powerful criticisms which the great writer launched against the Russian autocracy and all the rotten system of misgovernment. With a feeling near to worship I used to look on the medallion which was printed on the paper cover of The Polar Star, and which represented the noble heads of the five "Decembrists" whom Nicholas I. had hanged after the rebellion of December 14, 1825, — Bestúzheff, Kahóvskiy, Péstel, Ryléeff, and Muravióv-Apóstol.

The beauty of the style of Hérzen, — of whom Turguéneff has truly said that he wrote in tears and blood, and that no other Russian had ever so written, — the breadth of his ideas, and his deep love of Russia took possession of me, and I used to read and re-read those pages, even more full of heart than of brain.

In 1859, or early in 1860, I began to edit my first revolutionary paper. At that age, what could I be but a constitutionalist? — and my paper advocated the necessity of a constitution for Russia. I wrote about the foolish expenses of the court, the sums of money which were spent at Nice to keep quite a squadron of the navy in attendance on the dowager Empress, who died in 1860; I mentioned the misdeeds of the functionaries which I continually heard spoken of, and I urged the necessity of constitutional rule. I wrote three copies of my paper, and slipped them into the desks of three comrades of the higher forms, who, I thought, might be interested in public affairs. I asked my readers to put their remarks behind the Scotch grandfather clock in our library.

With a throbbing heart, I went next day to see if there was something for me behind the clock. Two notes were there, indeed. Two comrades wrote that they fully sympathized with my paper, and only advised me not to risk too much. I wrote my second number, still more vigorously insisting upon the necessity of uniting all forces in the name of liberty. But this time there was no reply behind the clock. Instead the two comrades came to me.

"We are sure," they said, "that it is you who edit the paper, and we want to talk about it. We are quite agreed with you, and we are here to say, 'Let us be friends.' Your paper has done its work, — it has brought us together; but there is no need to continue it. In all the school there are only two more who would take any interest in such matters, while if it becomes known that there is a paper of this kind the consequences will be terrible for all of us. Let us constitute a circle and talk about everything; perhaps we shall put something into the heads of a few others."

This was so sensible that I had to agree, and we sealed our union by a hearty shaking of hands. From that time we three became firm friends, and used to read a great deal together and discuss all sorts of things.

The abolition of serfdom was the question which then engrossed the attention of all thinking men.

The revolution of 1848 had had its distant echo in the hearts of the Russian peasant folk, and from the year 1850 the insurrections of revolted serfs began to take serious proportions. When the Crimean war broke out, and militia was levied all over Russia, these revolts spread with a violence never before heard of. Several serf-owners were killed by their serfs, and the peasant uprisings became so serious that whole regiments, with artillery, were sent to quell them, whereas in former times small detachments of soldiers would have been sufficient to terrorize the peasants into obedience.

These outbreaks on the one side, and the profound aversion to serfdom which had grown up in the generation which came to the front with the advent of Alexander II. to the throne, rendered the emancipation of the peasants more and more imperative. The Emperor, himself averse to serfdom, and supported, or rather influenced, in his own family by his wife, his brother Constantine, and the Grand Duchess Hélène Pávlovna, took the first steps in that direction. His intention was that the initiative of the reform should come from the nobility, the serf-owners themselves. But in no province of Russia could the nobility be induced to send a petition to the Tsar to that effect. In March, 1856, he himself addressed the Moscow nobility on the necessity of such a step; but a stubborn silence was all their reply to his speech, so that Alexander II., growing quite angry, concluded with those memorable words of Hérzen: "It is better, gentlemen, that it should come from above than to wait till it comes from beneath." Even these words had no effect,

and it was to the provinces of Old Poland, — Gródno, Wílno, and Kóvno, — where Napoleon I. had abolished serfdom (on paper) in 1812, that recourse was had. The governor-general of those provinces, Nazímoff, managed to obtain the desired address from the Polish nobility. In November, 1857, the famous "rescript" to the governor-general of the Lithuanian provinces, announcing the intention of the Emperor to abolish serfdom, was launched, and we read, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful article of Hérzen, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean," in which the refugees at London declared that they would no more look upon Alexander II. as an enemy, but would support him in the great work of emancipation.

The attitude of the peasants was extraordinary. No sooner had the news spread that the long-sighed-for liberation was coming than the insurrections nearly stopped. The peasants waited now, and during a journey which Alexander made in Middle Russia they flocked around him as he passed, beseeching him to grant them liberty, — a petition, however, which Alexander received with great repugnance. It is most remarkable — so strong is the force of tradition — that the rumor went among the peasants that it was Napoleon III. who had required of the Tsar, in the treaty of peace, that the peasants should be freed. I frequently heard this rumor; and on the very eve of the emancipation they seemed to doubt that it would be done without pressure from abroad. "Nothing will be done unless Garibaldi comes," was the reply which a peasant made at St. Petersburg to a comrade of mine who talked to him about "freedom coming."

But after these moments of general rejoicing years of incertitude and disquiet followed. Specially appointed committees in the provinces and at St. Petersburg discussed the proposed liberation of the serfs, but the intentions of Alexander II. seemed unsettled. A check was continually put upon the press, in order to prevent it from discussing details. Sinister rumors circulated at St. Petersburg and reached our corps.

There was no lack of young men amongst the nobility who earnestly worked for a frank abolition of the old servitude; but the serfdom party drew closer and closer round the Emperor, and got power over his mind. They whispered into his ears that, the day serfdom was abolished, the peasants would begin to kill the landlords wholesale, and Russia would witness a new Pugachóff uprising, far more terrible than that of 1773. Alexander, who was a man of weak character and not overcourageous, — he always lived in the fear of sharing the fate of Louis XVI., — only too readily lent his ear to such predictions. But the huge machine for working out the emancipation law had been set to work. The committees had their sittings; scores of schemes of emancipation, addressed to the Emperor, circulated in manuscript or were printed at London. Hérzen, seconded by Turguéneff, who kept him well informed about all that was going on in government circles, presented in his Bell and Polar Star the details of the various schemes, and Chernyshévsky in the Contemporary. The Slavophiles, especially Aksákoff and Bélyáeff, had taken advantage of the first moments of relative freedom allowed the press to give the matter a wide publicity in Russia, and to discuss the features of the emancipation with a thorough understanding of its technical aspects. All intellectual St. Petersburg was with Hérzen, and particularly with Chernyshévsky, and I remember how the officers of the Horse Guards, whom I saw on Sundays, after the church parade, at the home of my cousin (Dmitri Nikoláevich Kropótkin, who was aide-de-camp of that regiment and aide-de-camp of the Emperor), used to side with Chernyshévsky, the leader of the most advanced party in the emancipation struggle. The

whole disposition of St. Petersburg, in the drawing-rooms and in the street, was such that it was impossible to go back. The liberation of the serfs had to be accomplished; and another important point was won, — the liberated serfs would receive, besides their homesteads, the land that they had hitherto cultivated for themselves.

However, the party of the old nobility were not discouraged. They centred their efforts on obtaining a postponement of the reform, on reducing the size of the allotments, and on imposing upon the emancipated serfs so high a redemption tax for the land that it would render their economical freedom illusory; and in this they fully succeeded. Alexander II. dismissed the real soul of the whole business, Nicholas Milútin (brother of the minister of war), saying to him, "I am so sorry to part with you, but I must: the nobility describe you as one of the Reds." The first committees, which had worked out the scheme of emancipation, were dismissed, too, and new committees revised the whole work in the interest of the serf-owners; the press was muzzled once more.

Things assumed a very gloomy aspect. The question whether the liberation would take place at all was now asked. I feverishly followed the struggle, and every Sunday, when my comrades returned from their homes, I asked them what their parents said. By the end of 1860 the news became worse and worse. "The Valúeff party has taken the upper hand." "They intend to revise the whole work." "The relatives of the Princess X. [a friend of the Tsar] work hard upon him." "The liberation will be postponed: they fear a revolution."

In January, 1861, slightly better rumors began to circulate, and it was generally hoped that something would be heard of the emancipation on the day of the Emperor's accession to the throne, the 19th of February.

The 19th came, but it brought nothing with it. I was on that day at the palace. There was no grand levee, only a small one; and pages of the second form were sent to such levees in order to get accustomed to the palace ways. It was my turn that day; and as I was seeing off one of the grand duchesses who came to the palace to assist at the mass, her husband did not appear, and I went to fetch him. He was called out of the Emperor's study, and I told him, in a half jocose way, of the perplexity of his wife, without having the slightest suspicion of the important matters that may have been talked of in the study at that time. Apart from a few of the initiated, no one in the palace suspected that the manifesto had been signed on the 19th of February, and was kept back for a fortnight only because the next Sunday, the 26th, was the beginning of the carnival week, and it was feared that, owing to the drinking which goes on in the villages during the carnival, peasant insurrections might break out. Even the carnival fair, which used to be held at St. Petersburg, on the square near the winter palace, was removed that year to another square, from fear of a popular insurrection in the capital; and most terrible instructions had been issued to the army as to the ways of repressing peasant uprisings.

A fortnight later, on the last Sunday of the carnival (March 5, or rather March 17, new style), I was at the corps, having to take part in the military parade at the riding-school. I was still in bed, when my soldier servant, Ivánoff, dashed in with the tea tray, exclaiming, "Prince, freedom! The manifesto is posted on the Gostínoi Dvor" (the shops opposite the corps).

"Did you see it yourself?"

"Yes. People stand round; one reads, the others listen. It *is* freedom!"

In a couple of minutes I was dressed, and out. A comrade was coming in.

"Kropótkin, freedom!" he shouted.

"Here is the manifesto. My uncle learned last night that it would be read at the early mass at the Isaac Cathedral; so we went. There were not many people there; peasants only. The manifesto was read and distributed after the mass. When I came out of the church, two peasants, who stood in the gateway, said to me in such a droll way, 'Well, sir? now — gone?'" And he mimicked how they had shown him the way out. Years of expectation were in that gesture of sending away the master.

I read and re-read the manifesto. It was written in an elevated style by the old Metropolitan of Moscow, Philarète, but with a useless mixture of Russian and Old Slavonian which obscured the sense. It was liberty; but it was not liberty yet, the peasants having to remain serfs for two years more, till the 19th of February, 1863. Despite all that, one thing was evident: serfdom was abolished, and the liberated serfs would get the land and their homesteads. They would have to pay for it, but the old stain of slavery was removed. They would be slaves no more; the reaction had *not* got the upper hand.

We went to the parade; and when all the military performances were over, Alexander II., remaining on horseback, loudly called out, "The gentlemen officers to me!" They gathered round him, and he began, in a loud voice, a speech about the great event of the day.

"The gentlemen officers . . . the representatives of the nobility in the army" — these scraps of sentences reached our ears — "an end has been put to centuries of injustice . . . I expect sacrifices from the nobility . . . the loyal nobility will gather round the throne" . . . and so on. Enthusiastic hurrahs resounded amongst the officers as he ended, and all at once — against all discipline — the hurrahs broke out from the ranks of the military schools and the soldiers.

We ran rather than marched back on our way to the corps, — hurrying to be in time for the Italian opera, of which the last performance in the season was to be given that afternoon; some manifestation was sure to take place then. Our military attire was flung off with great haste, and several of us dashed, lightfooted, to the sixth-story gallery. The house was crowded.

During the first entr'acte the smoking-room of the opera filled with excited youth, who all talked to one another, whether acquainted or not. We planned at once to return to the hall, and to sing, with the whole public in a mass choir, the hymn God Save the Tsar.

Sounds of music reached our ears, and we all hurried back to the hall. The band of the opera was already playing the hymn, which was drowned immediately in enthusiastic hurrahs coming from all parts of the hall. I saw Bavéri, the conductor of the band, waving his stick, but not a sound could be heard from the powerful band. Then Bavéri stopped, but the hurrahs continued. I saw the stick waved again in the air; I saw the fiddle bows moving, and musicians blowing the brass instruments, but again the sound of voices overwhelmed the band. Bavéri began conducting the hymn once more, and it was only by the end of that third repetition that isolated sounds of the brass instruments pierced through the clamor of human voices.

The same enthusiasm was in the streets. Crowds of peasants and educated men stood in front of the palace, shouting hurrahs, and the Tsar could not appear without being followed by demonstrative crowds running after his carriage. Hérzen was right when, two years later, as Alexander was drowning the Polish insurrection in blood, and "Muravióff the Hanger" was strangling it on the scaffold, he wrote, "Alexander Nikoláevich, why did you not die on that day? Your name would have been transmitted in history as that of a hero."

Where were the uprisings which had

been predicted by the champions of slavery? Conditions more indefinite than those which had been created by Polozhénie (the emancipation law) could not have been invented. If anything could have provoked revolts, it was precisely the perplexing vagueness of the conditions created by the new law. And yet, except in two places where there were insurrections, and a very few other spots where small disturbances, entirely due to misunderstandings and immediately appeased, took place, Russia remained quiet, — more quiet than ever. With their usual good sense, the peasants had understood that serfdom was done away with, that "freedom had come," and they accepted the conditions imposed upon them, although these conditions were very heavy.

I was in Nikólskoye in August, 1861, and again in the summer of 1862, and I was struck with the quiet, intelligent way in which the peasants had accepted the new conditions. They knew perfectly well how difficult it would be to pay the redemption tax for the land, which was in reality an indemnity to the nobles in lieu of the obligations of serfdom. But they so much valued the abolition of their personal enslavement that they accepted the ruinous charges — not without murmuring, but as a hard necessity — the moment that personal freedom was obtained. For the first months they kept two holidays a week, saying that it was a sin to work on Friday; but when the summer came they resumed work with even more energy than before.

When I saw our Nikólskoye peasants, fifteen months after the liberation, I could not but admire them. Their inborn good nature and softness remained with them, but all traces of servility had disappeared. They talked to their masters as equals talk to equals, as if they never had stood in different relations. Besides, such men came out from among them as could make a stand for their rights. The Polozhénie was a large and difficult book, which it took me a good deal of time to understand; but when Vasíli Ivánoff, the elder of Nikólskoye, came one day to ask me to explain to him some obscurity in it, I saw that he, who was not even a fluent reader, had admirably found his way amongst the intricacies of the chapters and paragraphs of the law.

The "household people" — that is, the servants — came out the worst of all. They got no land, and would hardly have known what to do with it if they had. They got freedom, and nothing besides. In our neighborhood nearly all of them left their masters; none, for example, remained in the household of my father. They went in search of positions elsewhere, and a number of them found employment at once with the merchant class, who were proud of having the coachman of Prince So and So, or the cook of General So and So. Those who knew a trade found work in the towns: for instance, my father's band remained a band, and made a good living at Kalúga, retaining amiable relations with us. But those who had no trade had hard times before them; and yet, the majority preferred to live anyhow, rather than remain with their old masters.

As to the landlords, while the larger ones made all possible efforts at St. Petersburg to reintroduce the old conditions under one name or another (they succeeded in them to some extent under Alexander III.), by far the greater number submitted to the abolition of serfdom as to a sort of necessary calamity. The young generation gave to Russia that remarkable staff of "peace mediators" and justices of the peace who contributed so much to the peaceful issue of the emancipation. As to the old generation, most of them had already discounted the considerable sums of money they were to receive from the peasants for the land which was granted to the liberated serfs, and was valued much above its market price; they made schemes as to how they would squander that money in the re-

staurants of the capitals, or at the green tables in gambling. And they did squander it, almost all of them, as soon as they got it.

For many landlords, the liberation of the serfs was an excellent money transaction. Thus, land which my father, in anticipation of the emancipation, sold in parcels at the rate of eleven rubles the Russian acre, was now estimated at forty rubles in the peasants' allotments, — that is, three and a half times above its market value, — and this was the rule in all our neighborhood; while in my father's Tambóv estate, on the prairies, the *mir* — that is, the village community — rented all his land for twelve years, at a price which represented twice as much as he used to get from that land by cultivating it with servile labor.

Eleven years after that memorable time I came to the Tambóv estate, which I had inherited from my father. I stayed there for a few weeks, and on the evening of my departure our village priest — an intelligent man of independent opinions, such as one meets occasionally in our southern provinces — went out for a walk round the village. The sunset was glorious; a balmy air came from the prairies. He found a middle-aged peasant — Antón Savélieff — sitting on a small eminence outside the village and reading a book of psalms. The peasant hardly knew how to spell, in Old Slavonic, and often he would read a book from the last page, turning the pages backward; it was the process of reading which he liked most, and then a word would strike him, and its repetition pleased him. He was reading now a psalm of which each verse began with the word "rejoice."

"What are you reading?" he was asked.

"Well, father, I will tell you," was his reply. "Fourteen years ago the old prince came here. It was in the winter. I had just returned home, quite frozen. A snowstorm was raging. I had scarcely begun undressing, when we heard a knock at the window: it was the elder, who was shouting, 'Go to the prince! He wants you!' We all — my wife and our children — were thunderstricken. 'What can he want of you?' my wife cried in alarm. I signed myself with the cross and went; the snowstorm almost blinded me as I crossed the bridge. Well, it ended all right. The old prince was taking his afternoon sleep, and when he woke up he asked me if I knew plastering work, and only told me, 'Come to-morrow to repair the plaster in that room.' So I went home quite happy, and when I came to the bridge I found my wife standing there. She had stood there all the time in the snowstorm, with the baby in her arms, waiting for me. 'What has happened, Savélich?' she cried. 'Well,' I said, 'no harm; he only asked me to make some repairs.' That, father, was under the old prince. And now, the young prince came here the other day. I went to see him, and found him in the garden, at the tea table, in the shadow of the house; you, father, sat with him, and the elder of the canton, with his mayor's chain upon his breast. 'Will you have tea, Savélich?' he asks me. 'Take a chair. Petr Grigórieff,' — he says that to the old one, — 'give us one more chair.' And Petr Grigórieff — you know what a terror for us he was when he was the manager of the old prince — brought the chair, and we all sat round the tea table, talking, and he poured tea for all of us. Well, now, father, the evening is so beautiful, the balm comes from the prairies, and I sit and read, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

This is what the abolition of serfdom meant for the peasants.

V.

In June, 1861, I was nominated sergeant of the corps of pages. Some of our officers, I must say, did not like the idea of it, saying that there would be no "discipline" with me acting as a ser-

geant; but it could not be helped; it was usually the first pupil of the upper form who was nominated sergeant, and I had been at the top of our form for several years in succession. This appointment was considered very enviable, not only because the sergeant occupied a privileged position in the school and was treated like an officer, but especially because he was also the page de chambre of the Emperor for the time being; and to be personally known to the Emperor was of course considered as a stepping-stone to further distinctions. The most important point to me was, however, that it freed me from all the drudgery of the inner service of the school, which fell on the pages de chambre, and that I should have for my studies a separate room where I could isolate myself from the bustle of the school. True, there was also an important drawback to it: I had always found it tedious to pace up and down, many times a day, the whole length of our rooms, and used therefore to run the distance full speed, which was severely prohibited; and now I should have to walk very solemnly, with the service book under my arm, instead of running! A consultation was even held among a few friends of mine upon this serious matter, and it was decided that from time to time I could still find opportunities to take my favorite runs; as to my relations with all the others, it depended upon myself to put them on a new comrade-like footing, and I did so.

The pages de chambre had to be at the palace frequently, in attendance at the great and small levees, the balls, the receptions, the gala dinners, and so on. During Christmas, New Year, and Easter weeks we were summoned to the palace almost every day, and sometimes twice a day. Moreover, in my military capacity of sergeant I had to report to the Emperor every Sunday, at the parade in the riding-school, that "all was well at the company of the corps of pages," even when one third of the school was ill of some contagious disease. "Shall I not report to-day that all is not quite well?" I asked the colonel on this occasion. "God bless you," was his reply, "you ought to say so only if there were an insurrection!"

Court life has undoubtedly much that is picturesque about it. With its elegant refinement of manners, — superficial though it may be, — its strict etiquette, and its brilliant surroundings, it is certainly meant to be impressive. A great levee is a fine pageant, and even the simple reception of a few ladies by the Empress becomes quite different from a common call, when it takes place in a richly decorated drawing-room of the palace, — the guests ushered by chamberlains in gold-embroidered uniforms, the hostess followed by brilliantly dressed pages and a suite of ladies, and everything conducted with striking solemnity. To be an actor in the court ceremonies, in attendance upon the chief personages, offered something more than the mere interest of curiosity for a boy of my age. Besides, I then looked upon Alexander II. as a sort of hero; a man who attached no importance to the court ceremonies, but who, at this period of his reign, began his working day at six in the morning, and was engaged in a hard struggle with a powerful reactionary party in order to carry through a series of reforms, in which the abolition of serfdom was only the first step.

But gradually, as I saw more of the spectacular side of court life, and caught now and then a glimpse of what was going on behind the scenes, I realized, not only the futility of these shows and the things they were intended to conceal, but also that these small things so much absorbed the court as to prevent consideration of matters of far greater importance. The realities were often lost in the acting. And then from Alexander II. himself slowly faded the aureole with which my imagination had

surrounded him; so that by the end of the year, even if at the outset I had cherished some illusions as to useful activity in the spheres nearest to the palace, I should have retained none.

On every important holiday, as also on the birthdays and name days of the Emperor and Empress, on the coronation day, and on other similar occasions, a great levee was held at the palace. Thousands of generals and officers of all ranks, down to that of captain, as well as the high functionaries of the civil service, were arranged in lines in the immense halls of the palace, to bow at the passage of the Emperor and his family, as they solemnly proceeded to the church. All the members of the imperial family came on those days to the palace, meeting together in a drawing-room and merrily chatting till the moment arrived for putting on the mask of solemnity. Then the column was formed. The Emperor, giving his hand to the Empress, opened the march. He was followed by his page de chambre, and he in turn by the general aide-de-camp, the aide-de-camp on duty that day, and the minister of the imperial household; while the Empress, or rather the immense train of her dress, was attended by her two pages de chambre, who had to support the train at the turnings and to spread it out again in all its beauty. The heir apparent, who was a young man of eighteen, and all the other grand dukes and duchesses came next, in the order of their right of succession to the throne, — each of the grand duchesses followed by her page de chambre; then there was a long procession of the ladies in attendance, old and young, all wearing the so-called Russian costume, — that is, an evening dress which was supposed to resemble the costume worn by the women of Old Russia.

As the procession passed, I could see how each of the eldest military and civil functionaries, before making his bow, would try to catch the eye of the Emperor, and if he had his bow acknowledged by a smiling look of the Tsar, or by a hardly perceptible nod of the head, or perchance by a word or two, he would look round upon his neighbors, full of pride, in the expectation of their congratulations.

From the church the procession returned in the same way, and then every one hurried back to his own affairs. Apart from a few devotees and some young ladies, not one in ten present at these levees regarded them otherwise than as a tedious duty.

Twice or thrice during the winter great balls were given at the palace, and thousands of people were invited to them. After the Emperor had opened the dances with a polonaise, full liberty was left to every one to enjoy the time as he liked. There was plenty of room in the immense brightly illuminated halls, where young girls were easily lost to the watchful eyes of their parents and aunts, and many thoroughly enjoyed the dances and the supper, during which the young people managed often to be left to themselves.

My duties at these balls were rather difficult. Alexander II. did not dance, nor did he sit down, but he moved all the time amongst his guests, his page de chambre having to follow him at a distance, so as to be within easy call, and yet not inconveniently near. This combination of presence with absence was not easy to attain, nor did the Emperor require it: he would have preferred to be left entirely to himself; but such was the tradition, and he had to submit to it. The worst was when he entered a dense crowd of ladies who stood round the circle in which the grand dukes danced, and slowly circulated among them. It was not at all easy to make a way through this living garden which opened to give passage to the Emperor, but closed in immediately behind him. Instead of dan-

cing themselves, hundreds of ladies and girls stood there, closely packed, each in the expectation that one of the grand dukes would perhaps notice her and invite her to dance a waltz or a polka. Such was the influence of the court upon St. Petersburg society that if one of the grand dukes cast his eye upon a girl, her parents would do all in their power to make their child fall madly in love with the great personage, even though they knew well that no marriage could result from it, — the Russian grand dukes not being allowed to marry "subjects" of the Tsar. The conversations which I once heard in a "respectable" family, connected with the court, after the heir apparent had danced twice or thrice with a girl of seventeen, and the hopes which were expressed by her parents surpassed all that I could possibly have imagined.

Every time that we were at the palace we had lunch or dinner there, and the footmen would whisper to us bits of news from the scandalous chronicle of the place, whether we cared for it or not. They knew everything that was going on in the different palaces, — that was their domain. For truth's sake, I must say that during the year which I speak of, that sort of chronicle was not as rich in events as it became in the seventies. The brothers of the Tsar were only recently married, and his sons were all very young. But the relations of the Emperor himself with the Princess X., whom Turguéneff has so admirably depicted in Smoke under the name of Irène, were even more freely spoken of by the servants than by St. Petersburg society. One day, however, when we entered the room where we used to dress, we were told, "The X. has to-day got her dismissal, — a complete one this time." Half an hour later, we saw the lady in question coming to assist at mass, with eyes swollen from weeping, and swallowing her tears during the mass, while the other ladies managed so to stand at a distance from her as to put her in evidence. The footmen were already informed about the incident, and commented upon it in their own way. There was something truly repulsive in the talk of these men, who the day before would have crouched down before the same lady.

The system of espionage which is exercised in the palace, especially around the Emperor himself, would seem almost incredible to the uninitiated. The following incident will give some idea of it. One of the grand dukes received a severe lesson from a St. Petersburg gentleman. The latter had forbidden the grand duke his house, but, returning home unexpectedly, he found him in his drawing-room, and rushed upon him with his lifted stick. The young man dashed down the staircase, and was already jumping into his carriage when the pursuer caught him, and dealt him a blow with his stick. The policeman who stood at the door saw the adventure and ran to report it to the chief of the police, General Trépoff, who, in his turn, jumped into his carriage and hastened to the Emperor, to be the first to report the "sad incident." The Emperor summoned the grand duke and had a talk with him. A couple of days later, an old functionary who belonged to the Third Section of the Emperor's Chancery, — that is, to the state police, — and who was a friend at the house of one of my comrades, related the whole conversation. "The Emperor," he informed us, "was very angry, and said to the grand duke in conclusion, 'You should know better how to manage your little affairs.'" He was asked, of course, how he could know anything about a private conversation, but the reply was very characteristic: "The words and the opinions of his Majesty must be known to our department. How otherwise could such a delicate institution as the state police be managed? Be sure that the Emperor is the most

closely watched person in all St. Petersburg."

There was no boasting in these words. Every minister, every governor-general, before entering the Emperor's study with his reports, had a talk with the private valet of the Emperor, to know what was the mood of the master that day; and, according to that mood, he either laid before him some knotty affair, or let it lie at the bottom of his portfolio in hope of a more lucky day. The governor-general of East Siberia, when he came to St. Petersburg, always sent his private aide-de-camp with a handsome gift to the private valet of the Emperor. "There are days," he used to say, "when the Emperor would get into a rage, and order a searching inquest upon every one and myself, if I should lay before him on such a day certain reports; whereas there are other days when all will go off quite smoothly. A precious man that valet is." To know from day to day the frame of mind of the Emperor was a substantial part of the art of retaining a high position — an art which later on Count Shuváloff and General Trépoff understood to perfection; also Count Ignátieff, who, I suppose from what I saw of him, possessed that art even without the help of the valet.

At the beginning of my service I felt a great admiration for Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs. Imagination often carries a boy beyond the realities of the moment, and my frame of mind at that time was such that if an attempt had been made in my presence upon the Tsar, I should have covered him with my body. One day, at the beginning of January, 1862, I saw him leave the procession and rapidly walk alone toward the halls where parts of all the regiments of the St. Petersburg garrison were aligned for a parade. This parade usually took place outdoors, but this year, on account of the frost, it was held indoors, and Alexander II., who generally galloped at full speed in front of the troops at the reviews, had now to march in front of the regiments. I knew that my court duties ended as soon as the Emperor appeared in his capacity of military commander of the troops, and that I had to follow him to this spot, but no further. Looking round, I saw that he was quite alone. The two aides-de-camp had disappeared, and there was with him not a single man of his suite. "I will not leave him alone!" I said to myself, and followed him.

Whether Alexander II. was in a great hurry that day, or had other reasons to wish that the review should be over as soon as possible, I cannot say, but he dashed in front of the troops, and marched along their rows at such a speed, making such big and rapid steps, — he was very tall, — that I had the greatest difficulty in following him at my most rapid pace, and in places had almost to run in order to keep close behind him. He hurried as if he ran away from a danger. His excitement communicated itself to me, and every moment I was ready to jump in front of him, regretting only that I had on my ordnance sword and not my own sword, with a Toledo blade, which pierced copper and was a far better weapon. It was only after he had passed in front of the last battalion that he slackened his pace, and, on entering another hall, looked round, to meet my eyes glittering with the excitement of that mad march. The younger aide-de-camp was running at full speed, two halls behind. I was prepared to get a severe scolding, instead of which the Emperor said to me, perhaps betraying his own inner thoughts: "You here? Brave boy!" and as he slowly walked away he turned into space his problematic, absent-minded look, which I had begun often to notice.

Such was then the frame of my mind. However, various small incidents, as well as the reactionary character which the

policy of Alexander II. was decidedly taking, instilled more and more doubts into my heart. Every year, on January 6, a half Christian and half pagan ceremony of sanctifying the waters is performed in Russia. It is also performed at the palace. A pavilion is built on the Neva River, opposite the palace, and the imperial family, headed by the clergy, proceed from the palace, across the superb quay, to the pavilion, where a Te Deum is sung and the cross is plunged into the water of the river. Thousands of people stand on the quay and on the ice of the Neva to witness the ceremony from a distance. All have to stand bareheaded during the service. On one occasion, as the frost was rather sharp, an old general had put on a wig, and in the hurry of drawing on his cape, his wig had been dislodged and now lay across his head, without his noticing it. The Grand Duke Constantine, having caught sight of it, laughed the whole time the Te Deum was being sung, with the younger grand dukes, looking in the direction of the unhappy general, who smiled stupidly without knowing why he was the cause of so much hilarity. Constantine finally whispered to the Emperor, who also looked at the general and laughed.

A few minutes later, as the procession once more crossed the quay, on its way back to the palace, an old peasant, bareheaded too, pushed himself through the double hedge of soldiers who lined the path of the procession, and fell on his knees just at the feet of the Emperor, holding out a petition, and crying with tears in his eyes, "Father, defend us!" Ages of oppression of the Russian peasantry was in this exclamation; but Alexander II., who a few minutes before laughed during the church service at a wig lying the wrong way, now passed by the peasant without taking the slightest notice of him. I was close behind him, and only saw in him a shudder of fear at the sudden appearance of the peasant, after which he went on without deigning even to cast a glance on the human figure at his feet. I looked round. The aides-de-camp were not there; the Grand Duke Constantine, who followed, took no more notice of the peasant than his brother did; there was nobody even to take the petition, so that I took it, although I knew that I should get a scolding for doing so. It was not my business to receive petitions, but I remembered what it must have cost the peasant before he could make his way to the capital, and then through the lines of police and soldiers who surrounded the procession. Like all peasants who hand petitions to the Tsar, he was going to be put under arrest, for no one knows how long.

On the day of the emancipation of the serfs, Alexander II. was worshiped at St. Petersburg; but it is most remarkable that, apart from that moment of general enthusiasm, he had not the love of the city. His brother Nicholas — no one could say why — was at least very popular among the small tradespeople and the cabmen; but neither Alexander II., nor his brother Constantine, the leader of the reform party, nor his third brother, Michael, had won the hearts of any class of people in St. Petersburg. Alexander II. had retained too much of the despotic character of his father, which pierced now and then through his usually good-natured manners. He easily lost his temper, and often treated his courtiers in the most contemptuous way. He was not what one would describe as a truly reliable man, either in his policy or in his personal sympathies, and he was vindictive. I doubt whether he was sincerely attached to any one. Some of the men in his nearest surroundings were of the worst description, — Count Adlerberg, for instance, who made him pay over and over again his enormous debts, and others renowned for their colossal thefts. From the beginning of 1862 he commenced to show

himself capable of reviving the worst practices of his father's reign. It was known that he still wanted to carry through a series of important reforms in the judicial organization and in the army; that the terrible corporal punishments were about to be abolished, and that a sort of local self-government, and perhaps a constitution of some sort, would be granted. But the slightest disturbance was repressed under his orders with a stern severity: he took each movement as a personal offense, so that at any moment one might expect from him the most reactionary measures. The disorders which broke out at the universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kazán, in October, 1861, were repressed with a growing strictness. The University of St. Petersburg was closed, and although free courses were opened by most of the professors at the Town Hall, they also were soon closed. Immediately after the abolition of serfdom, a great movement began for the opening of Sunday-schools; they were opened everywhere by private persons and corporations, — all the teachers being volunteers, — and the peasants and workers, old and young, flocked to these schools. Officers, students, even a few pages, became teachers; and such excellent methods were worked out that (Russian having a phonetic spelling) we succeeded in teaching a peasant to read in nine or ten lessons. But suddenly all Sunday-schools, in which the mass of the peasantry would have learned to read in a few years, without any expenditure by the state, were closed. In Poland, where a series of patriotic manifestations had begun, the Cossacks were sent out to disperse the schools with their whips, and to arrest hundreds of people in the churches with their usual brutality. Men were shot in the streets of Warsaw by the end of 1861, and for the suppression of the few peasant insurrections which broke out, the horrible flogging through the double line of soldiers — that favorite punishment of Nicholas I. — was applied. The despot that Alexander II. became in the years 1870–81 was foreshadowed in 1862.

Of all the imperial family, undoubtedly the most sympathetic was the Empress Marie Alexándrovna. She was sincere, and when she said something pleasant she meant it. The way in which she once thanked me for a little courtesy (it was after her reception of the ambassador of the United States, who had just come to St. Petersburg) deeply impressed me: it was not the way of a lady spoiled by courtesies, as an empress is supposed to be. She certainly was not happy in her home life; nor was she liked by the ladies of the court, who found her too severe, and could not understand why she should take so much to heart the *étourderies* of her husband. It is now known that she played a by no means unimportant part in bringing about the abolition of serfdom. But at that time her influence in this direction seems to have been little known, the Grand Duke Constantine and the Grand Duchess Hélène Pávlovna, who was the main support of Nicholas Milútin at the court, being considered the two leaders of the reform party in the palace spheres. The Empress was better known for the decisive part she had taken in the creation of girls' gymnasia (high schools), which received from the outset a high standard of organization and a truly democratic character. Her friendly relations with Ushínsky, a great pedagogist, saved him from sharing the fate of all men of mark of that time, — that is, exile.

Being very well educated herself, Marie Alexándrovna did her best to give a good education to her eldest son. The best men in all branches of knowledge were sought as teachers, and she even invited for that purpose Kavélin, although she knew well his friendly relations with Hérzen. When he mentioned to her that friendship, she replied that she had no grudge against Hérzen, ex-

cept for his violent language about the Empress dowager.

The heir apparent was extremely handsome, — perhaps, even too femininely handsome. He was not proud in the least, and during the levees he used to chatter in the most comradelike way with the pages de chambre. (I even remember, at the reception of the diplomatic corps on New Year's Day, trying to make him appreciate the simplicity of the uniform of the ambassador of the United States as compared with the parrot-colored uniforms of the other ambassadors.) However, those who knew him well described him as profoundly egoistic, a man absolutely incapable of contracting an attachment to any one. This feature was prominent in him, even more than it was in his father. All the pains taken by his mother were of no avail. In August, 1861, his examinations, which were made in the presence of his father, proved to be a dead failure, and I remember Alexander II., at a parade of which the heir apparent was the commander, and during which he made some mistake, loudly shouting out, so that every one would hear it, "Even that you could not learn!" He died, as is known, at the age of twenty-one, from some disease of the spinal cord.

His brother, Alexander, who became the heir apparent in 1865, and later on was Alexander III., was a decided contrast to Nicholas Alexándrovich. He reminded me so much of Paul I., by his face, his figure, and his contemplation of his own grandeur, that I used to say, "If he ever reigns, he will be another Paul I. in the Gátchina palace, and will have the same end as his great-grandfather had at the hands of his own courtiers." He obstinately refused to learn. It was rumored that Alexander II., having had so many difficulties with his brother Constantine, who was better educated than himself, adopted the policy of concentrating all his attention on the heir apparent, and neglecting the education of his other sons; however, I doubt if such was the case: Alexander Alexándrovich must have been averse to any education from childhood; in fact, his spelling, which I saw in the telegrams he addressed to his bride at Copenhagen, was unimaginably bad. I cannot render here his Russian spelling, but in French he wrote, "*Ecri* à oncle à propos parade . . . les nouvelles sont *mauvaisent*," and so on.

He is said to have improved in his manners toward the end of his life, but in 1870, and also much later, he was a true descendant of Paul I. I knew at St. Petersburg an officer, of Swedish origin (from Finland), who had been sent to the United States to order rifles for the Russian army. On his return he had to report about his mission to Alexander Alexándrovich, who had been appointed to superintend the re-arming of the army. During this interview, the Tsarevich, giving full vent to his violent temper, began to scold the officer, who probably replied hastily, whereupon the prince fell into a real fit of rage, insulting the officer in bad language. The officer, who belonged to that type of very loyal but self-respecting men who are frequently met with amongst the Swedish nobility in Russia, left at once, and wrote a letter in which he asked the heir apparent to apologize within twenty-four hours, adding that if the apology did not come he would shoot himself. It was a sort of Japanese duel. Alexander Alexándrovich sent no excuses, and the officer kept his word. I saw him at the house of a warm friend of mine, his intimate friend, when he was expecting every minute to receive the apology. Next morning he was dead. The Tsar was very angry with his son, and ordered him to follow the hearse of the officer to the grave. But even this terrible lesson did not cure the young man of his Románoff haughtiness and impetuosity.

P. Kropotkin.

THE ACTOR OF TO-DAY.

When the controlling parts of theatre audiences were educated, when companies were permanent and actors outcasts, the art of acting wore a different aspect from that it wears to-day. The philistine who once condemned the playhouses now chooses the plays; the control of our theatres by speculators suits the tendencies of a mercenary age; and our players now mingle with the society which dictates the dramas in which they must appear. This degeneration of the theatre has lessened the actor's chance of fame. We know players of the past, because at that day writers of genius haunted the theatres and left pictures of their favorites. Depending on such an audience, the actors appeared in plays of merit, and gained a glory from the genius of a Ben Jonson or a Congreve. When Colley Cibber was maltreating Richard III. and King John, no less a man than Henry Fielding led the attack on him, and Alexander Pope embalmed him in satire. What genius of to-day cares enough for the stage to lift his pen against a manager's improvements of Sheridan or Wycherley? "As Shakespeare is already good enough for People of Taste," says Fielding to Cibber, "he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse?" What writer will give us a Partridge or Booth or Irving, preserve Ellen Terry and Modjeska in the letters of an Elia, or with the experience of Lewes tell of Richard Mansfield's satirical comedy and his queer conception of tragedy?

An actor's name, it is plain, cannot survive unless he appears in plays which live. Miss Elizabeth Robins will be known after the names of most of the successful actresses of to-day are forgotten, because she is one of the leaders in the introduction of Ibsen to England. On the other hand, actors who get newspaper space, but no attention in lasting dramatic records, will be in oblivion before they are dead. Has anybody stopped to draw the connection between the sudden step to a higher plane of reputation, taken by Forbes Robertson lately, and his assumption of Shakespearean rôles? In some ways Mr. Mansfield surpasses all our other actors, but as his greatest successes have not been in the highest rôles which he has assumed, his name will not be what, even despite the desertion of the theatre by the intelligent, it might have been if his success had been won in Richard and Shylock. The living American actress whose reputation is firmest is Ada Rehan, and she will be known, not because she has exploited her individuality in weak farce, but because she has done Katharine well. Garrick, who played worthless tragedies of the hour, has his fame linked with the name of Shakespeare, so closely, indeed, that his monument in Westminster Abbey bears the epitaph which the kindly Lamb thinks a desecration of the poet: —

> "To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
> Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
> A Shakespeare rose; then, to expand his fame
> Wide o'er the breathing world, a Garrick came.
> Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
> The Actor's genius made them breathe anew;
> Though like the bard himself, in night they lay,
> Immortal Garrick called them back to-day.
> And till Eternity with power sublime
> Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
> Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine
> And earth irradiate with a beam divine."

Lamb argues, like many before him, that the poet does everything for the

actor, who usually returns evil for good. Still, the dramatist lives upon the stage, and however a poetic conception may lose by embodiment in common flesh, it gains hearers and sometimes meanings. We do not care to see Lear now, but we saw his majesty in Edwin Booth; and for what Booth gave Shakespeare the poet returned him the actor's highest glory. The most famous players who have spoken the English tongue are known in the creations of our great dramatists, as Talma and Rachel are connected with the highest tragedy of France; and, among living actors, Bernhardt, Salvini, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Irving, all have mounted the ladder on great plays, whatever pandering some have done after the battle has been won. If Réjane were measured by her talent, she would deserve a position of which inferior plays have deprived her; and Eleanora Duse has been held in check by mediocre rôles, to the diminution of her proper fame. Many weaker actors, restive in empty pieces, chafe in vain, and still others, mistaking notoriety for fame, rest in unsuspecting complacency.

So out of vogue is the classic drama in America that in theatrical circles it is frequently called "the legitimate," to distinguish it from contemporary plays, although the regular theatres are distinguished from the variety houses by the same word. Old plays are given oftener in our smaller towns, where the public is contented with feeble companies and bare scenery; for great dramas now pay only when they are cheaply produced, or when they are played by great actors. That the gain from keeping worthy dramas alive by cheap productions is not unmixed may be indicated by this signed statement of a variety actor: "I would attempt Shakespeare to-morrow, only I 'm afraid that the newspapers would 'roast' me. They seem to be prejudiced against a vaudeville actor essaying tragic rôles; but time may overcome that, as I think the day is not far distant when it will be a common occurrence to see Julius Cæsar or Hamlet played by variety actors at continuous performances. I am busily engaged at present reconstructing Shakespeare's plays, as there are lots of lines in them that I do not like, and I think by careful pruning and rewriting I can improve on them so as to make them acceptable to a vaudeville audience. Don't misconstrue me when I say that I will improve Shakespeare. I do not mean in its entirety, as I believe there are lots of lines in Shakespeare's plays that should not be touched; but if they don't suit me, I will be forced to change them."

American stars who do play "the legitimate" now have wretched companies, partly from economy, partly because there is so little opportunity for the actor to learn to represent idealized characters. The only theatre of prominence where great plays are given, usually desecrating them, offers one of the worst schools of acting, proving that the presentation of the best dramas may work harm unless there is some comprehension of their meaning. Look at the Daly performance of The School for Scandal. Sheridan wrote his comedy for a company of players, and Lady Teazle is a part no more "fat," probably less fat, than others in the play, since Sheridan, in giving an admirably balanced dramatic action, entirely overlooked the necessity of glorifying one actor. There was, therefore, nothing open to Mr. Daly but to supply Sheridan's oversight, which he did with astounding frankness. The orchestra played when Miss Rehan went off the stage; she took away a speech belonging to Charles Surface, in order to have the last chance at the audience. In dialogues where six or eight persons are of equal importance she sat at the side while the others talked, and when it was her turn for a word she walked out into

the centre, all the others faded off, and the word was spoken. Again and again in several scenes was every bit of art sacrificed to the desire to force this actress into the middle of the stage. It followed, of course, that her delivery must match this factitious eminence, and she said a simple line with an air which would have made Hamlet dizzy: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus." Miss Rehan has unusual gifts, but it is worse than futile to force a whole play to be nothing but background. Some of the grossest instances are in the scenes between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. When Miss Rehan spoke, Mr. Varrey obediently pretended he was dead. When he spoke, Miss Rehan went over to an interpolated musical instrument and pounded for the attention of the audience. She gave an imitation of a trotting horse in one place, and went through another variety turn in imitation of a peculiar mode of speech.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The action at Daly's has nothing whatever to do with the words or with the modesty of nature. The actors simply walk up and down the stage, saw the air with their hands, shrug their shoulders and snicker, to supply the place of acting their parts. Everything they do sticks out. They cannot seem to hold any effect by legitimate means. If they sat in the German theatre every night for a month, they might guess that there can never be good acting where every player is trying to kill every effect except his own and Miss Rehan's.

"And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that 's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." What Hamlet means by that, as applied to this playhouse, is that the hundreds of interpolated exclamations and laughs, repetitions by the whole assemblage of what one actor says, whether it is "never!" shouted fifty times, or "you! you!" forty times, or "did" and "did n't" one hundred times, and all the silly skipping about and laughing that accompany them, add nothing to the value of the play.

On the other hand, the few things which happen to be given with an approach to comprehension at that theatre stand beautifully above the rubbish of the day. In Twelfth Night, the present company is charming in spite of silly alterations in the text, because each actor happens to fall into a rôle where his faults are checked and his merits accentuated.

Love for Love was played last year in New York, after a few ignored protests at rehearsals, as if it were a farce of action and bustling situation. The butchery of the text was less deadly than the loss of the dialogue (which is everything in Congreve) in running about, gesticulating, and hasty delivery, in an attempt to make the play go, like one of the things which contemporary actors understand. The audience applauded vigorously in the wrong places; that is, whenever the acting succeeded

in making them feel as if they were at a modern play. They ruined a good artificial thing to make a poor natural thing. The critics represented the ideas of the actors and the audience when they said that the performance was "clever," but the play altogether out of date.

Romantic melodrama is usually played well by our leading companies, and what we sometimes do as well as need be desired is restrained realism, such as Richard Mansfield uses in Mr. Shaw's plays and William Gillette in his own. Mr. Mansfield thinks Shakespeare and even Racine should be played just like Shaw; but then Mr. Mansfield could not earn Goethe's praise of a certain actor, that he knew how to make the artificial natural, and the natural artificial. The current emphasis on naturalness is eradicating faults of over-emphasis, as Garrick killed the absurdities of the older tragedy, and the excessive elaboration of the last generation comedians is also being properly killed, so that Lessing's ideal, to be slow without seeming slow, is often reached by our best actors. But the realism in acting which fits so well into Magda, Secret Service, or Arms and the Man is a dangerous method to apply to other grades of art. Observe various famous performances of Camille, and especially see how inferior our greatest realistic actress, Duse, is to our greatest flamboyant actress. A player of the ideal school would be equally out of harmony. This play is not primarily a character study, but a series of the most skillful theatrical climaxes ever put together by any member of the family of Scribe. Obviously, the kind of art which is the best thing in the world to correct our present taste is better suited to the elevated, idealized drama than to a piece half realistic, half sentimental and wholly theatrical. In a tragedy full of a beauty so richly selected that men turn to it for centuries, to escape the unsifted world of reality, a competent, refined art like Modjeska's, for instance, even where it does not scale all the heights, lets the magic beauty shine out better than an art more powerful, but less true to the best tradition, or, in other words, to those eternally just conventions on which the tragedy itself is founded. On the other hand, La Dame aux Camélias offers a *tour de force* to an art which is classic and pure rather than flamboyant and romantic. That is why Bernhardt is the best of Marguerite Gautiers. Duse puts some of the purest pathos seen in our day into this drama; smaller actresses, as Hading, Nethersole, Clara Morris, put each her own element; but Bernhardt alone takes it for what it is, suits the method to the work, and leads the artificial theatrical effectiveness of the situations to a height reached by none of the others.

In such acting as Mr. Gillette's Captain Thorne, combining coolness, humor, efficiency, and half-cynical seriousness into a typical American character, the realistic tendency shows at its best, fitting the play, but it would be inadequate for tragedy or for large comedy. It suits plays of exciting situations, and it suits farce, by the relief into which it throws the absurdity. Its method of handling sentiment is illustrated in Captain Thorne's speech to his sweetheart: "I 'd like to say one thing — it 's my last chance — Perhaps you won't mind. You 'll forget me, of course, — that 's right, that 's best; I hope you will! But if memory should ever throw my shadow across your path again, perhaps you 'll remember this, too: We can't all die a soldier's death, in the roar and glory of battle, our friends around us, under the flag we love, — no, not all. Some of us have orders for another kind of work — desperate, dare-devil work — the hazardous schemes of the Secret Service! We fight our battles alone — no comrades to cheer us on — ten thousand to one against us — death at every turn! If we win, we may escape with our lives; if we lose, dragged out and butchered like dogs —

no soldier's grave — not even a trench with the rest of the boys — alone, despised, forgotten! These were my orders, Miss Varney. This is the death I die to-night — and I am not ashamed of it."

Our best plays and our best actors rely on this absence of rhetoric, or this subdued rhetoric, whether it be in a war play or whether the heroism and pathos are mingled in the homely scenes of Shore Acres. In Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Drew, each first in his line, this reliance on suggestion rather than full or over execution is seen. In spite of its frequent excellence, this style is never the highest, because of its insufficiency in the greatest plays. Although those actors have fewer faults than Ada Rehan and Sir Henry Irving, these finished realists cannot be identified with permanent characters; for an artist is measured by his highest reach, and it is the characters which make the actor, as it is his characters, and the plot which is part of them, which make the dramatist. Therefore, although in such plays as Secret Service, Margaret Fleming, and The Devil's Disciple we have seen the most original recent development of the histrionic art, it is worth while to remember that for a greater play we should need a greater style.

In farce acting we do well, naturally, because we are a broadly humorous race; and it is likely that when our farces cut deeper into life our players will be found to equal them. At the other extreme is growing up a style of acting in a kind of drama which promises nothing. In melodrama and farce, in cynical comedy and barn-storming classics, it is possible to discover the wheat in the chaff, but in the modern society play there is little but emptiness. Histrionic talent here reaches its lowest ebb, while manners and appearances take its place. In the leading rôles the requisite is that the actor look like a gentleman or a lady, at home in the best society, distinguished, correct, elegant. As no actor can be great whose most remarkable gift is gentility, this species of play tends to subordinate the strong rôles, and bring the young hero with many lines even more to the front. Stars have always adored Hamlet because the rôle is so long, as they have detested Twelfth Night for the opposite reason, and now circumstances emphasize this tendency. The best parts in our watery society plays are usually the villains', but there are few of our actors who do not prefer the heroes'. While on the Continent the repertory theatres make us familiar with great actors in small parts, here the more prominent an actor is, the further below his dignity is any rôle which lacks the conventional length and central position; and this conception is often strongest in the society play heroes, whom natural selection makes at once handsome and stupid. In a great play the company would be cast according to its genius, and in the realistic society play according to its looks. In real acting fitness is determined by a combination of physical and intellectual gifts. Edwin Booth probably could not play Sir Toby, though he ranged from Romeo to Lear. Ellen Terry, whose Lady Macbeth is not tragic, fills such different rôles as Portia and Marguerite, Beatrice and Olivia, characters so diverse that no woman could represent them if she were merely herself. Ellen Terry is a new creature in each, born of the power she has of yielding to the rôle and feeling its simple elements. Portia takes hold of her and she lives it, and she enters a new world when she is Olivia.

Of course, ever since the first woman stepped upon the stage, beauty has been on the average a necessary gift of the actress, as facial magnetism has been, in both sexes, since masks were discarded. Beauty and magnetic features are allied to the charm of great art, while clothes and suggestions of society are not. Each theatre has its standards of personal

beauty. In one large American playhouse, an actress, however fair, can hardly have the leading rôle unless her feminine proportions are ample, since to the patrons physical flatness in a heroine is an absurdity, while in the theatre across the street womanly heroism is slim. Dramatists give comeliness in woman a conspicuous part in their stories; it has its artistic bearing on the stage, but nevertheless it has its dangers for acting, and where personal beauty and histrionic art come in conflict, each should have a fair hearing. A little gain in beauty is not sufficient to excuse a large loss in art; but neither, perhaps, is a little gain in art an excuse for a great sacrifice of beauty.

At bottom, the majority of Anglo-Saxons, especially of that part of them represented by the voyagers on board the Mayflower, find something unrighteous in the bestowal of any of the prizes of life on mere comeliness. It is right to put as much emphasis on the beauty of the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Madonnas of Titian as we wish to, because they are art, and it is moral to think highly of the qualities of the artist and to encourage them; but to praise, in a man or a woman, what he or she deserves no credit for possessing savors of wickedness. So deep-seated is this feeling, so evenly distributed through the different strata of society, that at a variety show, although people often go mainly to see a pretty soubrette, they praise only the performers who do their acts with skill; and in the Broadway theatres, though the shrewd managers fill their casts with beauties, disingenuous persons, who have been lured to the theatres largely by personal charm, go away and give all the credit to something which can be praised with no offense to the moral instincts. Practically it is not difficult to strike a just balance between physical advantages, training, and talent, when intelligent people are the judges. Audiences at the Comédie Française and the subsidized German theatres prize beauty, especially in woman, but they demand of the players sufficient talent to satisfy the intellectual exactions of their rôles.

Whatever calls attention to the actor's personality, to the exclusion of his talent, gives prominence to the players at the expense of the play. In Athens, where, if we are to believe our scholars, taste was high, the actor was esteemed, as he is to-day in Paris, but only if he satisfied the critical instinct of an audience which knew the play by heart. Natural magnetism or social ease could not then atone for faulty delivery. Popularity is now frequently gained by actors outside the theatre; more than it could be before society was so glad to receive presentable players, most of whom are only too ready to respond. Men and women who stand on a pedestal nightly, heroes and heroines in the light of poetry and romance, have always attracted outsiders, but the influence of social attentions on the actor, as far as it goes, is usually bad. Players got what was best when their relations to the world were mainly love affairs, or friendships with playwrights. This may be a slight thing, but it is distinct. There is a maxim on the stage that severe love experiences are the best training. Whatever makes the profession more respectable is in danger of injuring it by substituting an undramatic life for one containing none of the emotions which the actor needs. Mr. Henry James has told a story in which an old couple, of unmistakable gentility, think they can make a success on the stage by playing the "real thing," because they are it; but the moral of the story is that they fail to play it, just because they are it. The actor is a person whose almost unconscious imagination swings with equal freedom through the life of the peasant and the life of the prince. That loyalty to himself as a person, the product of a fixed environment, that "self-respect" which marks the

aristocrat, would be his death warrant. Eleanora Duse is great as the lady and as the virtuous peasant, for she is not bound by any caste; but she is poor as Marguerite Gautier, because she is limited by her moral taste, where Bernhardt, for instance, is not. It is therefore natural, also, that she failed in rôles where Réjane succeeded. Her refinement is her artistic shortcoming, which shuts her from vast fields of human nature. If Shakespeare had kept the delicacy of Ophelia when he drew Dame Quickly, or the austerity of Henry V. when he created Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, he would never have been the real thing in his deep and universal sense. Instead of rejoicing that the barriers between the stage and society are being removed, should we not mildly bemoan it?

In one of his rehearsals Voltaire said that an actress should have something of the devil in her. Refinement is a far second to fire, and even stage refinement is not given by the possession of the real thing. It is not conversational intelligence that an actor needs, but rapid instinct, professionally trained, a sensitiveness altogether unrelated to actual life. We do not need Goldsmith's testimony to believe that Garrick seemed affected off the stage, any more than we need a multitude of stories to prove that Sarah Bernhardt in private lacks the simplicity which we associate with social breeding. Many of the most refined players are failures. Rachel could do the queen out of the theatre as well as within, but was equally ready to take another rôle when some of the guests had departed. The stage demands over-expression of everything, and our society demands under-expression. There is still force in Diderot's contention that in order to take all characters well, a man should himself have none.

The rule of the business manager, and the consequent prevalence of the long run, is one of the hardest obstacles to-day, especially in the path of younger actors. Although the commercial managers are largely responsible for the length to which plays run, good and bad, the fault is less theirs than a part of our money-loving time. To be sure, three centuries ago Ben Jonson said, in reference to the theatre, "This is the money-got, mechanic age;" but the love of wealth pervades all classes in America more than it has done in any other country at any time. Augustin Daly is almost a solitary example of an American manager who changes his plays frequently at the immediate sacrifice of receipts. The figures of Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson, and James A. Herne, all artists, remind us that actors are often as willing as managers to bend everything to income. So far has the system been carried, combined with the habit of choosing bad plays for new productions, that a student of our stage actually has to find most of his interest in benefits and occasional performances. Last year, for instance, Julia Arthur, one of the strongest younger players, devoted her entire season to a philistine pseudo-literary drama, and her gifts were shown at their best only in a one-act piece at a couple of benefits; but this year she has been bold enough to insist on a worthy repertory. It was at a benefit that David Bispham, one of our singers, proved himself a powerful actor; at a benefit that our most delicate comedienne tested a play which has since run in two countries, with the result of forcing the managers to give Annie Russell a better opportunity; and at a similar performance that a promising young actress, Julie Opp, did her best work in an idyllic poetic comedy; to say nothing of such single performances as Miss Robins's Hedda Gabler and the late Mr. Henley's John Gabriel Borkman. The point is clear enough, that many actors who have talent, and the desire to use it worthily, are driven to obscure opportunities, with much labor and unfavorable conditions, because the regular theatres offer so few

artistic plays. No wonder, therefore, that so often an actor who has chafed for years in an empty minor rôle rushes from that misfortune into the grave of the minor star.

If, however, the conditions for the actor are in some ways to be regretted, it is only from the æsthetic standpoint, for in pleasure and comfort his estate has improved indeed, not only since the days when even the law was against him, but within the memory of the living. While knighthood and social glamour are given alike to the talented and the commonplace, never before could so much money be gained on the stage with so little talent. A larger salary can now be reached by a mediocre actor after a few years than once went to the greatest; and room is made for many more than could formerly exist, because of the multitude of companies. Imagining an ideal theatre, Hédelin, selected by Cardinal Richelieu to write about "the whole art of the stage," thought that three companies would suffice for Paris. How many would satisfy that city to-day? The severity of natural education was excellent for the fittest, but our more lenient standards are certainly a comfort to the others. In this contrast between material and artistic conditions the actor but shares our civilization, where not only a larger share of the world's goods goes to the poor, but a greater power over the course of thought is given to the ignorant. As hundreds of writers are comfortable where formerly the literary genius starved, so the average actor's lot is higher at the cost of obscuring the exceptional artist. An enormous and indiscriminate public demands an art different from that which springs out of one more select, — æsthetics losing to the gain of ethics. The family, so flourishing a portion of modern progress, takes in the playhouse the place of the wits and the fashionable ladies who wore masks or needed none, and children's day, which comes occasionally at the Français, is with us always, while the virtuous dull, to whom the theatre used to spell damnation, now outnumber all. The most influential living critic of the drama tells us that even in the foremost theatre the modern world has seen the comedies of Molière are now played badly.

If democratic changes have made perfection in the histrionic art more difficult, they have not rendered futile an attempt at improvement. Concentration in permanent companies in big cities is needed as a basis for training. A few actors are born great, but most of them, like Rachel, have gifts which ripen only by strict cultivation. For the leading rôle in Zaïre Voltaire selected an amateur, and Colley Cibber's eighteen-year-old wife made her début in the part at the first English performance; but although an untrained person may occasionally fit ideally into a part, or even step at once into many rôles, the dominating rule is the reverse. In its first year the cast of Secret Service contained one of our most experienced soubrettes, but she was replaced by a young woman who was exactly the kind of girl Mr. Gillette had described: with the result that the part, which had been fascinating, became empty and affected. Since the only means of raising the general level of acting is by correct training, the first consideration is the establishment of permanent companies with high standards, which will select from the army of young people now going on the stage those who are more interested in the artistic than in the commercial results, and gifted with talent. Preferring artistic to vulgar success, they would likewise live among persons of intelligence, especially in their own and allied arts.

In the last analysis everything hinges upon the play. Once bring it about that a few city theatres produce regular dramas demanded by the highest portion of the community, and good acting will follow as soon as intelligent people have

again formed the theatre-going habit. The best average acting in any American playhouse is seen at the one which gives, in German, more classics than any of our English-speaking companies. These two facts are inseparable. Whatever may be true for the actor dominated by income, and caring as much for one audience as another, for the player who measures his progress by the perfection of his talent the play is the thing. An actor may be cast almost anywhere in Twelfth Night, and know that if he cannot do great work, the fault is not in the rôle. Not Viola, the Duke, and Malvolio alone, but Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, the clown, even Sebastian and Antonio, — every part except Fabian, — is so profoundly conceived that it will hold the genius of a great actor; and in this regard Twelfth Night is but an example of the truth that in a great play, which is composed of deeply created characters, however few their lines, lies the artistic salvation of actors, great and small. What should be sought by our player of ideals is an entrance to some company where there are frequent changes of bill, made necessary by a regular clientele, and a line of plays in which he will be sure of finding in his part not a wooden image accompanied by minute stage directions about his clothes, but the outlines of a solid and typical human being, whom it is his privilege, by the power of instinctive sympathy, to re-create.

Norman Hapgood.

SOME NOVELS OF THE YEAR.

In Helbeck of Bannisdale Mrs. Humphry Ward gives fresh proof of her great skill as a spiritual historian. The hereditary English Catholic, of high descent, heroic sacrifices, and unassailable faith, patient of misconception, proud of his very disabilities, and already, by virtue of his position and circumstances, half detached from the world and its ambitions, is always a romantic and moving figure; one whose picturesque points have been many times seized and utilized for mere effect by the ordinary novelist. But Mrs. Ward is not an ordinary novelist. Heaven forbid! She is impelled by the gravest purpose, restrained by the most delicate scruples; always intensely serious, often resolutely, not to say ruthlessly didactic. She cannot help knowing that she has rare gifts as a story-teller; but "gifts must prove their use." To employ this one for mere purposes of diversion or beguilement would seem to its possessor a sin.

A mind so earnest must needs feel keenly the fascination exercised by the sincere devotee of whatever persuasion, and will readily comprehend a part, at least, of the pietist's motives. But over and above that reluctant sympathy, which is sometimes considered a hopeful sign of "prevenient grace," but is really, for the most part, a matter of temperament, Mrs. Ward has had, for one outside the Roman communion, exceptional opportunities to observe, and aids toward understanding, the curiously remote and baffling inner life of the Roman Catholic mystic. She was born into the Oxford movement; if not in the hour of utmost stress, at least while the sea of theological wrath was yet working wildly after the unprecedented storm. Her grandfather, the famous head master of Rugby, had died in early manhood, with his armor on, fighting stoutly for the cause of English evangelicalism against the silver-tongued champion of the faith delivered to the saints. Her distinguished father, the second Thomas Ar-

nold, was a Roman convert. Her more distinguished uncle, and the more immediate guide and arbiter of her own vivid intellectual life, Matthew Arnold, was pleading, while she grew up, with equal pungency and persuasiveness, for Hellenism as against Hebraism, for literature as against dogma, for the humanities generally as against the pieties. Rent by a sharply divided personal loyalty, Mrs. Ward, nevertheless, came before the world as Matthew Arnold's disciple, and in her first big work, Robert Elsmere, she solemnly dedicated her very eminent analytic and dramatic power to the propaganda of a blameless and beneficent agnosticism. It would not quite do. Even in this her formal and conscientious confession of unfaith the preacher's own smothered misgiving makes itself felt; her obstinate suspicion, after all, of some supernatural and superrational verity. She is moved, in spite of herself, to offer a slight constructive compromise; to suggest a sort of mawkish travesty of worship, almost pitiable in its futility as compared with the all but virile strength and grasp of the rest of the book. The story of Robert and Catherine ought at least to have been fortifying and composing. It is, in fact, unrelieved and heart-dissolving tragedy.

This undertone of irrepressible dissent from the deliberate pulpit utterance grows louder in David Grieve, which has passages and scenes of great beauty, especially in the earlier part, but is, nevertheless, the least consistent and convincing, the least successful as a romance notwithstanding its wealth of lurid incident, of all Mrs. Ward's longer tales.

In Marcella and in Sir George Tressady we find her trying to set the importunate religious question aside for a time, and concentrating her attention rather upon social and political problems. She suddenly discovers that she has a mission to the most privileged class of her compatriots no less than to the struggling majority and the wholly "disinherited." Her ethical scheme must be comprehensive enough to embrace them all; and no sooner has she set about studying, patiently and methodically, as her own thoroughgoing habits of mind require, the evolution of what is, upon the whole, the best if not the most brilliant aristocracy the world has ever seen, than she finds herself irresistibly enamored of that shining class, — its traditions, in the main so brave and wholesome, the ample and ordered splendor of its highly organized daily existence, the immense distinction of some of its individual types. "The world and the things of the world," — how fascinating they are, after all! How is it possible not to "love" things which are so alluring? What place is it permissible to give them in an ideal scheme, a properly altruistic and entirely righteous theory of human living?

Hitherto — ever since she took her well-earned place as one of the leading writers and moralists of the day — Mrs. Ward has always made the mistake of trying to put too much into each of her pictures; to set her camera so as to take in her entire generation, and show her puppets not only in their action upon one another, but in their relations to the cosmos. Her heroic determination to be not merely truthful, but universal, to spare no pains and slight no corner of her spacious work, has been crowned with a kind of success. She has overcome a good many technical difficulties, and achieved in a single decade a really vast amount of admirable work. But she has done so at a palpable cost to herself of straining and exhausting effort, which has often reacted in deep weariness even upon her most sympathetic readers.

This time she has happily condescended to a subject, grave indeed, but well within her power, — familiarized by painful experience rather than by observation and study. Her voice, always cultured, and certainly not shrill at any time, drops to a quiet note of personal

confidence, with an effect, from the outset, of welcome relaxation and unwonted charm. The story of Helbeck of Bannisdale is very simple. The characters introduced are few, and all, including that of the *provoquante* and passionate little heroine, strictly subordinated to the majestic central figure. The incidents are sufficiently probable; the unfolding of the sad intrigue natural, and one may say inevitable. The scenery, beautifully sketched in as background, but never obtruded, is that austere and noble Westmoreland landscape which has fed the inspiration and wrought itself into the meditative life of three generations of Arnolds. The heroine, Laura Fountain, is not exactly a stranger to the reader. She is Rose again; she is Marcella amid new and exceptionally difficult surroundings; the airy, starry blossom of a tempestuous period and a more or less unwholesome soil; the bright, eager, blameless girl, overrationalized, if not in any true sense of the term overeducated; pathetically incapable of intellectual or spiritual self-guidance, yet early thrust by the general movement of her time far beyond the possibility of blind obedience or simple, trustful self-surrender.

When she and Helbeck are thrown intimately together among the solemn hills, members for a time of the same recluse and self-denying household, the rigid yet generous and tender ascetic and the wayward, mutinous little heretic love as naturally as if they had been alone in the primeval garden. The situation is romantic, but the treatment is not at all so. The reverse of the saint's golden medal, — the infinite puerilities of Catholic practice, the wily ways of Catholic counselors, the spiritual indignities perpetually offered to her most loyal subjects by the great secular Church, the mortification and penury, mental as well as physical, enjoined and uncomplainingly accepted, — all these things, and the sickening repulsion they excite in the child of a humanist and freethinker, the girl bred in virtuous and mildly rationalistic English Cambridge, are portrayed in cold blood and with unflinching realism.

How can these two walk together, with such abysses of conscience between them? No outward mandate interdicts their union. The Church herself, with that awful sagacity of hers, stands silent, and forbids no banns. She will not risk straining the self-devotion of the gallant son who has already given her almost his all. Helbeck, on his part, is too truly chivalrous to constrain, if he could, his darling's soul. He will not wrestle with this fragile and suffering flesh and blood; only with principalities and powers *for her*, by the age-honored methods of penance, vow, and unwearying secret prayer. The loving, clinging, yet untamable sprite feels her light wings caught by invisible threads, makes a frantic effort, and, with sore laceration, frees herself once, only to flutter straight back into the snare, and instantly to realize that escape is no longer possible for her, save by the last exit.

The story, which is essentially that of Robert and Catherine reversed, could not have ended happily. The circumstances of the last scene are perhaps a trifle too melodramatic. Laura, we feel, was exactly the girl to have destroyed herself on a desperate impulse, but never to have written a long letter the night before, announcing her intention to do so.

But the flaw is a slight one, and Helbeck of Bannisdale remains, to our thinking, Mrs. Ward's highest artistic achievement; while its hero, with his noble and fatal single-mindedness, his spiritual grandeur, and his exasperating limitations, is beyond comparison her most veracious and masterly portrait.

In so far, however, as the book may have been meant for a polemical tract or a plea in behalf of private judgment, it is worse than ineffective or better than its intent according to the reader's point of view. The intermittent shud-

der which agitates these pathetic pages constitutes in itself a singular witness to the intact ascendency over the forlorn human soul — possibly in a peculiar manner over the feminine soul — of the one enduring ecclesiastical organization. A fresh wave of reaction toward divinely constituted authority seems to be rising, — possibly, this time, a tidal one. Here and there, the world over, lips opened to curse are trembling into blessing. The Zeitgeist which led the revolutionary chorus so lustily in Matthew Arnold's heyday has taken to the practice of plain song; and we feel, whether she herself quite apprehended its outcome or no, that Mrs. Ward's latest and in some ways most affecting book ranges her definitively with Tolstoy and Maeterlinck, Vogüé and Huysmans, and all the rest of the rather strangely assorted company who go to swell the denomination of the New Mystics.

But the tendency novel, even in the tempered form presented by Helbeck of Bannisdale, is, for the moment, quite out of literary fashion; and the cleverest masculine pens of the day are engaged, almost without exception, on the side of sheer romanticism. The search for motive has given place to the search for adventure, and tumultuous incident leaves no room for subtle analysis. The change is, upon the whole, a healthy and a happy one. It is interesting, too, because it seems to have foreshadowed, and has already, perhaps, done something to promote, the new era of violent activity, which the civilized world will apparently enter at the beginning of the century. With cannon — or whatever deadlier machine may soon have superseded cannon — thundering all round the globe at once, abstract speculation and meditative introspection will necessarily be much interrupted, and a host of morbid fancies and low-lying spiritual vapors will be lifted by a natural law and harmlessly dispelled. This new period of storm and stress will also pass. Another race will be, and other palms will be won by the weapon which is, perhaps, mightier than the sword. But meanwhile the leaders of the romantic revolt in fiction will have done their part in sounding the immediate call to arms.

Mr. Marion Crawford is one of the foremost of these leaders, and in Corleone, the latest novel of the Saracinesca series, he has given us a romance hardly less fascinating than the best of its predecessors, and one whose technical qualities it would be difficult to overpraise. He adds to the gift — rare enough at all times — of a powerful and poetic imagination an excellent method, great care for detail, and the ease that comes of long practice in the arrangement of a plot. There is not much danger that a man thus equipped will "overwrite" himself while his prime lasts, even though he may not, and certainly will not, always write as well as he can. All the great masters of romantic as distinguished from analytic or didactic fiction — Dumas, Scott, Shakespeare himself — have written with great rapidity during their culminating period; and the more tales of modern Italian life, of the quality of Don Orsino and Corleone, Mr. Crawford can produce in a given time, the better surely for the entertainment, and, indirectly, also for the enlightenment of the world.

He should stick resolutely to his Italian themes, however, and not be seduced by others less congenial and less thoroughly mastered; least of all, we are tempted to say, by American themes. He knows more of Italy and the Italians of to-day than any other noted writer now living who is not of Italian lineage. Ouida might be an exception, if her fierce personal prejudices and unbridled passion for the sensational did not give an air of unreality to her strongest pages. Mr. Crawford is certainly better informed than Zola, or Paul Bourget, or that detached and tender pessimist René Bazin. He is more to be depended on, now

that Bonghi is no more, than the cleverest of the contemporary Italian writers themselves; taking a broader view, and suggesting, to the reflective reader, a fairer judgment of the social and political woes which afflict the devoted peninsula just now, than either Fogazzaro or Serao, powerful writers though they both are, and sincere patriots. And it so happens, in the curious arrangement of this world's affairs, that it still matters about as much to civilized humanity as it has done at any time during the last twenty-five hundred years, how Italy fares and what her fate is to be. Allowance must of course be made for the sable color of Mr. Crawford's politics; that is to say, for his strong Catholic and conservative sympathies. He always vindicates the moral empire of the Church, — the regulating and restraining influence exercised in the main by the priest over natures not very open to merely philosophic and doctrinaire considerations; and he has done no more than justice to the higher type of the Italian secular clergy in the noble portraits of Don Teodoro in Taquisara, and Don Ippolito in Corleone. Mr. Crawford is most at home, no doubt, in those two extremes of society where the most picturesque figures are naturally to be found, — with the old nobility and the sadly overburdened peasantry. The men who are actually wrestling as best they can with the desperate difficulties of the moment, — for some of which they are themselves responsible, but for others not, — the suddenly enfranchised middle class from which the great mass of parliamentary deputies and government *impiegati* are taken, Mr. Crawford views at a greater distance and from a different angle. But to them, also, he makes earnest if intermittent efforts to be just; and he has felt and fathomed, as few outsiders have ever done, the peculiar subtlety and complexity of the Italian character; the indelible color imparted by deeply absorbed and half forgotten tradition; the infinite sophistication of the ancient race, rooted in the immemorially occupied soil; the enormous moral range of which it is capable, from heights of magnanimity hardly touched elsewhere to inscrutable depths of baseness, and a calm and in some sort naïf capacity for the most atrocious crime.

Sicily, where the scene of Corleone is laid, is Italy intensified, and the moral contrasts we have noted are well exemplified when certain members of Mr. Crawford's ideal Italian race, the Saracinesca, with whose fine patrician qualities we have long been familiar, are brought into direct contact with what is confessedly "the worst blood in Italy," — that of the Corleone family, — and with the organized brigandage of the Mafia. The story of such a struggle must needs be melodramatic; but it is melodramatic with a method and meaning, and it is admirably constructed as well as charmingly told. Certain episodes, especially that of the deadly chase of the brothers Tagliuca over the desert wastes and wooded spurs of Ætna, are so related as to make the pulses of the most jaded novel-reader beat high. A singularly pure and ardent love story is inwoven with the fierce intrigue; and the final surprise, which resolves so many doubts and removes so many difficulties, is a surprise indeed, and is managed with consummate skill.

Riding close after Mr. Crawford, and well up toward the head of the gallant company of romanticists, comes Dr. S. Weir Mitchell with his Adventures of François, a brilliant little book. If any ambitious young writer, quite unknown to fame, had made his first literary appearance when Dr. Mitchell began writing fiction, less than a score of years ago, and had gone on gaining, as constantly as he has done, both in depth of human insight and in dramatic and delineative skill, the fact would have been remarkable. But when a man already eminent in science and in the practice of an absorbing profession takes up one

of the lesser arts by the way, and lightly masters it, we recognize a larger and more versatile genius.

No doubt it is an advantage — though not commonly considered essential — to have known something of life by actual experience before attempting to depict it; but — *si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait* — the man who knows the world well is too apt to have lost his own keen interest in it. No touch of languor or disenchantment, however, mars the spirited effect of this rapid narrative. Most of us have probably felt, if not said, at one time or another, that we know all we want or deem it good to know concerning the hideous details of that last judgment of a social order, — the great French Revolution. Its further use, in fiction at least, we should have considered more than questionable. Yet Dr. Mitchell has snatched his hero from the very lowest of the strata flung outward by the great upheaval, has given him a fresh, vivid, consistent, and really captivating personality, and led him through a series of haps and mishaps — wondrous, but not improbable, because nothing was so at that time — to a natural and satisfactory end. The author admits, with excellent grace, in the passage where the Marquis de Ste. Luce likens François to the immortal Chicot, his own special obligations to the prince of French story-tellers; and indeed, the resemblances, personal and moral, between the chivalrous thief and the astute fool of Henry II. could have escaped no reader properly steeped in his Dumas père. But the most ardent disciple of that joyous cult will be the first to acknowledge that its modern minister is an independent and a worthy one. Dr. Mitchell is too experienced a physician of the mind, and too thoroughly of his own age, after all, not to have struck now and then a deeper note than his great master was wont to touch; and he has dallied a little, in passing, though never so as to impede the action of his tale, with the inevitable psychological problem presented by the character and destiny of a waif like François. That light-hearted hero is permitted to state his own case, near the peaceful end of his checkered career, and he does it in these artless terms: —

"I am now old. I suppose, from what I am told, that I was wicked when I was young. But if one cannot see that he was a sinner, what then? The good God who made me knows that I was a little Ishmaelite cast adrift in the streets to feed as I might. I defend not myself. I blame not the chances of life, nor yet the education which fate gave me. It was made to tempt one in need of food and shelter. 'T is a great thing to be able to laugh easily and often, and this good gift I had; and so, whether in safety or in peril, whether homeless or housed, I have gone through life merry. I had thought more, says M. le Curé, if I had been less light of heart. But thus was I made, and, after all, it has its good side."

A word must be said for the exceptional beauty and fitness of the illustrations, by Castaigne, to The Adventures of François. The recreant choir boy, absorbed in the copy of Horace which he had picked up in the Luxembourg Gardens, and relishing so keenly the lines he can but half construe, while his delightful dog Toto leans against his shoulder with a broad smile of canine sympathy and confidence, is so drawn that we know not which more to admire, the fancy of the novelist or the skill of the draughtsman. The whole scene which describes the first meeting of François with the dazzling old nobleman whose fate was so strangely mixed up with his own is a novel and charming one; but why are we never told what became, after Robespierre's fall, of that finished and most agreeable reprobate, the Marquis de Ste. Luce? It is not a new type, certainly, but it is admirably presented here. And one more griev-

ance we have against Dr. Mitchell: it seems to us that Toto was needlessly sacrificed. His death was nobly avenged, indeed; still we remain inconsolable. He who had escaped the chances of the Terror and the travesty of the guillotine might so well have subsisted royally on the rats in the Paris Catacombs, and passed away long afterward, by a wheezy euthanasy, at the fireside which sheltered the ranged and reclaimed François.

Two more recruits to the stout army of romanticists — a Scotchman and an American — appear in the persons of Mr. John Buchan, author of John Barnet of Barnes, and Miss Mary Johnston, author of Prisoners of Hope, a Tale of Colonial Virginia. Mr. Buchan, though his pages bristle with dialect, is no kail-yard chronicler. He is the earnest pupil of Stevenson, and has written a sound, manly, and well-knit narrative of seventeenth-century adventure. The freshest portions of it are those which describe the hero's student life in Leyden; it is only when we take to the moors, and lie in hiding with the Covenanters, that too close a comparison is invited with the inimitable master, and we sigh for "the touch of a vanished hand." John Barnet was for Church and King, and though falsely denounced by private enemies for plotting against the Stuart line, he was no little loath, at first, to owe his life, when a fugitive, to Covenanting protection. Yet a great admiration for many of these hunted men grew upon him, when he had lived for a few days among them. "Truly," he says, "my thoughts on things were changing. Here was I, in the very stronghold of the fanatics, and in the two chief — the old man and Master Lockhart — I found a reasonable mind and lofty purpose. And thus I have ever found it: that the better sort of the Covenanters were the very cream of Scots gentlefolk, and 't was only in the canaille that the gloomy passion of fanatics was to be found." There is a ring about this which vividly recalls that most touching, but, alas, unfulfilled aspiration of Stevenson's: —

> "Might it be given me to behold you again in dying,
> Hills of home! — and hear again the call
> About the graves of the martyrs, the peewits crying,
> And hear no more at all."

The author of Prisoners of Hope, — an excellent title by the way, — if she has a less disciplined pen than Mr. Buchan, has more originality and a far more active imagination. The scene of the story is laid in Virginia, at the time of the formidable rebellion under Sir William Berkeley; and Miss Johnston has not only studied her period thoroughly, but she shows a remarkable grasp of an obscure and intricate political situation. The various elements of discontent which were working at that critical time, and which, in their explosion, had so nearly rent the young commonwealth asunder and detached her from the mother country a century before the times were ripe, are nonchalantly enumerated at the opening of the narrative by brave old Colonel Verney, tobacco king and stanch Cavalier: —

"It 's this d——d Oliverian element among them! You see, ever since his Majesty's blessed restoration, gang after gang of rebels have been sent us, — Independents, Muggletonians, Fifth Monarchy men, dour Scotch Whigamores, dangerous fanatics all! Many are Naseby or Worcester rogues, Ironsides who worship the memory of that devil's lieutenant, Oliver. All have the gift of the gab. We disperse them as much as possible, not allowing above five or six to any one plantation, we of the Council realizing that they form a dangerous leaven. Should there be trouble, — which Heaven forbid! — they would be the instigators. . . . Then there are their fellow criminals, the highwaymen, forgers, cutpurses, and bullies, of whom we relieve his Majesty's government.

They are few in number, but each is a very plague spot, infecting honester men. The slaves — always excepting the Spanish and Portuguese mulattoes from the Indies, who are devils incarnate — have not brain enough to conspire. But in the actual event of a rising they would be fiends unchained."

These types are all clearly distinguished and ably represented in Miss Johnston's virile pages, and there is one chapter — The Hut on the Marsh — which describes a cautious meeting of the conspirators for the discussion of their plans with positively amazing power.

The hero of the story, Godfrey Landless, belongs to a class whose tragic fate has invited more than one novelist of late, and notably the highly correct and careful author of King Noanett. Landless was a convict who had been sold into semi-slavery ; consigned with other malefactors to Colonel Verney, and sent to work out his sentence on the Virginia plantations. But he was a gentleman none the less, the son of a gallant officer in the army of the Commonwealth who had been killed at Worcester, and he suffered, of course, under a false accusation. A bitter sense of his own wrongs leads him to cast in his lot with the rebels, but he is revolted by the project of inciting the slaves to rebellion ; and when, in due course of time and by the inevitable law of romantic tendency, he has fallen in love with his master's daughter, his position becomes in the highest degree perplexing and perilous. The lady, the fair, disdainful Patricia, is being wooed at the same time by her cousin, Sir Charles Carew, a dandy and a gallant of the court of Charles II., who had come to the colony prepared to mend his wasted fortunes with the patrimony of the rich planter's daughter, and then honestly fallen a victim to her unexpected charm. The mortal enmity between these two so unequally equipped suitors adds one more sensational ingredient to this highly wrought, yet upon the whole admirably constructed story, and no faithful novel-reader will need to be told which of the rivals ultimately prevails with Patricia.

The book is brim full of fire and movement, and the interest marvelously sustained. Its main fault is the very hopeful and curable, but in these days most uncommon one of *exuberance*. It is too highly colored. Surely life was not quite so elaborately fastuous as here represented, even among the most prosperous of the Virginia tobacco growers before 1700 ! And as for Patricia's extravagance in dress, we can think of no parallel to the "yards upon yards of Venice point" lavished upon one only of the many imported gowns of this colonial belle, save in the historic wardrobe of England's virgin queen or the reckless outfit of Ouida's early heroines.

But superfluity can always be pruned, while indigence is fatal. Miss Johnston has both power and passion, and these, after all, are the main essentials for the highest achievement in fiction. Curiously enough, while her fancy is thus riotous, her style is not intemperate, and her touch in delineating scenery is delicate and absolutely just. Her landscape backgrounds are exquisite, and the description of the old Verney mansion is a gem of picturesque writing and a marvel of local color.

If there should ever be a sequel to Prisoners of Hope, — and it is so unnatural for the hero to have been abandoned, on the last page of his eventful history, to a lingering death in the forest that we are half inclined to expect one, — it is safe to prophesy that it will be a more symmetrical, if not a more striking book than this.

From the strenuous appeal made to the reason by novels with a pronounced purpose, and to the feelings by tales of thrilling adventure, we turn with an involuntary sense of relief to the latest

book by that rather new writer who chooses to call himself Henry Seton Merriman. For what we are about to receive we are already grateful. We are not sure of being edified, but we know that we shall be well amused so long as the story lasts, and perhaps left with something to think about — if think we must — after the volume is regretfully closed.

It is not often that a considerable reputation is so quietly, negligently, one might almost say disdainfully made as that of the author of The Sowers, Flotsam, and In Kedar's Tents. It is a reputation of the second class, of course; but the front rank is not exactly crowded at present, and there is ample room for this mordant and yet urbane annalist, who is neither poet, prophet, accredited artist, nor professed philanthropist, but merely a clever and widely experienced man of the world. We all know how soothing in society — if he be but reasonably amiable — is the companionship of such a man, when one has been a little too long importuned by the arguments of the earnest and the appeals of the inspired. It is much the same in literature. Mr. Merriman — as we are bound to name him — has perhaps been a diplomatist. He seems equally at home, at all events, in all the great capitals of Europe, — London, Paris, Petersburg, Madrid, The Hague, — and he gives us a good variety of human types, all drawn with the same light and well-trained hand. He can bring forth from the stores of his memory plenty of sensational incident, but he makes light, in a way, of this also, and never needlessly agitates either himself or his reader. His epigrams are abundant, but so modestly offered and seemingly unstudied as to appear half unconscious, — the habit merely of a quick wit long associated with other quick wits. Their presumed cynicism is often curiously superficial, masking a serious and by no means uncharitable meaning. Take a handful gathered at random from his last book, Roden's Corner: —

"Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon."

"That dangerous industries exist we all know and deplore. That the supply of men and women ready to take employment in such industries is practically inexhaustible is a fact worth at least a moment's attention."

"Sufficient for the social day is the effort to avoid glancing at the cupboard where our neighbor keeps his skeleton."

"She had that subtle air of self-restraint that marks those women whose lives are passed in the society of men inferior to themselves. Of course, all women are, in a sense, doomed to this!"

"Life should surely consist of seizing the fortunate, and fighting through the ill moments — else why should men have heart and nerve?"

In his treatment of women Mr. Merriman comes rather nearer than good taste permits to assuming the pose of a misogynist; yet here, too, he is always liable to lapses into chivalry. The audacious and slang-loving schoolgirl in Roden's Corner is drawn with a touch so indulgent as to be almost tender, and endowed with the finest of womanly possibilities; and the author is very kind, in the same book, to another well-intentioned but rather foolish girl of the period, the tale of whose final wooing and winning is original enough for quotation: —

"Like many of her contemporaries, Joan was troubled by an intense desire to do her duty, coupled with an unfortunate lack of duties to perform.

"'I wish you would tell me what you think,' she said.

"'Seems to me,' said White, 'that your duty is clear enough.'

"'Yes?'

"'Yes. Drop the Malgamiters and

the Haberdashers and all that, and — marry me.'

"But Joan only shook her head sadly.

"'That cannot be my duty,' she said.

"'Why? 'Cause it is n't unpleasant enough?'

"'No,' answered Joan after a pause, in the deepest earnestness, — 'no, that 's just it!'"

Roden's Corner was a financial, not a rural one; and the volume is more of a tract than Mr. Merriman has permitted himself hitherto, dealing quite explicitly with the abuse of trusts and monopolies, and all that may be suffered by the victims of certain fashionable forms of organized charity. It is the clever and high-mettled dandy of the book who, having been idly drawn into the nefarious malgamite scheme, discerns and revolts at its iniquity, and finally exposes and defeats it. "He belonged," the author says, "to a school and generation which, with all its faults, has, at all events, the redeeming quality of courage. He had long learned to say the right thing, which effectually teaches men to do the right thing, also."

It will be seen that Mr. Merriman is very fond of his hero, Tony Cornish, whose features, for the rest, are not quite unfamiliar; for he reminds us a little of Rudolf, Rassendyll, and several other modern favorites. But we are more than willing to believe, in view of the stormy times already sententiously prophesied, that he represents not unfairly the very best kind of gilded youth, both in England and in America.

The twelve stories which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has collected under the appropriate title of The Day's Work comprise two of the very best which he has written, The Bridge Builders and The Brushwood Boy, first and last of the series. In several of the others he indulges his recent fancy for making animals talk, as they used to do in the fairy tales of our childhood, and also for personifying those formidable natural forces which the modern man boasts of having compelled to do his bidding, but which often defy, and occasionally, even yet, defeat and violently destroy him.

But whether it is the horses on a Vermont stock farm and the brave little beasts of the polo field who hold lively converse among themselves; or the once deified animals of the Ganges Valley who revolt at a sacrilegious attempt to bridle their sacred river; or a mere miscellaneous lot of locomotive engines competing for precedence, and yielding homage at last to the record-breaking speed of "No. .007," — all these creatures, whether animate or inanimate, speak with the voice of Rudyard Kipling, perorate with his fiery eloquence, pound with the hammer of his prejudice, and sting with the whiplash of his merry wit. Where else can we look for such intense vitality and such impish variety? Mr. Kipling belongs to no school of novelists, living or dead. He is a law unto his extraordinary self, — solitary and universal. He is romantic, but not a romanticist; sentimental, but not a sentimentalist; popular, though he would spit upon the name of populist; practical and scientific, as befits his epoch, but not a realist; Homeric, at times, but assuredly no epic bard; patriotic in the highest degree, but after a fashion never observed in a British subject before. He is unique and unclassifiable, because he is of the future; an inquisitive and impetuous forerunner of that twentieth century which will be in full swing by the time he is as old as a man must usually be before acquiring a solid reputation as a distinguished writer.

Two only of the dozen tales in this volume deal, in any way, with that passion which has formed the staple of all fiction hitherto; but the love stories in The Brushwood Boy and in William the Conqueror (William was the ladye-love, by the way) are both of marked

and memorable beauty; fresh, delicate, and thrilling as a skylark's lay. In William the Conqueror, as well as in The Bridge Builders and the very striking sketch called The Tombs of his Ancestors, the scene is happily laid once more in the ancient land of Mr. Kipling's own birth; and he returns to the congenial theme, so dear to his own heart always, and so affecting to every reader of our race, — the simple heroism, the unshrinking and unthinking spirit of self-sacrifice, which characterizes the lives of so many Englishmen and Englishwomen in British India. There can be no better reading just now than these plain chronicles for our own young men and maidens, who can learn from Mr. Kipling's dramatic pages how nobly a nation's most reckless pledges may be redeemed by her loyal children; and the crimes, and the yet more hapless blunders, which too often accompany distant conquest, may be amply expiated.

In A Walking Delegate, My Sunday at Home, and the exceedingly clever and diverting sketch entitled An Error in the Fourth Dimension, Mr. Kipling selects American subjects, and handles them with admirable humor, but in a spirit, it must be confessed, by no means flattering, and hardly even friendly to ourselves. We can well afford to wait, however, until that gust of rather boyish anger which found scathing expression in the verses on the American spirit shall have passed harmlessly by, and may good-humoredly accept meanwhile, and even enjoy a good laugh over the very thinly disguised general admonition which is delivered in almost unerring dialect by the "ex-car-horse" Muldoon in A Walking Delegate: —

"America 's paved with the kind er horse you are — jist plain yaller-dog horse, waiting ter be whipped inter shape. We call 'em yearlings and colts when they 're young. When they 're aged we pound 'em in this pastur'. Horse, sonny, is what you start from. We know all about horse here, an' he ain't any high-toned, pure-souled child o' natur'. Horse, plain horse, same as you, is chock-full o' tricks, an' meannesses, an' cussednesses, an' shirkin's, an' monkey-shines, which he 's took over from his sire an' his dam, an' thickened up with his own special fancy in the way o' goin' crooked. Thet 's *horse;* an' thet 's about his dignity an' the size of his soul 'fore he 's been broke an' raw-hided a piece. . . . Don't you try to back off acrost them rocks! Wait where you are! Ef I let my Hambletonian temper git the better o' me, I 'd frazzle you out finer than rye-straw inside o' three minutes, you woman-scarin', kid-killin', dash-breakin', unbroke, unshod, ungaited, pastur'-hoggin', saw-backed, shark-mouthed, hair-trunk, thrown-in-in-a-trade son of a bronco an' a sewing-machine!"

Versatile as he is, Mr. Kipling could never have achieved this last climax if he had not served for a term of years in the United States.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the Confidence of a Story-Writer.

THERE is registered somewhere in my consciousness a vow that I will never be confidential except for the purpose of misleading. But consistency is a pompous and wearisome burden, and I seek relief by casting it aside; for, like the colored gentleman in the Passemala, I am sometimes "afraid o' myse'f," but never ashamed.

I have discovered my limitations, and I have saved myself much worry and torment by accepting them as final. I can gain nothing but tribulation by cultivating faculties that are not my own. I cannot reach anything by running after it, but I find that many pleasant and profitable things come to me here in my corner.

Some wise man has promulgated an eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not preach," which, interpreted, means, "Thou shalt not instruct thy neighbor as to what he should do." But the Preacher is always with us. Said one to me: "Thou shalt parcel off thy day into mathematical sections. So many hours shalt thou abandon thyself to thought, so many to writing; a certain number shalt thou devote to household duties, to social enjoyment, to ministering to thy afflicted fellow creatures." I listened to the voice of the Preacher, and the result was stagnation all along the line of "hours" and unspeakable bitterness of spirit. In brutal revolt I turned to and played solitaire during my "thinking hour," and whist when I should have been ministering to the afflicted. I scribbled a little during my "social enjoyment" period, and shattered the "household duties" into fragments of every conceivable fraction of time, with which I besprinkled the entire day as from a pepper-box. In this way I succeeded in reëstablishing the harmonious discord and confusion which had surrounded me before I listened to the voice, and which seems necessary to my physical and mental well-being.

But there are many voices preaching. Said another one to me: "Go forth and gather wisdom in the intellectual atmosphere of clubs, — in those centres of thought where questions are debated and knowledge is disseminated." Once more giving heed, I hurried to enroll myself among the thinkers, and dispensers of knowledge, and propounders of questions. And very much out of place did I feel in these intellectual gatherings. I escaped by some pretext, and regained my corner, where no "questions" and no fine language can reach me.

There is far too much gratuitous advice bandied about, regardless of personal aptitude and wholly confusing to the individual point of view.

I had heard so often reiterated that "genius is a capacity for taking pains" that the axiom had become lodged in my brain with the fixedness of a fundamental truth. I had never hoped or aspired to be a genius. But one day the thought occurred to me, "I will take pains." Thereupon I proceeded to lie awake at night plotting a tale that should convince my limited circle of readers that I could rise above the commonplace. As to choice of "time," the present century offered too prosaic a setting for a tale intended to stir the heart and the imagination. I selected the last century. It is true I know little of the last century, and have a feeble imagination. I read volumes bearing upon the history of the times and people that I proposed to manipulate, and pored over folios depicting costumes and household utensils then in use, determined to avoid inaccuracy. For the first time in my life I took notes, — copious notes, — and carried them bulging in my jacket pockets, until I felt as if I were wearing Zola's coat. I have never seen a craftsman at work upon a fine piece of mosaic, but I fancy that he must handle the delicate bits much as I handled the words in that story, picking, selecting, grouping, with an eye to color and to artistic effect, — never satisfied. The story completed, I was very, very weary; but I had the satisfaction of feeling that for once in my life I had worked hard, I had achieved something great, I had taken pains.

But the story failed to arouse enthusiasm among the editors. It is at present lying in my desk. Even my best friend declined to listen to it, when I offered to read it to her.

I am more than ever convinced that a writer should be content to use his own faculty, whether it be a faculty for taking pains or a faculty for reaching his effects by the most careless methods. Every writer, I fancy, has his group of readers who understand, who are in sympathy with his thoughts or impressions or whatever he gives them. And he who is content to reach his own group, without ambition to be heard beyond it, attains, in my opinion, somewhat to the dignity of a philosopher.

The God of Battles.

From the "vowe to God made he" of the Ballad of Chevy Chase down to the "Jehovah of the Thunders" in Kipling's hymn, the Anglo-Saxon, or more properly the Anglo-Norman, whenever he has felt the stir of coming battle has felt at the same time the call of a very stern, a very simple, and a very primitive religious sentiment. Satirists of alien nationality have not been slow to observe this. They have depicted the Englishman overrunning the wilderness, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, and they have maligned the American as a hypocrite who lifted to heaven a hand dripping with the slaughter of less powerful races. The Anglo-Norman conscience itself has proved tender at times, and the God of Battles has been invoked from within against the manifest tendencies of the race as well as in their behalf. This conscience is never at ease unless it finds a case made out for it of battling for right and humanity, if not for the God of Battles himself.

But we are told in these latter days that the Anglo-Norman has undergone a revolution. He has cast aside the traditions of a thousand years, it is said, and has new words to express his convictions as to the truths of life and death. Accordingly, he has found, or must find, new cries to animate him in his devotion to what he deems the cause of progress and humanity.

There have been varied suggestions as to what might take the place of Him whom Kipling calls Jehovah of the Thunders, provided we satisfied ourselves that He no longer existed. The difficulty with most of these suggestions is that they do not adapt themselves to poetry. The Unknowable, Abstract Humanity, and so forth, — none of these seems to work well in metre, either long, short, or peculiar. That is no argument against the use in prose of these substitutes for an historic tradition. It shows only that when the cloud of war rose, the United States were unready in other respects besides those indicated in appropriation bills and proclamations.

The curious thing in that American war verse which found its way in trickling stanzas down the columns of newspapers was the apparent self-consciousness with which it evaded all the difficulties that real poetry would have faced with deadly resolution. The real poet would have said to himself, "There is a way to say these thoughts which I have in my heart, if they are true;" and he would have broken his heart rather than fail to find the new manner of utterance. But the verse-makers did nothing in this earnest spirit. They ignored the God of Battles to a degree positively startling in the history of English literature, and they put nothing in his place. If there were exceptions to this rule in current literature, they were few; though it must be acknowledged that a republication of The Battle Hymn of the Republic awoke languid echoes. The only fervent reminiscence of the poets — and this was shared by the populace — showed itself in lurid allusions to the place which Falstaff said he always thought on when he looked at Bardolph's nose.

Thus it remained a question whether the actual roar of cannon would arouse in the bards the old Anglo-Norman sentiment, or bring new thoughts to their lips. Later evidence goes to show that the time-honored phrases are the final

resort. The other day, a few stanzas, not otherwise remarkable, flashed forth with that stern and ancient name, the God of Battles. They were apparently a woman's verses, and there was more in them of the sacrifice and misery than the triumph and glory of war. But God was there, compassionate to the stricken, unpitying to the stubborn foe, — the same God whom the Anglo-Norman has always called upon when he felt a need beyond the powers of his own self-reliance. Since then we have seen a number of hymns and apostrophes in the old fashion. But we await the poet who thinks himself capable of putting modern beliefs into stirring verse.

The Passing of the Spare Chamber.

We have no spare chamber. I have been troubled about it for a long while. Yesterday it occurred to me that the Browns have no spare chamber, either, nor the Robinsons, nor the Stuyvesants, and I am more troubled than ever.

The decadence of the spare chamber strikes deep. It is the concrete difference between past and present. The spare chamber meant a room in the house set apart from common life, dedicated to the higher nature. The family might have only three chambers: one of these was sacred. The feather bed rose plump and impregnable in its recesses. The green paper shades shut out all but a chink of light, the cane-seat chairs stood stiff against the wall, and clean straw rustled under the taut "store carpet." The stimulus to the imagination alone was worth three times the amount of cubic space the spare chamber occupied. You tiptoed in. Mother's best bonnet lay on the middle of the bed. Sometimes a huge loaf of fruit cake sat elegantly in one of the chairs.

There was always something reserved in the days of the spare chamber, — fruit cake and bonnets. People had best clothes. They wore them on spare days. Sunday was a spare day. You knew that it was Sunday. Grandfather shaved. (When grandfathers shave every day, what is left for the seventh?) There was a hush about the house. As the day wore on, it deepened; the whole farm lay under its warm, sleepy spell, — all but the irrepressible hen. The cheerful cackle lingers still, the most irreverent thing in memory. She worked seven days in the week, and talked about it. The very silence waited to hear and condemn. Amid trolley cars, and bicycle bells, and children playing, and the Salvation Army drum, the cackle dies away into a harmless whisper.

There was spare time then. People made visits, — not anxious, crowded, hurried calls, but good old-fashioned visits. The carryall was washed and oiled. Old Flora was carefully combed and brushed by grandfather, and then grandfather was brushed and combed by grandmother. Aunt Clara packed the luncheon in a big basket. There was always a spare cricket to fit in front for small folks, with a good view of Flora's haunches going uphill, and a wide sweep of country going down. The journey was leisurely, but full of wild excitements. There were the dangerous railroad crossings, where grandfather always got out, rods ahead, and walked cautiously across, looking two ways at once. The rest of us rode boldly over, with a fine feeling of risk. Grandfather used to crack the whip in defiance of danger. There were the covered bridges, too. Old Flora's hoofs echoed in them and repeated the trampling of armies. The loose boards rattling underneath held the child on the cricket breathless. Times have changed. Now we speed swiftly over gaudy open bridges, and the legend "No faster than a walk" looks grimly down from either end.

We had a spare chamber at first. When the baby came, we turned it into a nursery. We cleared out a store-room for the nurse, and used the little back-room for a drying-room. Grandmother, when her first baby came, took it into

her own bed. When another baby came to crowd it out, there was the trundle-bed that stood under the big bed all day, and rolled out at night with a sleepy rumble. And when more babies still came to crowd the trundle-bed, the first baby, a big boy, six years old now, had a bed made for him at the head of the back stairs, or up garret, under the sloping eaves. The rain lulled him to sleep, and the snow drifted in sometimes. In the spare chamber the big bed loomed untouched. It hovered in his dreams, a presence not to be put by. The snow, the rain, the stars, and the spare chamber made a poet of him. We have no poets now.

Every Book on its own Bottom.

WIDE reading in current literature will show that rarely is a book printed which does not contain at least one thought or one aspect of thought worth remembering. But it takes a wise man to find the thought. What puzzles him in his search for atoms of wisdom is that often the book from which he got least is taken up behind him with babbling approval. Until he has learned by experience to pay no attention to the shouting of the multitude, he is often tempted to revise his judgment. But he learns at last that the noise, like the wag of a dog's tail or the pecking of a bird, is mainly due to reflex action. It interests him, then, to learn the cause of the outcry. He finds cases in which some intrinsic quality of a book, irksome perhaps to him, has attracted the public. In this case, as one to whom nothing human is foreign, he adds something to his knowledge of literary possibilities. But usually he discovers that what stirred the imagination of the people was not within the covers of the book.

The classic example of this sort of thing — not to make invidious remarks about what happens under our noses several times a year — is Pomfret's Choice, a poem which, so far as printed testimony goes, has been read by only two men of the present generation, though it was preëminently the end-of-the-century book in 1699. Observe that the end of the century with its attendant phenomena is no novelty in the history of literature. The Bishop of London disapproved of Pomfret's Muse. Pomfret's career as a clergyman was blasted before it began, but his book sold as if there were a lurking devil in its innocuous pages. A smooth, easy, languid, shallow copy of verses became the talk of a nation because a bishop sat down on the author. History repeats itself. Only a little while ago an American archbishop performed a similar office for a well-known recent novel.

All this having become a matter of experience, and the world in general being, like the men of Athens, diligent in search of new things, why not try systematically the plan of putting all books on their individual merits without reference to the author? In more than one sense of the word, a book is a living organism with a span of active existence more or less extended. A sickly book ought not to borrow vitality from a strong book because it owes its being to the same author; nor should a good book be handicapped because it belongs to an ignoble family.

The world does its part in trying to discourage the majority of authors by remunerating them scantily or not at all. But an additional measure of some kind is needed. Why not, then, enforce anonymity by the gradual pressure of an ethical reform in which the rights of books shall be considered as those of dumb brutes are now? At present the tendency seems to be toward an opinion that anonymity is unjustifiable. This seems to be an outcome worthy of an age in which the gossipy commercial traveler is the most conspicuous figure. If literature is merely a trade or profession, notoriety is, of course, indispensable, and concealment is required only to injure an enemy or a rival. But if lit-

erature in its highest forms, the only forms worth studying, is an inspiration, then it were well put on a level where the arts of notoriety and mere self-seeking cannot flourish. Anonymity, if it became general, would stop the personal allusions to authors which make the cheapest kind of fame in these modern days. It would obviate all that mass of paragraphic information often called literary notes, and quite as often devoid of anything literary; it would destroy that parasitic journalism which has grown up on the vanity of authorship; and it would turn the vacuous curiosity of the public back upon itself, where it belongs. The public would then either read books or not, as it chose; but it would be forced to talk more about literature, and less about literary persons. The finest episode of literary history in the last hundred years was the anonymity of Waverley. People would, indeed, persistently ask of a book that attracted them, "Who wrote it?" But they would look in the book itself for an answer, something which is not done uniformly now.

If the writer outlives anonymity, the title of concealment becomes a term of affection. Witness George Eliot. If it veils a popular author to the threshold of the tomb, it may be rent only to discover a life history touching in its completeness, which would have been blotted by daily publicity. It may keep alive for ages a vivid sense of the perils in which humanity has established its rights, as the fame of the Letters of Obscure Men has done. It may even keep a worthless book alive unnumbered centuries, — and this should be a solace to authors, if shut out from ordinary commercial devices for giving their books renown. Nobody knows who wrote the Epistles of Phalaris; consequently, a library has been written about them. If anybody knew their author, nobody would think of reading them again. An equally worthless book of the last century, The Letters of Junius, bids fair to have the same endless repute; and there is an American novel, published some years ago, which promises to live in the well-kept mystery of its origin.

Nobody knows better than the wise man that he loves books which never become popular, and that books which become popular in spite of his praise are subject to the same law of oblivion as those are which succeed with the aid of his disapproval. He is conscious that the theme and the treatment of the theme are the real issue, and that authors should be considered only necessary instrumentalities. If a modern gossipmonger is asked about a book, he can often answer with anecdotes about the author. Suppose we reform this and shut the fool's mouth.

The Artist and Marriage.

The familiar fact that marriage is not, in the long run, a romantic relationship may be the reason of its amazing lack of influence upon the work of the artist. Possibly there is a surer reason, based on the nature of men, whatever their occupation. From the testimony of time, not less than from the myth of Adam, it would seem that the imperious need of men is, not to love, but to work; that they seek to express themselves, not in romance, but in labor. The artist with his heightened temperament is peculiarly under the rule of this need of self-expression. More susceptible than other men, perhaps, to the influence of the woman, he is less in danger of her interference with his life task. In this task are combined at once his business and the food for his idealism. His work is ultimate, his temper of mind all-embracing, leaving no margins of unfulfilled desire on which to record whole epics of dissatisfaction. If he love happily, his work goes on apace; if he do not love, it still goes on. If he marry, he loves his wife and is glad of her presence in the intervals of rest between labor on novel or portrait.

The matter as far as the man is con-

cerned ends here; but the case of the woman begins, and its end is lost in the mists of the future. Nor can Nature throw light ahead upon this dimness. Concerning the domestic functions of women her voice is heard around the world, but in regard to their ambitions alien to these functions she is as mute as the Sphinx. Nothing can be expected from her toward the solution of a problem that seems the peculiar product of this century.

Except in the question of finance, a man has never been obliged to consider marriage in its relation to his art. On the other hand, when a woman painter or poet loves and marries she is confronted with a problem of personality that has to do with the very essence of her relationship to the man. He becomes, to a greater or less degree, the rival of her art. To review with Villon the "dear, dead women" of many a golden past, to study the women of the present, is to feel, against one's will perhaps, that the primal need of a woman's nature is, not to work, but to love. She must earn her bread in the service of love, as she has done in marriage for a thousand generations.

Men are not, as a rule, rivals of those occupations of women which do not bring the æsthetic forces into play, which do not demand an output of feeling. A woman who keeps books or sells goods may do her work heartily, but in the majority of cases she looks forward to marriage as a not unwelcome end to her labors. She would be an unnatural woman, indeed, who would prefer bookkeeping to marriage with a man she loved. In the case of art it is different, demanding as art does the passion of its devotee as well as the intellect. A man can satisfy these large demands because he is by nature dedicated to labor. But a woman, if she love her art, must ordinarily give up dreams of wifehood and maternity and be content with her rich shadows.

Her problem in this matter is essentially modern. The nineteenth century has brought forth a new type, a woman highly organized, sensitive to beauty, nervous to sublimity, and, sometimes, devoid of humor. Her imperative need is an outlet for her too abundant energy. If she love very early, she marries as a St. Theresa might marry, in tremulous idealism, becomes a mother, lives for her children, and is satisfied, if not actively happy. If she do not marry, she is likely to seek self-expression and happiness in painting, in modeling, in novel-writing, in the so-called artistic career. Paris and New York swarm with young women whose enthusiasm for their chosen work is only another form of what might have been maternal feeling. When to this zeal is added the necessity for bread-winning, the absorption becomes complete. The more vital the hold that the work takes upon a woman, the less likely she is to marry. She becomes too detached in spirit to attract men, or she herself does not feel the need of love. It makes no difference in the effect, that only one in a thousand, perhaps, of these enthusiasts is really gifted. The dream and not the achievement changes the course of life. It is not that this century has produced more women of genius than any other, but that it has produced more women who find other outlets for their feeling than marriage.

If, however, a man should stride across the threshold of the woman's carefully built house of art, she is at once obliged to divide her allegiance, and confusion ensues. If marriage result, the complexity is so much increased that, after a time, the woman may give up in weariness the effort to be both an artist and a woman, and, by sheer reaction, revel in being a woman; or else she may endeavor to keep up the dual life in the time that she can spare from child-bearing and the ordering of the house. She may, indeed, sacrifice the domestic ideal to what she considers higher obligations

than those of motherhood, but she is not then on natural ground, and her case is not the case of the normal wife.

When women have carried on their mental labors within marriage, they have had, as a rule, the concurrence of their husbands; or these husbands were themselves poets with impossible ideals of life, — as it may seem to the majority. Mary Shelley lived an intellectual rather than a domestic life, but to be married to Shelley was a good deal like not being married at all. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote some of her finest poems as a wife, but she, too, was the wife of a poet, and of a poet whose ideal of women made them the supreme artificers of life. The rank and file of men, however, cannot be poets; and, to say the least, it is not desirable that they should be. The average man may be pardoned for believing that his wife's domestic virtues are of more consequence than her ability to write sonnets. If she possess a strong interest which does not concern her household or himself, he is inclined to be jealous; the men of this generation, especially, have more cause to be jealous of a woman's soul than of her person. They are not always sure of her spiritual allegiance. This part of her nature may be least understood by them; and mystery is the mother of resentment. In past centuries, when the mass of women had not attained self-consciousness, this cause for jealousy did not exist; but the women of the present day are nothing if not self-conscious. They have, perhaps, too great an intimacy with their own souls. Even a French *danseuse* begins to feel that her spirit may be of greater potency to charm than mere prettiness of face; she is dimly divining the sensuousness of the spirit. A moral gulf may be fixed between her and the wife who seeks some form of self-expression other than the domestic, but they are alike baffling to the lover and husband. Given these conditions, it is difficult to foresee the future of the woman artist in her relations to marriage. The question, after all, will resolve itself finally into one of happiness. The divine right of joy is no longer disputed by the majority, however wistful they may be in contemplation of their heritage. The woman must decide, then, whether to pursue her chosen art or to marry will make her happier. In most cases she cannot be both an artist and a wife. If she do not marry, she misses the strange, unspeakable joys of wifehood, with their delicate margin of pain; the rapture of maternity; the wholesomeness of daily living as the centre and inspiration of a household. If she marry and put her ambitions from her, she misses a rare companionship with beautiful ghosts; she misses, it may be, the flavor of lonely triumphs, the ennobling vision of the unattainable. She must choose between two orders of experience as diverse as the poles.

Presumably, that which is better adapted to her nature will afford her greater happiness. Goethe believed in the Eternal Woman, but time plays tricks with eternity, and the woman nature itself might be changed by centuries of training. As it is now, it seems that the woman is happier if she marry. In the long run, her idealism is more domestic than æsthetic.

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THE COLONIAL EXPANSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our country has been suddenly placed in the position of a man who, intending to make a small bid at a foreclosure sale to protect the interest of a poor neighbor, finds himself unexpectedly the owner of a large estate subject to a heavy mortgage. If the heritage rent from Spain is princely, the questions it entails are sorely perplexing; and although before we made the bid we talked a great deal about the right of the poor neighbor to manage his own property, we have now discovered that the responsibility rests mainly upon us. In short, we have taken the irrevocable step of extending our possessions beyond the sea, and it is wise to consider soberly, without enthusiasm and without prejudice, the problems which that step involves.

It is commonly said that the recent annexations mark a departure from our traditional policy, in that they present the first attempt the nation has made to acquire colonies. The former half of this statement is substantially correct; for, with the exception of Alaska, the lands we have annexed have bordered upon those we already possessed. Moreover, they have been, for the most part, uninhabited or very thinly peopled. The other half of the statement — that we have entered for the first time in the path of colonization — cannot be accepted without careful examination. The term "colony" is habitually used in a vague sense. It brings to mind European possessions in America, Asia, and Africa, and conjures up recollections of selfish oppression. In fact, for many Americans the word has disagreeable associations with which it has no necessary connection. Properly speaking, a colony is a territory, not forming, for political purposes, an integral part of the mother country, but dependent upon her, and peopled in part, at least, by her emigrants. If this is true, there has never been a time, since the adoption of the first ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory in 1784, when the United States has not had colonies. Nor is there anything artificial or strained about this definition. The very essence of a colony lies in the fact that it is a new land, to which citizens can go and carry with them the protection of the parent state; and this has been eminently the case in the territories of the United States. They have been administered, it is true, with a view to their becoming at the earliest possible moment members of the Union, with full equality of rights; but that is not inconsistent with their being colonies in the strictest sense, so long as they remained territories at all. Until admitted as states, their position has not differed in any essential particular from that of the North American colonies of England before the outbreak of the Revolution.

The extension of the boundaries of the United States has been brought about by every kind of process: by purchase, as in the case of Louisiana with the land then belonging to it, which stretched from the Mississippi to the Rocky Moun-

tains, and in the north all the way to the Pacific, — in the case, also, of Florida, of the Gadsden purchase, and of Alaska; by voluntary annexation, in the case of Texas; finally, by conquest, in the case of California, together with the country lying eastward to the Rio Grande: and by far the greater part of these acquisitions were for a time governed as territories or colonies.

The existence of vast regions in North America uninhabited by civilized man enabled our fathers to plant an ever extending series of new communities to which the people of the older settlements could emigrate without becoming foreigners, and the process has added enormously to the prosperity of the nation. Unlimited land, fit for agriculture, and to be had almost for the asking, made it possible for any man, by going West, to earn a living; and this, reacting upon the more thickly settled parts of the country, relieved the pressure of competition for work in spite of the constant stream of immigration, kept up a high standard of material comfort among the working classes, and fostered enterprise, energy, and self-reliance. After the great belt of forest had been cleared and the open prairie was reached, the conditions became even more favorable; for the absence of forests, the fertility of the virgin soil, the advance in the use of agricultural machinery, and the multiplication of railroad lines enabled the Western farmer to raise his crops at a cost that insured him a profitable market in Europe. At the same time the rapid growth of the country stimulated industry in the East, and made it possible to maintain a protective tariff, which was little felt by the farmer, while it built up manufactures. The progress of the people westward at an ever increasing speed thus developed and enriched all parts of the nation, the old as well as the new.

Nor has the process of planting new communities in the West been less successful from a political than from an economic point of view. With the exception of the troubles in Kansas during the contest over slavery, a quarrel imported from the older states, and the disturbances in Utah, where polygamy was a rock of offense, the United States has had scarcely any friction with the territories. The course of their government has run smoothly; and if the conditions have been peculiarly favorable and such as can never occur again, this fact has not been the sole cause of success. That the expansion to the Mississippi and the plains beyond has been a source of strength, that it has promoted the welfare of the nation to an incalculable degree, no man will feel inclined to deny. To realize this, one has only to recall what the position of our country would have been to-day if the ocean or a foreign power had encompassed the boundaries of the original thirteen states; if the Alleghanies had been our western frontier. Since the Revolutionary War the inhabitants of the United States have increased twentyfold; and of the present population one half live in communities that have at some time been organized as territories, — in other words, that have been founded by the process of colonization. It may safely be asserted, therefore, that the United States has been one of the greatest and most successful colonizing powers the world has ever known.

Like an engine on a down grade, a nation that is bringing fresh fields under cultivation can easily make rapid progress; but a down grade cannot go on forever, and vacant land cannot be of indefinite extent. The conditions that made possible the expansion of our people westward at a furious and constantly accelerated pace are surely, and not very slowly, coming to an end. For some time the Commissioner of Public Lands has been repeating, and since 1890 in almost the same words, "that quite a considerable portion of the vacant land is embraced in the heavily timbered re-

gions of the Southern States, the lake region, the Pacific Coast, and the mountainous and arid regions of the far West, and that the portion of land cultivable without clearing or irrigation is comparatively small. It is a reasonable conclusion, however, that vast bodies of arid lands will in time be reclaimed by irrigation, as the result of the efforts of the government to construct storage basins and ditches for the purpose, seconded, as undoubtedly they will be, by private enterprise; and that, as a consequence, the rain areas of the West will be considerably enlarged." Now, experts are by no means all agreed in thinking that arid lands can be permanently reclaimed by means of irrigation; but even if this is feasible, the total cost to the community of farming on such land is clearly far larger than it is in the well-watered prairies of Iowa. The same thing is true in the states with an abundant rainfall, where the most profitable land has been taken up, and that which is left is less fertile or less well situated. The time has almost come when we shall no longer be able to increase our grain crop by simply running a steam plough through unoccupied square miles of rich virgin soil, but must employ the more expensive processes of higher cultivation or irrigation. Besides, we have reached this point at a moment when the cost of the crop is of vital importance, because our fields are now obliged to compete with foreign lands recently opened to cultivation. Some of these countries are using modern agricultural machinery; they have the advantage of cheaper labor; and in the case of Argentina, where the transportation is all by water, the freight to the markets of Europe is not so high. We have no reason to expect, therefore, that the Western movement will continue much longer at the present rate. The United States as a whole is capable, no doubt, of supporting a far larger population than it contains to-day, but the filling up of country already settled is a much slower process than that of pushing into vacant territories, and hence the rate of expansion must inevitably be checked. One often hears the question asked, "We have been getting along exceedingly well; why cannot we keep on as we have been going?" The answer is that an engine cannot keep on if there is no more track; or to make the simile a little closer, it cannot continue at the old speed when the down grade comes to an end. The expansion into new regions, within the old limits of the United States, must cease, because there will be no new fertile regions there; and we shall be confined to filling up what we have already occupied.

If we look, then, at the past and the future, the question is, not whether we shall enter upon a career of colonization or not, but whether we shall shift into other channels the colonization which has lasted as long as our national existence, or whether we shall abandon it; whether we shall expand in other directions, or cease to expand into new territory at all. Although the acquisition of the Spanish colonies was an accident, in the sense that the war was not waged with any deliberate intention of expansion, yet the question was sure to present itself in some form before long; and there can be little doubt how it would have been answered. The checking of expansion by the occupation of all the best agricultural land is certain to produce an economic pressure in many ways. In the first place, it must diminish the demand for labor; or rather, check the demand that has hitherto increased with the supply. The Western land will not absorb farm hands at the same rate as in the past; while in the East industry has developed so fast that the home market is already fully stocked with most kinds of manufactured goods, profits have fallen, and there is little inducement for a large increase of factories. In short, the demand for labor must decrease as compared with the supply, and hence wages

must fall. Some of our manufactures may, indeed, find a wider foreign market, but this can hardly take place on a large scale without a general decline of wages to a point nearer the European standard.

Moreover, — and this would have still greater weight in determining national action, — the filling up of the vacant land must diminish the chance of employment even faster for men who work with their heads than for those who work with their hands. Our public schools are often criticised on the ground that the kind of instruction they give is ill adapted for training boys to be artisans. It is said that it fills their heads with useless information and gives them a distaste for manual labor. No doubt this charge is not entirely unfounded, but hitherto the constantly swelling stream of immigrants has supplied most of the laborers for the rougher kinds of work, and the young men educated here have found plenty of room higher up the economic ladder. Throughout the North, the native-born Americans have filled the professions, have been merchants, shopkeepers, clerks, managers, and foremen. They have been the captains, and, if I may use the term, the non-commissioned officers of labor. Now, as immigration lessens with the filling up of the country, the proportion of men who have obtained a fair education cannot fail to be much larger; and thus the competition for the work they are capable of doing must become exceedingly sharp, as it is to-day in France, for example, or in Germany. That men of this stamp will tend to seek their fortunes in other places where their services are in demand cannot be doubted. It is also clear that, wherever they go, they will claim the protection of our government: and this class in the community is, after all, the main controlling force in politics.

Finally, we must not forget that the Anglo-Saxon race is expansive. While the elaborate administrative systems of Continental Europe tend to make men dependent upon the government, the common law develops self-reliance and fits a man to cope alone with new conditions. A colonist, to succeed, must be allowed to make his own way as best suits his surroundings, untrammeled by administrative regulations; and it is a striking fact that German emigrants do not flock to their own colonies. They prefer to go to America or to an English colony, and thrive better there. The habit of shifting for one's self is not only a natural result of our institutions, but has been deeply ingrained by the Western movement of the population, until the idea of bettering his prospects by emigration comes naturally to every American. That a tendency so firmly rooted should die out as the country fills up, that the custom of pushing into any favorable opening should not operate beyond the present limits of the United States, seems incredible. The rush for the Klondike is enough to dispel such an illusion. Now, if a large number of American citizens were to pour into any country where law and order are not effectually maintained, and where there is no adequate security for the enforcement of contracts, our government would certainly be called upon to interfere, and the appeal would not long be made in vain.

It seems altogether probable, therefore, that if the war with Spain had not broken out, the question of expansion would have arisen in some concrete form before many decades had passed, and that it would ultimately have been answered in the affirmative. The war has forced the issue, prematurely, perhaps, and rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, the die is cast. Hence it behooves us to consider the causes of our past success in expansion or colonization, and see how far they are applicable to our new possessions. Of these causes two are preëminent: the territories have been treated as infant states, subject to tutelage only until they came of age;

and they have been managed unselfishly. Let us examine each of these principles separately, analyzing the conditions on which it is based, as compared with the state of affairs in the provinces ceded by Spain.

With the exception of Alaska, which can never contain a considerable civilized population, and hence occupies an anomalous position, the territories have been dealt with on the same plan. They have been admitted to the Union as states, on a footing of equality with the original members, as soon as their population was large enough to justify such a step. To this rule there have been only two exceptions. The admission of Utah was delayed for a time by the existence of polygamy, which had to be effectually rooted out before she could be allowed to take her place in the nation; and New Mexico still remains under a territorial government, although her population is already greater than is usually required for statehood, a large part of the inhabitants being of Spanish race, and not sufficiently trained in habits of self-government. Admission as states has been the object constantly in view in dealing with the territories; and while yet too small for that, they have been prepared for it by extensive self-government. During what might be called their babyhood, when first created, or while still little more than scattered clearings in the backwoods, they were indeed governed solely by officers appointed by the President.[1] But this stage was brief, and they were early given an organization modeled on that of the states. The territorial governor had much the same powers as the governor of a state; the legislatures, after some early variations, soon settled down to the fixed type of two houses, both elected by the people on a suffrage that widened contemporaneously with the lowering of the franchise in the older states, until it became universal. These bodies were given general legislative power, subject to restrictions in the main similar to those embodied in the state constitutions. In short, the form of government resembled closely that of a state, save that the United States appointed the governor and higher judges, and reserved the power to annul laws enacted by the territories and to legislate for them in case of necessity. The system of apprenticeship has proved so effective that "of the twenty-six territories that have organized themselves as states, there is not a single instance of one having substantially altered the form of government to which they were accustomed."[2] Now, this policy in dealing with the territories is based upon the belief that their people have equal rights with those of the states, which in turn has its foundation in the theory that all men are created equal; nay, that all men remain equal in spite of every difference in education and environment. This has become a political axiom in America; and an axiom has been defined as a proposition which cannot be proved, but which is universally accepted as true. It may be of service to inquire what the theory in question really signifies.

The doctrine of human equality has two distinct meanings. One of them refers to civil, the other to political rights, and the two have no necessary connection. The equality of all free men as regards civil rights is an essential principle of the common law. Its foundations were laid by the Norman and Angevin kings of England, and found utterance in Magna Charta. It is too deeply imbedded in the law to be shaken, and it is now a part of the creed of every civilized nation. With the abolition of slavery it has become of universal application, and it will, of

[1] See the article by Professor Boyd in The Atlantic Monthly for December, 1898.

[2] Max Ferrand in The Legislation of Congress for the Government of the Organized Territories of the United States, page 54. Newark, 1896.

course, be applied to any people that come under our control. It is this that the signers of the Declaration of Independence had in mind when they said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." They did not mention the right to vote among the natural rights of man, as in fact at this time, and for half a generation later, by far the greater part of the states limited the suffrage to the owners of a certain amount of property, and all the rest required the payment of a tax.

The theory that all men are equal politically is quite a different matter. There is no use in discussing whether it is strictly true. No one ever thought that. No one ever believed that a worthless street loafer and Abraham Lincoln were equally fit to be intrusted with a share in the direction of public affairs, or that they were political equals in any sense. The question is whether the theory is near enough to the truth to be acted upon. At best it is an approximation, and many approximations are sufficiently accurate for practical purposes within certain limits. In building a house, ploughing a field, laying out the streets of a city, or sailing a few miles along the coast, for example, we take no account of the earth's curvature, but act as if it were flat; and the error is so very small that we are perfectly justified in so doing. But if one were to try to circumnavigate the globe on that hypothesis, he would find himself wrecked far away from his port of destination. In the same way, the theory that all men are equal is accurate enough to be applied where the inequalities are not too great. This is true where the population is tolerably homogeneous and political education is widely diffused, as in the rural districts and smaller cities of the Northern States; but in the large cities, where the inequalities of social condition are enormous, and where there is a huge mass of foreigners untrained in self-government, the Utopia foretold by the prophets of democracy has not been quite fulfilled. Tammany does not altogether realize the dreams of Jefferson.

The practical application of this theory in the United States has had a curious history. It was not acted upon in any state at the beginning of our national existence, or for many years afterward. In fact, the experiment of doing without any tax or property qualification was first tried by Kentucky and Vermont, on their admission to the Union in 1791. Within the next ten years two or three of the old states abolished the property qualification. In 1821 New York and Massachusetts did the same, and the others followed slowly; so that by the time of the civil war only two states required the voters to own property, although half a dozen more retained a provision for the payment of a small tax. But even so there was only a very partial application of the theory, for it was not applied to the Indians; and indeed, to the present day it has been quietly assumed that so long as they remain in the tribal state they are not men, within the meaning of the theory, — one of many illustrations of the political good sense and bad logic of the English-speaking race. The negroes, also, were barred out originally even in many of the free states. The civil war and the emancipation of the slaves aroused a more generous enthusiasm than ever for the equality of all mankind. The negro was made a free citizen, and why should he not enjoy the franchise? It was urged that without the power to vote he would have no means of protecting his rights effectually, and thus the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution was adopted in 1870.

The theory of political equality had now reached its highest point of development. Rhode Island alone clung for a

few years more, till 1888, to a property qualification for voting, while a few other states required the payment of a small tax,[1] and two the ability to read and write. Except for the tribal Indians, manhood suffrage had become almost universal. But the tide had hardly reached its height before it began to ebb.

The equality of all the races of mankind had no sooner been settled forever than it again unsettled. The first people who were found to be without the pale were the Chinese. The writer well remembers how deeply he was shocked at the violation of our fundamental doctrine by the proposal to forbid their immigration. It seemed a mere selfish attempt on the part of one class of immigrants to prevent competition by another; but the argument that the Chinese could never be assimilated, and hence would be an injurious element in the community, was sound, and resulted in the passage of the exclusion act of 1882, which expressly forbade also the naturalization of any members of that race. The courts had already decided that the existing naturalization laws, which spoke only of "white persons" and "Africans," did not include Chinese. Meanwhile, the political position of the negroes had been a constant source of trouble at the South. As fast as the whites obtained control of the states they began to suppress the colored vote, first by violence, and later by the milder process of fraudulent elections. This kindled indignation at the North; but by degrees men came to doubt whether a decisive control of public affairs could be wisely intrusted to people who were not accustomed to self-government, and until recently had not even power to dispose of their own persons. Finally, the states where the negroes are most numerous have taken a more legal way of disfranchising them. In 1890 Mississippi adopted a constitution which provided that after 1892 no one should vote who was not able to read the constitution, or to understand it when read to him, and give a reasonable interpretation thereof. The intent is obvious. It is a simple matter to offer to a white man a clause of the document which any one can understand, and to a negro a clause which only a lawyer can explain; and, in fact, the Supreme Court of the state, in expounding this constitution, remarked that "within the field of permissible action under the limitations imposed by the Federal Constitution, the convention swept the circle of expedients to obstruct the exercise of the franchise by the negro race."[2] The provision was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided last spring[3] that it did not on its face deny or abridge the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and that the allegations that the law was so administered as to discriminate against the negro were not direct and definite enough to justify holding it unconstitutional. The court had difficulty in distinguishing the case from some of its earlier decisions, but it may be presumed that the validity of the provision is definitely established. The decision has not raised the storm of protest in the North that would have followed it a score of years ago, and this may be taken as an indication that the country at large has made up its mind that the fifteenth amendment cannot be carried out strictly. In 1895 South Carolina adopted a constitution which contained a similar clause, and also a provision that no man can be registered as a voter after January 1, 1898, unless he can read and write, or pays taxes on property assessed

[1] One of these, Massachusetts, ceased to require the payment of a poll tax in 1891, as it did not act as a real restriction, but had become simply a tax on the political parties.

[2] Ratliff *vs.* Beal, 74 Miss. 247, 266.

[3] Williams *vs.* State of Mississippi.

at three hundred dollars. In May last Louisiana followed in the same path, but, with a fine sense of humor, added that these educational and property qualifications should not apply to any person entitled to vote in 1867, or to his son or grandson, — a provision, however, that might be set aside as unconstitutional without marring the main end in view. Thus the three states where the negroes outnumber the whites have rid themselves of the fifteenth amendment; and so we have reached the point that the theory of universal political equality does not apply to tribal Indians, to Chinese, or to negroes under all conditions.[1] In short, it seems to apply rigorously only to our own race, and to those people whom we can assimilate rapidly.

An examination of the doctrine of political equality throws light upon our treatment of the territories, because it explains why we have been able to regard them as infant states, and to admit them rapidly as full partners in the Union. The application of the principle that their people had equal political rights with those of the older parts of the country has been justified by the fact that the population of states and territories has been substantially homogeneous. The approximation has been sufficiently close to the fact for practical purposes. The settlers in the West carried with them the laws and customs of the East, and the precious habit of self-government. Mankind is prone to construct absolute theories on limited experience, and this is, no doubt, the source of the widespread popular belief that all men are fitted to govern themselves. But nothing could be further from the truth. The art of self-government is one of the most difficult to learn; for it requires a perpetual self-restraint on the part of the whole people, which is not really attained until it has become unconscious. The Anglo-Saxon race was prepared for it by centuries of discipline under the supremacy of law; and men will always take generations to acquire it, unless they are immersed in, and assimilated by, a mass of others already accustomed to it. The vast numbers of immigrants coming to America might indeed have made the experiment a failure here, had it not been that many of them came from countries where self-government was practiced, and the rest were so distributed throughout the land that, like recruits in a regiment, they quickly learned the drill and took their place in the ranks. Now, these conditions are not true in our new possessions. No one of them has a population homogeneous with our own, or the experience of a long training in self-government. Every unprejudiced observer must recognize that to let the Filipinos rule themselves would be sheer cruelty both to them and to the white men at Manila. It would be nothing less than abandoning the duty that we have undertaken toward them. Even in case of the people of Porto Rico, who stand on an entirely different footing, self-government must be gradual and tentative, if it is to be a success. They must be trained for it, as our forefathers were trained, beginning with local government under a strong judicial system, and the process will necessarily be slow.

The condition of the Sandwich Islands is peculiar; for there a small fraction of the population are Anglo-Saxon, and perfectly familiar with self-government. They form about five per cent of the inhabitants, while of the remainder, fifteen per cent are Portuguese, forty per cent are Japanese or Chinese, nearly thirty per cent are Kanakas, and eight per cent more are partly of Kanaka blood. No one proposes to treat all these as political equals. On the contrary, the Hawaiian

[1] Florida and Arkansas have recently required payment of a poll tax, no doubt for the same purpose, and in 1897 Delaware required ability to read and write instead of payment of a tax.

commissioners have recommended that the islands be organized with a territorial government, but that the Japanese and Chinese shall not be made citizens at all, and that the Kanakas and Portuguese shall be virtually excluded from the suffrage by making the right to vote depend upon ability to read and write English and the payment of a tax. This is certainly no bigoted application of the doctrine that all men have an inherent right to an equal share in the government of their country, and yet it would be a gross blunder to attempt to extend the franchise to all this motley population. Whether the presence of a governor appointed by the United States, with power to enforce justice between the races, will not be permanently necessary is a question that will be referred to again, but for our present purpose it is enough that universal suffrage ought not to be set up in Hawaii.

One element of our success in the management of the territories — their treatment as infant states, with institutions like our own and prospective equality of rights — cannot therefore be applied to our new possessions; and this very fact ought to make us the more earnest in using every other means at our disposal.

The second great cause of our success has been that we have treated the territories unselfishly. The primary object in dealing with the Western country has never been the commercial profit of the older states. The territories have been permitted and assisted to develop normally in the way that seemed to be for their own best interests; in the belief, no doubt, that their development would enrich the whole country, but still with their domestic interests as the primary aim. They have always enjoyed perfect commercial equality with the rest of the nation. Whether the protective tariff, for instance, was a benefit to them or not, it was believed to be so by its advocates, and was certainly not imposed with any idea of gain to the states at the expense of the territories. This principle of unselfish management can be applied perfectly to our new possessions, and to any others we may ever acquire. The revolt of North America taught England the lesson that colonies cannot be a permanent source of wealth and strength unless they are managed with a single eye to their own welfare; and the subsequent experience of European nations has confirmed the principle, for it is one that is universally true. We must treat fairly not only each of our possessions as a whole, but also every race that inhabits it. It would be clearly unwise to give over the government absolutely to a small minority of American settlers, and suffer them to deal with the natives as they think best. It is notorious that such a relation is always liable to produce tyrannical abuse. The opinion of the Americans must, of course, be given grave consideration, but the United States ought always to retain, in the Sandwich Islands, for example, a governor who can do justice to all the races.

Moreover, it is not enough that Congress legislate unselfishly. The men sent to conduct the administration must have in view solely the welfare of the colonies committed to their charge, and this cannot be the case if they are appointed for political motives. Political appointments are tolerable where the duties to be performed can be understood by any man of good capacity, and where the people can and will criticise his acts effectively. In such a case the appointing power shrinks from selecting an obviously unfit person, and the official himself is to some extent, at least, constrained by public opinion. But political appointments would be ruinous where the problems are such that only a man thoroughly familiar with the subject can deal with them, and where local criticism can neither be intelligently made nor effectively used. The condition of things that has existed at times in the Indian

Bureau and in Alaska furnishes painful examples of this. Now, it will hardly be denied that the Spanish colonies cannot be well administered by us without a full knowledge of their condition, and it is clear how ineffective local criticism is there. Their recent history is sufficient evidence of this; for it is safe to assert that no Anglo-Saxon community could have been treated by any rulers as Spain treated Cuba. If our colonies are to thrive and add to our own prosperity, we must select only thoroughly trained administrators, fit them for their work by long experience, and retain them in office irrespective of party. To do this, it is necessary to create a permanent and highly paid colonial administrative service, which shall offer an honorable and attractive career for young men of ability. It must be organized on the same basis as the army and the navy, and there can be no doubt that the wisest course would be to base it upon an academy like the schools at West Point and Annapolis. Each of these institutions has produced a corps of men admirably qualified for the work they have to do, and the system has proved perfectly in harmony with our form of government. In fact, the rapid growth in America of schools for educating lawyers, doctors, and engineers shows that experts, with a highly specialized training, are quite as much in demand — and hence quite as much needed — in a democracy as anywhere else.

The task of managing colonies outside the continental limits of the United States is exposed to two dangers of an opposite character. One is that of attempting to apply theories of government where they are not applicable; the other, that of taking a selfish view of the relation. We must reject all *a priori* political dogmas, and avoid premature experiments in democracy; and at the same time we must not allow the colonies to be considered a mere market for our goods, a lucrative opening for a commercial monopoly, or a happy hunting-ground for politicians. The success or failure of our dependencies does not affect them alone, or the Americans who trade or dwell there. It will react powerfully upon us; and that is the reason why colonial expansion fills many people with alarm. Rome appointed her provincial governors for short periods on political grounds, and the result was that they looked upon the office as a means of personal profit. The Republic could not stand the strain. It fell, and the Emperors rose upon its ruins. England governs her colonies by means of a permanent corps of trained administrators, independent of party, and they have contributed to her greatness without endangering her institutions. If home politics do not interfere with the colonies, they will not harm home politics. Our destiny is in our own hands, and our measure of political wisdom and virtue will determine what we shall make of it.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

I.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHING ART.[1]

In the general activity and uprising of ideal interests which every one with an eye for fact can discern all about us in American life, there is perhaps no more inspiring or promising feature than the fermentation which for a dozen years or more has been going on among the teachers of our land, in whatever sphere of education their functions may lie. The renovation of nations begins always at the top, amongst the reflective members of the state, and spreads slowly outward and downward. The teachers of this country, one may say, have its future in their hands. The earnestness which they at present show in striving to enlighten and strengthen themselves is an index of the nation's probabilities of advance in ideal directions. The outward organization of education which we have in our United States is perhaps, on the whole, the best organization that exists in any country. The state school-systems give a diversity and flexibility, an opportunity for experiment and keenness of competition, nowhere else to be found on such a scale. The independence of so many of the colleges and universities; the give and take of students and instructors between them all; their emulation and their happy organic relations to the lower schools; the traditions of instruction in them, evolved from the older American recitation-method (and so avoiding on the one hand the pure lecture-system prevalent in Germany and Scotland, which considers too little the individual student, and yet not involving the sacrifice of the instructor to the individual student, which the English tutorial system would seem too often to entail), — all these things, (to say nothing of that coeducation of the sexes in whose benefits so many of us heartily believe), all these things, I say, are most happy features of our scholastic life, and from them the most sanguine auguries may be drawn.

Having so favorable an organization, all we need is to impregnate it with geniuses, to get superior men and women working more and more abundantly in it and for it and at it, and in a generation or two America will lead the education of the world. I must say that I look forward with no little confidence to the day when that shall be an accomplished fact.

No one has profited more by the fermentation of which I speak, in pedagogical circles, than we psychologists. The desire of the school-teachers for complete professional training, and their aspiration toward the professional spirit in their work, have led them more and more to turn to us for light on fundamental principles. In these few hours which we are to spend together, you look to me, I am sure, for information concerning the mind's operations, which may enable you to labor more easily and effectively in the several schoolrooms over which you preside.

Far be it from me to disclaim for psychology all title to such hopes. Psychology ought certainly to give the teacher radical help. And yet I confess that,

[1] The matter of this and of the ensuing papers, together with other similar matter, has been delivered by me offhand for several years past at various teachers' institutes and summer schools. Since repetition stales at last, I have decided to say good-by to it finally, by writing it down for the readers of The Atlantic. And inasmuch as simplicity and practicality can be its only possible merits, I have preserved in the writing, as best harmonizing with these characters, the original didactic and colloquial form.

acquainted as I am with the height of some of your expectations, I feel a little anxious lest, at the end of these simple talks of mine, not a few of you may experience some disappointment at the net results. In other words, I am not sure that you may not now be indulging fancies that are a shade exaggerated. That would not be altogether astonishing, for we have been having something like a "boom" in psychology in this country. Laboratories and professorships have been founded, and reviews established. The air has been full of rumors. The editors of educational journals and arrangers of conventions have had to be industrious and busy, and on a level with the novelties of the day. Some of the professors have not been unwilling to coöperate, and I am not sure even that the publishers have been entirely inert. "The new psychology" has thus become a term to conjure up portentous ideas withal; and you teachers, docile and receptive and aspiring, as many of you are, have been plunged in an atmosphere of vague talk about our science, which to a great extent has been more mystifying than enlightening. Altogether it does seem as if there were a certain fatality of mystification laid upon the teachers of our day. The matter of their profession, compact enough in itself, has to be frothed up for them in journals and institutes, till its outlines often threaten to be lost in a kind of vast uncertainty. Where the disciples are not independent and critical-minded enough (and I think that if you teachers in the earlier grades have any defect, — just the slightest touch of a defect in the world, — it is that you are just a mite too docile), we are pretty sure to miss accuracy and balance and measure in those who get a license to lay down the law to them from above.

As regards this subject of psychology, now, I wish at the very threshold to do what I can to dispel the mystification. So I say at once that in my humble opinion there *is* no "new psychology" worthy of the name. There is nothing but the old psychology which began in Locke's time, plus a little brain and sense physiology, and with the addition of a few refinements of introspective detail for the most part without adaptation to the teacher's use. It is only the fundamental conceptions of psychology which are of real value to the teacher, and they are far from new. I trust that you will see better what I mean by this at the end of all these talks.

I say, moreover, that you make a great, a very great mistake if you think that psychology, being the science of the mind's laws, is something from which you can deduce definite programmes and schemes and methods of instruction for immediate schoolroom use. Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art; and sciences never generate arts directly out of themselves. An intermediary inventive mind must make the application, by using its originality. The science of logic never made a man reason rightly, and the science of ethics (if there be such a thing) never made a man behave rightly. The most such sciences can do is to help us to catch ourselves up and check ourselves, if we start to reason or to behave wrongly, and to criticise ourselves more articulately after we have made mistakes. A science only lays down lines within which the rules of the art must fall, laws which the follower of the art must not transgress; but what particular thing he shall positively do within those lines is left exclusively to his own genius. One genius will do his work well and succeed in one way, whilst another succeeds as well quite differently; yet neither will transgress the lines.

The art of teaching grew up in the schoolroom, out of inventiveness and sympathetic concrete observation. Even where, as in the case of Herbart, the advancer of the art was also a psychologist, the pedagogics and the psychology ran side by side, and the former was not

derived in any sense from the latter. The two were congruent, but not subordinate. And so everywhere, the teaching must *agree* with the psychology, but need not necessarily be the only kind of teaching that would so agree, for many diverse methods of teaching may equally follow psychological laws. To know psychology, therefore, is absolutely no guarantee that we shall be good teachers. To advance to that result we must have an additional endowment altogether, a happy tact and ingenuity to tell us what definite things to say and do. That ingenuity in meeting and pursuing the pupil, that tact for the concrete situation, though they are the alpha and omega of the teacher's art, are things to which psychology cannot help us in the least.

The science of psychology, and whatever science of general pedagogics may be based on it, are in fact much like the science of war. Nothing is simpler or more definite than the principles of either. In war, all you have to do is to work your enemy into a position from which the natural obstacles prevent him from escaping, if he tries to; then to fall on him in numbers superior to his own, at a moment when you have led him to think you far away; and so, with a minimum of exposure of your own troops, to hack his force to pieces, and take the remainder prisoners. So, in teaching, you must simply work your pupil into such a state of interest in what you are going to teach him that every other object of attention is banished from his mind; then reveal it to him so impressively that he will remember the occasion to his dying day; and finally fill him with devouring curiosity to know what the next steps in connection with the subject are. There would be nothing but victories for the masters of the science, either on the battlefield or in the schoolroom, if they did not both have to apply their principles to an incalculable quantity in the shape of the mind of their opponent. The mind of your enemy, the pupil, is working away from you as keenly and eagerly as is the mind of the commander on the other side from the scientific general. Just what the enemy wants and thinks, and what he knows and does not know, are as hard things for the teacher as for the general to find out. Divination and perception, not psychological pedagogics or strategy, are the only helpers here.

But if the use of psychological principles thus be negative rather than positive, it does not follow that it may not be a great use, all the same. It narrows the path for experiments and trials: we know in advance that certain methods will be wrong, so our psychology saves us from mistakes. It makes us, moreover, more clear as to what we are about. It gives us confidence in respect to any method which we are using to know that it has theory as well as practice at its back. Most of all, it fructifies our independence, and it reanimates our interest, to see our subject at two different angles — to get a stereoscopic view, so to speak, of the youthful organism who is our enemy; and whilst handling him with all our concrete tact and divination, at the same time to be able to represent to ourselves the curious inner elements of his mental machine. Such a complete knowledge as this of the pupil, at once intuitive and analytic, is surely the knowledge at which every teacher ought to aim.

Fortunately for you teachers, the elements of the mental machine can be clearly apprehended, and their workings easily grasped. And as the most general elements and workings are just those parts of psychology which the teacher finds most directly useful, it follows that the amount of this science which is necessary to all teachers need not be very great. Those who find themselves loving the subject may go as far as they please, and become possibly none the worse teachers for the fact, even though in some of them one might apprehend a little loss of balance from the tendency observable in all of us to overemphasize

special parts of a subject when we are studying it intensely and abstractly. But for the great majority of you a general view is enough, provided it be a true one; and such a general view, one may say, might almost be written on the palm of one's hand.

Least of all need you, *as teachers*, deem it part of your duty to become contributors to psychological science, or to make psychological observations in a methodical or responsible manner. I fear that some of the enthusiasts for child-study have thrown a certain burden on you in this way. By all means let child-study go on, — it is refreshing all our sense of the child's life. There are teachers who take a spontaneous delight in filling syllabuses, inscribing observations, compiling statistics, and computing the per cent. Child-study will certainly enrich their lives. And if its results, as treated statistically, would seem on the whole to have but trifling value, yet the anecdotes and observations of which it in part consists do certainly acquaint us more intimately with our pupils. Our eyes and ears grow quickened to discern in the child before us processes similar to those we have read of as noted in the children, — processes of which we might otherwise have remained inobservant. But let the rank and file of teachers be passive readers, if they wish, and feel free not to contribute to the accumulation. Let not the prosecution of it be preached and imposed on those to whom it proves an exterminating bore, or who in any way whatever miss in themselves the appropriate vocation for it. I cannot too strongly agree with my colleague, Professor Münsterberg, when he says that the teacher's attitude toward the child, being concrete and ethical, is positively opposed to the psychological observer's, which is abstract and analytic. Although some of us may conjoin the attitudes successfully, in most of us they must conflict. The worst thing that can happen to a good teacher is to get a bad conscience about her profession because she feels herself hopeless as a psychologist.

Our teachers are overworked already. Every one who adds a jot or tittle of unnecessary weight to their burden is a foe of education. A bad conscience increases the weight of every other burden; yet I know that child-study, and other pieces of psychology as well, have been productive of bad conscience in many a really innocent pedagogic breast. I should indeed be glad if this passing word from me might tend to dispel such a bad conscience, if any of *you* have it, for it is certainly one of those fruits of systematic mystification of which I have already complained. The best teacher may be the poorest contributor of child-study material; and the best contributor may be the poorest teacher, — no fact is more palpable than this.

So much for what seems the reasonable attitude of the teacher toward the subject which is to occupy our attention.

THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

I said a few minutes ago that the most general elements and workings of the mind are all that the teacher absolutely needs to be acquainted with for his purposes. Now the immediate fact which psychology, the science of mind, has to study is also the most general fact. It is the fact that in each of us, when awake (and often when asleep), some kind of consciousness is always going on. There is a stream, a succession of states, or waves, or fields (or of whatever you please to call them), of knowledge, of feeling, of desire, of deliberation, etc., that constantly pass and repass, and that constitute our inner life. The existence of this stream is the primal fact, the nature and origin of it form the essential problem, of our science. So far as we class the states or fields of consciousness, write down their several natures, analyze their contents into elements, or trace their habits of succession, we are on the descriptive or analytic level. So far as

we ask where they come from, or why they are just what they are, we are on the explanatory level.

In these talks with you, I shall entirely neglect the questions that come up on the explanatory level. It must be frankly confessed that in no fundamental sense do we know where our successive fields of consciousness come from, or why they have the precise inner constitution which they do have. They certainly follow or accompany our brain states; but if we ask just how the brain conditions them, we have not the remotest inkling of an answer to give. And on the other hand, if we should say that they are due to a spiritual being called our soul, which reacts on our brain states by these peculiar forms of spiritual energy, our words would be familiar enough, it is true, but I think you will agree that they would offer little genuine explanatory meaning. The truth is that we really *do not know* the answers to the problems on the explanatory level. I shall therefore dismiss them entirely, and turn to mere description. This state of things was what I had in mind when, a moment ago, I said there was no "new psychology" worthy of the name.

We have thus fields of consciousness, — that is the first general fact; and the second general fact is that the concrete fields are always complex. They contain sensations of our bodies and of the objects around us, memories of past experiences and thoughts of distant things, feelings of satisfaction and dissatisfaction, desires and aversions, and other emotional conditions, together with determinations of the will, in every variety of permutation and combination. In most of our concrete states of consciousness all these different classes of ingredients are found simultaneously present to some degree, though the relative proportion they bear to one another is very shifting. One state will seem to be composed of hardly anything but sensations, another of hardly anything but memories, etc. But around the sensation, if one consider carefully, there will always be some fringe of thought or will, and around the memory some margin or penumbra of emotion or sensation.

In most of our fields of consciousness there is a *core of sensation* that is very pronounced. You, for example, now, although you are also thinking and feeling, are getting through your eyes sensations of my face and figure, and through your ears sensations of my voice. The sensations are the *centre* or *focus*, the thoughts and feelings the *margin*, of your actually present conscious field. On the other hand, some object of thought, some distant image, may have become the focus of your mental attention even whilst I am speaking, — your mind, in short, may have wandered from the lecture; and in that case, the sensations of my face and voice, although not absolutely vanishing from your conscious field, may have taken up there a very faint and marginal place. Again (to take another sort of variation), some feeling connected with your own body may have passed from a marginal to a focal place, even whilst I speak.

The expressions "focal object" and "marginal object," which we owe to Mr. Lloyd Morgan, require, I think, no further explanation. The distinction they embody is a very important one, and they are the first technical terms which I shall ask you to remember.

In the successive mutations of our fields of consciousness, the process by which one dissolves into another is often very gradual, and all sorts of inner rearrangements of contents occur. Sometimes the focus remains but little changed, whilst the margin alters rapidly. Sometimes the focus alters, and the margin stays. Sometimes focus and margin change places. Sometimes, again, abrupt alterations of the whole field occur. There can seldom be a sharp description. All we know is that, for the most part, each field has a sort of practical unity

for its possessor, and that from this practical point of view we can class a field with other fields similar to it, by calling it a state of emotion, of perplexity, of sensation, of abstract thought, of volition, and the like.

Vague and hazy as such an account of our stream of consciousness may be, it is at least secure from positive error, and free from admixture of conjecture or hypothesis. An influential school of psychology, discontented with this haziness of outline, has tried to make things appear more exact and scientific by making the analysis more sharp. The various fields of consciousness, according to this school, result from a definite number of perfectly definite elementary mental states, mechanically associated into a mosaic or chemically combined. According to some thinkers, — Spencer, for example, or Taine, — these resolve themselves at last into little elementary psychic particles or atoms of "mind stuff," out of which all the more immediately known mental states are said to be built up. Locke introduced this theory in a somewhat vague form. Simple "ideas" of sensation and reflection, as he called them, were for him the bricks of which our mental architecture is built up. If I ever have to refer to this theory again, I shall refer to it as the theory of "ideas." But I shall try to steer clear of it altogether. Whether it be true or false, it is at any rate purely conjectural; and for your practical purposes as teachers, the more unpretending conception of the stream of consciousness, with its waves or fields incessantly changing, will amply suffice.

THE CHILD AS A BEHAVING ORGANISM.

I wish now to continue the description of the peculiarities of the stream of consciousness by asking whether we can in any intelligible way assign its *functions*.

It has two functions that are obvious: it leads to knowledge, and it leads to action.

And can we say which of these functions is the more essential?

An old historic divergence of opinion comes in here. Popular belief has always tended to estimate the worth of a man's mental processes by their effects upon his practical life. But philosophers have usually cherished a different view. "Man's supreme glory," they have said, "is to be a *rational* being, to know absolute and eternal and universal truth. The uses of his intellect for practical affairs are therefore subordinate matters. 'The theoretic life' is his soul's genuine concern." Nothing can be more different in its results for our personal attitude than to take sides with one or the other of these views, and emphasize the practical or the theoretical ideal. In the one case, abstraction from the emotions and passions and withdrawal from the strife of human affairs would be not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; and all that makes for quiet and contemplation should be regarded as conducive to the highest human perfection. In the other, the man of contemplation would be treated as only half a human being, passion and practical resource would become once more glories of our race, a concrete victory over this earth's outward powers of darkness would appear an equivalent for any amount of passive spiritual culture, and conduct would remain as the test of every education worthy of the name.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that in the psychology of our own day the emphasis is transferred from the mind's purely rational function, where Plato and Aristotle and what one may call the whole classic tradition in philosophy had placed it, to the so long neglected practical side. The theory of evolution is mainly responsible for this. Man, we now have reason to believe, has been evolved from infra-human ancestors, in whom pure reason hardly existed, if at all, and whose mind, so far as it can have had any function, would appear to

have been an organ for adapting their movements to the impressions received from the environment, so as to escape the better from destruction. Consciousness would thus seem in the first instance to be nothing but a sort of superadded biological perfection, — useless unless it prompted to useful conduct, and inexplicable apart from that consideration.

Deep in our own nature the biological foundations of our consciousness persist, undisguised and undiminished. Our sensations are here to attract us or to deter us, our memories to warn or encourage us, our feelings to impel and our thoughts to restrain our behavior, so that, on the whole, we may prosper and our days be long in the land. Whatever of transmundane metaphysical insight or of practically inapplicable æsthetic perception or ethical sentiment we may carry in our interiors might at this rate be regarded as so much inessential superfœtation, part of the incidental excess of function that necessarily accompanies the working of every complex machine.

I shall ask you now — not meaning at all thereby to close the theoretic question, but merely because it seems to me the point of view likely to be of greatest practical use to you as teachers — to adopt with me, in this course of lectures, the biological conception, as thus expressed, and to lay your own emphasis on the fact that man, whatever else he may be, is essentially and primordially a practical being, whose mind is given him to aid in adapting him to this terrestrial environment.

The reasons for which I do this can be simply stated.

First, human and animal psychology thereby become less discontinuous. I know that to some of you this will hardly seem an attractive reason, but there are others whom it will affect.

Second, mental action is conditioned by brain action, and runs parallel therewith. But the brain, so far as we understand it, is given us for practical behavior. Every current that runs into it from skin or eye or ear runs out again into muscles, glands, or viscera, and helps to adapt the animal to the environment from which the current came. It therefore generalizes and simplifies our view to treat the brain life and the mental life as having one fundamental kind of purpose.

Third, those very functions of the mind that do not refer directly to the environment, the ethical utopias, æsthetic visions, insights into eternal truth, and fanciful logical combinations, could never be carried on at all, unless the mind that produced them also produced more practically useful products. The latter are thus the more essential, or at least more fundamental, results.

Fourth, the inessential "unpractical" activities are themselves far more connected with our behavior and our adaptation to the environment than at first sight might appear. No truth, however abstract, is ever perceived, that will not probably at some time influence our earthly action. You must remember that when I talk of action here, I mean action in the widest sense. I mean speech, I mean writing, I mean yeses and noes, and tendencies "from" things and tendencies "toward" things, and emotional determinations; and I mean them in the future as well as in the immediate present. As I talk here, and you listen, it might seem as if no action followed. You might call it a purely theoretic process, with no practical result. But it *must* have a practical result. It cannot take place at all and leave your conduct unaffected. If not to-day, then on some far future day, you will answer some question differently by reason of what you are thinking now. Some of you will be led by my words into new veins of inquiry, into reading special books. These will develop your opinion, whether for or against. That opinion will in turn be expressed, will receive criticism from

others in your environment, and will affect your standing in their eyes. We cannot escape our destiny, which is practical; and even our most theoretic faculties contribute to its working out.

These few reasons will perhaps smooth the way for you to my conclusion. As teachers, I sincerely think it will be an amply sufficient conception for you to adopt, of the youthful psychological phenomena handed over to your inspection, if you consider them from the point of view of their relation to the future conduct of their possessor. You should regard your professional task as if it consisted essentially in *training the pupil to behavior;* taking behavior, not in the narrow sense of his manners, but in the very widest possible sense, as including every possible sort of fit reaction on the circumstances into which he may find himself brought by the vicissitudes of life. The reaction may often be a negative reaction. *Not* to speak, *not* to move, is one of the most important of our duties, in certain practical emergencies. "Thou shalt refrain, renounce, abstain!" This often requires a great effort of will power, and, physiologically considered, is just as positive a nerve function as is motor discharge.

William James.

IN THE TRENCHES.

We lay among the rifle-pits, above our low heads streaming
Bullets, like sleet, with now and then, near by, the vicious screaming
Of shells that made us hold our breath, till each had burst and blasted
Its ghastly circle, hid in smoke — here, there — and while it lasted,
That murderous fume and fusillade, our hearts were in our throats;
For hell let loose about us raged, and in those muddy moats
The rain that fell was shot and shell, the plash it made was red,
And all about the long redoubt was garrisoned with dead.
Upon my right a veteran in rasping whispers swore;
Upon my left an Irish lad breathed Ave Marys o'er.
And I? — Well, well, I won't aver my lips no murmur made;
A prayer, long silent, half forgot, stirred them; but something stayed
The sacred words; I locked my lips. "No, no, ah no!" I thought:
"Not now! I'll wait, nor sue for what, unharmed, I left unsought!
Not so I'll pray, let come what may!" I held my heart and lips,
And, nerved afresh, I gripped my rifle-stock — when — something clips
Smartly my temple (that long lock conceals the bullet's mark),
And, sharply stinging, with ears loud-ringing, I dropped into the dark.
. . . . . .
When I awoke, the sultry smoke was gone, and over me,
Faint as a cloud against the air, a sweet face tenderly,
A mother-woman's face, was bending, in the evening beam —
That touched her good gray hair to gold — with eyes that made me seem,
'Mid all the fever's burning, wholly safe — since they were there.
Well — oddly sir, — in that dim peace, I let my lips breathe prayer.

F. Whitmore.

THE SUBTLE PROBLEMS OF CHARITY.

Probably there is no relation in life which our democracy is changing more rapidly than the charitable relation, — that relation which obtains between benefactor and beneficiary; at the same time, there is no point of contact in our modern experience which reveals more clearly the lack of that equality which democracy implies. We have reached the moment when democracy has made such inroads upon this relationship that the complacency of the old-fashioned charitable man is gone forever; while the very need and existence of charity deny us the consolation and freedom which democracy will at last give.

We find in ourselves the longing for a wider union than that of family or class, and we say that we have come to include all men in our hopes; but we fail to realize that all men are hoping, and are part of the same movement of which we are a part. Many of the difficulties in philanthropy come from an unconscious division of the world into the philanthropists and those to be helped. It is an assumption of two classes, and against this class assumption our democratic training revolts as soon as we begin to act upon it.

The trouble is that the ethics of none of us are clearly defined, and we are continually obliged to act in circles of habit based upon convictions which we no longer hold. Thus, our estimate of the effect of environment and social conditions has doubtless shifted faster than our methods of administering charity have changed. Formerly when it was believed that poverty was synonymous with vice and laziness, and that the prosperous man was the righteous man, charity was administered harshly with a good conscience; for the charitable agent really blamed the individual for his poverty, and the very fact of his own superior prosperity gave him a certain consciousness of superior morality. Since then we have learned to measure by other standards, and the money-earning capacity, while still rewarded out of all proportion to any other, is not respected as exclusively as it was; and its possession is by no means assumed to imply the possession of the highest moral qualities. We have learned to judge men in general by their social virtues as well as by their business capacity, by their devotion to intellectual and disinterested aims, and by their public spirit, and we naturally resent being obliged to judge certain individuals solely upon the industrial side for no other reason than that they are poor. Our democratic instinct constantly takes alarm at this consciousness of two standards.

Of the various struggles which a decade of residence in a settlement implies, none have made a more definite impression on my mind than the incredibly painful difficulties which involve both giver and recipient when one person asks charitable aid of another.

An attempt is made in this paper to show what are some of the perplexities which harass the mind of the charity worker; to trace them to ethical survivals which are held not only by the benefactor, but by the recipients of charity as well; and to suggest wherein these very perplexities may possibly be prophetic.

It is easy to see that one of the root difficulties in the charitable relationship lies in the fact that the only families who apply for aid to the charitable agencies are those who have come to grief on the industrial side; it may be through sickness, through loss of work, or for other guiltless and inevitable reasons, but the fact remains that they are industrially ailing, and must be bolstered and helped

into industrial health. The charity visitor, let us assume, is a young college woman, well-bred and open-minded. When she visits the family assigned to her, she is embarrassed to find herself obliged to lay all the stress of her teaching and advice upon the industrial virtues, and to treat the members of the family almost exclusively as factors in the industrial system. She insists that they must work and be self-supporting; that the most dangerous of all situations is idleness; that seeking one's own pleasure, while ignoring claims and responsibilities, is the most ignoble of actions. The members of her assigned family may have charms and virtues, — they may possibly be kind and affectionate and considerate of one another, generous to their friends; but it is her business to stick to the industrial side. As she daily holds up these standards, it often occurs to the mind of the sensitive visitor, whose conscience has been made tender by much talk of brotherhood and equality which she has heard at college, that she has no right to say these things; that she herself has never been self-supporting; that, whatever her virtues may be, they are not the industrial virtues; that her untrained hands are no more fitted to cope with actual conditions than are those of her broken-down family.

The grandmother of the charity visitor could have done the industrial preaching very well, because she did have the industrial virtues; if not skillful in weaving and spinning, she was yet mistress of other housewifely accomplishments. In a generation our experiences have changed — our views with them; while we still keep on in the old methods, which could be applied when our consciences were in line with them, but which are daily becoming more difficult as we divide up into people who work with their hands and those who do not; and the charity visitor, belonging to the latter class, is perplexed by recognitions and suggestions which the situation forces upon her. Our democracy has taught us to apply our moral teaching all around, and the moralist is rapidly becoming so sensitive that when his life does not exemplify his ethical convictions, he finds it difficult to preach.

Added to this is a consciousness in the mind of the visitor of a genuine misunderstanding of her motives by the recipients of her charity and by their neighbors. Let us take a neighborhood of poor people, and test their ethical standards by those of the charity visitor, who comes with the best desire in the world to help them out of their distresses. A most striking incongruity, at once apparent, is the difference between the emotional kindness with which relief is given by one poor neighbor to another poor neighbor, and the guarded care with which relief is given by a charity visitor to a charity recipient. The neighborhood mind is immediately confronted not only by the difference of method, but also by an absolute clashing of two ethical standards.

A very little familiarity with the poor districts of any city is sufficient to show how primitive and frontier-like are the neighborly relations. There is the greatest willingness to lend or borrow anything, and each resident of a given tenement house knows the most intimate family affairs of all the others. The fact that the economic condition of all alike is on a most precarious level makes the ready outflow of sympathy and material assistance the most natural thing in the world. There are numberless instances of heroic self-sacrifice quite unknown in the circles where greater economic advantages make that kind of intimate knowledge of one's neighbors impossible. An Irish family, in which the man has lost his place, and the woman is struggling to eke out the scanty savings by day work, will take in a widow and her five children who have been turned into the street, without a moment's reflection upon the physical discomforts involved. The most maligned landlady is usually

ready to lend a scuttleful of coal to a suffering tenant, or to share her supper. A woman for whom the writer had long tried in vain to find work failed to appear at the appointed time when a situation was found at last. Upon investigation it transpired that a neighbor further down the street was taken ill; that the children ran for the family friend, who went, of course; saying simply, when reasons for her failure to come to work were demanded, "It broke me heart to leave the place, but what could I do?"

Another woman, whose husband was sent up to the city prison for the maximum term, just three months before the birth of her child, having gradually sold her supply of household furniture, found herself penniless. She sought refuge with a friend whom she supposed to be living in three rooms in another part of the town. When she arrived, however, she discovered that her friend's husband had been out of work so long that they had been reduced to living in one room. The friend at once took her in, and the friend's husband was obliged to sleep upon a bench in the park every night for a week; which he did uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully. Fortunately it was summer, "and it only rained one night." The writer could not discover from the young mother that she had any special claim upon the "friend" beyond the fact that they had formerly worked together in the same factory. The husband she had never seen until the night of her arrival, when he at once went forth in search of a midwife who would consent to come upon his promise of future payment.

The evolutionists tell us that the instinct to pity, the impulse to aid his fellows, served man at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong. There is no doubt that this rude rule still holds among many people with whom charitable agencies are brought into contact, and that their ideas of right and wrong are quite honestly outraged by the methods of these agencies. When they see the delay and caution with which relief is given, these do not appear to them conscientious scruples, but the cold and calculating action of the selfish man. This is not the aid that they are accustomed to receive from their neighbors, and they do not understand why the impulse which drives people to be good to the poor should be so severely supervised. They feel, remotely, that the charity visitor is moved by motives that are alien and unreal; they may be superior motives, but they are "ag'in' nature." They cannot comprehend why a person whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his natural impulses should go into charity work at all. The only man they are accustomed to see whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his tenderness of heart is the selfish and avaricious man, who is frankly "on the make." If the charity visitor is such a person, why does she pretend to like the poor? Why does she not go into business at once? We may say, of course, that it is a primitive view of life which thus confuses intellectuality and business ability, but it is a view quite honestly held by many poor people who are obliged to receive charity from time to time. In moments of indignation they have been known to say, "What do you want, anyway? If you have nothing to give us, why not let us alone, and stop your questionings and investigations?" This indignation, which is for the most part taciturn, and a certain kindly contempt for her abilities often puzzle the charity visitor. The latter may be explained by the standard of worldly success which the visited families hold. In the minds of the poor success does not ordinarily go with charity and kind-heartedness, but rather with the opposite qualities. The rich landlord is he who collects with sternness; who accepts no excuse, and will have his own. There are moments of irritation and of real bitterness against him, but there is admiration, because he is rich and successful. The

good-natured landlord, he who pities and spares his poverty-pressed tenants, is seldom rich. He often lives in the back of his house, which he has owned for a long time, perhaps has inherited; but he has been able to accumulate little. He commands the genuine love and devotion of many a poor soul, but he is treated with a certain lack of respect. In one sense he is a failure, so long have we all been accustomed to estimate success by material returns. The charity visitor, just because she is a person who concerns herself with the poor, receives a touch of this good-natured and kindly contempt, sometimes real affection, but little genuine respect. The poor are accustomed to help one another, and to respond according to their kindliness; but when it comes to worldly judgment, they are still in that stage where they use industrial success as the sole standard. In the case of the charity visitor, they are deprived of both standards; she has neither natural kindness nor dazzling riches; and they find it of course utterly impossible to judge of the motive of organized charity.

Doubtless we all find something distasteful in the juxtaposition of the two words "organized" and "charity." The idea of organizing an emotion is in itself repelling, even to those of us who feel most sorely the need of more order in altruistic effort and see the end to be desired. We say in defense that we are striving to turn this emotion into a motive: that pity is capricious, and not to be depended on; that we mean to give it the dignity of conscious duty. But at bottom we distrust a little a scheme which substitutes a theory of social conduct for the natural promptings of the heart, and we ourselves feel the complexity of the situation. The poor man who has fallen into distress, when he first asks aid, instinctively expects tenderness, consideration, and forgiveness. If it is the first time, it has taken him long to make up his mind to the step. He comes somewhat bruised and battered, and instead of being met by warmth of heart and sympathy he is at once chilled by an investigation and an intimation that he ought to work. He does not see that he is being dealt with as a child of defective will is cared for by a stern parent. There have been no years of previous intercourse and established relation, as between parents and children. He feels only the postponement or refusal, which he considers harsh. He does not "live to thank his parents for it," as the disciplined child is reported to do, but cherishes a hardness of heart to his grave. The only really popular charity is that of visiting nurses, who carry about with them a professional training, which may easily be interpreted into sympathy and kindness, in their ministration to obvious needs without investigation.

The state of mind which an investigation arouses on both sides is most unfortunate; but the perplexity and clashing of different standards, with the consequent misunderstandings, are not so bad as the moral deterioration which is almost sure to follow.

When the agent or visitor appears among the poor, and they discover that under certain conditions food and rent and medical aid are dispensed from some unknown source, every man, woman, and child is quick to learn what the conditions may be, and to follow them. Though in their eyes a glass of beer is quite right and proper when taken as any self-respecting man should take it; though they know that cleanliness is an expensive virtue which can be expected of few; though they realize that saving is well-nigh impossible when but a few cents can be laid by at a time; though their feeling for the church may be something quite elusive of definition and quite apart from daily living, — to the visitor they gravely laud temperance and cleanliness and thrift and religious observance. The deception doubtless arises from a wondering inability to understand the ethical ideals which can require such im-

possible virtues, combined with a tradition that charity visitors do require them, and from an innocent desire to please. It is easy to trace the development of the mental suggestions thus received.

The most serious effect upon the individual comes when dependence upon the charitable society is substituted for the natural outgoing of human love and sympathy, which, happily, we all possess in some degree. The spontaneous impulse to sit up all night with a neighbor's sick child is turned into righteous indignation against the district nurse because she goes home at six o'clock. Or the kindness which would have prompted a quick purchase of much needed medicine is transformed into a voluble scoring of the dispensary, because it gives prescriptions, and not drugs; and "who can get well on a piece of paper?"

If a poor woman knows that her neighbor next door has no shoes, she is quite willing to lend her own, that her neighbor may go decently to mass or to work; for she knows the smallest item about the scanty wardrobe, and cheerfully helps out. When the charity visitor comes in, all the neighbors are baffled as to what her circumstances may be. They know she does not need a new pair of shoes, and rather suspect that she has a dozen pairs at home; which indeed she sometimes has. They imagine untold stores which they may call upon, and her most generous gift is considered niggardly, compared with what she might do. She ought to get new shoes for the family all round; "she sees well enough that they need them." It is no more than the neighbor herself would do. The charity visitor has broken through the natural rule of giving, which, in a primitive society, is bounded only by the need of the recipient and the resources of the giver; and she gets herself into untold trouble when she is judged by the ethics of that primitive society.

The neighborhood understands the selfish rich people who stay in their own part of the town, where all their associates have shoes and other things. Such people do not bother themselves about the poor; they are like the rich landlords of the neighborhood experience. But this lady visitor, who pretends to be good to the poor, and certainly does talk as though she were kind-hearted, what does she come for, if she does not intend to give them things which so plainly are needed? The visitor says, sometimes, that in holding her poor family so hard to a standard of thrift she is really breaking down a rule of higher living which they formerly possessed; that saving, which seems quite commendable in a comfortable part of the town, appears almost criminal in a poorer quarter, where the next-door neighbor needs food, even if the children of the family do not. She feels the sordidness of constantly being obliged to urge the industrial view of life. The benevolent individual of fifty years ago honestly believed that industry and self-denial in youth would result in comfortable possessions for old age. It was, indeed, the method he had practiced in his own youth, and by which he had probably obtained whatever fortune he possessed. He therefore reproved the poor family for indulging their children, urged them to work long hours, and was utterly untouched by many scruples which afflict the contemporary charity visitor. She says sometimes: "Why must I talk always on getting work and saving money, the things I know nothing about? If it were anything else I had to urge, I could do it; anything like Latin prose, which I had worried through myself, would not be so hard." But she finds it difficult to connect the experiences of her youth with the experiences of the visited family.

Because of this diversity in experience the visitor is continually surprised to find that the safest platitudes may be challenged. She refers quite naturally to the "horrors of the saloon," and discovers that the head of her visited family,

who knows the saloons very well, does not connect them with "horrors" at all. He remembers all the kindnesses he has received there, the free lunch and treating which go on, even when a man is out of work and not able to pay up; the poor fellows who are allowed to sit in their warmth when every other door is closed to them; the loan of five dollars he got there, when the charity visitor was miles away, and he was threatened with eviction. He may listen politely to her reference to horrors, but considers it only "temperance talk."

The same thing happens when she urges upon him a spirit of independence, and is perhaps foolish enough to say that "every American man can find work and is bound to support his family." She soon discovers that the workingman, in the city at least, is utterly dependent for the tenure of his position upon the good will of his foreman, upon the business prosperity of the firm, or the good health of the head of it; and that, once work is lost, it may take months to secure another place. There is no use in talking independence to a man when he is going to stand in a row, hat in hand, before an office desk, in the hope of getting a position. The visitor is shocked when she finds herself recommending to the head of her visited family, whom she has sent to a business friend of hers to find work, not to be too outspoken when he goes to the place, and not to tell that he has had no experience in that line unless he is asked. She has in fact come around to the view which has long been his.

The charity visitor may blame the women for lack of gentleness toward their children, for being hasty and rude to them, until she learns to reflect that the standard of breeding is not that of gentleness toward the children so much as the observance of certain conventions, such as the punctilious wearing of mourning garments after the death of a child. The standard of gentleness each mother has to work out largely by herself, assisted only by the occasional shamefaced remark of a neighbor, that "they do better when you are not too hard on them;" but the wearing of mourning garments is sustained by the definitely expressed sentiment of every woman in the street. The mother would have to bear social blame, a certain social ostracism, if she failed to comply with that requirement. It is not comfortable to outrage the conventions of those among whom we live, and if our social life be a narrow one, it is still more difficult. The visitor may choke a little when she sees the lessened supply of food and the scanty clothing provided for the remaining children, in order that one may be conventionally mourned. But she does not talk so strongly against it as she would have done during her first month of experience with the family since bereaved.

The subject of clothes, indeed, perplexes the visitor constantly, and the result of her reflections may be summed up something in this wise: The girl who has a definite social standing, who has been to a fashionable school or to a college, whose family live in a house seen and known by all her friends and associates, can afford to be very simple or even shabby as to her clothes, if she likes. But the working girl, whose family lives in a tenement or moves from one small apartment to another, who has little social standing, and has to make her own place, knows full well how much habit and style of dress have to do with her position. Her income goes into her clothing out of all proportion to that which she spends upon other things. But if social advancement is her aim, it is the most sensible thing which she can do. She is judged largely by her clothes. Her house-furnishing with its pitiful little decorations, her scanty supply of books, are never seen by the people whose social opinions she most values. Her clothes are her background, and from them she is largely judged. It

is due to this fact that girls' clubs succeed best in the business part of a town, where "working girls" and "young ladies" meet upon an equal footing, and where the clothes superficially look very much alike. Bright and ambitious girls will come to these down-town clubs to eat lunch and rest at noon, to study all sorts of subjects and listen to lectures, when they might hesitate a long time about joining a club identified with their own neighborhood, where they would be judged not solely on their personal merits and the unconscious social standing afforded to good clothes, but by other surroundings which are not nearly up to these. For the same reason, girls' clubs are infinitely more difficult to organize in little towns and villages, where every one knows every one else, just how the front parlor is furnished, and the amount of mortgage there is upon the house. These facts get in the way of a clear and unbiased judgment; they impede the democratic relationship, and add to the self-consciousness of all concerned. Every one who has had to do with down-town girls' clubs has had the experience of going into the home of some bright, well-dressed girl, to discover it uncomfortable and perhaps wretched, and to find the girl afterwards carefully avoiding her, although she may not have been at home when the call was made, and the visitor may have carried herself with the utmost courtesy throughout. In some very successful down-town clubs the home address is not given at all, and only the "business address" is required. Have we worked out our democracy in regard to clothes farther than in regard to anything else?

The charity visitor has been rightly brought up to consider it vulgar to spend much money upon clothes, to care so much for "appearances." She realizes dimly that the care for personal decoration over that for one's home or habitat is in some way primitive and undeveloped; but she is silenced by its obvious need. She also catches a hint of the fact that the disproportionate expenditure of the poor in the matter of clothes is largely due to the exclusiveness of the rich, who hide from them the interior of their houses and their more subtle pleasures, while of necessity exhibiting their street clothes and their street manners. Every one who goes shopping at the same time with the richest woman in town may see her clothes, but only those invited to her receptions see the Corot on her walls or the bindings in her library. The poor naturally try to bridge the difference by reproducing the street clothes which they have seen; they therefore imitate, sometimes in more showy and often in more trying colors, in cheap and flimsy material, in poor shoes and flippant hats, the extreme fashion of the well-to-do. They are striving to conform to a common standard which their democratic training presupposes belongs to us all. The charity visitor may regret that the Italian peasant woman has laid aside her picturesque kerchief, and substituted a cheap street hat. But it is easy to recognize the first attempt toward democratic expression.

The charity visitor is still more perplexed when she comes to consider such problems as those of early marriage and child labor; for she cannot deal with them according to economic theories, or according to the conventions which have regulated her own life. She finds both of these fairly upset by her intimate knowledge of the situation, and her sympathy for those into whose lives she has gained a curious insight. She discovers how incorrigibly bourgeois her standards have been, and it takes but a little time to reach the conclusion that she cannot insist so strenuously upon the conventions of her own class, which fail to fit the bigger, more emotional, and freer lives of working people. The charity visitor holds well-grounded views upon the imprudence of early marriages; quite naturally, because she comes from a family and

circle of professional and business people. A professional man is scarcely equipped and started in his profession before he is thirty; a business man, if he is on the road to success, is much nearer prosperity at thirty-five than at twenty-five, and it is therefore wise for these men not to marry in the twenties. But this does not apply to the workingman. In many trades he is laid upon the shelf at thirty-five, and in nearly all trades he receives the largest wages of his life between twenty and thirty. If the young workingman has all his wages too long to himself, he will probably establish habits of personal comfort which he cannot keep up when he has to divide with a family, — habits which, perhaps, he can never overcome.

The sense of prudence, the necessity for saving, can never come to a primitive, emotional man with the force of a conviction, but the necessity of providing for his children is a powerful incentive. He naturally regards his children as his savings-bank; he expects them to care for him when he gets old, and in some trades old age comes very early. A Jewish tailor was quite lately sent to the Cook County poorhouse, paralyzed beyond recovery at the age of thirty-five. Had his little boy of nine been a few years older, the father might have been spared this sorrow of public charity. He was, in fact, better able to support a family when he was twenty than when he was thirty-five, for his wages had steadily become less as the years went on. Another tailor whom I know, a Socialist, always speaks of saving as a bourgeois virtue, one quite impossible to the genuine workingman. He supports a family, consisting of himself, a wife and three children, and his parents, on eight dollars a week. He insists that it would be criminal not to expend every penny of this amount upon food and shelter, and he expects his children later to take care of him.

This economic pressure also accounts for the tendency to put children to work over-young, and thus cripple their chances for individual development and usefulness, and with the avaricious parent it often leads to exploitation. "I have fed her for fourteen year; now she can help me pay my mortgage," is not an unusual reply, when a hard-working father is expostulated with because he would take his bright daughter out of school and put her into a factory. It has long been a common error for the charity visitor, who is strongly urging her family toward self-support, to suggest, or at least connive, that the children be put to work early, although she has not the excuse that the parents have. It is so easy, after one has been taking the industrial view for a long time, to forget the larger and more social claim; to urge that the boy go to work and support his parents, who are receiving charitable aid. The visitor does not realize what a cruel advantage the person who distributes charity has, when she gives advice. The manager in a huge mercantile establishment employing many children was able to show, during a child-labor investigation, that the only children under fourteen years of age in his employ were protégés, urged upon him by philanthropic ladies, who were not only acquaintances of his, but valued patrons of the establishment. It is not that the charity visitor of an earlier day was less wise than other people, but she fixed her mind so long upon the industrial lameness of her family that she was eager to seize any crutch, however weak, which might enable them to get on. She failed to see that the boy who attempts prematurely to support his widowed mother may lower wages, add an illiterate member to the community, and arrest the development of a capable workingman. Just as she has failed to see that the rules which obtain in regard to the age of marriage in her own family may not apply to the workingman, so also she fails to understand that the present conditions of em-

ployment surrounding a factory child are totally unlike those which obtained during the energetic youth of her father. Is it too much to hope that the insight which the contemporary visitor is gaining may save the administration of charity from certain reproaches which it has well deserved?

This never ending question of the means of subsistence not only oppresses the child who is prematurely put to work, but almost crushes a sensitive child through his affectionate sympathy. The writer knows a little Italian lad of six, to whom the problems of food, clothing, and shelter have become so immediate and pressing that, although an imaginative child, he is unable to see life from any other standpoint. In his mind the goblin or bugaboo of the more fortunate child has come to be the need of coal, which caused his father hysterical and demonstrative grief when it carried off his mother's inherited linen, the mosaic of St. Joseph, and, worst of all, his own rubber-boots. He once came to a party at Hull House, and was interested in nothing save a gas-stove in the kitchen. He became excited over the discovery that fire could be produced without fuel. "I will tell my father of this stove. You buy no coal; you need only a match. Anybody will give you a match." He was taken to visit at a country house, and at once inquired how much rent was paid for it. On being told carelessly by his hostess that they paid no rent for that house, he came back quite wild with interest that the problem was solved. "Me and my father will go to the country. You get a big house, all warm, without rent." Nothing else in the country interested him but the subject of rent, and he talked of that with an exclusiveness worthy of a single-taxer.

The struggle for existence, which is so much harsher among people near the edge of pauperism, sometimes leaves ugly marks on character, and the charity visitor finds the indirect results most mystifying. Parents who work hard and anticipate an old age when they can no longer earn, take care that their children shall expect to divide their wages with them from the very first. Such a parent, when successful, seizes the immature nervous system of the child and hypnotizes it, so to speak, into a habit of obedience, that the nerves and will may not depart from this control when the child is older. The charity visitor, whose family relation is lifted quite out of this, does not in the least understand the industrial foundation in this family despotism.

The head of a kindergarten training class once addressed a club of working-women, and spoke of the despotism which is often established over little children. She said that the so-called determination to break a child's will many times arose from a lust of dominion, and she urged the ideal relationship founded upon love and confidence. But many of the women were puzzled. One of them remarked to the writer, as she came out of the club-room, "If you did not keep control over them from the time they were little, you would never get their wages when they were grown up." Another one said, "Ah, of course, she [meaning the speaker] does n't have to depend upon her children's wages. She can afford to be lax with them, because, even if they don't give money to her, she can get along without it."

There are an impressive number of children who uncomplainingly hand over their weekly wages to their parents, sometimes receiving back ten cents or a quarter for spending-money, but quite as often nothing at all; and the writer knows one daughter of twenty-five who for six years has received two cents a week from the constantly falling wages which she earns in a large factory. Is it habit or virtue which holds her steady in this course? If love and tenderness had been substituted for parental despotism, would the mother have had enough affection, enough power of expression, to hold her

daughter's sense of money obligation through all these years? This young woman, who spends her paltry two cents on chewing-gum, and goes plainly clad in clothes of her mother's choosing, while many of her friends spend their entire wages on clothes which factory girls love so well, must be held by some powerful force.

It is these subtle and elusive problems which, after all, the charity visitor finds most harassing. The head of a family she is visiting is a man who has become blacklisted in a strike. He is not a very good workman, and this, added to his reputation as an agitator, keeps him out of work for a long time. The fatal result of being long out of work follows. He becomes less and less eager for it, and "gets a job" less and less frequently. In order to keep up his self-respect, and still more to keep his wife's respect for him, he yields to the little self-deception that this prolonged idleness is due to his having been blacklisted, and he gradually becomes a martyr. Deep down in his heart, perhaps — But who knows what may be deep down in his heart? Whatever may be in his wife's, she does not show for an instant that she thinks he has grown lazy, and accustomed to see her earn, by sewing and cleaning, most of the scanty income for the family. The charity visitor does see this, and she also sees that the other men who were in the strike have gone back to work. She further knows, by inquiry and a little experience, that the man is not skillful. She cannot, however, call him lazy and good-for-nothing, and denounce him as worthless, because of certain intellectual conceptions at which she has arrived. She sees other workmen come to him for shrewd advice; she knows that he spends many more hours in the public library, reading good books, than the average workman has time to do. He has formed no bad habits, and has yielded only to those subtle temptations toward a life of leisure which come to the intellectual man. He lacks the qualifications which would induce his union to engage him as a secretary or an organizer, but he is a constant speaker at workingmen's meetings, and takes a high moral attitude to the questions discussed there. He contributes a kind of intellectuality to his friends, and he has undoubted social value. The neighborhood women confide to the charity visitor their sympathy with his wife, because she has to work so hard, and because her husband does not "provide." Their remarks are sharpened by a certain resentment toward the superiority of the husband's education and gentle manners.

The charity visitor is ashamed to take this narrow point of view, for she knows that it is not altogether fair. She is reminded of a college friend of hers, who told her that she was not going to allow her literary husband to write unworthy pot-boilers, for the sake of earning a living. "I insist that we shall live within my own income; that he shall not publish until he is ready, and can give his genuine message." The charity visitor recalls what she has heard of another acquaintance, who urged her husband to decline a lucrative position as a railroad attorney, because she wished him to be free to take municipal positions and handle public questions without the inevitable suspicion which attaches itself in a corrupt city to a corporation attorney. The action of these two women had seemed noble to her, but they merely lived on lesser incomes. In the case of the workingman's wife, she faced living on no income at all, or on the precarious income which she might be able to get together. She sees that this third woman has made the greatest sacrifice, and she is utterly unwilling to condemn her while praising the friends of her own social position. She realizes, of course, that the situation is changed, by the fact that the third family need charity, while the other two do not; but, after all, they have not asked for it, and their

plight was only discovered through an accident to one of the children. The charity visitor has been taught that her mission is to preserve the finest traits to be found in her visited family, and she shrinks from the thought of convincing the wife that her husband is worthless, and she suspects that she might turn all this beautiful devotion into complaining drudgery. To be sure, she could give up visiting the family altogether, but she has become much interested in the progress of the crippled child, who eagerly anticipates her visits, and she also suspects that she will never know many finer women than the mother. She is unwilling, therefore, to give up the friendship, and goes on, bearing her perplexities as best she may.

The first impulse of our charity visitor is to be somewhat severe with her shiftless family for spending money on pleasures and indulging their children out of all proportion to their means. The poor family which receives beans and coal from the county, and pays for a bicycle on the installment plan, is not unknown to any of us. But as the growth of juvenile crime becomes gradually understood, and as the danger of giving no legitimate and organized pleasure to the child becomes clearer, we remember that primitive man had games long before he cared for a house or for regular meals. There are certain boys in many city neighborhoods who form themselves into little gangs with leaders somewhat more intrepid than the rest. Their favorite performance is to break into an untenanted house, to knock off the faucets and cut the lead pipe, which they sell to the nearest junk dealer. With the money thus procured they buy beer, which they drink in little freebooters' groups sitting in an alley. From beginning to end they have the excitement of knowing that they may be seen and caught by the "coppers," and at times they are quite breathless with suspense. In motive and execution it is not the least unlike the practice of country boys who go forth in squads to set traps for rabbits or to round up a coon. It is characterized by a pure spirit of adventure, and the vicious training really begins when they are arrested, or when an older boy undertakes to guide them into further excitements. From the very beginning the most enticing and exciting experiences which they have seen have been connected with crime. The policeman embodies all the majesty of successful law and established government in his brass buttons and dazzlingly equipped patrol wagon. The boy who has been arrested comes back more or less a hero, with a tale to tell of the interior recesses of the mysterious police station. The earliest public excitement the child remembers is divided between the rattling fire-engines, "the time there was a fire in the next block," and the patrol wagon "the time the drunkest lady in our street was arrested." In the first year of their settlement the Hull House residents took fifty kindergarten children to Lincoln Park, only to be grieved by their apathetic interest in trees and flowers. On the return an omnibusful of tired and sleepy children were galvanized into sudden life because a patrol wagon rattled by. Eager little heads popped out of the windows full of questioning. "Was it a man or a woman?" "How many policemen inside?" and eager little tongues began to tell experiences of arrests which baby eyes had witnessed.

The excitement of a chase, the chances of competition, and the love of a fight are all centred in the outward display of crime. The parent who receives charitable aid, and yet provides pleasures for his child and is willing to indulge him in his play, is blindly doing one of the wisest things possible; and no one is more eager for playgrounds and vacation schools than the charity visitor whose experience has brought her to this point of view.

The charity visitor has her own ideas

concerning the administration of justice. To her mind, the courts can do no wrong. To be sure she has never come in contact with them, and she is shocked as she gradually discovers that the courts are used for justice or revenge exactly according to the ethical development of the plaintiff. Almost the only court which the very poor use, certainly the only one to which they voluntarily appeal, is the police court; and they hasten to that often, not in order to secure justice, but for the much more primitive desire for revenge. The penalties for swearing out a warrant if the arrested person fails to be proved guilty are so inadequate that they are practically never enforced; hence there is no restraint to the impulse against fulfilling the threats of "I 'll have you arrested," and "I 'll take the law to you," which are such quick and common retorts in neighborhood quarrels.

An old lady takes care of her five grandchildren, three of them headstrong boys with whom she has no end of trouble. Her only sources of revenue are the precarious earnings of the two older boys and the rent of two thirds of a house, which she owns and partly occupies. She is an affectionate and devoted grandmother, but she balances her overindulgence by administering an occasional good scolding to her children and her tenants. One day she met one of her former tenants upon the street, a well-dressed, prosperous young matron, who had left her house owing her ten dollars for rent. The good clothes of the delinquent tenant offered a sharp contrast to the shabby attire of the landlady. She asked for her back rent gently enough at first, but the conversation fast grew acrid and stormy. The tenant refused point blank to pay up, and that evening, at nine o'clock, after the defeated landlady had told the tale to her sympathizing family, and they were already in bed, an officer came with a warrant to arrest the head of the house for disorderly conduct and to carry her off to the nearest police station. Fortunately, the good Irish heart of the officer was touched by the piteous plight of the old lady of seventy-eight, and he contented himself with her promise to appear before the police justice the next morning at ten o'clock. She came to Hull House early in the morning in a pathetic and bewildered state of mind, that she who had avoided a police court all her life, and had held it up as an awful warning to her grandsons, should now be brought there herself because she had tried to collect the rent justly due her. She went to the police court accompanied by two of her Hull House friends. During the earlier stages of the trial they kept in the background, and were chagrined to find that the old lady appeared very badly. The sight of her triumphant and prosperous tenant brought forth a volley of shrill invective. The tenant was filled with reasonable excuses and surrounded by several witnesses. She had meant to pay up as soon as her husband received his month's wages, and had repeatedly told the old lady so. She was attacked on the street in the presence of strangers, and her character brought into question. The prosperous plaintiff made so good an impression that the judge was about to dismiss the case with a stern reprimand to the landlady for losing her temper and making a scene in the streets, without any further investigation as to her character or claims. One of her Hull House friends was prompted by her long acquaintance with the defendant to make an appeal so eloquent that the judge grew chivalric, and finally apologized to the old lady for the annoyance caused her; and the light-minded although kind-hearted tenant, touched in turn by his example, borrowed ten dollars on the spot from one of the swell witnesses whom she had brought, and paid her back rent. The desire to administer justice in the case apparently never occurred to anybody involved. It was a question of bad

manners and shrewish retort, eloquent speaking and kind-hearted response, from beginning to end. The desire for revenge was mollified, if not gratified, by the arrest, and the complainant softened. It would be easy to instance dozens of similar cases.

The greatest difficulty is experienced when the two standards come sharply together, and when an attempt is made at understanding and explanation. The difficulty of defining one's own ethical standpoint is at times insurmountable. A woman who had bought and sold schoolbooks stolen from the school fund, books plainly marked with a red stamp, came to Hull House one morning in great distress because she had been arrested, and begged a resident "to speak to the judge." She gave as a reason the fact that the House had known her for six years, and had once been very good to her when her little girl was buried. The resident more than suspected that her visitor knew the schoolbooks were stolen, when buying them, and any attempt to talk upon that subject was evidently considered very rude. The visitor wished to avoid a trial, and manifestly saw no reason why the House should not help her. The alderman was out of town, so she could not go to him. After a long conversation the visitor entirely failed to get another point of view, and went away grieved and disappointed at a refusal, thinking the resident simply disobliging, — wondering, no doubt, why such a mean woman had once been good to her; leaving the resident, on the other hand, utterly baffled, and in the state of mind she should have been in had she brutally insisted that a little child should lift weights too heavy for its undeveloped muscles.

Such a situation brings out the impossibility of substituting a higher ethical standard for a lower one without the intermediate stages of growth; but it is not as painful as that illustrated by the following example, where the highest ethical standard yet attained by the charity recipients is broken down, and the substituted one is not in the least understood: —

A certain charity visitor is peculiarly appealed to by the weakness and pathos of forlorn old age. She is responsible for the well-being of perhaps a dozen old women, to whom she sustains a sincere and simple and almost filial relation. Some of them learn to take her benefactions quite as if they came from their own relatives, grumbling at all she does, and scolding her with a family freedom. One of these poor old women was injured in a fire years ago. She has but the fragment of a hand left, and is grievously crippled in her feet. Through years of pain she had become addicted to opium, and when she first came under the residents' care was held from the poorhouse only by the awful thought that she would there perish without her drug. Five years of tender care have done wonders for her. She lives in two neat little rooms, where with a thumb and two fingers she makes innumerable quilts, which she sells and gives away with the greatest delight. Her opium is regulated to a set amount taken each day, and she has been drawn away from much drinking. She is a voracious reader, and has her head full of strange tales made up from books and her own imagination. At one time it seemed impossible to do anything for her in Chicago, and she was kept for two years in a suburb where the family of the charity visitor lived, and where she was nursed through several hazardous illnesses. She now lives a better life than she did, but she is still far from being a model old woman. Her neighbors are constantly shocked by the fact that she is supported and comforted by "a charity lady," while at the same time she occasionally "rushes the growler," scolding at the boys lest they jar her in her tottering walk. The care of her has broken through even that second standard, which the neighborhood had learned to recognize as the standard of

charitable societies, that only the "worthy poor" are to be helped; that temperance and thrift are the virtues which receive the plums of benevolence. The old lady herself is conscious of this criticism. Indeed, irate neighbors tell her to her face that she does not in the least deserve what she gets. In order to disarm them, and at the same time to explain what would otherwise seem loving-kindness so colossal as to be abnormal, she tells them that during her sojourn in the suburb she discovered an awful family secret, a horrible scandal connected with the long-suffering charity visitor; that it is in order to prevent the divulgence of this that the ministrations are continued. Some of her perplexed neighbors accept this explanation as simple and offering a solution of a vexed problem. Doubtless many of them have a glimpse of the real state of affairs, of the love and patience which minister to need irrespective of worth. But the standard is too high for most of them, and it sometimes seems unfortunate to break down the second standard, which holds that people who "rush the growler" are not worthy of charity, and that there is a certain justice attained when they go to the poor-house. It is doubtless dangerous to break down this sense of justice, unless the higher motive is made clear.

Just when our affection becomes large and real enough to care for the unworthy among the poor as we would care for the unworthy among our own kin, is a perplexing question. To say that it should never be so is a comment upon our democratic relations to them which few of us would be willing to make.

Of what use is all this striving and perplexity? Has the experience any value? It is obviously genuine, for it induces an occasional charity visitor to live in a tenement house as simply as the other tenants do. It drives others to give up visiting the poor altogether, because, they claim, the situation is untenable unless the individual becomes a member of a sisterhood which requires, as some of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods do, that the member first take the vows of obedience and poverty, so that she can have nothing to give save as it is first given to her, and she is not thus harassed by a constant attempt at adjustment. Both the tenement house resident and the sister assume to have put themselves upon the industrial level of their neighbors. But the young charity visitor who goes from a family living upon a most precarious industrial level to her own home in a prosperous part of the city, if she is sensitive at all, is never free from perplexities which our growing democracy forces upon her.

We sometimes say that our charity is too scientific, but we should doubtless be much more correct in our estimate if we said that it is not scientific enough. We dislike the entire arrangement of cards alphabetically classified according to streets and names of families, with the unrelated and meaningless details attached to them. Our feeling of revolt is, probably, not unlike that which afflicted the students of botany and geology in the early part of this century, when flowers were tabulated in alphabetical order, when geology was taught by colored charts and thin books. No doubt the students, wearied to death, many times said that it was all too scientific, and were much perplexed and worried when they found traces of structure and physiology which their so-called scientific principles were totally unable to account for. But all this happened before science had become evolutionary and scientific at all, — before it had a principle of life from within. The very indications and discoveries which formerly perplexed, later illumined, and made the study absorbing and vital. The dry-as-dust student, who formerly excelled, is now replaced by the man who possesses insight as well as accuracy, — who holds his mind open to receive every suggestion which growth implies. He can, how-

ever, no longer use as material the dried plants of the herbariums, but is forced to go to the spots in which plants are growing. Collecting data in sociology may mean sorrow and perplexity and a pull upon one's sympathies, just as truly as collecting data in regard to the flora of the equatorial regions means heat and scratches and the test of one's endurance. Human motives have been so long a matter of dogmatism that to act upon the assumption that they are the result of growth, and to study their status with an open mind and a scientific conscience, seems well-nigh impossible to us. A man who would hesitate to pronounce an opinion upon the stones lying by the wayside because he has a suspicion that they are "geological specimens," and his veneration for science is such that he would not venture to state to which period they belonged, will, without a moment's hesitation, dogmatize about the delicate problems of human conduct, and will assert that one man is a scoundrel and another an honorable gentleman, without in the least considering the ethical epochs to which the two belong. He disregards the temptations and environment to which they have been subjected, and requires the same human development of an Italian peasant and a New England scholar.

Is this again a mark of our democracy or of our lack of science? We are singularly slow to apply the evolutionary principle to human affairs in general, although it is fast being applied to the education of children. We are at last learning to follow the development of the child; to expect certain traits under certain conditions; to adapt methods and matter to his growing mind. No "advanced educator" can allow himself to be so absorbed in the question of what a child ought to be as to exclude the discovery of what he is. But, in our charitable efforts, we think much more of what a man ought to be than of what he is or of what he may become; and we ruthlessly force our conventions and standards upon him, with a sternness which we would consider stupid, indeed, did an educator use it in forcing his mature intellectual convictions upon an undeveloped mind.

Let us take the example of a timid child, who cries when he is put to bed, because he is afraid of the dark. The "soft-hearted" parent stays with him simply because he is sorry for him and wants to comfort him. The scientifically trained parent stays with him because he realizes that the child is passing through a phase of race development, in which his imagination has the best of him. It is impossible to reason him out of demonology, because his logical faculties are not developed. After all, these two parents, wide apart in point of view, act much the same, and very differently from the pseudo-scientific parent, who acts from dogmatic conviction and is sure he is right. He talks of developing his child's self-respect and good sense, and leaves him to cry himself to sleep, demanding powers of self-control and development which the child does not possess. There is no doubt that our development of charity methods has reached this pseudo-scientific and stilted stage. We have learned to condemn unthinking, ill-regulated kind-heartedness, and we take great pride in mere repression, much as the stern parent tells the visitor below how admirably he is rearing the child who is hysterically crying upstairs, and laying the foundation for future nervous disorders. The pseudo-scientific spirit, or rather the undeveloped stage of our philanthropy, is, perhaps, most clearly revealed in this tendency to lay stress on negative action. "Don't give," "don't break down self-respect," we are constantly told. We distrust the human impulse, and in its stead substitute dogmatic rules for conduct. In spite of the proof that the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury secured the passage of English factory laws, that the charitable Octavia Hill has brought about the reform of the London

tenement houses, and of much similar concurrent testimony, we do not yet really believe that pity and sympathy, even, in point of fact quite as often precede the effort toward social amelioration as does the acceptance of a social dogma; we forget that the accumulation of knowledge and the holding of convictions must finally result in the application of that knowledge and those convictions to life itself, and that the course which begins by activity, and an appeal to the sympathies so severe that all the knowledge in the possession of the visitor is continually applied, has reasonably a greater chance for an ultimate comprehension.

For most of the years during a decade of residence in a settlement, my mind was sore and depressed over the difficulties of the charitable relationship. The incessant clashing of ethical standards, which had been honestly gained from widely varying industrial experience, — the misunderstandings inevitable between people whose conventions and mode of life had been so totally unlike, — made it seem reasonable to say that nothing could be done until industrial conditions were made absolutely democratic. The position of a settlement, which attempts at one and the same time to declare its belief in this eventual, industrial democracy, and to labor toward that end, to maintain a standard of living, and to deal humanely and simply with those in actual want, often seems utterly untenable and preposterous. Recently, however, there has come to my mind the suggestion of a principle, that while the painful condition of administering charity is the inevitable discomfort of a transition into a more democratic relation, the perplexing experiences of the actual administration have a genuine value of their own. The economist who treats the individual cases as mere data, and the social reformer who labors to make such cases impossible, solely because of the appeal to his reason, may have to share these perplexities before they feel themselves within the grasp of a principle of growth, working outward from within; before they can gain the exhilaration and uplift which come when the individual sympathy and intelligence are caught into the forward, intuitive movement of the mass. This general movement is not without its intellectual aspects, but it is seldom apprehended by the intellect alone. The social reformers who avoid the charitable relationship with any of their fellow men take a certain outside attitude toward this movement. They may analyze it and formulate it; they may be most valuable and necessary, but they are not essentially within it. The mass of men seldom move together without an emotional incentive, and the doctrinaire, in his effort to keep his mind free from the emotional quality, inevitably stands aside. He avoids the perplexity, and at the same time loses the vitality.

The Hebrew prophet made three requirements from those who would join the great forward-moving procession led by Jehovah. "To love mercy," and at the same time "to do justly," is the difficult task. To fulfill the first requirement alone is to fall into the error of indiscriminate giving, with all its disastrous results; to fulfill the second exclusively is to obtain the stern policy of withholding, and it results in such a dreary lack of sympathy and understanding that the establishment of justice is impossible. It may be that the combination of the two can never be attained save as we fulfill still the third requirement, "to walk humbly with God," which may mean to walk for many dreary miles beside the lowliest of his creatures, not even in peace of mind, that the companionship of the humble is popularly supposed to give, but rather with the pangs and misgivings to which the poor human understanding is subjected whenever it attempts to comprehend the meaning of life.

Jane Addams.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

SIBERIA.

I.

In the middle of May, 1862, a few weeks before our promotion, I was told one day to make up the final list of the regiments which each of us intended to join. We had the choice of all the regiments of the Guard, which we could enter with the first officer's grade, and of the army with the third grade of lieutenant. I took a list of our form and went the rounds of my comrades. Every one knew well the regiment he was going to join, most of them already wearing in the garden the officer's cap of that regiment.

"Her Majesty's Cuirassiers," "The Body Guard Preobrazhénsky," "The Horse Guards," were the replies which I inscribed.

"But you, Kropótkin? The artillery? The Cossacks?" I was asked on all sides. I could not stand these questions, and at last, asking a comrade to complete the list, I went to my room to think once more over my final decision.

That I should not enter a regiment of the Guard, and give my life to parades and court balls, I had settled long ago. My dream was to enter the university, — to study, to live the student's life. That meant, of course, to break entirely with my father, whose ambitions were quite different, and to rely for my living upon what I might earn by means of lessons. Thousands of Russian students live in that way, and such a life did not frighten me in the least. In a few weeks I should have to leave the school, to don my own clothes, to have my own lodging, and I saw no possibility of providing even the little money which would be required for the most modest start. Then, failing the university, I had often thought lately of entering the artillery academy. That would free me for two years from the drudgery of military service, and, besides the military sciences, I could study mathematics and physics. But, with the wind of reaction that was blowing, the officers in the academies had been treated like schoolboys; a severe discipline was imposed upon them, and in two cases they had revolted and left in a body.

My thoughts went more and more toward Siberia. The Amúr region had recently been annexed by Russia; I had read all about that Mississippi of the East, the mountains it pierces, the subtropical vegetation of its tributary, the Usurí, and my thoughts went further, — to the tropical regions which Humboldt had described, and to the great generalizations of Ritter, which I delighted to read. Besides, I reasoned, there is in Siberia an immense field for the application of the great reforms which have been made or are coming: the workers must be few there, and I shall find a field of action to my tastes. The worst was that I should have to separate from my brother Alexander; but he had been compelled to leave the University of Moscow after the last disorders, and in a year or two, I guessed (and guessed rightly), in one way or another we should be together. There remained only the choice of the regiment in the Amúr region. The Usurí attracted me most; but, alas, there was on the Usurí only one regiment, of infantry Cossacks. A Cossack not on horseback, — that was too bad for the boy that I still was, and I settled upon "the mounted Cossacks of the Amúr."

This I wrote on the list, to the great consternation of all my comrades. "It is so far," they said, while my friend Daúroff, seizing the Officers' Handbook,

read out of it, to the horror of all present: "Uniform, black, with a plain red collar without braids; fur bonnet made of dog's fur or any other fur; trousers, gray."

"Only look at that uniform!" he exclaimed. "Bother the cap! — you can wear one of wolf or bear fur; but think only of the trousers! Gray, like a soldier of the Train!" The consternation reached its climax after that reading.

I joked as best I could, and took the list to the colonel.

"Kropótkin, always with his jokes!" he cried. "Did I not tell you that the list must be sent to the grand duke today?"

Astonishment was depicted on his face when I told him that the list really showed my intention.

However, all my decisions nearly vanished next day, when I saw the way in which Klasóvsky took my decision. He had hoped to see me in the university, and had given me lessons in Latin and Greek for that purpose. I did not dare to tell him what prevented me from entering the university: I knew that if I told him the truth he would offer to share with me the little that he had.

Then my father telegraphed to the director that he forbade my going to Siberia; and the matter was reported to the grand duke, who was the chief of the military schools. I was called before his assistant, and talked about the vegetation of the Amúr and like things, because I had strong reasons for believing that if I said I wanted to go to the university, and could not afford it, a bursary would be offered to me by some one of the imperial family, — an offer which by all means I wished to avoid.

It is impossible to say how all this would have ended, but an event of much importance — the great fire at St. Petersburg — brought in an indirect way a solution to my difficulties.

On the Monday after Trinity — the day of the Holy Ghost, which was that year on May 26, Old Style — a terrible fire broke out in the so-called Apráxin Dvor. The Apráxin Dvor was an immense space, more than half a mile square, which was entirely covered with small shops, — mere shanties of wood, — where all sorts of second and third hand goods were sold. Old furniture and bedding, second-hand dresses and books, poured in from every quarter of the city, and were stored in the small shanties, in the passages between them, and even on their roofs. This accumulation of inflammable materials had at its back the Ministry of the Interior and its archives, where all the documents concerning the liberation of the serfs were kept; and in front of it, lined by a row of shops built of stone, was the state bank. A narrow lane, also bordered with stone shops, separated it from a wing of the Corps of Pages, which was occupied by grocery and oil shops in its lower story, and with the apartments of the officers in its upper story. Almost opposite the Ministry of the Interior, on the other side of a canal, there were extensive timber yards. This labyrinth of small shanties and the timber yards opposite took fire at the same time, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

If there had been wind on that day, half the city would have perished in the flames, including the Bank, several Ministries, the Gostínoi Dvor (another great block of shops on the Nevsky Perspective), the Corps of Pages, and the National Library.

I was that afternoon at the Corps, dining at the house of one of our officers, and we dashed to the spot as soon as we noticed from the windows the first clouds of smoke rising in our close neighborhood. The sight was terrific. The fire, truly like an immense snake, rattling and whistling, threw itself in all directions, right and left, enveloped the shanties, and suddenly rose in a huge column, sending its whistling tongues to swallow

more shanties with their contents. Whirlwinds of smoke and fire were formed; and when the whirls of burning feathers from the bedding shops began to sweep the space, it became impossible to remain any longer inside the burning market. The whole had to be abandoned.

The authorities had entirely lost their heads. There was not, at that time, a single steam fire engine in St. Petersburg, and it was workmen who suggested bringing one from the iron works of Kólpino, situated twenty miles by rail from the capital. When the engine reached the railway station, it was the people who dragged it to the conflagration. Of its four lines of hose, one was damaged by an unknown hand, and the other three were directed upon the Ministry of the Interior.

The grand dukes came to the spot and went away again. Late in the evening, when the Bank was out of danger, the Emperor also made his appearance, and said, what every one knew already, that the Corps of Pages was now the key of the battle, and must be saved by all means. It was evident that if the Corps had taken fire, half of the Nevsky Perspective would have been burned too.

It was the crowd, the people, who did everything to prevent the fire from spreading further and further. There was a moment when the Bank was seriously menaced. The goods cleared from the shops opposite were thrown into the Sadóvaya street, and lay in great heaps upon the walls of the left wing of the Bank. The articles which covered the street itself continually took fire, but the people, roasting there in an almost unbearable heat, prevented the fire from being communicated to the piles on the other side. They swore at all the authorities, seeing that there was not a pump on the spot. "What are they all doing at the Ministry, when the Bank and the Foundlings' House are going to burn? They have all lost their heads!" "We must hunt up the chief of police and ask him to send a fire brigade here!" they cried. I knew the chief, General Annenkoff, personally, as I had met him several times at our sub-inspector's house, and I volunteered to find him. I found him, indeed, walking aimlessly in a street; and when I reported to him the state of affairs, incredible though it may seem, it was to me, a boy, that he gave the order to move one of the fire brigades from the Ministry to the Bank. I exclaimed, of course, that the men would never listen to me, and asked for a written order; but he had not, or pretended not to have, a scrap of paper, so that I asked one of our officers, L. L. Gosse, to come with me to transmit the order. We at last prevailed upon one fire master — who swore at all the world and at his chiefs — to move his brigade to the Bank.

The Ministry itself was not burning; it was the archives which took fire, and many boys, chiefly cadets and pages, carried bundles of papers out of the burning building and loaded them into cabs. Often a bundle would fall out, and the wind, taking possession of its leaves, would strew them about the square. Through the smoke a sinister fire could be seen raging in the timber yards on the other side of the canal.

The narrow lane which separated the Corps of Pages from the Apráxin Dvor was in a deplorable state. The shops which lined it were full of brimstone, oil, turpentine, and the like, and immense tongues of fire of many hues, thrown out by explosions, licked the roofs of the wing of the Corps, which bordered the lane on its other side. The windows and the pilasters under the roof began already to smoulder, while the pages and some cadets, after having cleared the lodgings, pumped water through a small fire engine, which received at long intervals scanty supplies from old-fashioned barrels which had to be filled with ladles. A couple of firemen who stood on the hot roof continually shouted out, "Water! Water!" in tones which were simply

heart-rending. On all sides my comrades urged me, "Go and find somebody, — the governor, the grand duke, any one, — and tell them that without water we shall have to abandon the Corps to the fire." "Shall we not report to our director?" somebody would remark. "Bother the whole lot! you won't find them with a lantern. Go and do it yourself."

I went and found at last the governor-general of St. Petersburg, Prince Suvóroff, in the court of the Bank. When I reported to him the state of affairs, his first question was, "Who has sent you?" "Nobody — the comrades," was my reply. "So you say the Corps is going to burn?" "Yes." He started at once, and seizing an empty hatbox covered his head with it, and ran full speed to the lane. Empty barrels, straw, wooden boxes, and the like covered the lane, between the flames of the oil shops on the one side and the buildings of our Corps, of which the window frames and the pilasters were smouldering, on the other side. Prince Suvóroff acted resolutely. "There is a company of soldiers in your garden," he said to me: "take a detachment and clear that lane — at once. A hose from the steam engine will be brought here immediately. Keep it playing. I trust it to you personally."

It was not easy to move the soldiers out of our garden. They had cleared the barrels and boxes of their contents, and with their pockets full of coffee, and with conical lumps of sugar concealed in their *képis*, they were enjoying the warm night under the trees, cracking nuts. No one cared to move till an officer interfered. The lane was cleared, and the pump was kept pouring water. The comrades were delighted, and every twenty minutes we relieved the men who directed the jet of water, standing there in a terrible scorching heat.

About three or four in the morning it was evident that bounds had been put to the fire; the danger of its spreading to the Corps was over, and after having quenched our thirst with half a dozen glasses of tea, in a small "white inn" which happened to be open, we fell, half dead from fatigue, on the first bed that we found unoccupied in the hospital of the Corps.

Next morning I met the Grand Duke Michael, and accompanied him on his round. The pages, with their faces quite black from the smoke, with swollen eyes and inflamed lids, some of them with their hair burned, raised their heads from the pillows. It was hard to recognize them. They were proud, though, of feeling that they had not been merely "white hands," and had worked as hard as any one else.

This visit of the grand duke settled my difficulties. He asked me what fancy of mine it was to go to the Amúr, — whether I had friends there; and learning that I had no relatives in Siberia, and that the governor-general did not know me, he exclaimed, "But how are you going, then? They may send you to a lonely Cossack village. I had better write about you to the governor-general, to recommend you."

After such an offer I was sure that my father's objections would be removed. I could go to Siberia.

This great conflagration became a turning point not only in the policy of Alexander II., but also in the history of Russia for that part of the century. That it was not a mere accident was self-evident. Trinity and the day of the Holy Ghost are great holidays in Russia, and there was nobody inside the market except a few watchmen; besides, the Apráxin market and the timber yards took fire at the same time, and the conflagration at St. Petersburg was followed by similar disasters in several provincial towns. The fire was lit by somebody, but by whom? This question remains unanswered to the present time.

Katkóff, the ex-Whig, who was inspired with personal hatred of Hérzen, and especially of Bakúnin, with whom he had once to fight a duel, on the very day after the fire accused the Poles and the Russian revolutionists of being the cause of it; and that opinion prevailed at St. Petersburg and at Moscow.

Poland was preparing then for the revolution which broke out in the following January, and the secret revolutionary government had concluded an alliance with the London refugees, and had its men in the very heart of the St. Petersburg administration. Only a short time after the conflagration occurred, the lord lieutenant of Poland, Count Lüders, was shot at by a Russian officer; and when the Grand Duke Constantine was nominated in his place (with the intention, it was said, of making Poland a separate kingdom for Constantine), he also was immediately shot at, on June 26. Similar attempts were made in August against the Marquis Wielepólsky, the Polish leader of the pro-Russian Union party. Napoleon III. maintained then among the Poles the hope of an armed intervention in favor of their independence. In such conditions, judging from the ordinary narrow military standpoint, to destroy the Bank of Russia and several Ministries and to spread a panic in the capital might have been considered a good plan of warfare; but there never was the slightest scrap of evidence forthcoming to support this hypothesis.

On the other side, the advanced parties in Russia saw that no hope could any longer be placed in Alexander's reformatory initiative: he was clearly drifting into the reactionary camp. To men of forethought it was evident that the liberation of the serfs, under the conditions of redemption which were imposed upon them, meant their certain ruin, and revolutionary proclamations were issued in May, at St. Petersburg, calling the people and the army to a general revolt, while the educated classes were asked to insist upon the necessity of a national convention. Under such circumstances, to disorganize the machine of the government might have entered into the plans of some revolutionists.

Finally, the indefinite character of the emancipation had produced a great deal of fermentation among the peasants, who constitute a considerable part of the population in all Russian cities; and through all the history of Russia, every time such a fermentation has begun it has resulted in anonymous letters foretelling fires, and eventually in incendiarism.

It was possible that the idea of setting the Apráxin market on fire might occur to isolated men in the revolutionary camp; but neither the most searching inquiries nor the wholesale arrests which began all over Russia and Poland immediately after the fire revealed the slightest indication in that direction. If anything of the sort had been found, the reactionary party would have made capital out of it. Many reminiscences and volumes of correspondence from those times have since been published, but they contain no hint whatever in support of this suspicion.

On the contrary, when similar conflagrations broke out in several towns on the Vólga, and especially at Sarátoff, and when Zhdánoff, a member of the Senate, was sent by the Tsar to make a searching inquiry, he returned with the firm conviction that the conflagration at Sarátoff was the work of the reactionary party. There was among that party a general belief that it would be possible to induce Alexander II. to postpone the final abolition of serfdom, which was to take place on February 19, 1863. They knew the weakness of his character, and immediately after the great fire at St. Petersburg they began a violent campaign for postponement, and for the revision of the emancipation law in its practical applications. It was rumored in well-informed lawyers' circles that Senator

Zhdánoff was really bringing in positive proofs of the culpability of the reactionaries at Sarátoff; but he died on his way back, and his portfolio disappeared; it has never been found.

Be it as it may, the Apráxin fire had the most deplorable consequences. After it Alexander II. surrendered to the reactionaries, and — what was still worse — the public opinion of that part of society at St. Petersburg, and especially at Moscow, which carried most weight with the government suddenly threw off its liberal garb, and turned against not only the more advanced section of the reform party, but even its moderate wing. A few days after the conflagration, I went on Sunday to see my cousin, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, in whose apartment I had often seen the Horse Guard officers in sympathy with Chernyshévsky, and who himself was an assiduous reader of the Contemporary (the organ of the advanced reform party). He brought several numbers of the Contemporary, and, putting them on the table I sat at, said to me, "Well, now, after this I will have no more of that incendiary stuff; enough of it," — and these words expressed the opinion of "all St. Petersburg." It became improper to talk of reforms. The whole atmosphere was laden with a reactionary spirit. The Contemporary and other similar reviews were suppressed; the Sunday-schools were prohibited under any aspect; wholesale arrests began. The capital was placed under a state of siege.

A fortnight later, on June 13 (25), the time which we pages and cadets had so long looked for came at last. The Emperor gave us a sort of military examination in all kinds of evolutions, — during which we commanded the companies, and I paraded on a horse before the battalion, — and we were promoted officers.

When the parade was over, Alexander II. loudly called out, "The promoted officers to me!" and we gathered round him. He remained on horseback.

Here I saw him in a quite new light. The man who the next year appeared in the rôle of a bloodthirsty and vindictive crusher of the insurrection in Poland rose now, full size, before my eyes, in the speech he addressed to us.

He began in a quiet tone. "I congratulate you: you are officers." He spoke about military duty and loyalty as they are usually spoken of on such occasions. "But if any one of you," he went on, distinctly shouting out every word, his face suddenly contorted with anger, "but if any one of you — which God preserve you from — should under any circumstances prove unloyal to the Tsar, the throne, and the fatherland, know — I tell you — that he will be treated with all the se-ve-ri-ty of the laws, without the slightest com-mi-se-ra-tion!"

His voice failed; his face was peevish, full of that expression of blind rage which I saw in my childhood on the faces of landlords when they threatened their serfs "to skin them under the rods." He abruptly gave the spurs to his horse, and rode out of our circle. Next morning, the 14th of June, by order of the Emperor, three officers were shot at Módlin in Poland, and one soldier, Szur by name, was killed under the rods.

"Reaction, full speed backwards," I said to myself as we made our way back to the Corps.

I saw Alexander II. once more before leaving St. Petersburg. Some days after our promotion, all the newly promoted officers were at the palace, to be presented to him. My more than modest uniform, with its prominent gray trousers, attracted universal attention, and every moment I had to satisfy the curiosity of officers of all ranks, who came to ask me what was the uniform that I wore. The Amúr Cossacks being then the youngest regiment of the Rus-

sian army, I stood somewhere near the end of the hundreds of officers who were present. Alexander II. found me, and asked, "So you go to Siberia? Did your father consent to it, after all?" I answered in the affirmative. "Are you not afraid to go so far?" I hotly replied, "No, I want to work. There must be so much to do in Siberia to apply the great reforms which are going to be made." He looked straight at me; he became pensive; at last he said, "Well, go; one can be useful everywhere;" and his face took on such an expression of fatigue, such a character of complete surrender, that I thought at once, "He is a used-up man; he is going to give it all up."

St. Petersburg had assumed a gloomy aspect. Soldiers marched in the streets, Cossack patrols rode round the palace, the fortress was filled with prisoners. Wherever I went I saw the same thing, — the triumph of the reaction. I left St. Petersburg without regret.

I went every day to the Cossack administration to ask them to make haste and deliver me my papers, and as soon as they were ready I hurried to Moscow to join my brother Alexander.

II.

The five years that I spent in Siberia were for me a genuine education in life and human character. I was brought into contact with men of all descriptions: the best and the worst; those who stood at the top of society and those who vegetated at the very bottom, — the tramps and the so-called incorrigible criminals. I had ample opportunities to watch the ways and habits of the peasants in their daily life, and still more opportunities to appreciate how little the state administration could give to them, even though it was animated by the very best intentions. Finally, my extensive journeys, during which I traveled over fifty thousand miles in carts, on board steamers, in boats, and especially on horseback, had a wonderful effect in strengthening my health. They also taught me how little man really needs as soon as he comes out of the enchanted circle of conventional civilization. With a few pounds of bread and a few ounces of tea in a leather bag, a kettle and a hatchet hanging at the side of the saddle, and under the saddle a blanket, to be spread at the camp fire upon a bed of freshly cut spruce twigs, a man feels wonderfully independent, even amidst unknown mountains thickly clothed with woods, and in winter time. A book might be written about this part of my life, but I must rapidly glide over it here, there being so much more to say about the later periods.

Siberia is not the land buried in snow and peopled with exiles only, that it is imagined to be, even by many Russians. In its southern parts it is as rich in natural productions as are the southern parts of Canada, which it resembles so much in its physical aspects; and beside half a million of natives, it has a population of more than four millions as thoroughly Russian as that to the north of Moscow. In 1862 the upper administration of Siberia was far more enlightened and far better all round than that of any province of Russia proper. For several years the post of governor-general of East Siberia had been occupied by a remarkable personage, Count N. N. Muravióff, who annexed the Amúr region to Russia almost against the will of the St. Petersburg authorities, and certainly without any help from them. He was very intelligent, very active, extremely amiable, and desirous to work for the good of the country. Like all men of action of the governmental school, he was a despot at the bottom of his heart; but he held advanced opinions, and a democratic republic would not have quite satisfied him. He had succeeded to a great extent in getting rid of the old staff of civil service officials, who considered Siberia a camp to be plundered, and he

had gathered around him a number of young officials, quite honest, and many of them animated by the same excellent intentions as himself. In his own study, the young officers, with the exile Bakúnin among them (he escaped from Siberia in the autumn of 1861), discussed the chances of creating the United States of Siberia, federated across the Pacific Ocean with the United States of America.

When I came to Irkútsk, the capital of East Siberia, the wave of reaction which I saw rising at St. Petersburg had not yet reached these distant dominions. I was very well received by the young governor-general, Korsákoff, who had just succeeded Muravióff, and he told me that he was delighted to have about him men of liberal opinions. As to the commander of the general staff, Kúkel, — a young general not yet thirty-five years old, whose personal aide-de-camp I became, — he at once took me to a room in his house, where I found, together with the best Russian reviews, complete collections of the London revolutionary editions of Hérzen. We were soon warm friends.

General Kúkel temporarily occupied at that time the post of governor of Transbaikália, and a few weeks later we crossed the beautiful Lake Baikál and went further east, to the little town of Chitá, the capital of the province. There I had to give myself, heart and soul, without loss of time, to the great reforms which were then under discussion. The St. Petersburg ministries had applied to the local authorities, asking them to work out schemes of complete reform in the administration of the provinces, the organization of the police, the tribunals, the prisons, the system of exile, the self-government of the townships, — all on broadly liberal bases laid down by the Emperor in his manifestoes.

Kúkel, supported by an intelligent and practical man, Colonel Pedashénko, and a couple of well-meaning civil service officials, worked all day long, and often a good deal of the night. I became the secretary of two committees, — for the reform of the prisons and the whole system of exile, and for preparing a scheme of municipal self-government, — and I set to work with all the enthusiasm of a youth of nineteen years. I read much about the historical development of these institutions in Russia and their present condition abroad, excellent works and papers dealing with these subjects having been published by the ministries of the interior and of justice; but what we did in Transbaikália was by no means merely theoretical. I discussed first the general outlines, and subsequently every point of detail, with practical men, well acquainted with the real needs and the local possibilities; and for that purpose I met a considerable number of men both in town and in the province. Then the conclusions we arrived at were re-discussed with Kúkel and Pedashénko; and when I had put the results into a preliminary shape, every point was again very thoroughly thrashed out in the committees. One of these committees, for preparing the municipal government scheme, was composed of citizens of Chitá, elected by all the population, as freely as they might have been elected in the United States. In short, our work was very serious; and even now, looking back at it through the perspective of so many years, I can say in full confidence that if municipal self-government had been granted then, in the modest shape which we gave to it, the towns of Siberia would be very different from what they are. But nothing came of it all, as will presently be seen.

There was no lack of other incidental occupations. Money had to be found for the support of charitable institutions; an economic description of the province had to be written in connection with a local agricultural exhibition; or some serious inquest had to be made. "It is a great epoch we live in; work, my dear

friend; remember that you are the secretary of all existing and future committees," Kúkel would sometimes say to me, — and I worked with doubled energy.

There was in our province a "district chief" — that is, a police officer invested with very wide and indeterminate rights — who was simply a disgrace. He robbed the peasants and flogged them right and left, — even women, which was against the law; and when a criminal affair fell into his hands, it might lie there for months, men being kept in the meantime in prison till they gave him a bribe. Kúkel would have dismissed this man long before, but the governor-general did not like the idea of it, because he had strong protectors at St. Petersburg. After much hesitation, it was decided at last that I should go to make an investigation on the spot, and collect evidence against the man. This was not by any means easy, because the peasants, terrorized by him, and well knowing an old Russian saying, "God is far away, while your chief is your next-door neighbor," did not dare to testify. Even the woman he had flogged was afraid at first to make a written statement. It was only after I had stayed a fortnight with the peasants, and had won their confidence, that the misdeeds of their chief could be brought to light. I collected crushing evidence, and the district chief was dismissed. We congratulated ourselves on having got rid of such a pest. What was my astonishment when, a few months later, I learned that this same man had been nominated to a higher post in Kamchátka! There he could plunder the natives free of any control, and so he did. A few years later he returned to St. Petersburg a rich man. The articles he occasionally contributes now to the reactionary press are, I must say, full of high "patriotic" spirit.

The wave of reaction, as I have already said, had not then reached Siberia, and the political exiles continued to be treated with all possible leniency, as in Muravióff's time. When, in 1861, the poet Mikháiloff was condemned to hard labor for a revolutionary proclamation which he had issued, and was sent to Siberia, the governor of the first Siberian town on his way, Tobólsk, gave a dinner in his honor, in which all the officials took part. In Transbaikália he was not kept at hard labor, but was allowed officially to stay in the hospital prison of a small mining village. His health being very poor, — he was dying from consumption, and did actually die a few months later, — General Kúkel gave him permission to stay in the house of his brother, a mining engineer, who had rented a gold mine from the Crown on his account. Unofficially that was well known all over Siberia. But one day we learned from Irkútsk that, in consequence of a secret denunciation, the general of the gendarmes (state police) was on his way to Chitá, to make a severe inquiry into the affair. An aide-de-camp of the governor-general brought us the news. I was dispatched in great haste to warn Mikháiloff, and to tell him that he must return at once to the hospital prison, while the general of the gendarmes was kept at Chitá. As that gentleman found himself every night the winner of considerable sums of money at the green table in Kúkel's house, he soon decided not to exchange this pleasant pastime for a long journey to the mines in a temperature which was then a dozen degrees below the freezing point of mercury, and eventually went back to Irkútsk, quite satisfied with his lucrative mission.

The storm, however, was coming nearer and nearer, and it swept everything before it soon after the insurrection broke out in Poland.

III.

In January, 1863, Poland rose against Russian rule. Insurrectionary bands were formed, and a war began which lasted for full eighteen months. The London refugees had implored the Po-

lish revolutionary committees to postpone the movement. They foresaw that it would be crushed, and would put to an end the reform period in Russia. But it could not be helped. The repression of the nationalist manifestations which took place at Warsaw in 1861, and the cruel, quite unprovoked executions which followed, exasperated the Poles. The die was cast.

Never before had the Polish cause so many sympathizers in Russia as at that time. I do not speak of the revolutionists; but even among the more moderate elements of Russian society it was thought, and was openly said, that it would be a benefit for Russia to have in Poland a friendly neighbor instead of a hostile subject. Poland will never lose her national character, it is too strongly developed; she has, and will have, her own literature, her own art and industry. Russia can keep her in servitude only by means of sheer force and oppression, — a condition of things which has hitherto favored, and necessarily will favor, oppression in Russia herself. Even the peaceful Slavophiles were of that opinion; and while I was at school, St. Petersburg society greeted with full approval the "dream" which the Slavophile Iván Aksákoff had the courage to print in his paper, The Day. His dream was that the Russian troops had evacuated Poland, and he discussed the excellent results which would follow.

When the revolution of 1863 broke out, several Russian officers refused to march against the Poles, while others openly took their part, and died either on the scaffold or on the battlefield. Funds for the insurrection were collected all over Russia, — quite openly in Siberia, — and in the Russian universities the students equipped those of their comrades who were going to join the revolutionists.

Then, amidst this effervescence, the news spread over Russia that, during the night of January 10, bands of insurgents had fallen upon the soldiers who were cantoned in the villages, and had murdered them in their beds, although on the very eve of that day the relations of the troops with the Poles seemed to be quite friendly. There was some exaggeration in the report, but unfortunately there was also truth in it, and the impression it produced in Russia was most disastrous. The old antipathies between the two nations, so akin in their origins, but so different in their national characters, woke once more.

Gradually the bad feeling faded away to some extent. The gallant fight of the always brave sons of Poland, and the indomitable energy with which they resisted a formidable army, won sympathy for that heroic nation. But it became known that the Polish revolutionary committee, in its demand for the reëstablishment of Poland with its old frontiers, included the Little Russian or Ukraínian provinces, the Greek Orthodox population of which hated the Poles, and had maintained terrible wars of extermination against them. Moreover, Napoleon III. began to menace Russia with a new war, — a vain menace, which did more harm to the Poles than all other things put together. And finally, the radical elements of Russia saw with regret that now the purely nationalist elements of Poland had got the upper hand, the revolutionary government did not care in the least to grant the land to the serfs, — a blunder of which the Russian government did not fail to take advantage, in order to appear in the position of protector of the peasants against their Polish landlords. "Go to Poland; apply there your Red programme against the Polish landlords," Alexander II. said to Nicholas Milútin; and Milútin, with Prince Cherkássky and many others, really did his best to take the land from the landlords and give it to the peasants.

The disastrous consequences for Poland of this revolution are known; they

belong to the domain of history. How many thousand men perished in the battles, how many hundreds were hanged, and how many scores of thousands were transported to various provinces of Russia and Siberia is not yet fully known. But even the official figures which were printed in Russia a few years ago show that in the Lithuanian provinces alone — not to speak of Poland proper — that terrible man, Mikhail Muravióff, to whom the Russian government has just erected a monument at Wílno, hanged by his own authority 128 Poles, and transported to Russia and Siberia 9423 men and women. Official lists, also published in Russia, give 18,672 men and women exiled to Siberia from Poland, of whom 10,407 were sent to East Siberia. I remember that the governor-general of East Siberia mentioned to me the same number, about 11,000 persons, sent to hard labor or exile in his domains. I saw them there, and witnessed their sufferings. Altogether, something like 60,000 or 70,000 persons, if not more, were torn out of Poland and transported to different provinces of Russia, to the Urals, to Caucasus, and to Siberia.

For Russia the consequences were equally disastrous. The Polish insurrection was the definitive close of the reform period. True, the law of provincial self-government (*Zémstvos*) and the reform of the law courts were promulgated in 1864 and 1866; but both were ready in 1862, and, moreover, at the last moment Alexander II. gave preference to the scheme of self-government which had been prepared by the reactionary party of Valúeff, as against the scheme that had been prepared by Nicholas Milútin; and immediately after the promulgation of both reforms, their importance was reduced, and in some cases destroyed, by the enactment of a number of by-laws.

Worst of all, public opinion itself took a further step backward. The hero of the hour was Katkóff, the leader of the serfdom party, who appeared now as a Russian "patriot," and carried with him most of the St. Petersburg and Moscow society. After that time, those who dared to speak of reforms were at once classed by Katkóff as "traitors to Russia."

The wave of reaction soon reached our remote province. One day in March a paper was brought by a special messenger from Irkútsk. It intimated to General Kúkel that he was at once to leave the post of governor of Transbaikália and go to Irkútsk, waiting there for further orders, and that he was not to reassume the post of commander of the general staff.

Why? What did that mean? There was not a word of explanation. Even the governor-general, a personal friend of Kúkel, had not run the risk of adding a single word to the mysterious order. Did it mean that Kúkel was going to be taken between two gendarmes to St. Petersburg, and immured in that huge stone coffin, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul? All was possible. Later on we learned that such was indeed the intention; and so it would have been done but for the energetic intervention of Count Nicholas Muravióff, "the conqueror of the Amúr," who personally implored the Tsar that Kúkel should be spared that fate.

Our parting with Kúkel and his charming family was like a funeral. My heart was very heavy. I not only lost in him a dear personal friend, but I felt also that this parting was the burial of a whole epoch, full of long-cherished hopes, — "full of illusions," as it became the fashion to say.

So it was. A new governor came, — a good-natured, "leave-me-in-peace" man. With renewed energy I completed my plans of reform, seeing that there was no time to lose. The governor made a few objections here and there for formality's sake, but finally signed

the schemes, and they were sent to headquarters. But at St. Petersburg reforms were no longer wanted. There our projects lie buried still, with hundreds of similar ones from all parts of Russia. A few "improved" prisons, even more terrible than the old unimproved ones, have been built in the capitals, to be shown during prison congresses to distinguished foreigners; but the remainder, and the whole system of exile, were found by George Kennan in 1886 in exactly the same state in which I left them in 1862. Only now, after thirty-five years have passed away, the authorities are introducing the reformed tribunals and a parody of self-government in Siberia, and committees have been nominated again to inquire into the system of exile.

When Kennan came back to London from his journey to Siberia, he managed, on the very next day after his arrival in London, to hunt up Stepniák, Chaykóvsky, myself, and another Russian refugee. In the evening we all met at Kennan's room in a small hotel near Charing Cross. We saw him for the first time, and having no excess of confidence in enterprising Englishmen who had previously undertaken to learn all about the Siberian prisons without even learning a word of Russian, we began to cross-examine Kennan. To our astonishment, he not only spoke excellent Russian, but he knew everything worth knowing about Siberia. One or another of us had been acquainted with the greater proportion of all political exiles in Siberia, and we besieged Kennan with questions: "Where is So and So? Is he married? Is he happy in his marriage? Does he still keep fresh in spirit?" It was soon evident that Kennan knew all about every one of them.

When this questioning was over, and we were preparing to leave, I asked, "Do you know, Mr. Kennan, if they have built a watchtower for the fire brigade at Chitá?" Stepniák looked at me, as if to reproach me for abusing Kennan's good will. Kennan, however, began to laugh, and I soon joined him. Amidst our hearty laughter we tossed each other questions and answers: "Why, do you know about that?" "And you too?" "Built?" "Yes, double estimates!" and so on, till at last Stepniák interfered, and in his most severely good-natured way objected: "Tell us at least what you are laughing about." Whereupon Kennan told the story of that watchtower which his readers must remember. In 1859 the Chitá people wanted to build a watchtower, and collected the money for it; but their estimates had to be sent to St. Petersburg. So they went to the ministry of the interior; but when they came back, two years later, duly approved, all the prices for timber and work had gone up in that rising young town. This was in 1862, while I was at Chitá. New estimates were made and sent to St. Petersburg, and the story was repeated for full twenty-five years, till at last the Chitá people, losing patience, put in their estimates prices nearly double the real ones. These fantastic estimates were solemnly considered at St. Petersburg, and approved. This is how Chitá got its watchtower.

It has often been said that Alexander II. committed a great fault, and brought about his own ruin, by raising so many hopes which later on he did not satisfy. It is seen from what I have just said — and the story of little Chitá was the story of all Russia — that he did worse than that. It was not merely that he raised hopes. Yielding for a moment to the current of public opinion around him, he induced men all over Russia to set to work, to issue from the domain of mere hopes and dreams, and to touch with the finger the reforms that were required. He made them realize what could be done immediately, and how easy it was to do it; he induced them

to sacrifice of their ideals what could not be immediately realized, and to demand only what was practically possible at the time. And when they had framed their ideas, and had shaped them into laws which merely required his signature to become realities, then he refused that signature. No reactionist could raise, or ever has raised, his voice to assert that what was left — the unreformed tribunals, the absence of municipal government, or the system of exile — was good and was worth maintaining: no one has dared to say that. And yet, owing to the fear of doing anything, all was left as it was; for thirty-five years those who ventured to mention the necessity of a change were treated as "suspects;" and institutions unanimously recognized as bad were permitted to continue in existence only that nothing more might be heard of that abhorred word "reform."

IV.

Seeing that there was nothing more to be done in the direction of reform, I tried to do what seemed to be possible under the existing circumstances, — only to become convinced of the absolute uselessness of such efforts. In my new capacity of attaché to the governor-general for Cossack affairs, I made, for instance, a most thorough investigation of the economical conditions of the Usurí Cossacks, whose crops used to be lost every year, so that the government had every winter to feed them in order to save them from famine. When I returned from the Usurí with my report, I received congratulations on all sides, I was promoted, I got special rewards. All the measures I recommended were accepted, and special grants of money were given for aiding the emigration of some and for supplying cattle to others, as I had suggested. But the practical realization of the measures went into the hands of some old drunkard, who would squander the money and pitilessly flog the unfortunate Cossacks for the purpose of converting them into good agriculturalists. So it went in all directions, beginning with the winter palace at St. Petersburg, and ending with the Usurí and Kamchátka.

Gradually I turned my energy more and more toward scientific exploration. In 1864 I went with twelve unarmed trading Cossacks to discover a direct communication across the great Khingán, through northern Manchuria, between Transbaikália and the middle Amúr. In the treaty with China only merchants were mentioned, so I bought quantities of various goods and went disguised as a merchant. The governor-general delivered me a passport "to the Irkútsk second guild merchant, Peter Alexéiev, and his companions," and warned me that if the Chinese arrested me and took me to Pekin, and thence across the Gobi to the Russian frontier, — in a cage, on a camel's back, was their way of conveying prisoners, — I must not betray him by naming myself. The temptation of visiting a country which no European had ever seen was so great that I accepted all the conditions. We discovered the route and many interesting things besides, as for instance the tertiary volcanoes of the Uyun Holdontsi. We were thus the pioneers of the Manchurian railway. I cannot say that I was a sharp tradesman, for I once persisted (in broken Chinese) in asking thirty-five rubles for a watch, when the Chinese buyer had already offered me forty-five; but the Cossacks traded all right, and the expedition covered its expenses.

The same summer I went up the Sungarí with Colonel Tchernyáieff's expedition, on board the first steamer which touched the waters of the great river of Manchuria, and we reached the capital of Manchuria, Kirin. The next year I explored the western Sayáns, where I came upon another important volcanic region on the Chinese frontier. Finally,

in 1866, I undertook a long journey to discover a direct communication between the gold mines of northern Siberia (on the Vitím and the Olókma) and Transbaikália. For many years the members of the Siberian expedition had tried to find such a passage, and had endeavored to cross the terrible mountain region, which consists of a series of the wildest stony parallel ridges; but when they reached that region, coming from the south, and saw before them these dreary mountains spreading for hundreds of miles northward, all of them, save one who was killed by natives, returned southward. It so happened that while I was preparing for the expedition, I was shown a map which a native had traced with his knife on a piece of bark. This little map — a splendid specimen, by the way, of the usefulness of the geometrical sense in the lowest stages of civilization, and one which would consequently interest A. R. Wallace — so struck me by its seeming truth to nature that I fully trusted to it, and began my journey from the north, following the indications of the map. This time the passage was found. For three months we wandered in the almost totally uninhabited mountain deserts and over the marshy plateau, till at last we reached our destination, Chitá. I am told that this passage is now of value for bringing cattle from the south to the gold mines; as for me, the journey helped me immensely afterward in finding the key to the structure of the mountains and plateaus of Siberia — but I am not writing a book of travel, and must stop.

The years that I spent in Siberia taught me many lessons which I could hardly have learned elsewhere. I began to understand not only men and human character, but also the inner springs of the life of human society. The constructive work of the unknown masses, which so seldom finds any mention in books, and the importance of that constructive work in the growth of forms of society, appeared before my eyes in its full import. To witness, for instance, the ways in which the communities of Dukhobórtsy (brothers of those who are now going to settle in Canada, and who find such a hearty support in the United States) migrated to the Amúr region, to see the immense advantages which they got from their semi-communistic brotherly organization, and to realize what a wonderful success their colonization was, amidst all the failures of state colonization, was learning something which cannot be learned from books. Again, to live with natives, to see at work all the complex forms of social organization which they have elaborated far away from the influence of any civilization, was, as it were, to store up floods of light which illuminated my subsequent reading. The part which the unknown masses play in the accomplishment of all important historical events, and even in war, became evident to me from direct observation, and I came to hold ideas similar to those which Tolstoy expresses concerning the leaders and the masses in his monumental work, War and Peace.

Having been brought up in a serf-owner's family, I entered active life, like all young men of my time, with a great deal of confidence in the necessity of commanding, ordering, scolding, punishing, and the like. But when, at an early stage, I had to manage serious enterprises and to deal with men, and when each mistake would lead at once to heavy consequences, I began to appreciate the difference between acting on the principle of command and discipline and acting on the principle of common understanding. The former works admirably in a military parade, but it is worth nothing where real life is concerned, and the aim can be achieved only through the severe effort of many converging wills. Although I did not then formulate my ob-

servations in terms borrowed from party struggles, I may say now that I lost in Siberia whatever faith in state discipline I had cherished before.

At the age of from nineteen to twenty-five I had to work out important schemes of reform, to deal with hundreds of men in bringing barges down the Amúr, to take command one day of a steamer whose captain fell ill, to prepare and to make risky expeditions with ridiculously small means, and so on; and if all these things ended more or less successfully, I account for it only by the fact that I soon understood that in serious work commanding and discipline are of little avail. Men of initiative are required everywhere; but once the impulse has been given, the enterprise must be conducted, especially in Russia, not in military fashion, but in a sort of communal way, by means of common understanding. I wish that all framers of plans of state discipline might first pass through the school of real life: we should then hear far less than at present of schemes of military and pyramidal organization of society.

Life in Siberia became less and less attractive, although my brother Alexander had joined me in 1864 at Irkútsk, where he commanded a squadron of Cossacks. We were happy to be together; we read a great deal, and discussed all the philosophical, scientific, and sociological questions of the day; but we both longed after intellectual life, and there was none in Siberia. The occasional passage through Irkútsk of Raphael Pumpelly or of Adolph Bastian — the only two men of science who visited our capital during my stay there — was quite an event for both of us. The scientific and political life of Western Europe, of which we heard through the papers, attracted us, and the return to Russia was the subject to which we continually came back in our conversations. Finally, the insurrection of the Polish exiles in 1866 opened our eyes to the false position we both occupied as officers of the Russian army.

I was far away, in the Vitím Mountains, when the Polish exiles, who were employed in piercing a new road in the cliffs round Lake Baikál, made a desperate attempt to break their chains and to force their way to China across Mongolia; but my brother was at Irkútsk, and his squadron was dispatched against the insurgents. Happily, the commander of the regiment to which my brother belonged knew him well, and, under some pretext, he ordered another officer to take command of the mobilized part of the squadron. Otherwise, Alexander, of course, would have refused to march; and such a refusal meant a sentence of death, or, in the most favorable case, degradation. If I had been at Irkútsk, I should have done the same.

We decided then to leave the military service and to return to Russia. This was not an easy matter, especially as Alexander had married in Siberia; but at last all was arranged, and early in 1867 we were on our way to St. Petersburg.

P. Kropotkin.

FAREWELL LETTERS OF THE GUILLOTINED.

One of the most revolting yet least known features of the Reign of Terror in Paris was the suppression of many hundreds of letters addressed by or to prisoners. The detention of Marie Antoinette's touching letter to her sister-in-law, Princess Elisabeth, which was not recovered and published till twenty years afterward, was no isolated act of barbarity. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor at the Revolutionary tribunal, dealt in the same way with a multitude of epistles written at the Conciergerie and other prisons. Some of these contained requests for the supply of necessaries or comforts, others for the dispatch of testimonies which might perhaps have saved their writers from the scaffold. No matter; they were ruthlessly flung among his files of papers, which now fill two hundred cardboard boxes at the National Archives in Paris. By far the most pathetic of these intercepted documents are letters addressed by condemned prisoners to their families or friends. Written on sheets or scraps of paper of every variety of form and quality, the ink now faded, they cannot be handled without emotion. They have never before been published, and possibly descendants now living may learn for the first time from this article what were the last lines penned by their unfortunate ancestors. Victor Hugo in his Dernier Jour d'un Condamné drew on his powerful imagination, but here we have the genuine outpourings of the heart on the approach of death. We can realize the Terror more vividly when we read, still more when we handle, these tragical farewells. Resignation, as will be seen, is the dominant note; but not all of the victims possessed equal fortitude at the thought of leaving wives and children, perhaps in penury, and one writer tells us that his letter was watered with tears. Forgiveness of enemies is also frequently expressed; only in one instance is there a breath of malediction. Some of the victims enjoyed religious consolations; others felt merely a possibility of a future state with the renewal of family ties. We can fancy the prisoners employing their few remaining moments in these assurances of affection; sympathizing fellow captives, perhaps, standing round who knew not how soon their own turn might come. Death would have had an additional sting had they known that these harrowing farewells, cynically scanned by the brutal Fouquier, would be tossed aside, to lie neglected for a century.

I retain the second person singular, wherever used; for the French still employ it in addressing near relations or intimate friends as well as in invoking the Deity. This distinction we have unhappily lost; for by the beginning of the sixteenth century *thou* had become contumelious. "I *thou* thee, thou traitor," said Coke to the unfortunate Raleigh, and George Fox could not succeed in restoring it. The French Jacobins were equally unsuccessful in attempting to make *tutoiement* universal, though among Paris cabmen it still lingers.

It is difficult to give the exact equivalent of terms of endearment. Literally translated, some would seem more effusive than they really are (for words by wear often lose much of their original force), while others would appear cold. *Mon cher ami, ma chère amie*, for instance, mean much more than "my dear friend." It is a common form of address between husband and wife, and I have usually rendered it by "dearest." If, nevertheless, some expressions are too gushing for Anglo-Saxon tastes, we must make allowance for national temperament, and for the high

pitch to which emotions had been worked up by the Revolution.

I give the letters in chronological order, not merely because any other arrangement would be arbitrary, but because it is necessary to bear in mind the successive stages of the Terror. The victims were at first entirely or mostly Royalists; for the Revolution began by devouring its enemies, but it ended, as Vergniaud foreboded, by devouring, like Saturn, its own children. The later sufferers were Republicans, as stanch Republicans as their persecutors, and were slaughtered for a simple *nuance* or through private spite. They were executed as federalists; ultimately, indeed, there were also Hébertists, butchered because they were too violent, but none of them seem to have written farewell letters. In politics, therefore, the letters show what musicians term a crescendo, while in religion they exhibit just the reverse, — the decline or eclipse of faith, yet no actual materialism. Subject to exceptions, moreover, the social status of the victims steadily lowers. We have, it is true, an aristocrat like Victor de Broglie, but among the later victims we find small tradesmen, wineshop-keepers, and men in still humbler positions, which would account for their rude penmanship and orthography.

But the letters may now speak for themselves.

Louis Alexandre Beaulieu, aged thirty-six, was a tradesman, who had been commissioned by Mauny, a retired dragoon officer, to procure gold and silver, — an illegal transaction, concealed in his letter under the terms red and white wine, which meant yellow and white coins. Both Beaulieu and Mauny were executed May 10, 1793.

I.

TO CITIZEN BEAULIEU FREVAL, RUE TIBOTONI, NO. 27.

Adieu, my friend. Thy consolation should be found in reason and philosophy. [Here he repeats some of the expressions in his second letter.] Remove from your mind this sad event, and remember only our days of intimacy. I might have been taken from you by illness or accident, and in time of war one is too happy in escaping. I might have had the misfortune of succumbing. Look at the event in this light. Adieu. I embrace thee thousands of times. Console all my friends. Speak to them of my friendship.

Your brother and friend,

L. A. BEAULIEU.

Inclosed are a letter and a watch key, which thou wilt deliver to the same destination.

II.

TO CITOYENNE BECAGNY, RUE LIBERTÉ, 27, TO WHOM I BEG YOU TO HAND THE WATCH KEY.

My dear and kind friend, I embrace you for the last time. Accept all my gratitude for the trouble and vexations which I have caused you, and forgive them. I fear lest your interests should suffer from the 2000 f. which you lately sent me, and for which you have no receipt. I wish this to serve for one. I owe you also several sums on current account which may amount to 400 f. or 500 f. I acknowledge the debt. Kindly express my thanks to MM. Collot, Julianne, and Alexandre. I have not time to say more, as I did not begin to write till eight in the morning. I embrace you thousands of times, and am always to the last moment your ever sincere friend,

L. A. BEAULIEU.

III.

Be consoled, my very good lady and dear friend,— be consoled, I entreat you. I have a calmness and firmness of mind which are a great help to me at this moment. The greatest chagrin which I feel is the causing you chagrin. It is this which makes me beg you, as the last favor, to console yourself. Take

care of yourself. You owe this to those of whom you are the mainstay. Share my adieux with the good and dear Adelaïde. I might have been taken from you by illness or accident. Farewell. I embrace you from the bottom of my heart. I expected to have plenty of time to write to you. Adieu once more.

Your friend,

L. A. Beaulieu.

Once more adieu. I love you ever with all my heart.

Françoise Desilles, aged twenty-four, wife of Desclos de la Fauchais, a naval officer who had emigrated, was one of twelve Bretons executed on June 18, 1793, for the conspiracy headed by the Marquis de la Rouerie. An insurrection in favor of monarchy had been concerted, but was revealed by a pretended sympathizer.

IV.

18*th June*, 1793.

My lot is cast, dearest. Do not be grieved, but view the event with as much tranquillity as I do. It is not without regret that I quit an existence which promised me happy days. I have one favor to ask. You know what is the fate of my unfortunate children. Be a mother to them, dearest; let them find in you an affectionate and beloved mother. I am convinced of the zeal with which you will be their mother. Adieu, dear. I will not further prolong the time that I am spending in conversing with you. I have to approach the Supreme Being, at whose feet I cast myself. The resignation given me by the sweet persuasion that He will forgive me gives me joy. Speak of me to my children, but repel all bitterness. My trials are coming to an end, but yours will last. Adieu, dear. Cherish my memory, but do not lament my fate.

Desilles de la Fauchais.

I beg you, dear, to arrange with my sisters the education of my children. They have no resource but you three, and it is to you three that I confide them to serve them as mother.

Jean Baptiste Georges Fontevieux, a native of Zweibrücken, a retired officer, aged thirty-four, was another of the Breton conspirators, living at St. Brieuc. He employed his last moments in writing to his wife, father, mother, sister, his notary, a friend, and the second letter that follows, addressed to three fellow prisoners at the Abbaye. He also wrote to the Convention for a respite, that he might adduce evidence to exculpate him; for the alleged conspiracy, he said, was imaginary. All these letters are written in a plain, firm hand. Could he have known that they would not be forwarded, death would have had an additional bitterness.

V.

TO CITOYENNE CAMBRY, RUE DE LA RÉVOLUTION, NO. 28, NEAR THE CI-DEVANT PLACE LOUIS XV., PARIS.

I approach, my friend, the terrible moment when I am to appear before the Supreme Being. I behold its coming without alarm. I may say with Essex,

"C'est le crime qui fait la honte,
Ce n'est pas l'échafaud." [1]

Thou knowest the purity of the sentiments which have always animated me. Without lacking modesty, I may say I have done all the good in my power. I have done ill to none. I regret my friends. I was attached to earth only by their affection, and I do not feel misfortune except on their account. I thank thee for the testimonies of friendship and consolation which thou hast furnished me, and the touching attentions which thou hast lavished on me during my captivity. I would fain testify my warm and affectionate gratitude. We shall be reunited sooner or later. The scythe of Time visits all heads, it levels all. I pity my judges. I forgive them with all my

[1] From a drama by Thomas Corneille. The proper reading is, "Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

heart. I beg thee to console thyself. I conjure thee in the name of the warmest affection to preserve thy life. If ever thou chancest to think of me, remember that, as I die innocent, I am bound to be happy. I have not shed a tear for myself, but I have wept over the painful situation of my friends. It is they who are to be pitied, not I. Adieu, kind and affectionate friend; I embrace thee with all my heart. If thou shouldst see my uncle, cheer him up; help him to bear the misfortunes attaching to human existence. Tell him that I loved him, love him still, and shall love him beyond the tomb.

FONTEVIEUX.

VI.

18*th June*, 1793.

I have been this morning, dear companions in misfortune, condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. The interest which you have shown me and your desire to learn the judgment from my own lips induce me to inform you of it. Alas, you were far from thinking it would be this. May you fare better. Adieu, my friends. I am, and soon shall be, perfectly tranquil.

FONTEVIEUX.

Nicolas Bernard Grout de la Motte, aged fifty, naval officer, was another of the Breton conspirators.

VII.

TO CITIZEN FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

18*th June*, 1793.

Citizen, I beg you to allow my ring and a case with portraits of my late wife and of my daughter to be restored to two young children whom I leave here. It is a small favor which I ask you, and it will be a portion of my property which could not be of any use to the nation.[1] These young children are at St. Malo. . . . Will you allow my linen to be given to the citizen gendarme?

GROUT DE LA MOTTE.

[1] All the property of guillotined persons was confiscated.

Three quarto pages are so closely filled by the following letter as to leave no room for the signature, but the address shows the writer to have been Georges Julien Jean Vincent, aged forty-eight, broker and interpreter at St. Malo, also one of the Breton conspirators.

VIII.

TO CITOYENNE BINEL VINCENT, RUE DE TOULOUSE, ST. MALO.

18*th June*, 1793.

There are decrees of Divine Providence, my beloved, kind, and affectionate friend, which, however terrible to bear, we ought to accept and submit to without a murmur. Thou knowest better than I, and I have no need to remind thee, all that religion commands thee, and all the consolations which it can give thee. Alas, what a terrible blow I am about to inflict on thy tender and generous heart, and how my poor and beloved children are about to be grieved! But, my dearest, collect all your strength. Pray do not be cast down by misfortune. My innocence and honor should help you to bear your misfortune. God had joined us together. I possessed an affectionate and virtuous wife who was my comfort. Perhaps, alas, I was too proud of the happiness which I possessed, and God's will deprives me of it. Worthy and affectionate wife, if I ever vexed thee I beg thee to forgive me. I shall die worthy of thy love, and if after this unfortunate life we can still preserve some recollection of persons who have been dear to us in this world, I shall carry beyond the tomb the deep affection which I have devoted to thee as well as to my dear children. Oh, affectionate and beloved wife, if ever I have been dear to thee, I conjure thee by all our affection to continue living; our beloved children have so much need of thee. Embrace them very affectionately for me. Tell them all the affection which I have always had for them. Tell them that if my death unhappily

deprives them not only of the most affectionate father, but of the little property which they might claim, I die innocent and leave them honor, the most precious property; and not only that, but they can hold their heads erect in such a fashion as to make their father's death a glory as an innocent victim of the law. Beware, my dearest, lest sorrow for my death should render them ungrateful toward their country. It is not the country that is the cause of the misfortunes which overwhelm us. Men are liable to error, and at a moment when passions blind us innocence is often mistaken for guilt. As good and faithful Christians, we must know how to bear the blows which befall us and adore the divine hand which overwhelms us. Oh, my dear children, console your worthy and affectionate mother, and by your assiduity in obeying her counsels, as well as in fulfilling the duties of your religion, be the consolation of her agony. I embrace thee, my dear good Republican friends. I pray God for you, and thou, dear and affectionate wife, receive my last kisses and adieux. Remember me only to beseech God to pardon my sins and have pity on my soul. I cannot say more. Words fail me at this sad and cruel moment, in which, however, I do not regret life except for the pain which my death is about to inflict on thy heart. But, my dearest, do not give way to grief. Respect the decrees of Divine Providence. We were not fated to remain forever on this poor earth, and we certainly knew when we married that death would part us. God has fixed the moment and manner. Let us therefore submit without a murmur to His will. Adieu, dear and worthy spouse. Adieu, loving and beloved children. Receive my affectionate kisses, and heaven grant that you may be more fortunate than your unfortunate father, who dies innocent and without self-reproach.

There is no signature to the following letter, but the writer was probably Michel Julien Picot-Lemoelan, still another of the Breton conspirators.

IX.

TO CITIZEN VENDEL, MAISON DE LA TRINITÉ, FOUGÈRES.

18 *June* [1793].

I shall be near the Eternal, my friend, when you receive this letter. I hope the forgiveness of my enemies will procure that of my faults, my crimes, toward Him; for the frequent forgetfulness of His benefits is doubtless one which could not be too dearly expiated, and the sacrifice of some years is not a great thing for him who knows how to estimate life at its true value. The sentence of death could not trouble me, for all the tribulations that I have experienced since my arrest have sufficiently disgusted me with life. . . . Adieu, my poor friend. Do not forget me. I die with confidence, and almost with joy. At what a grand banquet I shall be present this evening! My beloved, I shall await you. Your virtues call you thither. I had no cause for self-reproach toward men. I have never had any sentiments but those of humanity. I sincerely desire the happiness of those who conduct me to the tomb, but toward God, my friend, I was not so guiltless. I loved Him, but I served Him ill. I trust He will forgive me. Let not my friends weep over my happiness. We shall soon meet again. Convey my respects to them. Adieu, my unfortunate friend. I have taken every possible precaution to forward you the remainder of the assignats which you lent me.

Antoine Joseph Gorsas, aged forty, as deputy and journalist, took a prominent part in the Revolution. He was among the forty-one Girondin deputies, prosecuted in 1793, and attempted a Girondin rising at Caen and Bordeaux. Imprudently returning to Paris, he was discovered, arrested, and, being an outlaw, executed on simple proof of identity.

There is nothing to show that Fouquier carried out these last wishes.

X.

TO CITIZEN FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

7 *October* [1793].

Before dying, I desire that my creditors whose bills are unsettled should not be losers. I declare that I owe [three debts mentioned]. I recommend this note to the citizen public accuser. I beg him in the name of justice to pay these sums.[1] My hope that he will be good enough to do it will be a feeling of gratitude which I shall take away with me. My unfortunate family is prosecuted. If I had committed crimes, let me alone bear the responsibility. My family is not guilty. Will not my death satisfy public justice? I end by affirming that never have I betrayed my country, and that my last wishes are for its happiness and for its enjoyment of rest and happiness after so many long agitations.

A. J. Gorsas.

P. S. I may have other debts of which I am ignorant. I acknowledge them also.

Olympe de Gouges, born at Montauban in 1748, is believed to have been the daughter of the Marquis Franc de Pompignan, a versifier. Her mother, Olympe or Olinde Mousset, was the wife of Pierre Gouze, a butcher. After a marriage with a man named Aubry, which soon ended in a separation, Olympe went up to Paris, and, though never able to spell or to write a decent hand, published several plays. She threw herself with ardor into the Revolution, was a strenuous advocate of woman's rights, and offered to defend Louis XVI. in order to prove, not his innocence, but his imbecility. Her tirades at last led to her arrest, and after seven months' imprisonment she was tried, and guillotined on the 3d of November, 1793. Her son, to whom she addressed this ill-written and ill-spelled letter, on being dismissed from the army, wrote to the Convention to repudiate all sympathy with his mother's opinions. The only excuse for his act is that he cannot have known of her having written this letter to him, nor of a letter to the Convention entreating news of him.

[1] Of course out of the money left by the writer.

XI.

TO CITIZEN DE GOUGE, GENERAL OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF THE RHINE.

I die, my dear son, a victim of my idolatry of justice and of the people. Its enemies, under the specious mask of republicanism, have conducted me without remorse to the scaffold. After seven months of captivity I was transferred to a *maison de santé*,[1] where I was as free as in my own house. I might have escaped. My enemies and executioners are aware of this, but, convinced that all the ill will concerted to ruin me could not succeed in reproaching me with a single act contrary to the Revolution, I myself asked for trial. Could I believe that unmuzzled tigers would themselves be judges, against the law, against that popular assembly which will soon reproach them with my death? The indictment was delivered to me three days before my trial. The law entitled me to counsel. All the persons of my acquaintance have been intercepted. I was as it were in solitary confinement, not being even able to speak to the concierge. The law also entitled me to select my jurors. The list of them was announced to me at midnight, and next morning at seven o'clock I was taken to the tribunal, ill and weak, and without having the art of speaking in public. Resembling Jean Jacques [Rousseau] in his virtues, I felt all my insufficiency. I asked for the counsel whom I had chosen. I was told he was not present or had refused to undertake my cause. Failing him, I asked

[1] A private hospital.

for another. I was told I was quite able to defend myself. Without doubt I have enough force to defend my innocence, which is self-evident to all spectators. It was impossible to dispute all the services and benefits which I have rendered to the people. Twenty times I made my executioners turn pale, not knowing how to answer me. At every sentence which showed my innocence and their bad faith . . . They pronounced my doom for fear of exposure of the iniquity of which the world has not had sufficient examples. Adieu, my son, I shall be no more when thou receivest this letter. . . . I die, my son, my dear son, I die innocent. All the laws have been violated against the most virtuous woman of her age. [She then tells him where to find the pawn ticket for her jewels.]

OLYMPE DEGOUGE.

Marie Madeleine Coutelet, aged thirty-two, was forewoman at the flax-spinning factory established in the Jacobin Monastery in July, 1790, to give employment to women and girls. Her sister, who occupied the room above her, having been denounced as corresponding with *émigrés*, the commissaries sent with a search warrant went by mistake to Madeleine's room. She informed them of their blunder, but invited them to search her apartment. They found a letter addressed to her aunt at Rheims, but never posted, expressing sympathy for the Queen. Her explanation was that though really a "patriot" she wrote the letter in joke, to mystify a friend to whom alone she showed it. She was condemned 14 brumaire. Her sister, Marie Louise Neuvéglise, shared the same fate 4 floréal.

XII.

I discharge my last duty. You know that the law has judged me. They have found crime in innocence, and it is thus that they sentence me to die. I hope that you will be consoled. It is the last favor which I ask. I die with the purity of soul of those who die with joy. Adieu. Receive my last embrace. It is that of the most affectionate daughter and most attached sister. I regard this day as the finest that I have been granted by the Supreme Being. Live and think of me. Rejoice at the bliss which awaits me. I embrace my friends (*amies*), and am grateful to those who gave testimony for me. Adieu for the last time. May your children be happy. It is my last wish. COUTELET.

Gabriel Nicolas François Boisguyon, aged thirty-five, adjutant-general, admitted having gone to the Girondin gathering at Caen, but denied having offered to join the Girondin forces. He was tried and executed along with Girey-Dupré, who on his way to the scaffold sung his own verses, afterward styled the Chant des Girondins, the refrain of which was,

"Mourons pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie."

XIII.

TO CITIZEN FRÉMONT, DRUGGIST, CHÂTEAUDUN.

CONCIERGERIE, 2 *frimaire*, year 2.

Citizen, I was yesterday at four in the afternoon condemned to death, and in two hours I shall be no more. I beg you to inform my mother, taking all the precautions necessary for rendering the news less overwhelming. Send some one to her gently to apprise her, so that she may not receive the information by letter, and may not have under her eyes a monument [*sic*] reminding her of my last moments. Assure her of all my affection, and of my hope that she may find in her virtues the consolation which she will need. [Some business directions follow.]

BOISGUYON.

Gabriel Wormestelle, aged forty-three, the writer of this ill-spelled but firmly written letter, was a member of the Gi-

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM.

ronde popular commission, which tried to resist the measures enforced on the Convention by the Paris mob. Having been consequently outlawed, he was executed without trial, on simple proof of identity.

XIV.

TO CITOYENNE WORMESTELLE, RUE DU TEMPLE, NO. 1, BORDEAUX.

12 *frimaire* (2 *November*), 1793.

These are the last lines which my hand will trace. In a few hours I shall be no more. I am condemned to death. Well, wife whom I have always loved, I die full of affection for thee. I do not bid thee forget me. I know thy *belle âme*, thy affectionate heart. No, thou wilt never forget me. But live for our poor children. Remind them of me. Let me serve as their example. Let them be better than I. Rear them in the practice of virtue. My property is confiscated. It is so small that it will be no great loss for them. Bring them up to like work. Transfer to them all the affection which thou hadst for me. Adieu, — a thousand times adieu. Dry thy tears, and think only of our children.

WORMESTELLE.

Antoine Pierre Léon Dufrene, aged thirty-two, doctor, had recently arrived from St. Domingo. He wrote to his friends there that in exchanging that island, with its negro risings, for Paris, he had gone from Scylla to Charybdis, and in one letter he said, "It is impossible to say or write anything without risk of the guillotine." Again he said, "There would be many things to tell you of the present state of France, but I shall not venture on anything, and you will guess the reason. However nice the guillotine when you accommodate yourself to it, and whatever the courage thus far shown by the heroes of this Revolutionary invention, I have no mind to try it." But the unfortunate man had committed himself by these intercepted letters. The letter to Le Fourdray is the only farewell utterance resembling a malediction which I have met with.

XV.

Receive, oh adorable spouse, the last wishes of thy poor husband. He was not so good as thou art. . . . Write to me once more, that I may carry to the tomb a line from thy chaste hand. I end. My tears water my letter. Calm thine. Send me 15 f. I have handed 60 f. to Jaline, which he will doubtless deliver to thee. Thank him for me, as well as all my friends. . . . I shall be at the Conciergerie till ten or eleven to-morrow morning. Adieu, adieu, adieu, and forever adieu for eternity.

Thy husband,

DUFRENE.

13 *frimaire.*

[Inclosure.]

TO CITIZEN LE FOURDRAY, COMMISSARY OF MARINE, CHERBOURG.

Receive, wretch, my eternal adieu. I do not know whether thou didst it purposely. Although I know that thou art a scoundrel, I cannot bring myself to think thee so malicious. All that I can say to thee is that the letters which I had confided to thee have conducted me to the scaffold. If it was through malice, thy turn will soon come. Adieu.

DUFRENE.

13 *frimaire*, 1793.

Guillaume Léonard, omitted in M. Wallon's Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire, was a wineshop-keeper at Paris, condemned for uttering forged assignats.

XVI.

TO CITOYENNE LÉONARD, WINESELLER, PARIS.

My dearest, I bid thee farewell with tears in my eyes. I am condemned to die to-morrow, and I die innocently, without having ever committed any crime. I forgive thee all that there has been of contention with thy parents, and I hope with confidence that thou wilt do the same. Write immediately to my

parents, and inform them that I die for our country in the company of wretches, yet without having been criminal. I have not in all my life committed any crime. I embrace thee with tears in my eyes, and shall be thy husband to my last hour. Thou knowest that I owe 5 f. to Citizen Maudit, who lent it me on the day of my arrest. Do not be ashamed to announce my death to my parents. I have known how to live, and I shall know how to die. Adieu, dearest, and for the last time I write to thee, and am

Thy husband,

LÉONARD.

PARIS, 19 *frimaire*, year 2 of the French Republic, and Vive la République!

Charles Antoine Pinard, tailor, was executed as a fraudulent army contractor.

XVII.

TO CITOYENNE PRÉVOST, RUE DE L'ORATOIRE, 141.

19 *frimaire*, year 2.

My dearest, when thou receivest this letter thy *bon ami* will be no more. I should have preferred death in fighting for the defense of the country, but this has not been allowed me. I undergo my fate, and I carry to the tomb the tranquillity of a conscience without reproach. Be ever faithful, my dearest, to what thou hast promised me. Spare thyself for thy own sake, and for the infant whom thou bearest in thy bosom. Girl or boy, bring it up in the principles of the Republic. Be always prudent and virtuous, the same as thou hast ever been. Farewell: thy image is before my heart; let mine be before thine. Never forget thy friend. Spare thyself, and tell thy son or daughter that its father died like a true Republican. Embrace my parents. I love them ever.

PINARD.

Antoine Demachy, grocer, and commissary of one of the Paris sections, was condemned 26 frimaire, year 2, for complicity with fraudulent army contractors.

XVIII.

TO CITIZEN DEMACHY, GROCER, RUE ST. JACQUES, PARIS.

Brother, I write you this at the moment when I am about to end my days. I hope that my example may serve you as a guide in this Revolution. [Here he mentions two debts.] I embrace you, and wish you all possible happiness.

DEMACHY.

The following letter was written by the notorious *roué*, the Duc de Lauzun, whose posthumous memoirs, although disavowed by his family, were genuine. He assisted in the war of American independence, but though an old courtier accepted the Republic, and served in the army in Vendée. He disliked, however, the Jacobin officers placed under him, and quarreled with Rossignol. He was deprived of his command July 11, 1793, and put on trial 9 ventôse, with ten witnesses against and four for him. The case not being concluded on the 9th, the court sat again on the 10th, though décadi was usually a *dies non*. On leaving for the scaffold he said to his fellow prisoners, "I am starting on the long journey." He pressed a glass of wine on the executioner, saying, "You must need nerve in your business."

XIX.

TO CITIZEN GONTAUT.

I am condemned. I shall die to-morrow in the sentiments of religion, of which my dear papa has set me the example, and which are worthy of him. My long agony derived much consolation from the certainty that my dear papa will not give way to grief of any kind. . . . I have two Englishwomen who have been with me twenty years, and who have been detained as prisoners since the decree on foreigners.[1] I was

[1] On the seizure of Toulon, all the English in France were arrested as hostages.

their only resource. I commend them to the succour and extreme kindness of my dear papa, whom I love. I respect and embrace him for the last time with all my heart.

BIRON.

Jean Baptiste Louis Courtonnel, aged thirty-six, innkeeper, was convicted of supplying inferior hay as an army contractor. He explained that a few bundles might inadvertently have been of poor quality.

XX.

TO CITOYENNE COURTONNEL, AUBERGISTE, BEAUMONT LE ROGER, EURE.

CONCIERGERIE, 7 *pluviôse.*

Receive, my dearest, my last adieux. I am about to die, full of affection for thee and our dear children. My enemies have succeeded in getting me convicted. Thou knowest my innocence. Adieu forever. I am full of regret at quitting thee, but I shall bear my fate with calmness up to the last moment. Embrace my children for me, and remind them of their father. Let them cherish his memory, without being unreasonably affected by his death. . . .

I recommend thee to do exactly all that I mentioned in my previous letter for thy good, and in order to extricate thyself from the enmity of those who have caused my death.

J. B. COURTONNEL.

Jean Baptiste Emanuel Rouettiers, aged forty-five, had been a groom in waiting to Louis XVI.

XXI.

I approach the fatal end, my dear wife and children. I embrace you affectionately with all my heart, which still beats and will beat to the last breath for you. Ever love one another, all three. Be happy for one another, and do not forget thy husband and father,

ROUETTIERS.

12 *pluviôse*, 11.30.

Jeanne Rouettiers de la Chauvinerie, wife of the Marquis de Charras, aged forty-one, was condemned for corresponding with émigré relatives.

XXII.

TO CITIZEN CHARRAS AND HIS THREE CHILDREN, ASNIÈRES.

Adieu, my dear husband; my poor children, adieu. Receive the last embraces of your affectionate wife and mother. All that I will add is that my heart in everything is yours. I approach the fatal moment. Never forget me. I ask my poor children that my last words be ever preserved by them. Adieu. I send you my last breath. I recommend you all to her who loves you, your aunt and sister. Adieu.

FEMME CHARRAS.

12 *pluviôse.*

Guillaume Martin, a doctor, aged sixty-five, was one of seventeen inhabitants of Coulommiers condemned 15 pluviôse for "a conspiracy to make Seine-et-Marne a second Vendée." The description of death as a long journey, used also by the Duc de Biron, was probably a reminiscence of Rabelais' reputed deathbed remark, "Grease my boots for a long journey."

XXIII.

TO CITOYENNE DUFRENE, COULOMMIERS.

Adieu, my dearest. I am very sorry for the pain which I have caused thee. It must be hoped that this will last only for a time. I wish you every kind of happiness, as also my friend Dufrene, who will prove to you that he loved me by loving and respecting you, and conforming to your will. I am soon going to start on a long journey. My last breath but one will be for Dufrene and for you, and my last will be for my God, who, I hope, in his mercy will receive me, and in whom I put my trust. Adieu, all my friends and neighbors.

MARTIN.

Pray daily for me and for your father, if God allows me the grace of rejoining him in eternity.

Alexandre Pierre Cauchois, aged twenty-eight, architect, was condemned 22 ventôse for saying that one tyrant, meaning a king, was better than five hundred, meaning the Convention. He was, however, a Republican. On ascending the scaffold he exclaimed, "Sons of the fatherland, you will avenge my death!" But the spectators waved their hats and cried, "Vive la République!"

XXIV.

TO CITOYENNE CAUCHOIS.

All is over. For having honestly loved liberty and having been unable to keep silence in the presence of the wicked, I am sacrificed. A putrid fever would have done the same. If any consciousness is retained after death, my feeling will be for you and for my country. In spite of their injustice toward me, I persist in thinking that men are stupid rather than wicked. I should have liked to lose my life in the cause of liberty, but I fear my death will merely cement the public slavery. I leave you more unfortunate than myself, and my only regret is to add to your misfortunes. Adieu.

CAUCHOIS.

Pierre Jean Sourdille-Laval, aged thirty, barrister, was a prominent Girondin at Laval. The italics are mine.

XXV.

TO CITOYENNE SOURDILLE LAVATELLE, LAVAL, MAYENNE.

22 *ventôse.*

Adieu, kind and affectionate wife, and adieu forever. It is two o'clock, and I hope at three to be on my way to the place de la Révolution.[1] You see, my dearest, that by four o'clock I shall be happier, or at least not so unhappy as thou. Thou art the only person who made me cling to life. I defended myself with courage and firmness. I shall show this up to the last moment, and I shall have, I hope, the death of an honest man. . . . *I have swallowed thy ring.* It was bound never to quit me. Adieu, my dearest. I send thee a thousand kisses.

SOURDILLE.

[1] Where the guillotine then stood; now the place de la Concorde.

Martin Blanchet, aged forty-three, kept a wineshop. When a captain in the National Guard, — in August, 1792, — it is alleged that he refused to join in the attack upon the Tuileries. His letter is ill written and ill spelled. It will be noticed that he addresses his wife as "widow."

XXVI.

A LA CITOYENNE VEUVE BLANCHET, MARCHANDE DE VINS, FAUBOURG POISSONNIÈRE, 18, PARIS.

Adieu, my wife, my children, forever and ever beloved. I beg thee, wife, tell my children often that I loved them. Adieu, wife and children. I am about to draw the curtain of life. All you, my friends, comfort my wife and children. This is what I ask of you. Adieu, ——, adieu, ——[he names two friends], and all who sympathize with my misfortunes. Embrace my little children. I end my days to-day.

BLANCHET.

Judged criminally, 23 ventôse, 1794. I embrace my wife and children.

[On the outside page.] Adieu, Tripotin, my friend. Wife, adieu, and children, — adieu for life. Preserve the papers of my trial for my children. Adieu forever.

BLANCHET.

François Nicolas Du Biez, *alias* Dignancourt, a clerk to the Paris municipality, was condemned for uttering forged assignats.

XXVII.

My dear love and faithful wife, I take advantage of this moment when my courage does not abandon me, to repeat to thee my last farewell. Receive it with equal courage and affection. Embrace frequently thy dear child, who is also mine. Bring him up in true republican principles. It is the wish of the people, it is the wish of the sovereign [that is, people]. Remind him frequently that he had a father who dearly loved him, and tell him how much I loved him. Thou knowest it, dearest. Tell him that his unfortunate father had no cause for self-reproach, and that he dies with the tranquillity inspired by innocence. The scaffold does not dishonor, but only the crime. Tell my friend the captain that I die with all the esteem for him which he has inspired in me. Embrace thy mother for me, and tell her not to forget me. It is nine o'clock. I have perhaps still two hours to live. I shall employ them in thinking of thee. Adieu, dearest; adieu, my child; adieu to thy mother, whom I much esteem. Take courage, and do not give way to grief. I am thy dear and faithful spouse, the unfortunate

DU BIEZ.

4 *germinal*, nine o'clock in the morning, year 2 of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

Claire Madeleine Lambertye de Villemain, aged forty-one, wife of a former secretary to the king, corresponded with her émigré brothers, and concealed the plate of the Polignac family, her kinsmen, to save it from confiscation. She denied having sent money to her brothers, and having known that some plate belonging to the Duc d'Artois (the future Charles X.) was with that of the Polignacs. Condemned, 7 germinal.

XXVIII.

TO CITOYENNE LAMBERTYE.

Weep not for your daughter, dear mamma. She dies worthy of you. She has loved you to her last breath. Live and take care of yourself and pray for me. Adieu. My last breaths are for you.

LAMBERTYE DE VILLEMAIN.

Jean Valery Harel, aged thirty, of Alençon, a cotton manufacturer, was accused of sending money to an émigré.

XXIX.

CONCIERGERIE, 9 *germinal.*

TO MY WIFE:

Behold, my dearest, my last moments. I have been condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. I am innocent of what I am accused of, but no matter, it is settled, and at least I die well, rest assured. Be consoled. This is the only happiness I can hope for during the brief moments remaining to me. My sister-in-law Houdouard, to whom this letter is addressed, will hand you my portrait, taken here. It is not very good, because I had to start for trial just when the painter was taking it. This testimony of my remembrance will be a sure guarantee to you of that affection which I have ever cherished for thee, and which will not end, but which I shall gladly carry away with me.

HAREL LE JEUNE.

There are also a few lines to his sister, and to his sister-in-law and her husband, begging them to break the news to his wife and to be kind to her.

Jean Claude Géant, aged forty-one, was a member of the administration of the Moselle, which, apprehensive of diplomatic difficulties with the prince of Nassau-Saarbrück, suspended the confiscation of an abbey belonging to him. For this act of disobedience he and ten colleagues were executed.

XXX.

Human nature is nothing. Man ap-

pears for an instant, and his soul flies away to the bosom of his Creator. I go there to prepare thy place. Live for our dear children. I join my ancestors and thine.

Thy unfortunate husband,

GÉANT.

17 *floréal.*

Delphin Legardeur, aged fifty-two, cloth manufacturer at Sedan, was one of twenty-five municipal councilors and notables executed for resistance to the Jacobins.

XXXI.

I offer thee, my dear son, my last adieux. I commend thy mother to thee. Although the youngest, I hope that thou wilt set a good example to thy brothers, and that you will all continue to do your best to defend the Republic.

LEGARDEUR.

15 *prairial*, year 2.

Charles Louis Victor de Broglie, aged thirty-seven, son of Marshal de Broglie, had been an army officer. He was a member and one of the presidents of the National Assembly. Hesitating to recognize the fall of the monarchy, he was deprived of his military command, but eventually accepted the Republic, and returning to Paris joined the National Guard, till reinstated in the army. His being the son of an émigré was really his sole offense. This touching letter, written on a scrap of coarse paper, was addressed to his wife, then a prisoner at Vesoul. I had the satisfaction of acquainting the Duc de Broglie, the statesman and Academician, with the existence and whereabouts of this, his grandfather's last letter. One of the children spoken of married Madame de Staël's daughter.

XXXII.

Liberty. Equality.

CONCIERGERIE, 7 *messidor.*

I have been since yesterday at the Conciergerie, my dear Sophie. I am about to mount to the Revolutionary tribunal with the purity of conscience and calmness which inspire the courageous man. Whatever the result, it will be prompt. Bear it with firmness. Take care of thyself for our children, whom I load, like thee, with kisses, tears, and regrets. Never forget thy poor husband,

VICTOR BROGLIE.

Jean Jacques Joseph Mousnier, aged thirty-eight, a lawyer, was one of thirty-eight prisoners condemned for the pretended plot at the Luxembourg. His anxiety for his guillotine toilet is characteristic.

XXXIII.

TO CITIZEN ROYER, PAINTER, RUE HELVETIUS, 57.

CONCIERGERIE, 20 *messidor.*

Republic, one and indivisible.

I am anxious, comrade, to thank thee for the kindness which thou hast lavished on me during my fatal detention, for I have only twenty-four hours left. To all appearances, I shall be guillotined to-morrow, though the most innocent man in the world. Send me a shirt, pocket handkerchief, and a pair of stockings. The rest of my wardrobe will be an installment of what will be due to thee when the nation, my heir, relieves thee of the charge of my effects. Claim thine own at the Luxembourg. Adieu. My last compliments to thy wife and neighbors. Adieu forever.

MOUSNIER.

Send me also the shabby coat which I lately sent thee with my overcoat.

There will be fifty sous for the commissionnaire who brings me the receipt.

The guillotining went on for three weeks more, and the suppression of letters continued to the end, but I have not met with any later farewell utterance.

J. G. Alger.

AUTUMN IN FRANCONIA.

II.

That afternoon I took the Landaff Valley round, down the village street nearly to the junction of Gale River and Ham Branch, then up the Ham Branch (or Landaff) Valley to a cross-road on the left, and so back to the road from the Profile Notch, and by that home again. The jaunt, which is one of our Franconia favorites, is peculiar for being substantially level; with no more uphill and downhill than would be included in a walk of the same distance — perhaps six miles — almost anywhere in southern New England.

The first thing a man is likely to notice as he passes the last of the village houses, and finds himself skirting the bank of Ham Branch (which looks to be nearly or quite as full as the river into which it empties itself), is the color of the water. Gale River is fresh from the hills, and ripples over its stony bed as clear as crystal. The branch, on the contrary, has been flowing for some time through a flat meadowy valley, where it has taken on a rich earthy hue, to which it might be natural to apply a less honorable sounding word, perhaps, if it were a question of some neutral stream, in whose character and reputation I felt no personal, friendly interest.

Just as I came to it, that afternoon, I saw to my surprise a white admiral butterfly sunning itself upon an alder leaf. I hope the reader knows the species, — *Limenitis Arthemis*, sometimes called the banded purple, — one of the prettiest and showiest of New England insects, four black or blackish wings crossed by a broad white band. It was much out of season now, I felt sure, both from what my entomological friends had told me, and from my own recollections of previous years, and I was seized with a foolish desire to capture it as a sort of trophy. It lay just beyond my reach, and I disturbed it, in hopes it would settle nearer the ground. Twice it disappointed me. Then I threw a stick toward it, aiming not wisely but too well, and this time startled it so badly that it rose straight into the air, sailed across the stream, and came to rest far up in a tall elm. "You were never cut out for a collector of insects," I said to myself, recalling my experience of the forenoon; but I was glad to have seen the creature, — the first one for several years, — and went on my way as happy as a child in thinking of it. In the second half of a man's century he may be thankful for almost anything that, for the time being, lifts twoscore of years off his back. The best part of most of us, I think, is the boy that was born with us. So far I am a Wordsworthian: —

> "And I could wish *my* days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

A little way up the valley we come to an ancient mill and a bridge; a new bridge it is now, but I remember an old one, and a fright that I once had upon it. With a fellow itinerant — a learned man, whose life was valuable — I stopped here to rest of a summer noon, and my companion, with an eye to shady comfort, clambered over the edge of the bridge and out upon a joist which projected over the stream. There he sat down with his back against a pillar and his legs stretched before him on the joist. He has a theory, concerning which I have heard him discourse more than once, — something in his own attitude suggesting the theme, — that when a man, after walking, "puts his feet up," he is acting not merely upon a natural impulse, but in accordance with a sound physiological principle; and in accordance with that principle he was acting

now, as well as the circumstances of the case would permit. We chatted awhile; then he fell silent; and after a time I turned my head, and saw him clean gone in a doze. The seat was barely wide enough to hold him. What if he should move in his sleep, or start up suddenly on being awakened? I looked at the rocks below, and shivered. I dared not disturb him, and could only sit in a kind of stupid terror and wait for him to open his eyes. Happily his nap did not last long, and came to a quiet termination; so that the cause of science suffered no loss that day; but I can never go by the place without thinking of what might have happened.

Here, likewise, on an autumnal forenoon, two or three years ago, I had another memorable experience; nothing less (nothing more, the reader may say) than the song of a hermit thrush. It was in the season after bluebirds and hermits had been killed in such dreadful numbers (almost exterminated, we thought then) by cold and snow at the South. I had scarcely seen a hermit all the year, and was approaching the bridge, of a pleasant late September morning, when I heard a thrush's voice. I stopped instantly. The note was repeated; and there the bird stood in a low roadside tree; the next minute he began singing in a kind of reminiscential half-voice, — the soul of a year's music distilled in a few drops of sound, — such as birds of many kinds so frequently drop into in the fall. That, too, I am sure to remember as often as I pass this way.

In truth, all my Franconia rambles (I am tempted to write the name in three syllables, as I sometimes speak it, following the example of Fishin' Jimmy and other local worthies), — all my "Francony" rambles, I say, are by this time full of these miserly delights. It is really a gain, perhaps, that I make the round of them but once a year. Some things are wisely kept choice.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare."

To get all the goodness out of a piece of country, return to it again and again, till every corner of it is alive with memories; but do not see it too often, nor make your stay in it too long. The hermit thrush's voice is all the sweeter because he *is* a hermit.

This afternoon I do not cross the bridge, but keep to the valley road, which soon runs for some distance along the edge of a hackmatack swamp; full of graceful, pencil-tipped, feathery trees, with here and there a dead one, on purpose for woodpeckers and hawks. A hairy woodpecker is on one of them at this moment, now hammering the trunk with his powerful beak (hammer and chisel in one), now lifting up his voice in a way to be heard for half a mile. To judge from his ordinary tone and manner, *Dryobates villosus* has no need to cultivate decision of character. Every word is peremptory, and every action speaks of energy and a mind made up.

In this larch swamp, though I have never really explored it, I have seen, first and last, a good many things. Here grows much of the pear-leaved willow (*Salix balsamifera*). I notice a few bushes even now as I pass, the reddish twigs each with a tuft of yellowing, red-stemmed leaves at the tip. Here, one June, a Tennessee warbler sang to me; and there are only two other places in the world in which I have been thus favored. Here, — a little farther up the valley, — on a rainy September forenoon, I once sat for an hour in the midst of as pretty a flock of birds as a man could wish to see: south-going travelers of many sorts, whom the fortunes of the road had thrown together. Here they were, lying by for a day's rest in this favorable spot; flitting to and fro, chirping, singing, feeding, playfully quarreling, as if life, even in rainy weather and in migration time, were all a pleasure trip. It was a sight to cure low spirits. I sat on the hay just within the open side of a barn which stands here

in the woods, quite by itself, and watched them till I almost felt myself of their company. I have forgotten their names, though I listed them carefully enough, beyond a doubt, but it will be long before I forget my delight in the birds themselves. Ours may be an evil world, as the pessimists and the preachers find so much comfort in maintaining, but there is one thing to be said in its favor: its happy days are the longest remembered. The pain I suffered years ago I cannot any longer make real to myself, even if I would, but the joys of that time are still almost as good as new, when occasion calls them up. Some of them, indeed, seem to have sweetened with age. This is especially the case, I think, with simple and natural pleasures; which may be considered as a good reason why every man should be, if he can, a lover of nature, — a sympathizer, that is to say, with the life of the world about him. The less artificial our joys, the more likelihood of their staying by us.

Not to blink at the truth, nevertheless, I must add a circumstance which, till this moment, I had clean forgotten. I was still watching the birds, with perhaps a dozen species in sight close at hand, when suddenly I observed a something come over them, and on the instant a large hawk skimmed the tops of the trees. In one second every bird was gone, — vanished, as if at the touch of a necromancer's wand. I did not see them fly; there was no rush of wings; but the place was empty; and though I waited for them, they did not reappear. Two or three, indeed, I may have seen afterward, but the flock was gone. *My* holiday, at all events, or that part of it, was done, — shadowed by a hawk's wing. Undoubtedly a few minutes of safety put the birds all in comfortable spirits again, however; and anyhow, it bears out my theory of remembered happiness, that this less cheerful part of the story had so completely passed out of mind. Memory, like a sundial, had marked only the bright hour.

Beyond this lonely barn the soil of the valley becomes drier and sandier. Here are two or three houses, with broad hayfields about them, in which live many vesper sparrows. No doubt they have lived here longer than any of their present human neighbors. Even now they flit along the wayside in advance of the foot-passenger, running a space, after their manner, and anon taking wing to alight upon a fence rail. Their year is done, but they linger still a few days, out of love for the ancestral fields, or, it may be, in dread of the long journey, from which some of them will pretty certainly never come back.

All the way up the road, though no mention has been made of it, my eyes have been upon the low, bright-colored hills beyond the river, — sugar-maple orchards all in yellow and red, a gorgeous display, — or upon the mountains in front, Kinsman and the more distant Moosilauke. The green meadow is a good place in which to look for marsh hawks, — as well as of great use as a foreground, — and the hill woods beyond are the resort of pileated woodpeckers. I have often seen and heard them here, but there is no sign of them to-day.

Though these fine birds are generally described — one book following another, after the usual fashion — as frequenters of the wilderness, and though it is true that they have forsaken the more thickly settled parts of the country, I think I have never once seen them in the depths of the forest. To the best of my recollection none of our Franconia men have ever reported them from Mount Lafayette or from the Lonesome Lake region. On the other hand, we meet them with greater or less regularity in the more open valley woods, often directly upon the roadside; not only in the Landaff Valley, but on the outskirts of the village toward Littleton and on the Bethlehem road. In this latter place I

remember seeing a fellow prancing about the trunk of a small orchard tree within twenty rods of a house; and not so very infrequently, especially in the rum-cherry season, they make their appearance in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; for they, like some of their relatives, notably the sapsucker, are true cherry-birds. In Vermont, too, I have found their freshly cut "peck-holes" on the very skirts of the village. And at the South, so far as I have been able to observe, the story is the same. About Natural Bridge, Virginia, for example, a loosely settled country, with plenty of woodland but no extensive forests, the birds were constantly in evidence. In short, untamable as they look, and little as they may like a town, they seem to find themselves best off, as birds in general do, on the borders of civilization. They have something of Thoreau's mind, we may say: lovers of the wild, they are yet not quite at home in the wilderness, and prefer the woodman's path to the logger's.

Not far ahead, on the other side of the way, — to return to the Landaff Valley, — is a *red* maple grove, more brilliant even than the sugar orchards. It ripens its leaves earlier than they, as we have always noticed, and is already past the acme of its annual splendor; so that some of the trees have a peculiarly delicate and lovely purplish tint, a real bloom, never seen, I think, except on the red maple, and there only after the leaves have begun to curl and fade. Opposite it (after whistling in vain for a dog with whom, in years past, I have been accustomed to be friendly at one of the houses — he must be dead, or gone, or grown reserved with age), I take the crossroad before mentioned; and now, face to face with Lafayette, I stop under a favorite pine tree to enjoy the prospect and the stillness: no sound but the chirping of crickets, the peeping of hylas, and the hardly less musical hammering of a distant carpenter.

Along the wayside are many gray birches (of the kind called white birches in Massachusetts, the kind from which Yankee schoolboys snatch a fearful joy by "swinging off" their tops), the only ones I remember about Franconia; for which reason I sometimes call the road Gray Birch Road; and just beyond them I stop again. Here is a bit for a painter: a lovely vista, such as makes a man wish for a brush and the skill to use it. The road dips into a little hollow, turns gently, and passes out of sight within the shadow of a wood. And above the overarching trees rises the pyramidal mass of Mount Cannon, its middle part set with dark evergreens, which are flanked on either side with broad patches of light yellow, — poplars or birches. The sun is getting down, and its level rays flood the whole mountain forest with light.

Into the shadow I go, following the road, and after a turn or two come out at a small clearing and a house. "Rocky Farm," we might name it; for the land is sprinkled over with huge boulders, as if giants had been at play here. Whoever settled the place first must have chosen the site for its outlook rather than for any hope of its fertility. I sit down on one of the stones and take my fill of the mountain glory: Garfield, Lafayette, Cannon, Kinsman, Moosilauke, — a grand horizonful. Cannon is almost within reach of the hand, as it looks; but the arm might need to be two miles long.

Just here the road makes a sudden bend, passes again into light woods, and presently emerges upon a little knoll overlooking the upper Franconia meadows. This is the noblest prospect of the afternoon, and late as the hour is growing I must lean against the fence rail — for there is a house at this point also — and gaze upon it. The green meadow is spread at my feet, flaming maple woods range themselves beyond it, and behind them, close at hand, loom the sombre mountains. I had forgotten

that this part of the road was so "viewly," to borrow a local word, and am thankful to have reached it at so favorable a moment. Now the shadow of the low hills at my back overspreads the valley, while the upper world beyond is aglow with light and color.

It is five o'clock, and I must be getting homeward. Down at the valley level the evening chill strikes me, after the exceptional warmth of the day, and by the time Tucker Brook is crossed the bare summit of Lafayette is of a deep rosy purple, — the rest of the world sunless. The day is over, and the remaining miles are taken somewhat hurriedly, although I stop below the Profile House farm to look for a fresh bunch of dumb foxglove, — not easy to find in the open at this late date, many as the plants are, — and at one or two other places to pluck a tempting maple twig. Sated with the magnificence of autumnal forests, hill after hill splashed with color, the eye loves to withdraw itself now and then to rest upon the perfection of a blossom or a leaf. Wagonloads of tourists come down the Notch road, the usual nightly procession, some silent, some boisterously singing. Among the most distressing of all the noises that human beings make is this vulgar shouting of "sacred music" along the public highway. This time the hymn is Jerusalem the Golden, after the upper notes of which an unhappy female voice is vainly reaching, like a boy who has lost his wind in shinning up a tree, and with his last gasping effort still finds the lowest branch just beyond the clutch of his fingers.

"I know not, oh, I know not,"

I hear her shriek, and then a lucky turn in the road takes her out of hearing, and I listen again to the still small voice of the brook, which, whether it "knows" or not, has the grace to make no fuss about it.

Let that one human discord be forgotten. It had been a glorious day; few lovelier were ever made: a day without a cloud (literally), and almost without a breath; a day to walk, and a day to sit still; a long feast of beauty; and withal, it had for me a perfect conclusion, as if Nature herself were setting a benediction upon the hours. As I neared the end of my jaunt, the hotel already in sight, Venus in all her splendor hung low in the west, the full moon was showing its rim above the trees in the east, and at the same moment a vesper sparrow somewhere in the darkening fields broke out with its evening song. Five or six times it sang, and then fell silent. It was enough. The beauty of the day was complete.

The next day, October 1, was no less delightful: mild, still, and cloudless; so that it was pleasant to lounge upon the piazza in the early morning, looking at Lafayette, — good business of itself, — and listening to the warble of a bluebird, the soft chips of myrtle warblers, or the distant gobbling of a turkey down at one of the river farms; while now and then a farmer drove past from his morning errand at the creamery, with one or two tall milk-cans standing behind him in the open, one-seated carriage. If you see a man on foot as far from the village as this, you may set him down, in ornithological language, as a summer resident or a transient visitor. Franconians, to the manner born, are otherwise minded, and will "hitch up" for a quarter of a mile.

As I take the Notch road after breakfast the temperature is summer-like, and the foliage, I think, must have reached its brightest. Above the Profile House farm, on the edge of the golf links, where the whole Franconia Valley lies exposed, I seat myself on the wall, inside the natural hedge that borders the highway, to admire the scene: a long verdant meadow, flanked by low hills covered, mile after mile, with vivid reds and yellows; splendor beyond words; a pageant glorious to behold, but happily of brief dura-

tion. Human senses would weary of it, though the eye loves color as the palate loves spices and sweets, or, by force of looking at it, would lose all delicacy of perception and taste.

Even yet the world, viewed in broad spaces, wears a clean, fresh aspect; but near at hand the herbage and shrubbery are all in the sere and yellow leaf. So I am saying to myself when I start at the sound of a Hudsonian chickadee's nasal voice speaking straight into my ear. The saucy chit has dropped into the low poplar sapling over my head, and surprised at what he discovers underneath lets fall a hasty *Sick-a-day-day*. His dress, like his voice, compares unfavorably with that of his cousin, our familiar blackcap. In fact, I might say of him, with his dirty brown headdress, what I was thinking of the roadside vegetation: he looks dingy, out of condition, frayed, discolored, belated, frost-bitten. But I am delighted to see him, — for the first time at any such level as this, — and thank my stars that I sat down to rest and cool off on this hard but convenient boulder.

A chipmunk thinks I have sat here long enough, and feels no bashfulness about telling me so. Why should he? Frankness is esteemed a point of good manners in all natural society. A man shoots down the hill behind me on a bicycle, coasting like the wind, and another, driving up, salutes him by name, and then turns to cry after him in a ringing voice, "How *be* ye?" The emphatic verb bespeaks a real solicitude on the questioner's part; but he is half a mile too late; he might as well have shouted to the man in the moon. Presently two men in a buggy come up the road, talking in breezy up-country fashion about some one whose name they use freely, — a name well known hereabout, — and with whom they appear to have business relations. "He got up this morning like a —— —— thousand of brick," one of them says. A disagreeable person to work for, I should suppose. And all the while a child behind the hedge is taking notes. Queer things we could print, if it were allowable to report verbatim.

When this free-spoken pair is far enough in the lead I go back to the road again, traveling slowly and keeping to the shady side, with my coat on my arm. As the climb grows steeper the weather grows more and more like August; and hark! a cicada is shrilling in one of the forest trees, — a long-drawn, heat-laden, midsummer cry. I will tell the entomologist about it, I promise myself. The circumstance must be very unusual, and cannot fail to interest her. (But she takes it as a matter of course. It is hard to bring news to a specialist.)

So I go on, up Hardscrabble and Little Hardscrabble, stopping like a short-winded horse at every water-bar, and thankful for every bird-note that calls me to a halt between times. An ornithological preoccupation is a capital resource when the road is getting the better of you. The brook likewise must be minded, and some of the more memorable of the wayside trees. A mountain road has one decided and inalienable advantage, I remark inwardly: the most perversely opinionated highway surveyor in the world cannot straighten it. How fast the leaves are falling, though the air scarcely stirs among them. In some places I walk through a real shower of gold. Theirs is an easy death. And how many times I have been up and down this road! Summer and autumn I have traveled it. And in what pleasant company! Now I am alone; but then, the solitude itself is an excellent companionship. We are having a pretty good time of it, I think, — the trees, the brook, the winding road, the yellow birch leaves, and the human pilgrim, who feels himself one with them all. I hope they would not disown a poor relation.

It is ten o'clock. Slowly as I have come, not a wagonload of tourists has

caught up with me; and at the Bald Mountain path I leave the highway, having a sudden notion to go to Echo Lake by the way of Artist's Bluff, so called, a rocky cliff that rises abruptly from the lower end of the lake. The trail conducts me through a veritable fernery, one long slope being thickly set with perfectly fresh shield-ferns, — *Aspidium spinulosum* and perhaps *A. dilatatum*, though I do not concern myself to be sure of it. From the bluff the lake is at my feet, but what mostly fills my eye is the woods on the lower side of Mount Cannon. There is no language to express the kind of pleasure I take in them: so soft, so bright, so various in their hues, — dark green, light green, russet, yellow, red, — all drowned in sunshine, yet veiled perceptibly with haze even at this slight distance. If there is anything in nature more exquisitely, ravishingly beautiful than an old mountain-side forest looked at from above, I do not know where to find it.

Down at the lakeside there is beauty of another kind: the level blue water, the clean gray shallows about its margin, the reflections of bright mountains — Eagle Cliff and Mount Cannon — in its face, and soaring into the sky, on either side and in front, the mountains themselves. And how softly the ground is matted under the shrubbery and trees: twin-flower, partridge berry, creeping snowberry, gold-thread, oxalis, dwarf cornel, checkerberry, trailing arbutus. The very names ought to be a means of grace to the pen that writes them.

White-throats and a single winter wren scold at me behind my back as I sit on a spruce log, but for some reason there are few birds here to-day. The fact is exceptional. As a rule, I have found the bushes populous, and once, I remember, not many days later than this, there were fox sparrows with the rest. I am hoping some time to find a stray phalarope swimming in the lake. That would be a sight worth seeing. The lake itself is always here, at any rate, especially now that the summer people are gone; and if the wind is right and the sun out, so that a man can sit still with comfort (to-day my coat is superfluous), the absence of other things does not greatly matter.

This clean waterside must have many four-footed visitors, particularly in the twilight and after dark. Deer and bears are common inhabitants of the mountain woods; but for my eyes there are nothing but squirrels, with once in a long while a piece of wilder game. Twice only, in Franconia, have I come within sight of a fox. Once I was alone, in the wood-road to Sinclair's Mills. I rounded a curve, and there the fellow stood in the middle of the way smelling at something in the rut. After a bit (my glass had covered him instantly) he raised his head and looked down the road in a direction opposite to mine. Then he turned, saw me, started slightly, stood quite still for a fraction of a minute (I wondered why), and vanished in the woods, his white brush waving me farewell. He was gone so instantaneously that it was hard to believe he had really been there.

That was a pretty good look (at a fox), but far less satisfying than the other of my Franconia experiences. With two friends I had come down through the forest from the Notch railroad by a rather blind loggers' trail, heading for a pair of abandoned farms, grassy fields in which it is needful to give heed to one's steps for fear of bear-traps. As we emerged into the first clearing a fox was not more than five or six rods before us, feeding in the grass. Her eyes were on her work, the wind was in our favor, and notwithstanding two of us were almost wholly exposed, we stood there on the edge of the forest for the better part of half an hour, glasses up, passing comments upon her behavior. Evidently she was lunching upon insects, — grasshoppers or crickets, I suppose, — and so taken up was she with this

agreeable employment that she walked directly toward us and passed within ten yards of our position, stopping every few steps for a fresh capture. The sunlight, which shone squarely in her face, seemed to affect her unpleasantly; at all events she blinked a good deal. Her manner of stepping about, her motions in catching her prey, — driving her nose deep into the grass and pushing it home, — and in short her whole behavior, were more catlike than doglike, or so we all thought. Plainly she had no idea of abbreviating her repast, nor did she betray the slightest grain of suspiciousness or wariness, never once casting an eye about in search of possible enemies. A dog in his own dooryard could not have seemed less apprehensive of danger. As often as she approached the surrounding wood she turned and hunted back across the field. We might have played the spy upon her indefinitely; but it was always the same thing over again, and by and by, when she passed for a little out of sight behind a tuft of bushes, we followed, careless of the result, and, as it seemed, got into her wind. She started on the instant, ran gracefully up a little incline, still in the grass land, turned for the first time to look at us, and disappeared in the forest. A pretty creature she surely was, and from all we saw of her she might have been accounted a very useful farm-hand; but perhaps, as farmers sometimes say of unprofitable cattle, she would soon have "eaten her head off" in the poultry yard. She was not fearless, — like a woodchuck that once walked up to me and smelled of my boot, as I stood still in the road near the Crawford House, — but simply off her guard; and our finding her in such a mood was simply a bit of good luck. Some day, possibly, we shall catch a weasel asleep.

In a vacation season, like our annual fortnight in New Hampshire, there is no predicting which jaunt, if any, will turn out superior to all the rest. It may be a longer and comparatively newer one (although in Franconia we find few new ones now, partly because we no longer seek them — the old is better, we are apt to say when any innovation is suggested); or, thanks to something in the day or something in the mood, it may be one of the shortest and most familiar. And when it is over, there may be a sweetness in the memory, but little to talk about; little "incident," as editors say, little that goes naturally into a notebook. In other words, the best walk, for us, is the one in which we are happiest, the one in which we *feel* the most, not of necessity the one in which we *see* the most; or, to put it differently still, the one in which we *do* see the most, but with

> "that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

Whatever we may call ourselves at home, among the mountains we are lovers of pleasure. Our day's work is to be happy. We take our text from the good Longfellow, as theologians take theirs from Scripture: —

> "Enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end."

We are not anxious to learn anything; our thoughts run not upon wisdom; if we take note of a plant or a bird, it is rather for the fun of it than for any scholarly purpose. We are boys out of school. I speak of myself and of the man I have called my walking mate. The two collectors of insects, of course, are more serious-minded. "No day without a beetle," is their motto, and their absorption, even in Franconia, is in adding to the world's stock of knowledge. Let them be respected accordingly. Our creed is more frankly hedonistic; and their virtue — I am free to confess it — shines the brighter for the contrast.

This year, nevertheless, old Franconia had for us, also, one most welcome novelty, the story of which I have kept, like the good wine, — a pretty small glassful,

I am aware, — for the end of the feast. I had never enjoyed the old things better. Eight or nine years ago, writing — in this magazine — of June in Franconia, I expressed a fear that our delight in the beauty of nature might grow to be less keenly felt with advancing age ; that we might ultimately be driven to a more scientific use of the outward world, putting the exercise of curiosity, what we call somewhat loftily the acquisition of knowledge, in the place of rapturous contemplation. So it may yet fall out, to be sure, since age is still advancing, but as far as present indications go, nothing of the sort seems at all imminent. I begin to believe, in fact, that things will turn the other way ; that curiosity will rather lose its edge, and the power of beauty strike deeper and deeper home. So may it be ! Then we shall not be dead while we live. Sure I am that the glory of mountains, the splendor of autumnal forests, the sweetness of valley prospects, were never more rapturously felt by me than during the season just ended. And still, as I started just now to say, I had special joy this year in a new specimen, an additional bird for my memory and notebook.

The forenoon of September 26, my fourth day, I spent on Garnet Hill. The grand circuit of that hill is one of the best esteemed of our longer expeditions. Formerly we did it always between breakfast and dinner, having to speed the pace a little uncomfortably for the last four or five miles ; but times have begun to alter with us, or perhaps we have profited by experience ; for the last few years, at any rate, we have made the trip an all-day affair, dining on Sunset Hill, and loitering down through the Landaff Valley — with a side excursion, it may be, to fill up the hours — in the afternoon. This trip, being, as I say, one of those we most set by, I was determined to hold in reserve against the arrival of my fellow foot-traveler ; but there is also a pleasant shorter course, not round the hill, but, so to speak, over one side of it : out by the way of what I call High Bridge Road (never having heard any name for it), and back by the road — hardly more than a lane for much of its length — which traverses the hill diagonally on its northeastern slope, and joins the regular Sugar Hill highway a little below the Franconia Inn.

I left the Littleton road for the road to the Streeter neighborhood, crossed Gale River by a bridge pitched with much labor at a great height above it (a good indication of the swelling to which mountain streams are subject), passed two or three retired valley farms (where were eight or ten sleek young calves, one of which, rather to my surprise, ate from my hand a sprig of mint as if she liked the savor of it), and then began a long, steep climb. For much of the distance the road — narrow and very little traveled — is lined with dense alder and willow thickets, excellent cover for birds. It was partly with this place in my eye that I had chosen my route, remembering an hour of much interest here some years ago with a large flock of migrants. To-day, as it happened, the bushes were comparatively birdless. White-throats and snowbirds were present, of course, and ruby-crowned kinglets, with a solitary vireo or two, but nothing out of the ordinary. The prospect, however, without being magnificent or — for Franconia — extensive, was full of attractiveness. Gale River hastening through a gorge overhung with forest, directly on my right, Streeter Pond farther away (two deer had been shot beside it that morning, as I learned before night, — news of that degree of importance travels fast), and the gay-colored hills toward Littleton and Bethlehem, — maple grove on maple grove, with all their banners flying, — these made a delightsome panorama, shifting with every twist in the road and with every rod of the ascent ; so that I had excuse more

than sufficient for continually stopping to breathe and face about. In one place I remarked a goodly bed of coltsfoot leaves, noticeable for their angular shape as well as for their peculiar shade of green. I wished for a blossom. If the dandelion sometimes anticipates the season, why not the coltsfoot? But I found no sign of flower or bud. Probably the plant is of a less impatient habit; but I have seen it so seldom that all my ideas about it are no better than guesswork. Along the wayside was maidenhair fern, also, which I do not come upon any too often in this mountain country.

Midway of the hill stands a solitary house, where I found my approach spied upon through a crack between the curtain and the sash of what seemed to be a parlor window; a flattering attention which, after the manner of high public functionaries, I took as a tribute not to myself, but to the rôle I was playing. No doubt travelers on foot are rare on that difficult, out-of-the-way road, and the walker rather than the man was what filled my lady's eye; unless, as may easily have been true, she was expecting to see a peddler's pack. At this point the road crooks a sharp elbow, and henceforth passes through cultivated country, — orchards and ploughed land, grass fields and pasturage; still without houses, however, and having a pleasant natural hedgerow of trees and shrubbery. In one of the orchards was a great congregation of sparrows and myrtle warblers, with sapsuckers, flickers, downy woodpeckers, solitary vireos, and I forget what else, though I sat on the wall for some time refreshing myself with their cheerful society. I agreed with them that life was still a good thing.

Then came my novelty. I was but a little way past this aviary of an apple orchard when I approached a pile of brush, — dry branches which had been heaped against the roadside bank some years ago, and up through which bushes and weeds were growing. My eyes sought it instinctively, and at the same moment a bird moved inside. A sparrow, alone; a sparrow, and a new one! "A Lincoln finch!" I thought; and just then the creature turned, and I saw his forward parts: a streaked breast with a bright, well-defined buff band across it, as if the streaks had been marked in first and then a wash of yellowish had been laid on over them. Yes, a Lincoln finch! He was out of sight almost before I saw him, however, and after a bit of feverish waiting I squeaked. He did not come up to look at me, as I hoped he would do, but the sudden noise startled him, and he moved slightly, enough so that my eye again found him. This time, also, I saw his head and his breast, and then he was lost again. Again I waited. Then I squeaked, waited, and squeaked again, louder and longer than before. No answer, and no sign of movement. You might have sworn there was no bird there; and perhaps you would not have perjured yourself; for presently I stepped up to the brush-heap and trampled it over, and still there was no sign of life. Above the brush was a low stone wall, and beyond that a bare ploughed field. How the fellow had slipped away there was no telling. And that was the end of the story. But I had seen him, and he was a Lincoln finch. It was a shabby interview he had granted me, after keeping me waiting for almost twenty years; but then, I repeated for my comfort, I had seen him.

He was less confusingly like a song sparrow than I had been prepared to find him. His general color (one of a bird's best marks in life, hard as it may be to derive an exact idea of it from printed descriptions), gray with a greenish tinge, — a little suggestive of Henslow's bunting, as it struck me, — this, I thought, supposing it to be constant, ought to catch the eye at a glance. Henceforth I should know what to look for, and might expect better luck; although, if this particular bird's beha-

vior was to be taken as a criterion, the books had been quite within the mark in emphasizing the sly and elusive habit of the species, and the consequent difficulty of prolonged and satisfactory observation of it.

The Lincoln finch, or Lincoln sparrow, the reader should know, is a congener of the song sparrow and the swamp sparrow, a native mostly of the far north, and while common enough as a migrant in many parts of the United States, is, or is generally supposed to be, something of a rarity in the Eastern States.

Meanwhile, having beaten the brush over, and looked up the roadside and down the roadside and over the wall, I went on my way, stopping once for a feast of blackberries, — as many and as good as a man could ask for, long, slender, sweet, and dead ripe; and at the top of the road I cut across a hayfield to the lane before mentioned, that should take me back to the Sugar Hill highway. Now the prospects were in front of me, there was no more steepness of grade, I had seen Tom Lincoln's finch,[1] and the day was brighter than ever. Every sparrow that stirred I must put my glass on; but not one was of the right complexion.

Then, in a sugar grove not far from the Franconia Inn, I found myself all at once in the midst of one of those traveling flocks that make so delightful a break in a bird-lover's day. I was in the midst of it, I say; but the real fact was that the birds were passing through the grove between me and the sky. For the time being the branches were astir with wings. Such minutes are exciting. "Now or never," a man says to himself. Every second is precious. At this precise moment a warbler is above your head, far up in the topmost bough perhaps, half hidden by a leaf. If you miss him, he is gone forever. If you make him out, well and good; he may be a rarity, a prize long waited for; or, quite as likely, while busy with him you may let a ten times rarer one pass along unnoticed. In this game, as in any other, a man must run his chances; though there is skill as well as luck in it, without doubt, and one player will take a trick or two more than another, with the same hand.

In the present instance, so far as my canvass showed, the "wave" was made up of myrtle warblers, blackpolls, baybreasts, black-throated greens, a chestnut-side, a Maryland yellow-throat, red-eyed vireos, solitary vireos, one or more scarlet tanagers (in undress, of course, and pretty late by my reckoning), ruby-crowned kinglets, chickadees, winter wrens, goldfinches, song sparrows, and flickers. The last three or four species, it is probable enough, were in the grove only by accident, and are hardly to be counted as part of the south-bound caravan. Several of the species were in good force, and doubtless some species eluded me altogether. No man can look all ways at once; and in autumn the eyes must do not only their own work, but that of the ears as well.

All the while the birds hastened on, flitting from tree to tree, feeding a minute and then away, following the stream. I was especially glad of the baybreasts, of which there were two at least, both very distinctly marked, though in nothing like their spring plumage. I saw only one other specimen this fall, but the name is usually in my autumnal Franconia list. The chestnut-side, on the other hand, was the first one I had ever found here at this season, and was correspondingly welcome.

After all, a catalogue of names gives but a meagre idea of such a flock, except to those who have seen similar ones, and amused themselves with them in a similar manner. But I had had the fun, whether I can make any one else appreciate it or not, and between it and my

[1] "I named it Tom's Finch," says Audubon, "in honor of our friend Lincoln, who was a great favorite among us."

joy over the Lincoln finch I went home in high feather.

Five days longer I followed the road alone. Every time a sparrow darted into the bushes too quickly for me to name him, I thought of *Melospiza lincolni*. Once, indeed, on the Bethlehem road, I believed that I really saw a bird of that species; but it was in the act of disappearing, and no amount of pains or patience — or no amount that I had to spare — could procure me a second glimpse.

On the sixth day came my friend, the second foot-passenger, and was told of my good fortune; and together we began forthwith to walk — and look at sparrows. This, also, was vain, until the morning of October 4. I was out first. A robin was cackling from a tall treetop, as I stepped upon the piazza, and a song sparrow sang from a cluster of bushes across the way. Other birds were there, and I went over to have a look at them: two or three white-throats, as many song sparrows, and a white-crown. Then by squeaking I called into sight two swamp sparrows (migrants newly come, they must be, to be found in such a place), and directly afterward up hopped a small grayish sparrow, seen at a glance to be like my bird of nine days before, — like him in looks, but not in behavior. He conducted himself in the most accommodating manner, was full of curiosity, not in the least shy, and afforded me every opportunity to look him over to my heart's content.

In the midst of it all I heard my comrade's footfall on the piazza, and gave him a whistle. He came at once, wading through the wet grass in his slippers. He knew from my attitude — so he firmly declared afterward — that it was a Lincoln finch I was gazing at! And just as he drew near, the sparrow, sitting in full view and facing us, in a way to show off his peculiar marks to the best advantage, uttered a single *cheep*, thoroughly distinctive, or at least quite unlike any sparrow's note with which I am familiar; as characteristic, I should say, as the song sparrow's *tut*. Then he dropped to the ground. "Yes, I saw him, and heard the note," my companion said; and he hastened into the house for his boots and his opera-glass. In a few minutes he was back again, fully equipped, and we set ourselves to coax the fellow into making another display of himself. Sure enough, he responded almost immediately, and we had another satisfying observation of him, though this time he kept silence. I was especially interested to find, what I had on general considerations suspected, that Lincoln finches were like other members of their family. Take them right (by themselves, and without startling them to begin with), and they could be as complaisant as one could desire, no matter how timid and elusive they might be under different conditions. Our bird was certainly a jewel. For a while he pleased us by perching side by side with a song sparrow. "You see how much smaller I am," he might have been saying; "you may know me partly by that."

And we fancied we should know him thereafter; but a novice's knowledge is only a novice's, as we were to be freshly reminded that very day. Our jaunt was round Garnet Hill, the all-day expedition before referred to. I will not rehearse the story of it; but while we were on the farther side of the hill, somewhere in Lisbon, we found the roadsides swarming with sparrows, — a mixed flock, song sparrows, field sparrows, chippers, and white-crowns. Among them one of us by and by detected a grayish, smallish bird, and we began hunting him, from bush to bush and from one side of the road to the other, carrying on all the while an eager debate as to his identity. Now we were sure of him, and now everything was unsettled. His breast was streaked and had a yellow band across it. His color and size were right, as well as we could say, — so decidedly so

that there was no difficulty whatever in picking him out at a glance after losing him in a flying bunch; but some of his motions were pretty song-sparrow-like, and what my fellow observer was most staggered by, he showed a blotch, a running together of the dark streaks, in the middle of the breast, — a point very characteristic of the song sparrow, but not mentioned in book descriptions of Melospiza lincolni. So we chased him and discussed him (that was the time for a gun, the professional will say), till he got away from us for good.

Was he a Lincoln finch? Who knows? We left the question open. But I believe he was. The main reason, not to say the only one, for our uncertainty was the pectoral blotch; and that, I have since learned, is often seen in specimens of Melospiza lincolni. Why the manuals make no reference to it I cannot tell; as I cannot tell why they omit the same point in describing the savanna sparrow. In scientific books, as in "popular" magazine articles, many things must no doubt be passed over for lack of room. In any case, it is not the worst misfortune that could befall us to have some things left for our own finding out.

And after all, the question was not of supreme importance. Though I was delighted to have seen a new bird, and doubly delighted to have seen it in Franconia, the great joy of my visit was not in any such fragment of knowledge, but in that bright and glorious world; mountains and valleys beautiful in themselves, and endeared by the memory of happy days among them. Sometimes I wonder whether the pleasures of memory may not be worth the price of growing old.

Bradford Torrey.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

III. MARRIAGE AND TOUR IN EUROPE.

The years of mourning for my father and beloved brother being at an end, and the sister next to me being now of an age to make her début in society, I began with her a season of visiting, dancing, and so on. My sister was very handsome, and we were both welcome guests at fashionable entertainments. I was passionately fond of music, and scarcely less so of dancing, and the history of the next two winters, if written, would chronicle a series of balls, concerts, and dinners.

I did not abandon either my studies or my hope of contributing to the literature of my generation. Hours were not then unreasonably late. Dancing-parties usually broke up soon after one o'clock, and left me fresh enough to enjoy the next day's study.

We saw many literary people, and some of the scientists with whom my brother had become acquainted while in Europe. Among the former was John L. O'Sullivan, the accomplished editor of The Democratic Review. When the poet Dana visited our city he always called upon us, and we sometimes had the pleasure of seeing with him his intimate friend William Cullen Bryant, who very rarely appeared in general society.

Among our scientific guests, I especially remember an English gentleman who was in those days a distinguished mathematician, and who has since become very eminent. He was of the Hebrew race, and had fallen violently in love with a beautiful Jewish heiress, well known in New York. His wooing was not fortunate, and the extravagance

of his indignation at its result was both pathetic and laughable. He once confided to me his intention of paying his addresses to the lady's young niece. "And Miss —— shall become our aunt Hannah!" he said, with extreme bitterness. I exhorted him to calm himself by devotion to his scientific pursuits; but he replied, "Something better than mathematics has waked up here!" pointing to his heart. He wrote many verses, which he read aloud to our sympathizing circle. I recall from these a distich of some merit. Speaking of his fancied wrongs, and warning his fair antagonist to beware of the revenge which he might take, he wrote: —

> "Wine gushes from the trampled grape,
> Iron 's branded into steel."

In the end, he returned to the science which had been his first love, and which rewarded his devotion with wide reputation.

These years glided by with fairylike swiftness. They were passed by my sisters and myself under my brother's roof, where the beloved uncle also made his home with us so long as we were together. I have dwelt a good deal on the circumstances and surroundings of my early life in my native city. If the state of things here described had continued, I should probably have remained a frequenter of fashionable society, a musical amateur, and a dilettante in literature.

Quite other experiences were in store for me. I became engaged to Dr. Howe during a visit to Boston, in the winter of 1842–43, and was married to him on the 23d of April of the latter year. A week later we sailed for Europe, in one of the small Cunard steamers of that time, taking with us my youngest sister, Annie Ward, whose state of health gave us some uneasiness. My husband's intimate friend, Horace Mann, and his bride, Mary Peabody, sailed with us. During the first two days of the voyage I was stupefied by seasickness, and even forgot that my sister was on board the steamer. We went on shore, however, for a walk at Halifax, and from that time forth were quite able-bodied sea-goers.

On the day before that of our landing an unusually good dinner was served, and, according to the custom that then prevailed, champagne was furnished gratis, in order that all who dined together might drink the Queen's health. This favorite toast was proposed, and was responded to by a number of rather flat speeches. The health of the captain of our steamer was also given, and some others which I cannot now recall. This proceeding amused me so much that I busied myself the next day with preparing for a mock celebration in the ladies' cabin. The meeting was well attended. I opened with a song in honor of Mrs. Bean, our kind and efficient stewardess:

> God save our Mrs. Bean,
> Best woman ever seen,
> God save Mrs. Bean!
> God bless her gown and cap,
> Pour guineas in her lap,
> Keep her from all mishap,
> God save Mrs. Bean!

The company were invited to join in singing these lines, which were, of course, a take-off on "God save our gracious Queen." I can still seé in my mind's eye dear old Madam Sedgwick, — mother of the well-known jurist, Theodore Sedgwick, — lifting her quavering, high voice to aid in the singing.

Mrs. Bean was rather taken aback by the unexpected homage rendered her. We all called out, "Speech! speech!" Whereupon she curtsied and said, "Good ladies makes good stewardesses, — that 's all I can say," — which was very well in its way.

Rev. Jacob Abbott was one of our fellow passengers, and had been much in our cabin, where he busied himself in compounding various "soft drinks" for convalescent lady friends. His health was accordingly proposed, with the following stanza: —

Dr. Abbott in our cabin,
Mixing of a soda powder,
How he ground it,
How did pound it,
While the tempest threatened louder!

I next gave the cow's health; whereupon a lady passenger, with a Scotch accent, protested. "I don't want to drink her health at a'. I think she 's the poorest *coo* I ever heard of."

Liverpool did not long detain our party, though we remained there long enough to receive a visit from the head of the Rathburn family, a man prominent in business and in philanthropy. Arriving in London, we found comfortable lodgings in Upper Baker Street, and busied ourselves with the delivery of our many letters of introduction.

The Rev. Sydney Smith was one of the first to honor our introduction with a call. His reputation as a wit was already world-wide, and he was certainly one of the idols of London society. In appearance he was hardly prepossessing. He was short and squat of figure, with a rubicund countenance redeemed by a pair of twinkling eyes. When we first saw him, my husband was suffering from the result of a trifling accident. Mr. Smith said, "Dr. Howe, I must send you my gouty crutches." My husband demurred at this, and begged Mr. Smith not to give himself that trouble. He insisted, however, and the crutches were sent. Dr. Howe had really no need of them, and I laughed with him at their disproportion to his height, which would in any case have made it impossible for him to use them. The loan was presently returned with thanks, but scarcely soon enough; for Sydney Smith, who had lost heavily by American investments, published in one of the London papers a letter reflecting severely upon the failure of some of our Western States to pay their debts. The letter concluded with these words: "And now, an American, present at this time in London, has deprived me of my last means of support." We questioned a little whether the loan had not been made for the sake of the pleasantry.

In the course of the visit already referred to, Mr. Smith promised that we should receive cards for an entertainment which his daughter, Mrs. Holland, was about to give. The cards were received, and we presented ourselves at the party. Among the persons there introduced to us was Madame Van der Wyer, wife of the Belgian minister, and daughter of Joshua Bates, formerly of Massachusetts, and in after years the founder of the Public Library of Boston, in which one hall bears his name. Mr. Van der Wyer, we were told, was on very friendly terms with the Prince Consort, and his wife was often invited by the Queen.

The historian Grote and his wife also made our acquaintance. I remember her appearance rather particularly, because it was, and was allowed to be, somewhat *grotes*que. She was very tall, and stout in proportion, and was dressed on this occasion in a dark green or blue silk, with a necklace of pearls about her throat. I gathered from what I heard that hers was one of the marked personalities of that time in London society.

At this party, Sydney Smith was constantly the centre of a group of admiring friends. When we first entered the rooms he said to us, "I am so busy to-night that I can do nothing for you." Later in the evening he found time to seek me out. "Mrs. Howe," said he, "this is a rout. I like routs. Do you have routs in America?"

"We have parties like this in America," I replied, "but we do not call them routs."

"What do you call them, then?"

"We call them receptions."

This seemed to amuse him, and he remarked to some one who stood near us, "Mrs. Howe says that in America they call routs re-cep-tions."

He asked what I had seen in London, so far. I answered that I had recently

visited the House of Lords. Whereupon he remarked, "Mrs. Howe, your English is excellent. I have only heard you make one mispronunciation. You have just said 'House of Lords.' We say 'House of Lards.'" Some one near by said, "Oh yes, the House is always addressed as 'My Luds and Gentlemen.'"

When I repeated this to Horace Mann, it so vexed his gentle spirit as to cause him to exclaim, "House of Lords! You ought to have said House of Devils!"

I have made several visits in London since that time, one quite recently, and I have observed that people now speak of receptions, and not of routs. I believe, also, that the pronunciation insisted upon by Sydney Smith has become a thing of the past.

I think that Mrs. Sydney Smith must have called or have left a card at our lodgings, for I distinctly remember a morning call which I made at her house. The great wit was at home, as was also his only surviving son. Mrs. Smith received me very pleasantly. She seemed a grave and silent woman, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to her husband. I knew but little of the political opinions of the latter, and innocently inquired whether he and Mrs. Smith went sometimes to court. The question amused him. He said to his wife, "My dear, Mrs. Howe wishes to know whether you and I go to court." To me he said, "No, madam. That is a luxury which I deny myself."

I last saw Sydney Smith at an evening party, at which, as usual, he was surrounded by friends. An amiable young American was present, apropos of whom I heard Mr. Smith say, "I think I shall go over to America, and settle in Boston. Perkins here says that he 'll patronize me."

Thomas Carlyle was also one of our earliest visitors. Some time before leaving home, Dr. Howe had received from him a letter expressing his great interest in the story of Laura Bridgman as narrated by Charles Dickens. In this letter he mentioned Laura's childlike question, "Do horses sit up late?" In the course of his conversation he referred to the question again, laughing heartily. He invited us to take tea with him on the following Sunday. When the day arrived, my husband was kept at home by a severe headache, but Mr. and Mrs. Mann, my sister, and I drove out to Chelsea, where Mr. Carlyle resided at that time. In receiving us he apologized for his wife, who was also suffering from headache and could not appear. In her absence, I was requested to pour tea. Our host partook of it copiously, in all the strength of the teapot. As I filled and refilled his cup, I thought that his chronic dyspepsia was not to be wondered at. The repast was a simple one. It consisted of a plate of toast and two small dishes of stewed fruit, which he offered us with the words, "Perhaps ye can eat some of this. I never eat these things myself."

The conversation was mostly a monologue. Mr. Carlyle spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and his talk sounded to me like pages of his writings. He had recently been annoyed by some movement tending to the disestablishment of the Scottish Church. Apropos of this he said, "That auld Kirk of Scotland! To think that a man like Johnny Graham should be able to wipe it out with a flirt of his pen!" Charles Sumner was spoken of, and Mr. Carlyle said, "Oh yes; Mr. Sumner was a vera dull man, but he did not offend people, and he got on in society here."

Carlyle's hair was dark, shaggy, and rather unkempt; his complexion was sallow, with a slight glow of red on the cheek; his eye was full of fire. As we drove back to town, Mr. Mann expressed great disappointment. He did not feel, he said, that we had seen the real Carlyle at all. I insisted that we had.

Soon after our arrival in London a gentleman called upon us whom the ser-

vant announced as Mr. Mills. It happened that I did not examine the card which was brought in at the same time. Dr. Howe was not within, and in his absence I entertained the unknown guest to the best of my ability. He spoke of Longfellow's volume of poems on slavery, then a recent publication, saying that he admired them. Our talk turning upon poetry in general, I remarked that Wordsworth appeared to be the only poet of eminence left in England. Before taking leave of me, the visitor named a certain day on which he requested that we would come to breakfast at his house. Forgetful of the card, I asked, "Where?" He said, "You will find my address on my card. I am Mr. Milnes." On looking at the card I found that this was Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as Lord Houghton. I was somewhat chagrined at remembering the remark I had made in connection with Wordsworth. He probably supposed that I was ignorant of his literary rank, but I was not, as his poems, though never very popular, were already well known in America.

The breakfast to which Mr. Milnes had invited us proved most pleasant. Our host had recently traveled in the East, and had brought home a prayer carpet, which we admired. His sister, Lady Galway, presided at table with much grace.

We also breakfasted one day at the house of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, long a leading conservative member of the House of Commons. Punch once said of him: —

> "The Inglis thinks the world grows worse,
> And always wears a rose."

And this flower, which always adorned his buttonhole, seemed to match well with his benevolent and somewhat rubicund countenance. At the breakfast of which I speak, he cut the loaf with his own hands, saying to each guest, "Will you have a slice or a hunch?" and cutting a slice from one end or a hunch from the other, according to the preference expressed.

These breakfasts were not luncheons in disguise. They were given at ten, or even at half past nine o'clock. The meal usually consisted of fish, cutlets, eggs, cold bread and toast, with tea and coffee. I remember that at Samuel Rogers's plover's eggs were served. We also dined one evening with Mr. Rogers, and met among the guests Mr. Dickens and Lady B., one of the beautiful Sheridan sisters. A gentleman sat next me at table, whose name I did not catch. I had heard much of the works of art to be seen in Mr. Rogers's house, and so took occasion to ask him whether he knew anything about pictures. He smiled, and answered, "Well, yes." I then begged him to explain to me some of those which hung upon the walls, which he did with much good nature. Presently some one at the table addressed him as "Mr. Landseer," and I became aware that I was sitting next to the celebrated painter of animals. His fine face had already attracted me. I apologized for the question which I had asked, and which had somewhat amused him.

Mr. Rogers, indeed, possessed some paintings of great value, one a genuine Raphael, if I mistake not. He had also many objects of *virtu*. On one occasion he showed us some autograph letters of Lord Byron, with whom he had been well acquainted. He read a passage from one of these, in which Lord Byron, after speaking of the ancient custom of the Doge taking the Adriatic to wife, wrote, "I wish the Adriatic would take my wife."

In after years I was sometimes questioned as to what had most impressed me during my first visit in London. I replied unhesitatingly, "The clever people collected there." The moment, indeed, was fortunate. We had come well provided with letters of introduction. Besides this, my husband was at

the time a first-class lion, and this merit avails more in England than any other, and more there than elsewhere. Mr. Sumner had given us a letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne, which the latter honored by a call, and further by sending us cards for a musical evening at Lansdowne House. Lord Lansdowne was a gracious host; his lady was more formal in manner. Their music-room was oblong in shape, and the guests were seated along the wall on either side. Before the performance began I noticed a movement among those present, the cause of which became evident when the Duchess of Gloucester appeared, leaning on the arm of the master of the house. She was attired, or, as newspapers put it, "gowned," in black, wearing white plumes in her headdress, and with bare neck and arms, according to the imperative fashion of the time. She was well advanced in years, and had probably never been remarked for good looks, but was said to be beloved by the Queen and by many friends.

The programme of the entertainment was one which, to-day would seem rather commonplace, though the performers were not so. At the conclusion of it we adjourned to the supper-room, which afforded us a better opportunity of observing the distinguished company. My husband was soon engaged in conversation with the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was then very handsome. Her eyes were dark, and full of expression. Her dress was unusually décolleté, but by Americans most of the ladies present would have been considered extreme in this respect. Court mourning had recently been ordered for the Duke of Sussex, uncle to the Queen, and many black dresses were worn. My memory, nevertheless, tells me that the great Duchess of Sutherland wore a dress of pink moire. Her brother, Lord Morpeth, was also among the guests.

Somewhat later in the season we were invited to dine at Lansdowne House. Of those whom we met, I remember only Lord Morpeth. I had some conversation with the daughter of the house, Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice, who was pleasing, but not pretty. I was asked at this dinner whether I should object to sitting next to a colored person in a box at the opera. Were I asked this question to-day, I should reply that this would depend upon the character and cleanliness of the colored person, much as one would say in the case of a white man or woman.

Among the well-remembered glories of that summer the new delight of the drama holds an important place. I had been denied this pleasure in my girlhood, and my enjoyment of it at this time was fresh and intense. Among the attentions lavished upon us during that London season were frequent offers of a box at Covent Garden or "Her Majesty's." These were never declined. I recall first a performance by Macready as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's Lady of Lyons. I saw Grisi in the great rôle of Semiramide, and with her Brambilla, a famous contralto, and Fornasari, a basso whom I had longed to hear in the operas given in New York. I also saw Mademoiselle Persiani in Linda di Chamounix and Lucia di Lammermoor. All of these artists gave me unmitigated delight, but the crowning ecstasy I found in the ballet. Fanny Elssler and Cerito were both upon the stage. The former had lost a little of her prestige, but Cerito, an Italian, was then in her first bloom, and wonderfully graceful. Of her performance my sister said to me, "It seems to make us better to see anything so beautiful." This remark recalls the oft-quoted dialogue between Margaret Fuller and Emerson apropos of Fanny Elssler's dancing: —

"Margaret, this is poetry."

"Waldo, this is religion."

I remember, years after this time, a talk with Theodore Parker, in which I suggested that the best stage dancing

gives us the classic in a fluent form, with the illumination of life and personality. I cannot recall, in the dances which I saw during that season, anything which appeared to me sensual or even sensuous. It was rather the very ecstasy and embodiment of grace.

A ball at Almack's certainly deserves mention in these pages, the place itself belonging to the history of the London world of fashion. The one of which I now speak was given in aid of the Polish refugees who were then in London. The price of admission to this sacred precinct would have been extravagant for us, but cards for it were sent us by some hospitable friend. The same attention was shown to Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who, with us, presented themselves at the rooms on the appointed evening.

We found them spacious enough, but with no splendor or beauty of decoration. A space at the upper end of the ball-room was marked off by rail or ribbon, — I cannot remember which. While we were wondering what this should mean, a brilliant procession made its appearance, led by the Duchess of Sutherland in historic costume. She was followed by a number of persons of high rank, among whom I recognized her lovely daughters, Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower and Lady Evelyn. These young ladies and several others were attired in Polish costume, to wit, polonaises of light blue silk, and short white skirts which showed the prettiest little red boots imaginable. This high and mighty company took possession of the space mentioned above, where they proceeded to dance a quadrille in rather solemn state. The company outside this limit stood and looked on. Among the groups taking part in this state quadrille was one characterized by the dress worn at court presentations: the ladies in pink and blue brocades, with plumes and lappets; the gentlemen in breeches and silk stockings, with swords, — and all with powdered hair.

I first met the Duchess of Sutherland at a dinner given in our honor by Lord Morpeth's parents, the Earl and Countess of Carlisle. The Great Duchess, as the Duchess of Sutherland was often called, was still very handsome, though already the mother of grown-up children. At one time she was Mistress of the Robes, but I am not sure whether she held this office at the time of which I speak. Her relations with the palace were said to be very intimate and friendly. In the picture of the Queen's Coronation, so well known to us by engravings, she is one of the most striking figures.

I remember a pleasantry about this family which was current in London society in the season of which I write. Sydney Smith pretended to have dreamed that Lord Morpeth had brought back a black wife from America, and that his mother, on seeing her, had said, "She is not so very black." Lady Carlisle was proverbial for her kindliness and good temper, and it was upon this point that the humor of the story turned.

The scenes just described still remain quite vivid in my memory, but it would be difficult for me to recount the visits made in those days by my husband and Horace Mann to public institutions of all kinds. I did indeed accompany the two philanthropists in some of their excursions, which included schools, workhouses, prisons, and asylums for the insane. I recall a day when we went, in company with Charles Dickens and his wife, to visit the old prison of Bridewell. We found the treadmill in operation. Every now and then a man would give out, and would be allowed to leave the ungrateful work. The midday meal of bread and soup was served to the prisoners. To one or two, as a punishment for some misdemeanor, bread alone was given. Charles Dickens looked on, and presently said to Dr. Howe, "My God! if a woman thinks her son may come to this, I don't blame her if she strangles him in infancy."

At Newgate prison we were shown the fetters of Jack Sheppard and those of Dick Turpin. While we were on the premises the van arrived with fresh prisoners, and one of the officials appeared to jest with a young woman who had just been brought in, and who, it seemed, was already well known to the officers of justice. Dr. Howe did not fail to notice this with disapprobation.

At one of the charity schools which we visited, Mr. Mann asked whether corporal punishment was used. "Commonly, only this," said the master, calling up a little girl, and snapping a bit of india rubber upon her neck in a manner which caused her to cry out. I need not say that the two gentlemen were indignant at this unprovoked infliction.

In strong contrast to old-time Bridewell appeared the model prison of Pentonville, which we visited one day in company with Lord Morpeth and the Duke of Richmond. The system there was one of solitary confinement, much approved, if I remember rightly, by "my lord duke," who interested himself in showing us how perfectly it was carried out. Neither at meals nor at prayers could any prisoner see or be seen by a fellow prisoner. The open yard was divided by brick walls into compartments, in each of which a single felon, hooded, took his melancholy exercise. The prison was extremely neat. Dr. Howe at the time approved of the solitary discipline. I am not sure whether he ever came to think differently about it.

At a dinner at Charles Dickens's we met his intimate friend John Forster, a lawyer of some note, later known as the author of a biography of Dickens. When we arrived, Mr. Forster was amusing himself with a small spaniel which had been sent to Mr. Dickens by an admiring friend, who desired that the dog might bear the name of Boz. Somewhat impatient of such tributes, Mr. Dickens had named it Snittel Timbury. Of the dinner, I remember only that it was of the best so far as concerns food, and that later in the evening we listened to some comic songs.

Mr. Forster invited us to dine at his chambers in the Inns of Court. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were of the party, and also the painter Maclise, whose work was then highly spoken of. After dinner, while we were taking coffee in the sitting-room, I had occasion to speak to my husband, and addressed him as "darling." Thereupon Dickens slid down to the floor, and, lying on his back, held up one of his small feet, quivering with pretended emotion. "Did she call him 'darling'?" he cried.

I was sorry indeed when the time came for us to leave London, and the more as one of the pleasures there promised us had been that of a breakfast with Charles Buller. Mr. Buller was the only person who at that time spoke to me of Thomas Carlyle, already so great a celebrity in America. He expressed great regard for Carlyle, who, he said, had formerly been his tutor. I was sorry to find in papers of Carlyle's recently published a rather ungracious mention of this brilliant young man, whose early death was much regretted in English society.

From England we passed on to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Of my visit to Scotland, never repeated, I recall with interest Holyrood Palace, where the blood stain of Rizzio's murder was still pointed out on the floor, the grave of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and Stirling Castle, where, if I mistake not, the regalia of Robert Bruce was shown us. We passed a Sunday at Melrose, and attended an open-air service in the ruins of the ancient abbey. We saw little of Edinburgh besides its buildings, the society people of the place being mostly in *villeggiatura*.

Of greater interest was our tour in Ireland. Lord Morpeth had given us some introductions to friends in Dublin. At the same time, he had written Mr.

Sumner that he hoped that Dr. Howe would not in any way become conspicuous as a friend to the Repeal measures which were then much in the public mind. This Repeal portended nothing less than the disruption of the existing political union between Ireland and England. The Dublin Corn Exchange was the place in which Repeal meetings were usually held. We attended one of these. O'Connell was the principal speaker of the occasion. I remember his appearance well, but can recall nothing of his address. He was tall, blond, and florid, with remarkable vivacity of speech and of expression. His popularity was certainly very great. While he was speaking, a gentleman entered and approached him. "How d' ye do, Tom Steele?" said O'Connell, shaking hands with the newcomer. The audience applauded loudly, Steele being an intimate friend and ally of O'Connell, and, like him, an earnest partisan of Repeal.

Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, had given us a letter to Miss Edgeworth, who resided at some distance from the city of Dublin. From her we soon received an invitation to luncheon, of which we gladly availed ourselves. Our hostess met us with a warm welcome. She had had some correspondence with Dr. Howe, and seemed much pleased to make his acquaintance. I remember her as a little old lady, with an old-fashioned cap and curls. She was very vivacious, and had much to say to Dr. Howe about Laura Bridgman. He in turn asked what she thought of the Repeal movement. She said in reply, "I don't understand what O'Connell really means." We met on this occasion a half-brother and a half-sister of Miss Edgeworth, much younger than herself. I thought that they must be twins, so closely did they resemble each other in appearance. At parting, Miss Edgeworth gave each of us an etching of Irish peasants, the work of a friend of hers. On the one which she gave to my husband she wrote, "From a lover of truth to a lover of truth."

After leaving Dublin, we traveled north as far as the Giant's Causeway. The state of the country was very forlorn. The peasantry lived in wretched hovels of one or two rooms, the floor of mud, the pig taking his ease within doors, and the chickens roosting above the fireplace. Beggars were seen everywhere, and of the most persistent sort. In places where we stopped for the night accommodations were usually far from satisfactory. The safest dishes to order were stirabout and potatoes.

My husband had received an urgent invitation from an Irish nobleman, Lord Walcourt, to visit him at his estate, which was in the south of Ireland. We found Lord Walcourt living very simply, with two young daughters and a baby son. Dr. Howe and our host had much talk together concerning socialistic and other reforms. My sister and I found his housekeeping rather meagre. He was evidently a whole-souled man, but we learned later on that he was considered very eccentric.

A visit to the poet Wordsworth was one of the brilliant visions that floated before my eyes at this time. Mr. Ticknor had kindly furnished us with an introduction to the great man, who was then at the height of his popularity. To criticise Wordsworth or to praise Byron was equally unpardonable in the London of that time, when London was, what it has ceased to be, the heart and centre of the literary world. Of our journey to the lake country I can now recall little, save that its last stage, a drive of ten or more miles from the railway station to the poet's village, was rendered comfortless by constant showers, and by an ill-broken horse which more than once threatened mischief. Arrived at the inn, my husband called at the Wordsworth residence, and left there his card and the letter of introduction. In return a note was soon sent, inviting us to take tea

that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth.

Our visit was a disappointing one. The widowed daughter of our host had lost heavily by the failure of certain American securities. These losses formed the sole topic of conversation not only between Wordsworth and Dr. Howe, but also between the ladies of the family, my sister, and myself. The tea to which we had been bidden was simply a cup of tea, served without a table. We bore the harassing conversation as long as we could. The only remark of Wordsworth's which I brought away was this: "The misfortune of Ireland is that it was only a partially conquered country." When we took leave, the poet expressed his willingness to serve us during our stay in his neighborhood. We left it, however, on the following morning, without seeing him or his again.

A little akin to this experience was that of a visit to the Bank of England, made at the invitation of one of its officers whom I had known and entertained in America. Another of the functionaries of the bank volunteered his services as a cicerone. We paid for this by listening to many uncivil pleasantries regarding the financial condition of our own country. I still remember the insolent sneer with which this gentleman said, "By the bye, have you sold the Bank of the United States yet?" He was presumably ignorant of the real history of the bank, which had long ceased to be a government institution, President Jackson having annulled its charter and removed the government deposits.

I mention these incidents because they were the only exceptions to the uniform kindness with which we were generally received, and to the homage paid to my husband as one of the most illustrious of modern philanthropists.

Berlin would have been the next important stop in our journey but for an impediment which we had hardly anticipated In the days of the French revolution of 1830, the Poles had made one of their oft-repeated struggles to regain national independence. General Lafayette was much interested in this movement, and at his request Dr. Howe undertook to convey to some of the Polish chiefs funds sent for their aid by parties in the United States. He succeeded in accomplishing this errand, but was arrested on the very night of his arrival in Berlin. He now applied for permission to revisit the kingdom of Prussia, but this was refused him. We managed, nevertheless, to see something of the Rhine, and journeyed through Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol to Vienna, where we remained for some weeks. We here made the acquaintance of Madame von Walther and her daughter Theresa, afterward known as Madame Pulszky, the wife of one of Louis Kossuth's most valued friends.

Arriving in Milan, we presented a letter of introduction from Miss Catharine Sedgwick to Count Gonfalonieri, after Silvio Pellico the most distinguished of the Italian patriots who underwent imprisonment in the Austrian fortress of Spielberg. His life had been spared only through the passionate pleading of his wife, who traveled day and night to throw herself at the feet of the Empress, imploring the commutation of the death sentence pronounced against her husband. This heroic woman did not long survive the granting of her prayer. She died while her husband was still in prison; but the men who had been his companions in misfortune so revered her memory as always to lift their hats when they passed near her grave. Years had elapsed since the events of which I speak, and the count had married a second wife, a lively and attractive person, from whom, as from the count, we received many kind attentions.

Dr. Howe was at this time called to Paris by some special business, and I remained a month in Milan with my sister. We greatly enjoyed the beauty

of the cathedral and the hospitality of our new friends. Among these were the Marchese Arconati and his wife, a lady of much distinction, and in after years a friend of Margaret Fuller.

Some delightful entertainments were given us by these and other friends, and I remember with pleasure an expedition to Monza, where the iron crown of the Lombard kingdom is shown. Napoleon is said to have placed it on his head while he was still First Consul. Apropos of this, we saw in one of the Milanese mansions a seat on which Napoleon had once sat, and which, in commemoration of this, bore the inscription, "Egli ci ha dato l' unione." (He gave us unity.) Alas! this precious boon was only secured to Italy many years later, and after much shedding of blood.

Several of the former captives of Spielberg were living in Milan at this time. Of these I may mention Castiglia and the advocate Borsieri. Two others, Foresti and Albinola, I had often seen in New York, where they lived for many years, beloved and respected. In all of them, a perfectly childish delight in living seemed to make amends for the long and dreary years spent in prison. Every pulse beat of freedom was a joy to them. Yet the iron had entered deeply into their souls. Natural leaders and men of promise, they had been taken out of the world of active life in the very flower of their youth and strength. The fortress in which they were confined was gloomy and desolate. For many months no books were allowed them, and in the end only books of religion, so called. They had begged for employment, and were given wool to knit stockings, and dirty linen rags to scrape for lint, with the sarcastic remark that to people of their benevolent disposition such work as this last should be most congenial. The time, they said, appeared endless in passing, but little when past, no events having diversified its dull blankness.

When I listened to the conversation of these men, and saw Italy so bound hand and foot by Austrian and other tyrants, I felt only the hopeless chaos of the political outlook. Where should freedom come from? The logical bond of imprisonment seemed complete. It was sealed with four impregnable fortresses, and the great spiritual tyranny sat enthroned in the centre, and had its response in every other despotic centre of the globe. I almost ask to-day, "By what miracle was the great structure overthrown?" But the remembrance of this miracle forbids me to despair of any great deliverance, however desired and delayed. He who maketh the wrath of man to serve him can make liberty blossom out of the very rod that the tyrant wields.

The emotions with which people in general approach the historic sites of the world have been so often described as to make it needless for me to dwell upon my own. But I will mention the thrill of wonder which overcame me as we drove over the Campagna and caught the first glimpse of St. Peter's dome. Was it possible? Had I lived to come within sight of the great city, Mistress of the World? Like much else in my journeying, this appeared to me like something seen in a dream, scarcely to be apprehended by the bodily senses.

The Rome that I then saw was mediæval in its aspect. A great gloom and silence hung over it. Coming to establish ourselves for the winter, we felt the pressure of many discomforts, especially that of the imperfect heating of houses. Our first quarters were in Torlonia's palace on the Piazza di Spagna. My husband found these gloomy and sunless, and was soon attracted by a small but comfortable apartment in Via San Nicolà da Tolentino, where we remained during a part of the winter.

Dr. Howe went out early one morning, and did not return until late in the evening. Had I known at the time the reason of his absence, I should have felt

great anxiety. He had gone to the post office, but in doing so had passed some spot at which a sentry was stationed. He happened to be absorbed in his own thoughts, and did not notice the warning given. The sentry seized him, and Dr. Howe began to beat him over the head. A crowd soon gathered, and my husband was arrested and taken to the guard-house. The situation was a grave one, but the doctor immediately sent for the American consul, George Washington Greene. With the aid of this friendly official the necessary formalities were gone through with, and the prisoner was liberated.

The consul just mentioned was a cousin of my father, and a grandson of the famous General Nathanael Greene of the Revolution. He was much at home in Roman society, and through him we had access to the principal houses in which were given the great entertainments of the season.

The first of these that I attended appeared to me a melancholy failure, judging by our American ideas of a pleasant evening party. The great ladies sat very quietly in the salon of reception, and the gentlemen spoke to them in an undertone. There was none of the joyous effusion with which even a "few friends" meet on similar occasions in Boston or New York. Exceeding stiffness was obviously the "good form" of the occasion.

A ball given by the banker prince, Torlonia, presented a more animated scene. The beautiful princess of the house, then in the bloom of her youth, was conspicuous among the dancers. Her fair head was encircled by a fine tiara of diamonds. I thought her quite as beautiful on another occasion, when she wore a simple gown of écru silk, with a necklace of carved coral beads. This was at a reception given at the charity school of San Michele, where a play was performed by the pupils of the institution. The theme of the drama was the worship of the golden calf by the Israelites, and the overthrow of the idol by Moses.

The industrial school of San Michele, like every other institution in the Rome of that time, was entirely under ecclesiastical control. If I remember rightly, Monsignore Morecchini had to do with its management.

This interesting man stood, at the time, at the head of the administration of public charities. He called one day at our lodgings, and I had the pleasure of listening to a long conversation between him and my husband, regarding chiefly the theme in which both gentlemen were most deeply interested, the education of the working classes. I was present, some time later, at a meeting of the Academy of St. Luke, at which the same monsignore made an address of some length, and with his own hands distributed the medals awarded to successful artists. One of these was given to an Italian lady, who appeared in the black costume and lace veil which are still *de rigueur* at all functions of the papal court. I remember that the monsignore delivered his address with a sort of rhythmic intoning, not unlike the singsong of the Quaker preaching of fifty years ago.

To another monsignore, Baggs by name, and Bishop of Pella, we owed our presentation to Pope Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of Pope Pius IX. Our cousin and consul, George W. Greene, went with us to the reception accorded us. Papal etiquette was not rigorous in those days. It only required that we should make three genuflections as we approached the spot where the Pope stood, and three more in retiring, as from a royal presence, without turning our backs. Monsignore Baggs, after presenting my husband, said to him, "Dr. Howe, you should tell his Holiness about the little blind girl [Laura Bridgman] whom you educated." The Pope remarked that he had been assured that the blind were able to distinguish colors by the touch.

Dr. Howe said that he did not believe this. His opinion was that if a blind person could distinguish a stuff of any particular color, it must be through some effect of the dye upon the texture of the cloth. The audience concluded, the Pope obligingly turned his back upon us, as if to examine something lying on the table which stood behind him, and thus spared us the inconvenience of curtsying and retiring backward.

The experience of our winter in Rome could not be repeated at this stage of the world. The Rome of fifty-five years ago was altogether mediæval in its aspect. The great inclosure within its walls was but sparsely inhabited. Convent gardens, and even villas of the nobility, occupied much space.

The city attracted mostly art students and lovers of art. The studios of painters and sculptors were much visited, and wealthy amateurs gave orders for many costly works of art. Such glimpses as were afforded of Roman society had no great attraction other than that of novelty for persons accustomed to reasonable society elsewhere. The strangeness of titles, the glitter of jewels, amused for a time the traveler, who was nevertheless glad to return to a world in which ceremony was less dominant and absolute.

Among the frequent visitors at our rooms were the sculptor Crawford, and Luther Terry and James E. Freeman, well known then and since as painters of merit. Between the first named of these and the elder of my two sisters an attachment sprang up, which culminated in marriage.

The months slipped away very rapidly, and the early spring brought the dear gift of another life to gladden and enlarge our own. My dearest, eldest child was born at Palazzetto Torlonia, on the 12th of March, 1844. At my request, the name of Julia Romana was given to her. As an infant she possessed remarkable beauty, and her radiant little face appeared to me to reflect the lovely forms and faces which I had so earnestly contemplated before her birth. The galleries were indeed to me at once a dream and a revelation. My mind had been able to anticipate something of the achievements of human thought, but of the patient work of the artist I had not had the smallest conception.

One day we visited the catacombs of St. Calixtus with a party of friends, among whom was the then celebrated Padre Machi, an ecclesiastic who was considered a supreme authority in this department of historic research.

Among the wonderful sights of that winter, I recall an evening visit to the sculpture gallery of the Vatican, when the statues were shown us by torchlight. I had not as yet made acquaintance with those marble shapes, which were rendered so lifelike by the artful illumination that when I saw them afterward in the daylight it seemed to me that they had died.

My husband had desired to visit the Castle of St. Angelo, which was then not only a fortress, but also a prison for political offenders. As he passed through one of the corridors, a young man from an inner room or cell rushed out and addressed him, apparently in great distress of mind. He cried, "For the love of God, sir, try to help me! I was taken from my home a fortnight since, I know not why, and was brought here, where I am detained, utterly ignorant of the grounds of my arrest and imprisonment." This incident disturbed my husband very much. Of course, he could do nothing to aid the unfortunate man.

We were invited, one evening, to attend what the Romans still call an *accademia*, a sort of literary club or association. It was held in what appeared to be a public hall, with a platform on which were seated those about to take part in the exercises of the evening. Among these were two cardinals, one of whom read aloud some Greek verses, the other a Latin discourse, both of which

were applauded. After or before these, I cannot remember which, came a recitation from a once famous improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. She is mentioned by Sismondi in one of his works as a young person of wonderful genius. She was now a woman of middle age, wearing a sober gown and cap. The poem which she read was on the happiness to be derived from a family of adopted children. I remember its conclusion. He who should give himself to the care of other people's children would be entitled to say: —

"Formai questa famiglia
Sol colla mia virtu."

"I built myself this family wholly by my own merit."

The performances concluded with a satirical poem given by a layman, and describing the indignation roused in an elegant ecclesiastic by the visit of a man in poor and shabby clothes. His complaint is answered by a friend, who remarks: —

"La vostra eccellenza
Vorrebbe tutti i poverelli ricchi."

"Your Excellency would have every poor fellow rich."

The presence of the celebrated phrenologist George Combe in Rome at this time added much to Dr. Howe's enjoyment of the winter, and to mine. His wife was a daughter of the great actress Mrs. Siddons, and was a person of excellent mind and manners. I remember that Fanny Kemble, who was a cousin of Mrs. Combe, once related the following anecdote to Dr. Howe and me: —

"Cecilia [Mrs. Combe] had grown up in her mother's shadow, for Mrs. Siddons was to the last such a social idol as to absorb the notice of people wherever she went, leaving little attention to be bestowed upon her daughter. This was rather calculated to sour the daughter's disposition, and naturally had that effect." Mrs. Kemble then spoke of a visit which she had made at her cousin's house after her marriage to Mr. Combe. In taking leave, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Oh, Cecilia, how you have improved!" to which Mrs. Combe replied, "Who could help improving when living with perfection?"

Dr. Howe and Mr. Combe sometimes visited the galleries in company, viewing the works therein contained in the light of their favorite theory. I remember having gone with them through the great sculpture hall of the Vatican, listening with edification to their instructive conversation. They stood for some time before the well-known head of Zeus, the contour and features of which appeared to them quite orthodox, according to the standard of phrenology.

When, in the spring of 1844, I left Rome, in company with my husband, my sisters, and my baby, it seemed like returning to the living world after a long separation from it. In spite of all the attractions of the ancient city, I was glad to stand once more face to face with the belongings of my own time.

We journeyed first to Naples, which I saw with delight, thence by steamer to Marseilles, and by river boat and diligence to Paris.

My husband's love of the unusual must, I think, have prompted him to secure passage for our party on board the little steamer which carried us well on our way to Paris. Its small cabin was without sleeping accommodations of any kind. As the boat always remained in some port overnight, Dr. Howe found it possible to hire mattresses for us, which, alas, were taken away at daybreak, when our journey was resumed.

We made some stay in Paris, of which city I have chronicled elsewhere my first impressions. Among these was the pain of hearing a lecture by Philarète Chasles, in which he spoke most disparagingly of American literature, and of our country in general. He said that we had contributed nothing of value to the world of letters. Yet we had

already given it some of the writings of Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Poe. It is true that these authors were little, if at all, known in France at that time, but the speaker, proposing to instruct the public, ought to have informed himself concerning that whereof he assumed to speak with knowledge.

Dr. Howe attended one of the official receptions of M. Guizot, who was Prime Minister at this time. I tried to persuade him to wear his Greek decorations, but he refused to do so.

Our second visit to England, in the autumn of the year 1844, on the way back to our own country, was less brilliant and novel than our first, but scarcely less in interest. We had received several invitations from friends at their country residences, and these opened to us the most delightful aspect of English hospitality. The English are nowhere so much at home as in the country, and they willingly make their visitors at home also.

Our first visit was at Atherstone, then the residence of Charles Holt Bracebridge, one of the best specimens of an English country gentleman of the old school. His wife was a very accomplished gentlewoman, skillful alike with pencil and with needle, and possessed of much literary culture. Mrs. Bracebridge told us a good deal about Florence Nightingale, then twenty-four years old, and already considered a person of remarkable character. Our hosts had been in Athens, and sympathized with my husband in his views regarding the Greeks. They were also familiar with the further East, and had brought cedars from Mount Lebanon, and Arab horses from I know not where.

Atherstone was not far from Coventry. Mr. Bracebridge claimed descent from Lady Godiva, and informed me that a descendant of Peeping Tom of Coventry was still to be found in that place. He himself was lord of the manor, but had neither son nor daughter to succeed him. He told me some rather weird stories, one of which was that he had once waked in the night to see a female figure seated by his fireside. I believe the ghost was that of an old retainer of the family, or possibly an ancestress. An old prophecy also had been fulfilled with regard to his property. This was that when a certain piece of land should pass from the possession of the family, a small island on the estate would cease to exist. The property was sold, and the island somehow became attached to the mainland, and as an island ceased to exist.

Mrs. Bracebridge had spoken to me of Florence Nightingale as a young person likely to make an exceptional record in the course of her life. Her mother, she said, rather feared this, and would have preferred the usual conventional life for her daughter. The father was a pronounced Liberal, and a Unitarian. While we were still at Atherstone, we received an invitation to pass a few days with the Nightingale family at Emblee, and betook ourselves thither. We found a fine mansion of Elizabethan architecture, and a cordial reception. The family consisted of father and mother and two daughters, both born during their parents' residence in Italy, and respectively christened Parthenope and Florence. Parthenope was the elder; she was not handsome, but was piquant and entertaining. Florence was rather elegant than beautiful; she was tall and graceful of figure, her countenance mobile and expressive, her conversation most interesting. Having heard much of Dr. Howe as a philanthropist, she resolved to consult him upon a matter which she already had at heart. She accordingly requested him one day to meet her on the following morning, before the hour for the family breakfast. He did so, and she opened the way to the desired conference by saying, "Dr. Howe, if I should determine to study nursing, and

to devote my life to that profession, do you think that it would be a dreadful thing?"

"By no means," replied my husband. "I think that it would be a very good thing."

So much and no more of the conversation Dr. Howe repeated to me. We soon heard that Miss Florence was devoting herself to the study of her predilection; and when, years after this time, the war of the Crimea broke out, we were among the few who were not astonished at the undertaking which made her name world famous.

Just before our final embarkation for America, we passed a few days with the same friends at Lea Hurst, a pretty country seat near Malvern. There we met the well-known historian Henry Hallam, doubly celebrated as the father of Tennyson's lamented Arthur. Martin Chuzzlewit had recently appeared, and I remember that Mr. Hallam read aloud with much amusement the famous transcendental episode beginning, "To be introduced to a Pogram by a Hominy." Mr. Hallam asked me whether talk of this sort was ever heard in transcendental circles in the United States, and I was obliged to confess that the caricature was not altogether without foundation.

Soon after reaching London for the second time, we were invited to visit Dr. and Mrs. Fowler at Salisbury. The doctor was much interested in anthropology and kindred topics, and my husband found in him a congenial friend. The house was a modest one, but the housekeeping was generous and tasteful. As Salisbury was a cathedral town, the prominent people of the place naturally belonged to the Anglican Church. At the Fowlers' hospitable board we met the bishop, the dean, the rector, and the curate.

Bishop Denison, at the time of our visit, was still saddened by the loss of a beloved wife. He invited us to a dinner, at which his sister, Miss Denison, presided. The dean and his wife were present, the Fowlers, and one or two other guests. To my surprise, the bishop gave me his arm and conducted me to the table, where he seated me on his right.

We left Salisbury with regret, Dr. Fowler giving Dr. Howe a parting injunction to visit Rotherhithe workhouse, where he himself had seen an old woman who was blind, deaf, and crippled. My husband made this visit, and wrote to Dr. Fowler an account of it which he read to me before sending it. In the mischief of which I was then full to overflowing, I wrote a humorous travesty of Dr. Howe's letter in rhyme, but when I showed it to him, I was grieved to see how much he seemed pained at my frivolity.

Dear sir, I went south
As far as Portsmouth,
And found a most charming old woman,
Delightfully void
Of all that 's enjoyed
By the animal vaguely called human.

She has but one jaw,
Has teeth like a saw,
Her ears and her eyes I delight in:
The one could not hear
Tho' a cannon were near,
The others are holes with no sight in.

Her cinciput lies
Just over her eyes,
Not far from the bone parietal;
The crown of her head,
Be it vulgarly said,
Is shaped like the back of a beetle.

Destructiveness great
Combines with conceit
In the form of this wonderful noddle,
But benev'lence, you know,
And a large philopro
Give a great inclination to coddle.

And so on.

During our visit to Atherstone we became acquainted with Mr. Arthur Mills, a young lawyer, nephew to Mrs. Bracebridge. He was one of those persons who conceal a quick sense of humor be-

neath an exterior of imperturbable gravity. He did smile, however, on one occasion when, as we were all seated in the Bracebridge library, my beautiful sister suddenly appeared, arrayed in his gown and wig, which she had persuaded one of the company to borrow surreptitiously. Mr. Mills had long had it in mind to visit the United States, and he now took the opportunity of accompanying us on our homeward voyage. He was at once adopted into the intimacy of the family, and I gave expression to the common good will in a mock heroic poem, the Millsiad, with the composition of which I beguiled some of the tedious hours passed at sea. The stanzas were written in pencil on the blank leaves of our new friend's diary. The original copy is still preserved among his family archives. The poem began with the following invocation: —

My bosom thrills
At the bare thought of the illustrious Mills,
That man of eyes and nose,
Of legs and arms, of fingers and of toes!

Goeth he not, armed with axe,
To lands devoid of tax?
Trees shall he cut down,
And forests own?
Tame cataracts with a frown?
Grin all the fish from Mississippi River?

To the impressions of the West,
O Mills! unfold thy valorous breast;
Let thine eye hover,
O mirthful rover,
O'er haystacks gigantesque, and fields of clover.

Turn all the sense thou hast
From the impassioned Past,
Let thy small heart dilate
In the vast portents of a nation's fate!

Julia Ward Howe.

THE QUEEN'S TWIN.

I.

The coast of Maine was in former years brought so near to foreign shores by its busy fleet of ships that among the older men and women one still finds a surprising proportion of travelers. Each seaward stretching headland with its high-set houses, each island of a single farm, has sent its spies to view many a land of Eshcol. One may see plain, contented old faces at the windows, whose eyes have looked at far-away ports, and known the splendors of the Eastern world. They shame the easy voyager of the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean: they have rounded the Cape of Good Hope and braved the angry seas of Cape Horn in small wooden ships; they have brought up their hardy boys and girls on narrow decks; they were among the last of the Northmen's children to go adventuring to unknown shores. More than this one cannot give to a young state for its enlightenment. The sea captains and the captains' wives of Maine knew something of the wide world, and never mistook their native parishes for the whole instead of a part thereof; they knew not only Thomaston and Castine and Portland, but London and Bristol and Bordeaux, and the strange-mannered harbors of the China Sea.

One September day, when I was nearly at the end of a summer spent in a village called Dunnet Landing, on the Maine coast, my friend Mrs. Todd, in whose house I lived, came home from a long, solitary stroll in the wild pastures, with an eager look, as if she were just starting on a hopeful quest instead of returning. She brought a little basket with blackberries enough for supper, and held it toward me so that I could

see that there were also some late and surprising raspberries sprinkled on top, but she made no comment upon her wayfaring. I could tell plainly that she had something very important to say.

"You have n't brought home a leaf of anything?" I ventured to this practiced herb-gatherer. "You were saying yesterday that the witch-hazel might be in bloom."

"I dare say, dear," she answered in a lofty manner. "I ain't goin' to say it was n't; I ain't much concerned either way 'bout the facts o' witch-hazel. Truth is, I 've been off visitin'; there 's an old Indian footpath leadin' over towards the Back Shore, through the great heron swamp, that anybody can't travel over all summer. You have to seize your time some day just now, while the low ground 's summer-dried as it is to-day, and before the fall rains set in. I never thought of it till I was out o' sight o' home, and I says to myself, 'To-day 's the day certain!' and stepped along smart as I could. Yes; I 've been visitin'. I did get into one spot that was wet underfoot before I noticed; you wait till I get me a pair o' dry woolen stockin's, in case of cold, and I 'll come an' tell ye."

Mrs. Todd disappeared, — I could see that something had deeply interested her. She might have fallen in with either the sea serpent or the lost tribes of Israel, such was her air of mystery and satisfaction. She had been away since just before mid-morning, and as I sat waiting by my window I saw the last red glow of autumn sunshine flare along the gray rocks of the shore and leave them cold again, and touch the far sails of some coastwise schooners so that they stood like golden houses on the sea.

I was left to wonder longer than I liked. Mrs. Todd was making an evening fire and putting things in train for supper; presently she returned, still looking warm and cheerful after her long walk.

"There 's a beautiful view from a hill over where I 've been," she told me; "yes, there 's a beautiful prospect of land and sea. You would n't discern the hill from any distance, but 't is the pretty situation of it that counts. I sat there a long spell, and I did wish for you. No, I did n't know a word about goin' when I set out this mornin'." (As if I had openly reproached her!) "I only felt one o' them travelin' fits comin' on, an' I ketched up my little basket; I did n't know but I might turn and come back, time for dinner. I thought it wise to set out your luncheon for you in case I did n't. Hope you had all you wanted; yes, I hope you had enough?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said I. My landlady was always peculiarly bountiful in her supplies when she left me to fare for myself, as if she made a sort of peace-offering or affectionate apology.

"You know that hill with the old house right on top, over beyond the heron swamp? You 'll excuse me for explainin'," Mrs. Todd began, "but you ain't so apt to strike inland as you be to go right alongshore. You know that hill; there 's a path leadin' right over to it that you have to look sharp to find nowadays. It belonged to the up-country Indians when they had to make a carry to the Landing here, to get to the out' islands. I 've heard the old folks say that there used to be a place across a ledge where they 'd worn a deep track with their moccasin feet, but I never could find it. 'T is so overgrown in some places that you keep losin' the path in the bushes, and findin' it as you can, but it runs pretty straight considerin' the lay o' the land, and I keep my eye on the sun and the moss that grows one side o' the tree trunks. Some brook 's been choked up, and the swamp 's bigger than it used to be. Yes; I did get in deep enough, one place!"

I showed the solicitude that I felt. Mrs. Todd was no longer young, and, in spite of her strong great frame and spir-

ited behavior, I knew that certain ills were apt to seize upon her, and would some day end by leaving her lame and ailing.

"Don't you go to worryin' about me," she insisted. "Settin' still 's the only way the Evil One 'll ever get the upper hand o' me. Keep me movin' enough, an' I 'm twenty year old summer an' winter both. I don't know why 't is, but I 've never happened to mention the one I 've been to see. I don't know why I never happened to speak the name of Abby Martin, for I often give her a thought; but 't is a dreadful out-o'-the-way place where she lives, and I have n't seen her myself for three or four years. She 's a real good, interesting woman, and we 're well acquainted; she 's nigher mother's age than mine, but she 's very young-feeling. She made me a nice cup o' tea, and I don't know but I should have stopped all night if I could have got word to you not to worry."

Then there was a serious silence before Mrs. Todd spoke again to make a formal announcement.

"She is the Queen's Twin," and Mrs. Todd looked steadily to see how I might bear the great surprise.

"The Queen's Twin?" I repeated.

"Yes; she 's come to feel a real interest in the Queen, and anybody can see how natural 't is. They were born the very same day, and you would be astonished to see what a number o' other things have corresponded. She was speaking o' some o' the facts to me to-day, an' you 'd think she 'd never done nothing but read history. I see how earnest she was about it as I never did before. I 've often and often heard her allude to the facts; but now she 's got to be old, and the hurry 's all over with her work, she 's come to live a good deal in her thoughts, as folks often do, and I tell you 't is a sight o' company for her. If you want to hear about Queen Victoria, why, Mis' Abby Martin 'll tell you everything. And the prospect from that hill I spoke of is as beautiful as anything in this world; 't is worth while your goin' over to see her, just for that."

"When can you go again?" I demanded eagerly.

"I should say to-morrow," answered Mrs. Todd, — "yes, I should say to-morrow; but I expect 't would be better to take one day to rest, in between. I considered that question as I was comin' home, but I hurried so that there wa'n't much time to think. It 's a dreadful long way to go with a horse. You have to go 'most as far as the old Bowden place, an' turn off to the left, a master long, rough road; an' then you have to turn right round as soon as you get there, if you mean to get home before nine o'clock at night. But to strike across country from here, there 's plenty o' time in the shortest day, and you can have a good hour or two's visit besides. 'T ain't but a very few miles, and it 's pretty all the way along. There used to be a few good families over there, but they 've died and scattered, so now she 's far from neighbors. There, she really cried, she was so glad to see anybody comin'. You 'll be amused to hear her talk about the Queen, but I thought twice or three times, as I set there, 't was about all the company she 'd got."

"Could we go day after to-morrow?" I asked.

"'T would suit me exactly," said Mrs. Todd.

II.

One can never be so certain of good New England weather as in the days when a long easterly storm has blown away the warm late-summer mists, and cooled the air so that however bright the sunshine is by day, the nights come nearer and nearer to frostiness. There was a cold freshness in the morning air when Mrs. Todd and I locked the house door behind us; we took the key of the fields into our own hands that day, and put

out across country as one puts out to sea. When we reached the top of the ridge behind the town, it seemed as if we had anxiously passed the harbor bar, and were comfortably in open sea at last.

"There, now!" proclaimed Mrs. Todd, taking a long breath. "Now I do feel safe. It 's just the weather that 's liable to bring somebody to spend the day. I 've had a feeling of Mis' Elder Caplin from North Point bein' close upon me ever since I waked up this mornin', an' I did n't want to be hampered with our present plans. She 's a great hand to visit; she 'll be spendin' the day somewhere from now till Thanksgivin'; but there 's plenty o' places at the Landin' where she goes, an' if I ain't there she 'll just select another. I thought mother might be in, too, 't is so pleasant; but I run up the road to look off this mornin' before you was awake, and there was no sign o' the boat. If they had n't started by that time, they would n't start just as the tide is now; besides, I see a lot o' mackerelmen headin' Green Island way, and they 'll detain William. No, we 're safe now; an' if mother should be comin' in to-morrow, we 'll have all this to tell her. She an' Mis' Abby Martin 's very old friends."

We were walking down the long pasture slopes, toward the dark woods and thickets of the low ground. They stretched away northward like an unbroken wilderness; the early mists still dulled much of the color, and made the uplands beyond look like a very far-off country.

"It ain't so far as it looks from here," said my companion reassuringly; "but we 've got no time to spare, either," and she hurried on, leading the way with a fine sort of spirit in her step. Presently we struck into the old Indian footpath, which could be plainly seen across the long-unploughed turf of the pastures, and followed it among the thick, low-growing spruces. There the ground was smooth and brown underfoot, and the thin-stemmed trees held a dark and shadowy roof overhead. We walked a long way without speaking; sometimes we had to push aside the branches, and sometimes we walked in a broad aisle where the trees were larger. It was a solitary wood, birdless and beastless; there was not even a rabbit to be seen, or a crow high in air to break the silence.

"I don't believe the Queen ever saw such a lonesome trail as this," said Mrs. Todd, as if she followed the thoughts that were in my mind. Our visit to Mrs. Abby Martin seemed in some strange way to concern the high affairs of royalty. I had just been thinking of English landscapes, and of the solemn hills of Scotland with their lonely cottages and stone-walled sheepfolds, and the wandering flocks on high cloudy pastures. I had often been struck by the quick interest and familiar allusion to certain members of the royal house which one found in distant neighborhoods of New England. Whether some old instincts of personal loyalty have survived all changes of time and national vicissitudes, or whether it is only that the Queen's own character and disposition have won friends for her so far away, it is impossible to tell. But to hear of a twin sister was the most surprising proof of intimacy of all, and I must confess that there was something remarkably exciting to the imagination in my morning walk. To think of being presented at Court in the usual way was, for the moment, quite commonplace.

III.

Mrs. Todd was swinging her basket to and fro like a schoolgirl as she walked, and at this moment it slipped from her hand and rolled lightly along the ground. I picked it up and gave it to her, whereupon she lifted the cover and looked in with anxiety.

"'T is only a few little things, but I don't want to lose 'em," she explained

humbly. "'T was lucky you took the other basket if I was goin' to roll it round. Mis' Abby Martin complained o' lacking some pretty pink silk to finish one o' her little frames, an' I thought I 'd carry her some, and I had a bunch o' gold thread that had been in a box o' mine this twenty year. I never was one to do much fancywork, but we 're all liable to be swept away by fashion. And then there 's a small packet o' very choice herbs that I gave a good deal of attention to; they 'll smarten her up, and give her the best of appetites, come spring. She was tellin' me that spring weather is very wiltin' an' tryin' to her, and she was beginnin' to dread it already. Mother 's just the same way. If I could prevail on mother to take some o' these remedies in good season, 't would make a world o' difference; but she gets all downhill before I have a chance to hear of it, and then William comes in to tell me, sighin' and bewailin' how feeble mother is. 'Why can't you remember 'bout them good herbs that I never let her be without?' I say to him, — he does provoke me so; and then off he goes, sulky enough, down to his boat. Next thing I know, she comes in to go to meetin', wantin' to speak to everybody and feelin' like a girl. Mis' Martin's case is very much the same, but she 's nobody to watch her. William 's kind o' slow-moulded, but there, any William 's better than none when you get to be Mis' Martin's age."

"Had n't she any children?" I asked.

"Quite a number," replied Mrs. Todd grandly; "but some are gone, and the rest are married and settled. She never was a great hand to go about visitin'. I don't know but Mis' Martin might be called a little peculiar. Even her own folks has to make company of her: she never slips in and lives right along with the rest as if 't was at home, even in her own children's houses. I heard one o' her sons' wives say once she 'd much rather have the Queen to spend the day, if she could choose between the two; but I never thought Abby was so difficult as that. I used to love to have her come. She may have been sort o' ceremonious, but very pleasant and sprightly if you had sense enough to treat her her own way. I always think she 'd know just how to live with great folks, and feel easier 'long of them an' their ways. Her son's wife 's a great driver with farm work, boards a great tableful o' men in hayin'-time, an' feels right in her element. I don't say but she 's a good woman an' smart, but sort o' rough. Anybody that 's gentle-mannered an' precise like Mis' Martin would be a sort o' restraint.

"There 's all sorts o' folks in the country, same 's there is in the city," concluded Mrs. Todd gravely, and I as gravely agreed. The thick woods were behind us now, and the sun was shining clear overhead; the morning mists were gone, and a faint blue haze softened the distance; as we climbed the hill where we were to see the view it seemed like a summer day. There was an old house on the height, facing southward; a mere forsaken shell of an old house with empty windows that looked like blind eyes. The frost-bitten grass grew close about it like brown fur, and there was a single crooked bough of lilac holding its green leaves close by the door.

"We 'll just have a good piece of bread an' butter now," said the commander of the expedition, "and then we 'll hang up the basket on some peg inside the house, out o' the way o' the sheep, and have a han'some entertainment as we 're comin' back. She 'll be all through her little dinner when we get there, Mis' Martin will; but she 'll want to make us some tea, an' we must have our visit, an' be startin' back pretty soon after two. I don't want to cross all that low ground again after it 's begun to grow chilly. An' it looks to me as if the clouds might begin to gather late in the afternoon."

Before us lay a splendid world of sea and shore. The autumn colors brightened the landscape already; here and there at the edge of a dark tract of pointed firs stood a row of bright swamp maples like scarlet flowers. The blue sea and the great tide inlets were untroubled by the lightest winds.

"Poor land, this is," sighed Mrs. Todd, as we sat down to rest on the worn doorstep. "I 've known three good hard-workin' families that come here full o' hope an' pride, and tried to make somethin' o' this farm, but it beat 'em all. There 's one small field that 's excellent for potatoes if you let half of it rest every year, but the land 's always hungry. Now you see them little peakèd-topped spruces an' fir balsams comin' up over the hill all green an' hearty; they 've got it all their own way! Seems sometimes as if wild natur' got jealous over a certain spot, and wanted to do just as she 'd a mind to. You 'll see here; she 'll do her own ploughin' an' harrowin' with frost an' wet, an' plant just what she wants, and wait for her own crops. Man can't do nothin' with it, try as he may. I tell you, those little trees means business!"

I looked down the slope, and felt as if we ourselves were likely to be surrounded and overcome if we lingered too long. There was a vigor of growth, a persistence and savagery about the sturdy little trees, that put weak human nature at complete defiance. One felt a sudden pity for the men and women who had been worsted after a long fight in that lonely place; one felt a sudden fear of the unconquerable immediate forces of nature, as acute as the irresistible moment of a thunderstorm.

"I can recollect the time when folks were shy o' those woods we just come through," said Mrs. Todd seriously. "The men folks themselves never 'd venture into 'em alone; if their cattle got strayed, they 'd collect whoever they could get and start off all together. They said a person was liable to get bewildered in there alone, and in old times folks had been lost. I expect there was considerable fear left over from the old Indian times and the poor days o' witchcraft; anyway, I 've seen bold men act kind o' timid. Some women o' the Asa Bowden family went out one afternoon berryin', when I was a girl, and got lost, and was out all night; they found 'em middle o' the mornin' next day, not half a mile from home, scared 'most to death, an' sayin' they 'd heard wolves and other beasts sufficient for a caravan. Poor creatur's, they 'd strayed at last into a kind of low place amongst some alders, an' one of 'em was so overset she never got over it, an' went off in a sort o' slow decline. 'T was like them victims that drowns in a foot o' water, but their minds did suffer dreadful. Some folks is born afraid of the woods and all wild places, but I must say they 've always been like home to me."

I glanced at the resolute, confident face of my companion. Life was very strong in her, as if some force of nature were personified in this simple-hearted woman, and gave her cousinship to the ancient deities. She might have walked the primeval fields of Sicily; her strong gingham skirts might at that very moment bend the slender stalks of asphodel, and be fragrant with trodden thyme, instead of the brown wind-brushed grass of New England and frost-bitten golden-rod. She was a great soul, was Mrs. Todd, and I her humble follower, as we went our way to visit the Queen's Twin, leaving the bright view of the sea behind us, and descending to a lower countryside through the dry pastures and fields.

The farms all wore a look of gathering age, though the settlement was, after all, so young. The fences were already fragile, and it seemed as if the first impulse of agriculture had soon spent itself without hope of renewal. The better houses were always those that had

some hold upon the riches of the sea; a house that could not harbor a fishing boat in some neighboring inlet was far from being sure of every-day comforts. The land alone was not enough to live upon in that stony region; it belonged by right to the forest, and to the forest it fast returned. From the top of the hill where we had been sitting we had seen prosperity in the dim distance, where the land was good and the sun shone upon fat barns, and where warm-looking houses with three or four chimneys apiece stood high on their solid ridge above the bay.

As we drew nearer to Mrs. Martin's, it was sad to see what poor bushy fields, what thin and empty dwelling-places, had been left by those who had chosen this disappointing part of the northern country for their home. We crossed the last field and came into a narrow rain-washed road, and Mrs. Todd looked eager and expectant, and said that we were almost at our journey's end.

"I do hope Mis' Martin 'll ask you into her best room, where she keeps all the Queen's pictures. Yes, I think likely she will ask you; but 't ain't everybody she deems worthy to visit 'em, I can tell you!" said Mrs. Todd warningly. "She 's been collectin' 'em an' cuttin' 'em out o' newspapers an' magazines time out o' mind; and if she heard of anybody sailin' for an English port, she 'd contrive to get a little money to 'em and ask to have the last likeness there was. She 's 'most covered her best-room wall now: she keeps that room shut up sacred as a meetin'-house! 'I won't say but I have my favorites amongst 'em,' she told me t'other day, 'but they 're all beautiful to me as they can be.' And she 's made some kind o' pretty little frames for 'em all. You know there 's always a new fashion o' frames comin' round: first 't was shellwork, and then 't was pine cones, and beadwork 's had its day, and now she 's much concerned with perforated cardboard worked with silk. I tell you, that best room 's a sight to see! But you must n't look for anything elegant," continued Mrs. Todd, after a moment's reflection. "Mis' Martin 's always been in very poor, strugglin' circumstances. She had ambition for her children, though they took right after their father an' had little for themselves; she wa'n't over an' above well married, however kind she may see fit to speak. She 's been patient an' hard-workin' all her life, and always high above makin' mean complaints of other folks. I expect all this business about the Queen has buoyed her over many a shoal place in life. Yes, you might say that Abby 'd been a slave, but there ain't any slave but has some freedom."

IV.

Presently I saw a low gray house standing on a grassy bank close to the road. The door was at the side, facing us, and a tangle of snowberry bushes and cinnamon roses grew to the level of the window sills. On the doorstep stood a bent-shouldered little old woman. There was an air of welcome and of unmistakable dignity about her.

"She sees us coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd in an excited whisper. "There, I told her I might be over this way again, if the weather held good, and if I came I 'd bring you. She said right off she 'd take great pleasure in havin' a visit from you. I was surprised; she 's usually so retirin'."

Even this reassurance did not quell a faint apprehension on our part; there was something distinctly formal in the occasion, and one felt that consciousness of inadequacy which is never easy for the humblest pride to bear. On the way I had torn my dress in an unexpected encounter with a little thorn bush; I could now imagine how it felt to be going to Court and forgetting one's feathers or Court train.

The Queen's Twin was oblivious of such trifles; she stood waiting with a calm look until we came near enough to take her kind hand. She was a beautiful old woman, with clear eyes and a lovely quietness and genuineness of manner; there was not a trace of anything pretentious about her, or high-flown, as Mrs. Todd would say comprehensively. Beauty in age is rare enough in women who have spent their lives in the hard work of a farmhouse; but autumn-like and withered as this woman may have looked, her features had kept, or rather gained, a great refinement. She led us into her old kitchen, and gave us seats, and took one of the little straight-backed chairs herself, and sat a short distance away, as if she were giving audience to an ambassador. It seemed as if we should all be standing; one could not help feeling that the habits of her life were more ceremonious, but that for the moment she assumed the simplicities of the occasion.

Mrs. Todd was always Mrs. Todd, — too great and self-possessed a soul for any occasion to ruffle. I admired her calmness, and presently the slow current of neighborhood talk carried us easily along; we spoke of the weather and the small adventures of the way, and then, as if I were after all not a stranger, our hostess turned almost affectionately to speak to me.

"The weather will be growing dark in London now. I expect that you 've been in London, dear?" she said.

"Oh yes," I answered. "Only last year."

"It is a great many years since I was there; along in the forties," said Mrs. Martin. "'T was the only voyage I ever made. Most of my neighbors have been great travelers. My brother was master of a vessel, and his wife usually sailed with him; but that year she had a young child more frail than the others, and she dreaded the care of it at sea. It happened that my brother got a chance for my husband to go as supercargo, being a good accountant, and came one day to urge him to take it. He was very ill disposed to the sea, but he had met with losses, and I saw my own opportunity and persuaded them both to let me go too. In those days they did n't object to a woman's being aboard to wash and mend; the voyages were sometimes very long. And that was the way I come to see the Queen."

Mrs. Martin was looking straight in my eyes, to see if I showed any genuine interest in the most interesting person in the world.

"Oh, I am glad you saw the Queen," I hastened to say. "Mrs. Todd has told me that you and she were born the very same day."

"We were indeed, dear," said Mrs. Martin, and she leaned back comfortably and smiled as she had not smiled before. Mrs. Todd gave a satisfied nod and glance, as if to say that things were going on as well as possible in this anxious moment.

"Yes," Mrs. Martin resumed, as she drew her chair a little nearer, "'t was a very remarkable thing: we were born the same day, and at exactly the same hour, after you allowed for all the difference in time. My father figured it out sea-fashion. Her Royal Majesty and I opened our eyes upon this world together: say what you may, 't is a bond between us."

Mrs. Todd assented with an air of triumph, and untied her hat strings and threw them back over her shoulders with a gallant air.

"And I married a man by the name of Albert, just the same as she did; and all by chance, for I did n't get the news that she had an Albert, too, till a fortnight afterward; news was slower coming then than it is now. My first baby was a girl, and I called her Victoria after my mate; but the next one was a boy, and my husband wanted the right to name him, and took his own name and

his brother Edward's; and pretty soon I saw in the paper that the little Prince o' Wales had been christened just the same. After that I made excuse to wait till I knew what she 'd named her children. I did n't want to break the chain, so I had an Alfred and my darling Alice that I lost long before she lost hers, and there I stopped. If I 'd only had a dear daughter to stay at home with me, same 's her youngest one, I should have been so thankful! But if only one of us could have a little Beatrice, I 'm glad 't was the Queen; we 've both seen trouble, but she 's had the most care."

I asked Mrs. Martin if she lived alone all the year, and was told that she did except for a visit now and then from one of her grandchildren, "the only one that really likes to come an' stay quiet 'long o' grandma. She always says, quick as she 's through her schoolin' she 's goin' to live with me all the time. But she 's very pretty an' has taking ways," said Mrs. Martin, looking both proud and wistful, "so I can tell nothing at all about it. Yes, I 've been alone most o' the time since my Albert was taken away, and that 's a great many years; he had a long time o' failing and sickness first." (Mrs. Todd's foot gave an impatient scuff on the floor.) "An' I 've always lived right here. I ain't like the Queen's Majesty, for this is the only palace I 've got," said the dear old thing, smiling again. "I 'm glad of it, too. I don't like changing about, an' our stations in life are set very different. I don't require what the Queen does, but sometimes I 've thought 't was left to me to do the plain things she don't have time for. I expect she 's a beautiful housekeeper; nobody could n't have done better in her high place, and she 's been as good a mother as she 's been a queen."

"I guess she has, Abby," agreed Mrs. Todd instantly. "How was it you happened to get such a good look at her? I meant to ask you again when I was here t'other day."

"Our ship was layin' in the Thames, right there above Wapping. We was dischargin' cargo, and under orders to clear as quick as we could for Bordeaux to take on an excellent freight o' French goods," explained Mrs. Martin eagerly. "I heard that the Queen was goin' to a great review of her army, and would drive out o' her Buckin'ham Palace about ten o'clock in the mornin'; and I run aft to Albert, my husband, and brother Horace where they was standin' together by the hatchway, and told 'em they must one of 'em take me. They laughed, I was in such a hurry, and said they could n't go; and I found they meant it and got sort of impatient when I begun to talk, and I was 'most broken-hearted; 't was 'most all the reason I had for makin' that hard voyage. Albert could n't help often reproachin' me, for he did so resent the sea, an' I 'd known how 't would be before we sailed; but I 'd minded nothin' all the way till then, and I just crep' back to my cabin an' begun to cry. They was disappointed about their ship's cook, an' I 'd cooked for fo'c's'le an' cabin myself all the way over; 't was dreadful hard work, 'specially in rough weather; we 'd had head winds an' a six weeks' voyage. They 'd acted sort of ashamed o' me when I pled so to go ashore, an' that hurt my feelin's most of all. But Albert come below pretty soon. I 'd never given way so in my life, an' he begun to act frightened, and treated me gentle, just as he did when we was goin' to be married; an' when I got over sobbin' he went on deck an' saw Horace an' talked it over what they could do; they really had their duty to the vessel, and could n't be spared that day. Horace was real good when he understood everything, an' he come an' told me I 'd more than worked my passage, an' was goin' to do just as I liked now we was in port. He 'd engaged a cook, too, that was comin' aboard that mornin',

and he was goin' to send the ship's carpenter with me, a nice fellow from up Thomaston way; he 'd gone to put on his shore clothes as quick 's he could. So then I got ready, and we started off in the small boat and rowed up river. I was afraid we were too late, but the tide was setting up very strong, and we landed an' left the boat to a keeper, and I run all the way up those great streets and across a park. 'T was a great day, with sights o' folks everywhere, but 't was just as if they was nothin' but wax images to me. I kep' askin' my way, an' runnin' on, with the carpenter comin' after as best he could; and just as I worked to the front o' the crowd by the palace the gates was flung open and out she came, — all prancin' horses and shinin' gold, — and in a beautiful carriage there she sat: 't was a moment o' heaven to me. I saw her plain, and she looked right at me so pleasant and happy, just as if she knew there was somethin' different between us from other folks."

There was a moment when the Queen's Twin could not go on, and neither of her listeners could ask a question.

"Prince Albert was sitting right beside her in the carriage," she continued. "Oh, he was a beautiful man. Yes, dear, I saw 'em both together, just as I see you now; and then she was gone out o' sight in another minute, and the common crowd was all spread over the place, pushin' an' cheerin'. 'T was some kind o' holiday, an' the carpenter and I got separated, an' then I found him again after I did n't think I should, an' he was all for makin' a day of it and goin' to show me all the sights, — he 'd been in London before; but I did n't want nothin' else, an' we went back through the streets down to the waterside an' took the boat. I remember I mended an old coat o' my Albert's as good as I could, sittin' in the sun on the quarter deck all that afternoon, and 't was all as if I was livin' in a lovely dream. I don't know how to explain it, but there has n't been no friend I 've felt so near to me ever since."

One could not say much, only listen. Mrs. Todd put in a discerning question now and then, and Mrs. Martin's eyes shone brighter and brighter as she talked. What a lovely gift of imagination and true affection was in this fond old heart! I looked about the plain New England kitchen, with its wood-smoked walls, its homely braided rugs on the worn floor, and all its simple furnishings. The loud-ticking clock seemed to encourage us to speak. At the other side of the room was an early newspaper portrait of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. On a shelf below were some flowers in a little glass dish, as if they were put before a shrine.

"If I could have had more to read, I should have known 'most everything about her," said Mrs. Martin wistfully. "I 've made the most of what I did have, and thought it over and over till it came clear. I sometimes seem to have her all my own, as if we 'd lived right together. I 've often walked out into the woods alone and told her what my troubles was, and it always seemed as if she told me 't was all right, an' we must have patience. I 've got her beautiful book about the Highlands, — 't was dear Mis' Todd here that found out about her printing it, and got a copy for me; and it 's been a treasure to my heart, just as if 't was written right to me. I always read it Sundays now for my Sunday treat. Before that I used to have to imagine a good deal; but when I come to read her book, I knew what I expected was all true. We do think alike about so many things," said the Queen's Twin, with affectionate certainty. "You see, there is something between us, being born just at the same time: 't is what they call a birthright. She 's had great tasks put upon her, being the Queen, an' mine has been the humble lot; but she 's done the best she could, nobody can say to the contrary, and there 's something

between us; she 's been the great lesson I 've had to live by. She 's been everything to me. An' when she had her Jubilee, oh, how my heart was with her!"

"There, 't would n't play the part in her life it has in mine," said Mrs. Martin generously, in answer to something one of her listeners had said. "Sometimes I think, now she 's older, she might like to know about us. When I think how few old friends anybody has left at our age, I suppose it may be just the same with her as it is with me; perhaps she would like to know how we came into life together. But I 've had a great advantage in seeing her, an' I can always fancy her goin' on while she don't know nothin' yet about me, — except she may feel my love stayin' her heart sometimes, an' not know just where it comes from. An' I dream about our being together out in some pretty fields, young as ever we was, and holdin' hands as we walk along. I 'd like to know if she ever has that dream, too. I used to have days when I made believe she did know, an' was comin' to see me," confessed the speaker shyly, with a little flush on her cheeks, "and I 'd plan what I could have nice for supper; and I was n't goin' to let anybody know she was here havin' a good rest, except I 'd wish you, Almira Todd, or dear Mis' Blackett would happen in, for you 'd know just how to talk with her. You see, she likes to be up in Scotland, right out in the wild country, better than she does anywhere else."

"I 'd really love to take her out to see mother at Green Island," said Mrs. Todd, with a sudden impulse.

"Oh yes, I should love to have you," answered Mrs. Martin, and then she began to speak in a lower tone. "One day I got thinkin' so about my dear Queen," she said, "an' livin' so in my thoughts, that I went to work an' got all ready for her, just as if she was really comin'. I never told this to a livin' soul before, but I feel you 'll understand. I put my best fine sheets and blankets I spun an' wove myself, on her bed, and I picked some pretty flowers and put 'em all round the house; an' I worked as hard an' happy as I could all day, and had as nice a supper ready as I could get, sort of tellin' myself a story all the time. She was comin', an' I was goin' to see her again, an' I kep' it up until nightfall; an' when I see the dark an' it come to me I was all alone, the dream left me, an' I sat down on the doorstep an' felt all foolish an' tired. An' if you 'll believe it, I heard steps comin', an' an old cousin o' mine come wanderin' along, one I was apt to be shy of. She was n't all there, as folks used to say, but harmless enough, and a kind of poor old talking body. An' I went right to meet her when I first heard her call, 'stead o' hidin', as I sometimes did, an' she come in dreadful willin', an' we set down to supper together; 't was a supper I should have had no heart to eat alone."

"I don't believe she ever had such a splendid time in her life as she did then. I heard her tell all about it afterward!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd compassionately. "There, now I hear all this, it seems just as if the Queen might have known, and could n't come herself, so she sent that poor old creatur' that was always in need!"

Mrs. Martin looked timidly at Mrs. Todd, and then at me. "'T was childish o' me to go an' get supper," she confessed.

"I guess you wa'n't the first one to do that," said Mrs. Todd. "No, I guess you wa'n't the first one who 's got supper that way, Abby" — and then for a moment she could say no more.

Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Martin had moved their chairs a little, so that they faced each other, and I, at one side, could see them both.

"No, you never told me o' that before, Abby," said Mrs. Todd gently. "Don't it show that, for folks that have any fancy in 'em, such beautiful dreams is

the real part o' life? But to most folks the common things that happens outside 'em is all in all."

Mrs. Martin did not appear to understand at first, strange to say, when the secret of her heart was put into words; then a glow of pleasure and comprehension shone upon her face. "Why, I believe you 're right, Almira!" she said, and turned to me.

"Would n't you like to look at my pictures of the Queen?" she asked, and we rose and went into the best room.

V.

The midday visit seemed very short. September hours are brief to match the shortening days. The great subject was dismissed for a while after our visit to the Queen's pictures, and my companions spoke much of lesser persons until we drank the cup of tea which Mrs. Todd had foreseen. I happily remembered that the Queen herself is said to like a proper cup of tea, and this at once seemed to make her Majesty kindly join so remote and reverent a company.

Mrs. Martin's thin cheeks took on a pretty color like a girl's. "Somehow, I always have thought of her when I made it extra good," she said. "I 've got a real china cup that belonged to my grandmother, and I believe I shall call it hers now."

"Why don't you?" responded Mrs. Todd warmly, with a delightful smile.

Later they spoke of a promised visit which was to be made in the Indian summer to the Landing and Green Island; but I observed that Mrs. Todd presented the little parcel of dried herbs, with full directions, for a cure-all in the spring, as if there were no real chance of their meeting again first. As we looked back from the turn of the road the Queen's Twin was still standing on the doorstep watching us away, and Mrs. Todd stopped and stood still for a moment before she waved her hand again.

"There 's one thing certain, dear," she said to me, with great discernment: "it ain't as if we left her all alone!"

Then we set out upon our long way home, over the hill where we lingered in the afternoon sunshine, and through the dark woods across the heron swamp.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

GASPAR OF THE BLACK LE MARCHANDS.

The very heart of the green Acadian land was Grand Pré, village of apples and willows. Behind it rose the long, moderate slopes of Gaspereau Ridge, blue-patched in summer with blossoming flax fields, but in late autumn softly crimsoned with the stalks of the ripening buckwheat. Past the eastern skirt of the village ebbed and flowed tumultuously the yellow currents of Gaspereau stream, filling with noise the red mud chasm of their channel. In front lay outrolled the treasure of Grand Pré, — the fruitful marshes which her dyke-builders had patiently reclaimed from the sea. Beyond the marshes, gnawing with sleepless depredation at the dykes, rose and fell the huge gray tides of Minas, the unstable among waters; and beyond Minas stood the looming purple bastion of Blomidon. West of the village flourished a thick beech wood, stretching over toward the mouth of the river Habitants; and there by the river, part of Grand Pré, yet set apart from her, was the little settlement of the Black Le Marchands, with its barley and flax fields hewn from the beech wood, its snug

acreage of dyke marsh snatched from the Habitants tide.

The Le Marchand men were dark, even for Acadians. Unlike their fellows, they were of Basque rather than Normandy or Picardy blood. Swarthy of skin, black-haired, black-bearded, and with heavy coal-black eyebrows meeting over the nose, they well deserved their name "the Black Le Marchands." Blackest of all, a Le Marchand of the Le Marchands, was Gaspar, son of Pierre, — save that he went with cheek and chin clean-shaven, and his eyes, instead of being black, had the cool, invincible hue of dark steel. The cottage next the beech wood, just where the Grand Pré trail emerged, was Gaspar's, — a low white cottage, with widely overhanging eaves, door and window frames stained to a slate color with a wash of lime and wood ash, and squat apple trees gathered about it. Here, with his mother and his boy brother Pierrot, lived Gaspar, and kept, as it were, the gates of the Le Marchands. Young though he was, — but two and twenty, — his level eyes and visibly resolute mouth made him much of a force among his kinsmen.

The red after light of autumn sunset, shooting low over the tide and the marshes, poured into the west windows of the cottage and dimmed the blaze on the great kitchen hearth. The smooth dark wood of the walls and the low ceiling warmly reflected it. It lit the bunches of herbs and strings of onions hanging from the beams. It played cheerily over the polished crockery — yellow and brown and blue and gray — on the dresser shelves. It threw a pinkish flush on the sanded floor, and on the well-whitened table whereat sat Gaspar and Pierrot. It laughed upon the happy, expectant face of the boy, whose eyes were intent on his mother, as she bent her broad, homespun-clad form over the pot swung in the fireplace; but upon Gaspar's face it only brought out the lines of anxious annoyance.

There was no sound in the kitchen but the crisp sputtering of the hot lard in the pot. Mistress Le Marchand dexterously dipped out a dish of little brown crescent-shaped cakes, steaming and savory to smell. Carrying them to the dresser, she dusted them with powdered maple sugar. There she left them, the loadstone of Pierrot's eyes, while from two covered dishes by the fire she fetched a baked shad and a pile of hot barley cakes. This portion of the meal was to be dealt with before Pierrot should be let loose upon the hot cookies. She seated herself opposite her two sons, and her round, hot, gentle face turned beaming from one to the other; but it grew troubled at Gaspar's gloom.

"What is it?" she asked in the old Normandy dialect which prevailed among the Acadians.

"The Black Abbé!" answered Gaspar sententiously, breaking his barley cake into a bowl of milk.

"Well, and what of him, Gaspar?" inquired the dame mildly.

"Just this, mother," said the young man, looking up, his black brows one straight frown across his face: "he is in Grand Pré, and on his way to see me, according to what I have just heard from yellow Ba'tiste at the ferry."

"But — but what can the good father want with you, my son?" asked the mother tremulously.

"You call him good to ward off his evil, mother," replied Gaspar, with a short laugh. "Well, it's no harm to try. But I fear he has heard I am not hot enough against the English to suit him. No knowing what he may have heard. There is like to be trouble for us out of this visit!"

"Oh, don't anger him, my son!" pleaded his mother, growing white and worried.

"Why are you not hot against the English, Gaspar?" asked Pierrot in a tone of rebuke. "Are they not our enemies? Have they not trampled us

down, and torn us from our own king? Are we not *French*, Gaspar?"

"You don't know what you are talking about, boy!" retorted Gaspar, with the wonted gentle patience of the elder brother.

"Don't I!" cried the lad indignantly, his eyes flaming. "Oh, but when I am old enough I won't stay here, grub-grub-grubbing; but I'll go to Quebec and fight for France, for King Louis, and for the Golden Lilies."

A rare smile softened the harshness of Gaspar's face.

"I spoke in haste, because I am troubled," said he. "Only a brief while back I thought as you do now, Pierrot; and I like your spirit, too. But look! Years ago France *sold* us to the English, to purchase peace! We belong to England. These years she has ruled us better than we were ever ruled before, and we have prospered; nevertheless, we have been forever troublesome and a thorn in her side."

"I should hope so!" interrupted Pierrot scornfully.

"But she has been patient and never punished us, and let us have our own way; and we have waxed fat under her care. You and I, Pierrot, are born under the English flag! Consider that. It is hard to see one's duty clearly. Think of what the Black Abbé has made us do, — things to make us ashamed of the name of Frenchmen! Think of the massacre of sleeping women and children at Dartmouth! Think of the good and brave Howe, murdered by La Garne's savages under a flag of truce!"

The boy was taken aback for a moment; then he cried passionately, "One bad priest could not make me turn against my country!"

"I say, now, it is hard to know what *is* our country," said Gaspar, earnest in his argument. "We are born English, some will say. Yet we are surely not English. France we love, but she cast us off, and now tries to make a cat's-paw of us, or else forgets us and leaves us to the mercies of Quebec. Oh, Quebec! There 's rottenness for you. You don't want to go there, Pierrot. There, New France is being betrayed, murdered. There, Bigot, the great thief, the prince of cheats, fattens himself and his crew on the people, and sucks his country's blood. The people are crushed with wicked taxes, Pierrot. They groan and starve there. And then look at us, the English ruling us, and plenty in our houses, and no misery save what Quebec and the Black Abbé make for us. Look at it, Pierrot. No, it is clear we have no country, we, save this good, kindly Acadian land. Let us be true to Acadie."

The door behind the speaker opened suddenly.

"A very proper sentiment, if properly understood, Gaspar Le Marchand," came a strident, authoritative voice, and a lean figure in a black cassock upgirt for marching strode into the room. The face of the newcomer, though almost grotesque by reason of its long, bulbous-tipped nose, was never known to excite derision. The chin and mouth were too fanatically domineering, too much of power spoke in the bitter, narrow-set, piercing pale eyes, to make pleasantry easy for the bravest.

Mistress Le Marchand sprang up in a flutter, ran around the table, sank on her knees, and besought a blessing. Rather doubtfully, Pierrot followed his mother's example. But Gaspar merely arose, bowed respectfully, and asked the visitor to be seated.

"I heard that you were on your way hither, sir," said he, "and in part expected that you might honor us."

"A guilty conscience, I fear," replied the grim priest, dismissing the woman and the boy with a somewhat perfunctory benediction. "I will not sit down in your house, Gaspar Le Marchand, till I know if it be the house of a loyal man."

"Be seated, then, Father La Garne," said Gaspar, with a cool civility. "My

conscience is at ease, — I confessed to good Father Fafard last Sunday; and I am a loyal man according to my lights."

La Garne's lips became thin with anger, and his voice took on a menacing edge.

"Hark you!" said he. "You speak well of the English, and ill of the authorities at Quebec. Is this true?"

"Would you have me speak well of Monsieur the Intendant, sir?" asked Gaspar, unsmiling, but with irony under his tongue.

"Speak of him not at all, then," snapped La Garne. "But what of the other charge?"

"I must confess, sir, I have remarked upon the forbearance of these English, and upon their moderate rule," answered Gaspar firmly.

The Black Abbé looked at him with a long, silent scrutiny, under which Pierrot trembled and Mistress Le Marchand began to sob. But Gaspar's black brows took it serenely.

"So much an enemy may concede," said La Garne at last, in a voice grown smooth, as was ever his wont when most dangerous. "But you are young, and not yet quite resolute to follow the path of duty, my son. I must strengthen you, I perceive. You must choose here, now, between France and England."

"Under what compulsion, sir?" asked Gaspar, very civilly, though a flush glowed under the swart tan of his face.

"Do you need to ask, my young friend?" inquired La Garne, almost tenderly, but still standing. "My faithful Micmacs are with me. Remember how difficult it is, at times, to restrain their zeal for France, their rage against traitors. Beaubassin, luckless village, defied them — and alas, Beaubassin is not! This is a pleasant home of yours, my son. It were pity, indeed, if they should turn their zealous indignation against this house. Yet a lesson would not be amiss in these parts!"

There was dead silence for a moment in the room; then Gaspar Le Marchand laughed aloud. La Garne eyed him with angry amazement.

"I can see a corner," said Gaspar, "when I am in it!"

"What do you mean?" asked La Garne curtly. He liked not riddles save of his own propounding.

"I had hoped but to till my fields here, and not meddle," replied Gaspar, with an air of resignation. "But since I must choose, I have chosen. Even if I loved the English, which I don't; even if I were cold toward France, which I am not, my choice would be the same. I am for France, sir." The Black Abbé sat down; but Gaspar continued: "I am for France, of a surety. Your arm, Father La Garne, is long and nimble. The arm of the English governor at Halifax is not so long, and it moves very slowly. Nevertheless, it may be long enough to reach you, sir, some day. Report says it gropes for you very zealously."

"You have chosen with discretion," said La Garne; "but the manner of your choice is something lacking in the reverence due to your superiors. It were well to amend that, perhaps."

Gaspar promptly seated himself, and fixed his cool gray eyes on the eyes of the priest.

"Do not push me too hard," said he significantly. "You have now my obedience. Do not demand what it may be difficult for me to give."

"You are right!" exclaimed this singular Churchman, springing up, and speaking with evident sincerity. "Your obedience is necessary for the cause; your reverence, — that would be to me as a man. Who am I that I should demand it? I am but the humble instrument." His eyes gleamed with a fanatical brilliancy. "But look you, Gaspar Le Marchand," he went on, drawing himself up and stretching out his arm solemnly, "this land of Acadie shall again shine among the rich jewels of the crown of

France; and this hand of mine, mark you, this hand of mine shall place it there!"

With this he strode to the door, and a look of deep relief came upon the countenances of his hearers. But at the door he stopped. He turned. He came back to the table. His whole demeanor had changed. His mouth wore a smile of caustic irony.

"I was forgetting," said he, "the chief part of my purpose. Your conversion, my son (upon which I had counted, indeed), was perhaps something sudden. I will fortify you in it. You shall signally serve France, and that at once."

Gaspar bowed his readiness, betraying neither anxiety nor reluctance. He was not one to spoil a gift by grudging.

"A band of my faithful followers will set out to-night for the Isthmus," continued La Garne, scrutinizing Gaspar's face. "They go on a grave enterprise, of great moment to the fortunes of this land, and they will be strengthened by your presence. You shall go with them, my son, that I may thereafter feel assured of you."

"And the enterprise?" asked Gaspar.

"There are some English settlers to be discouraged," answered La Garne grimly. "You will know more when the time comes, my son. You will clothe yourself and paint yourself as an Indian, of course. Be ready at moonrise."

"It is not war, this," protested the young man.

"What have we to do with war?" sneered the visitor. "It is victory we need! Are you with us or against us, Gaspar Le Marchand?"

"I will be ready," replied Gaspar, with indifference; and the Black Abbé, turning abruptly, departed without a word.

"Eat your supper, Pierrot," ordered Gaspar. "I have work for you." And the boy, with a white and frightened face, did as he was bidden. Gaspar went on with his meal in silence, his black brows lowering over his eyes. His mother sat sobbing.

"Oh, my boy, my Gaspar, you will be killed!" she exclaimed brokenly, after a few minutes.

"Nonsense, mother! It 's not that," said the young man. "There 's no danger for me."

"What is it, then, Gaspar?" she asked, drying her eyes.

He looked at her in wonder.

"It means," he answered presently, "that some harmless English settlers are to be murdered in their beds by the Black Abbé's red devils, and that *I* am to take a hand in it, in order that it may be impossible for me ever after to expect any mercy from Halifax."

"Why do you go, then?" demanded the boy indignantly, his ardor for France much diminished.

"Because," replied Gaspar, "rather those strangers than my mother and my brother. La Garne and his power are *here*. If I defied him, this house would be ashes and you homeless, perhaps worse, this very night. Slow, slow and stupid are the English," he went on, flaming into sudden anger. "Why do they not shield those of us who wish to live at peace and obey their laws? We are ground to dust between the upper and the lower stone. Let them look to themselves. Nevertheless, I will warn them. Slip you out, now, Pierrot, down back of the barn and into the cover of the wood; and run, run your best to Father Fafard. Tell him to get word to the English at Piziquid that a raid is afoot against one of the English settlements. *Vite!*"

The boy, pleased at the weighty errand, was off noiselessly in a moment, despite his mother's tearful attempt to stop him.

"He 's like a shadow. Don't be afraid, mother," said the elder brother reassuringly, hasting to finish his meal. "Come and eat, for there 's much to be done after."

Late that night, when the moon, shapeless and withering, crept up over the fringed line of the beech woods, the Black Abbé came again to the door of Gaspar's cottage. He was met in silence by a painted, leathern-leggined young warrior, whose steady eyes met his with a cold, gray gleam. La Garne was too hot a fanatic, too dominant and domineering, to be a discerner of men's minds. He was satisfied with his taciturn consort.

"Come," he said, leading the way to the river, where the canoes lay at the brink of the full tide.

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The night fell dark over the marshes of Main-à-Dieu. The half dozen new cottages of the English settlers showed no glimmer of candlelight from their windows. Secure in the neighborhood of Fort Lawrence, not ten miles distant, and happy in the fertility of their new lands, proved by the rich harvest just garnered, the settlers slept the sound sleep of those who rise at dawn to work with their hands.

The raiding party had made their journey from Grand Pré, by canoe and trail, in three days. Haste was not urgent, or they might have done it in less time. It wanted some hours of moonrise when they came upon the first rail fence of the Main-à-Dieu fields.

Gaspar's heart sank as he perceived that there had been no warning, — that Pierrot's errand to Father Fafard had been in vain. A minute more and the cabins were surrounded, with no sound but here and there a hushed rustling, like the wind among dead leaves. A dog barked, but the bark ended abruptly in a whining sob.

Then, in three or four places, little flickers of flame appeared, punctuating the dark. In a second the rolls of white birch bark flared up vividly, and were set to stack and barn. At the same instant every door was beaten in, windows went to pieces with a shivering crash, and the cruel yell of the Micmacs, wolfish, appalling, rose over the sudden glare, wavered in long-drawn cadence, and stopped. After what seemed to Gaspar an interminably prolonged silence, shrieks, oaths, and shouting broke out within the cabins.

At first he had stood inactive, sick with pity and impotence; but at this first sign of living humanity in the dark cottages Gaspar made up his mind what to do. The largest of the houses was just before him. Springing through the open door, he stumbled over two prone and writhing figures in the passage. The glare from the stacks showed him a painted Micmac and a white man in his shirt, locked in a death grip. This was no affair of his. He slipped past, darted up a narrow stairway, and found himself before two doors, one open and one shut. To the shut one he turned, with a flash of thought that here, perhaps, he might be in time.

The door was bolted, but snapped open as his shoulder surged against it; and he paused upon the threshold.

The little room was brilliantly alight from a blaze of hay just before the window. Against one wall was a low bed. He had a vision of a young girl starting up from the pillow, her great eyes wide with fear, her face whitely gleaming from a wild glory of red-gold hair. A cry froze on her lips, and she clutched at the blankets as if to try to hide some small form that lay between her and the wall.

At this moment, another door, opposite to Gaspar, burst open, and a savage darted in. His fierce black eyes fell on the bed, and with a whoop he pounced forward, scalping knife in hand. The girl cowered, shuddering, and hid her face.

But Gaspar was there as soon as the savage. With his left hand he caught the uplifted wrist, and the stroke never fell. Under the raised arm his long knife shot home to the hilt, driven hotly. The

redskin dropped, with a deep, gasping grunt.

Gaspar rolled the limp body under the bed. The girl, who had looked up in time to see the end of the swift encounter, was gazing at him in bewilderment.

"Quick, mademoiselle! Get up! Come! There 'll be others here on the instant!" He ordered sharply, thrusting into her hands a heavy woolen skirt which lay on a chair near by.

She had her wits about her in a moment.

"No," she answered. "Save *him* if you can!" and pulling aside the coverings she showed him a rosy child asleep beside her.

Gaspar's jaw set like iron.

"Jesu-Marie!" he vowed between his teeth, "I will save you both. But it will be hard! Come! Come!" And hastily rolling the little one in the blanket, he snatched him up and turned to the door by which he had entered. The girl, meanwhile, had slipped small white feet into the shoes which lay by the bed, thrown on the skirt deftly, flung a quilt over her head and shoulders, and was at his side without a further word. Even in that desperate moment Gaspar gloried in her self-control.

"How our women would have been shrieking!" he said to himself.

The bundle on his left arm began to squirm awkwardly, and muffled cries came from within it. He turned, and thrust it into the girl's arms.

"Keep him quiet!" he muttered, — though in truth there seemed little need of silence, for the red night was one quavering horror of yells, shrieks, and curses, penetrated sharply with a musket shot now and then. As the girl took the child a brief lull in the uproar let her hear deep groans from a neighboring room.

"Oh, that is my uncle's room!" she gasped, beginning to tremble violently, and leaning against the wall. But in a second she was firm again, and followed steadily with the child in her arms.

At the foot of the stairs opened a small, windowless closet; and into this, perceiving the approach of several savages by the front door, Gaspar pushed his charges. He took his stand in the entrance, leaning indifferently against the doorpost. His musket, hitherto unused, its one charge guarded for a supreme emergency, rested in his left arm. His right hand lay on the handle of his sheathed knife.

"Huh?" grunted the foremost savage inquiringly, while the others passed on. He peered over Gaspar's shoulder into the thick shadows of the closet. Then he attempted to push past, but the young man's elbow, jerked forward ungently, balked him. The savage grunted again with resentment, and half raised his hatchet; but Gaspar's cold gaze made him hesitate.

"*My* business, brother! Go on!" was the curt command; and after an angry pause the redskin followed his fellows up the stairs.

The moment he disappeared Gaspar turned, clutched the girl's arm, and dragged her at a run out of the door, into the lurid street. There he paused; and they walked, as if there were no need of haste, straight down the middle of the street. A savage in the doorway opposite eyed them curiously, but, not recognizing Gaspar in his war paint, supposed his brother savage knew his business. Then three yelling redskins ran past, hard on the heels of a half-naked and unarmed white man, who fled with chalk face and mad eyes of horror. As they passed, one of the redskins aimed a slash at the girl with his knife; but his arm was caught by Gaspar with a wrench that nearly snapped it, and with a cry of pain and astonishment he ran on, not stopping to investigate the mystery.

A minute more and the fugitives found themselves opposite a lane which led down between some burning outbuildings to a spur of thick woodland. Here they turned; but as they did so two savages

stepped out from the nearest house, to which they had set fire, and stood squarely in their path. Simultaneously they caught at the bundle in the girl's arms. But, quick as a flash Gaspar swept her behind him.

"Mine!" said he curtly and coolly, warning them off with a gesture. "Have a care, brothers."

"Huh! Chief Cope say no captives this time!" said one of the savages, while the other stood irresolute.

"But *I* say captives," rejoined Gaspar in a haughty voice. "If Chief Cope objects, he can talk to me by and by. I am Gaspar Le Marchand, and am minding my business. Go you about yours, brothers."

The two savages looked at each other, and then at Gaspar's steady eyes confronting them.

"We want our share, brother," grumbled the spokesman.

"You shall have that, — the scalp money!" replied Gaspar, with a sneer. "One livre tournois to each of you I will pay. Come to me for it, at Grand Pré, when you will."

"How we know? The French lie, sometimes, eh what?" objected the savage.

"The Black Le Marchands don't lie," answered Gaspar sternly. "I will pay you. Go!"

And they went, judging this Frenchman one ill to thwart. Gaspar fetched a deep breath of relief as he led the girl with her silent burden down the lane, safe out of the glaring exposure of the street. The heat was stifling as they passed between the blazing sheds, but he judged the worst of the peril was behind him. From a noticeable change in the character of the shouts and yells which still rent the air, he knew that certain supplies of potent New England rum had been discovered, and that for a time the raiders would have other things than dry pursuit to think of.

But he congratulated himself too soon. One pair of vindictive eyes, at least, had seen him turn into the lane, and had been concerned that Chief Cope's order, "All scalps; no captives," should be enforced. The girl's quick ear caught a footfall behind her. She glanced back, and sudden as light swung herself, with a warning cry, around in front of her protector. Gaspar wheeled in his tracks and faced a huge savage, whose knife dripped blood still steaming.

For several seconds the two eyed each other in silence. But Gaspar could not waste time.

"I don't want to kill you!" said he, no longer cool and masterful, but beginning to lose himself in rage. "Don't interfere with me. Be off!"

Losing control of himself, he lost control of his opponent.

"Ugh!" snarled the savage. "Acadian no good!" and made a lightning pass at him. But Gaspar had the eye and hand which work quicker than the brain can order them. Ere that stroke formed itself he swerved lithely, and the muzzle of his musket, shooting upward, caught the redskin just below the chin. His head and both hands flew up; and as he staggered backward Gaspar swung the butt in a short circle so that it fetched him terrifically in the ribs.

"That fellow will not trouble us any further," he explained to the girl, as he eyed the painted heap in the gutter. Less than a minute more and they were within the shadow of the ancient woods.

The girl sank, half fainting, at the foot of a tree, but Gaspar pulled her to her feet.

"No, no," he muttered sternly, "you must not break down now! You have been wonderful, wonderfully brave and strong, mademoiselle; but you must keep it up. We may be followed. We must get away this instant!"

"Yes, I will be strong. I will do anything you bid me, sir," she answered, leaning upon him for a moment, but still firmly clutching the child, who mean-

while had got his little yellow head from the smother of blanket, and was watching Gaspar with round, blue, wondering eyes.

"I'll carry him now," said Gaspar; and the little fellow came to him readily, laughing, and rubbing the paint from his cheek with delighted fingers.

"You take the musket," he continued. "Could you use it at need, mademoiselle — or — *not* madame?"

"No, not madame," she answered, the faintest color returning to her white cheek. "He is my little cousin, — alas, an orphan now, as I have been since a child like him! But as for this," — and she examined the musket with a brave face, — "yes, I can use it, sir; and will fight beside you, if you will let me. But how do you come to be among those fiends, and painted as one of them? Oh no, — why do I ask questions, instead of just thanking God on my knees that you *were* among them!"

She knelt, but was up again ere Gaspar could bid her take a more convenient season for her devotions. Through the woods they pressed breathlessly, till first the babel behind them died out, and at last the glare of the burning grew dim; and then, with the earliest rose of dawn, they came out upon the marshes, and saw, not half a league away, the low ramparts of Fort Lawrence.

As they journeyed, now at an easier pace, Gaspar's eyes could not keep themselves from the strangely clad but wholly bewildering figure at his side. Her calm, her marvelous courage, the confidence of her white, fine-chiseled face, the wonder of her hair aglow in the early light, were a revelation of unguessed womanhood to him. His brain fumed with a thousand plans, but his tongue was wisely dumb.

At last they reached the foot of a gentle slope, some half mile from the fort gates; and here Gaspar stopped.

"I will watch you safely in, mademoiselle," said he, putting the child back into her arms and taking his musket. "But" —

"My name is Ruth, sir," she interrupted. "You have not asked it, but I hope you will remember it a little while. Ruth Allison, sir."

Gaspar's gray eyes flamed upon her, and his speech grew stammering.

"Ruth — I mean mademoiselle," he cried — "I will not go up to the fort now, because I should be detained for explanations, and I must make the utmost haste back to Grand Pré. I must get my house sold, and take my mother and young brother to a place of safety, before the Black Abbé gets wind of my part in this night's work. Then I must see you again, mademoiselle, to ask if you — if you and the little one — who seems to love me, I think — are recovered after these horrors. You will stay here, will you not? And I may come, may I not?"

"Surely, I should be grieved indeed if your interest in those you have saved were not enough to bring you, sir," she answered simply. "And for your noble courage, your splendid — Oh, sir, how can I find words for such generosity? God will surely reward you!"

"I pray, mademoiselle," said Gaspar in a low voice, turning to go, "that you will not leave my reward altogether to God."

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE INDIAN ON THE RESERVATION.

When an Indian tribe had given up fighting, surrendered to the whites, and taken up a reservation life, its position was that of a group of men in the stone age of development, suddenly brought into contact with modern methods, and required on the instant to renounce all they had ever been taught and all they had inherited; to alter their practices of life, their beliefs, and their ways of thought; and to conform to manners and ways representing the highest point reached by civilization. It is beyond the power of our imagination to grasp the actual meaning to any people of such a condition of things. History records no similar case with which we can compare it. And if it is hard for us to comprehend such a situation, what must it have been for the savage to understand it, and, still more, to act it out?

On no two reservations was life precisely the same, yet on all of them it was the same in this: that it was different from old times; that the people no longer came and went at their own pleasure, but were confined by metes and bounds, and were subject to the orders of persons whom they themselves had not chosen to obey as chiefs. With the irksomeness of confinement came a change in physical conditions and health. The toils of the warpath and the hunting trail had ceased. Men who had been active in all the ordinary pursuits of their earlier life had now no occupation. They took no exercise, but sat about grieving over the good old times which were gone, and brooding over the present.

Cut off from their old free life of roving hunters, the Indians were forced to endure an existence without interest or occupation, and to see their people, old and young, dying about them faster than they had ever died in former days. They saw before them no prospect save of an indefinite continuance of the same state of things. They had nothing to look forward to nor anything to hope for. They were like men sentenced to life imprisonment, with blank walls all about them, — walls which they could never hope to pass. Yet, as the years went by, the Indians grew more or less accustomed to these miseries and felt them less acutely, though to the older men and women memory still made life a bitter thing. But the people came to regard the hardships as unavoidable, and accepted them with a sad stoicism as a part of the new and incomprehensible situation.

The Indians had been brought to a reservation and were to be civilized. Let us see how they were handled, — what sort of men were set to instruct these grown-up children; to persuade, to urge, and to command them to do white men's work; to perform the difficult and delicate task of changing wild savages and roaming hunters to civilized laborers. To be successful, such work calls for infinite patience and tact, together with the constant realization that the tasks required of these people are wholly new and uncomprehended by them. Before they can perform them, they must understand why and how their work is to be done.

It is obvious that the Indians can be taught the white man's ways only by actual contact with white men, and that this contact can be had only with those living on the reservation to which the Indians are confined. Such white men are the employees of the Indian Bureau and the missionaries.

The task of civilizing the Indians really depends almost wholly upon the agent who is set over them. He represents the Great Father; he alone has

authority. It is for him to explain to them the benefits of toil, to reward the industrious, to punish the refractory, to encourage the unsuccessful, and to direct the ambitious. He can lead the tribe to see that work is necessary, and can induce them to work; or he can let the Indians take their own way, and face their problems without assistance. If he has enthusiasm for his work and a real desire to see the people advance, he can infuse into them some part of his own energy, and make them believe that actual benefits to themselves and to their children will follow their efforts.

An Indian agent has absolute control of affairs on his reservation, subject only to the approval of the Department of the Interior at Washington, which two or three times a year may send out an inspector to look after him. His position is one of great responsibility, for he has to administer a business representing each year from $50,000 to $200,000. His power on the reservation is more nearly absolute than anything else that we in this country know of. He has not the authority to order out his Indians to instant execution, but in practice this is the only power that he does not possess. Over property, liberty, and the actions of every-day life he has absolute authority. No Indian can receive food, no Indian can obtain a tool, no Indian can live in his home, unless the agent is willing. He holds in the hollow of his hand the welfare of the tribe and of each one of its individuals.

The man who bears these responsibilities and is clothed with these powers over his fellow men should be of high character and good abilities, such a one as would be chosen for the manager of a considerable business. He should feel the responsibility of his position, and not be satisfied merely to get along as easily as possible and to draw his salary regularly. The good agent really stands in the relation of a parent toward his Indians; and as a father instructs, punishes, and rewards his children, so the agent should firmly, but kindly, govern the people who are under him. They recognize this relation, and often speak of the agent as their father. In the ordinary pursuits of life, a man qualified by training and temperament for such a place would receive a good salary; he ought to receive it here, — at least thrice the pittance that is now paid to Indian agents. Such a man ought to be retained in office so long as he would remain, and should not be turned out with the coming in of each new administration.

But the Indian service long constituted an important part of the spoils which until recently belonged wholly to the victors in the political contest. The position of agent is still a part of these spoils, and at present most of the offices are portioned out to the Senators and Congressmen of the various states. There are a few army officers acting as Indian agents, — among whom there has rarely been one who was incompetent, — but a large share of the civilian officials have been political appointees, minor ward or county politicians who obtain the office as a reward for vote-getting, or else "good fellows" who have failed in every business that they have undertaken, and now fall back on this place for a living. Men of this class cannot be expected to care for their people; often they are concerned only for their pay and their perquisites. Perhaps, in a vague way, they advise the Indians "to follow the white man's road," and then leave them to find out for themselves what that road is and whither it leads. Some Indian agents are men of high character, but none are well paid; for they receive only from $1500 to $2000 per annum, — small compensation for the never ending worries and detail of their position, to say nothing of the isolation of life at an Indian agency. The unwisdom of paying so poorly men who have such important work to do has long

been understood, and many years ago, during President Grant's administration, some of the religious denominations, to which the control of the Indians had been intrusted, chose as Indian agents men fitted for the task, and themselves added to the government salary a further compensation from their own funds.

The position of Indian agent is one full of annoyances, full of temptations. He should be a man of patience and shrewdness, kindly yet firm; a man of character, absolutely truthful. He must be willing to make over and over again the same elaborate explanations of the simplest matters; to resist attempts to impose on or to frighten him; to take a decided stand and never recede from it; to incur the lasting hostility of the white men, Indians, and men of mixed blood who received special favors from the previous agent, and who now expect the same from him. Most agents appear to imagine that their position is one which calls especially for office work, and much of their time, therefore, is spent in the office, overseeing the making out of papers; giving out orders for flour, sugar, coffee, sacks, and other things requested by the Indians; acting, in fact, much like a retail country storekeeper. The truth is that an agent should spend the greater part of his time in the saddle or in his wagon, traveling about among his people; learning the personality of each; finding out how each family lives, what improvements the man has made on his place, what property he has, how he is taking care of it and what use he is putting it to. The agent thus learns what each man requires and how far he is deserving. He also appears to his Indians to be taking an active interest in their welfare and to be more or less in sympathy with them; and there is nothing that an Indian appreciates more, nothing which is to him a stronger incentive to try to do well, than the exhibition of such sympathy.

The agent is assisted by a force of clerks, farmers, and other employees, each of whom is brought into closest contact with the Indians, and thus may wield a tremendous influence for good or for evil. These men, as a rule, take their tone from the agent. If he is energetic and enthusiastic, they follow his lead at the pace he sets. If he is rough, brutal, and profane in his dealing with the Indians, they are so too. If he is dishonest, they are dishonest. If he is weak, a stronger man soon gains an ascendency over him, and becomes practically the ruling power on the reservation. Often the clerks appear to regard it as an imposition that they have to attend to the Indians' wants, and are harsh in their intercourse with them, cursing them freely and treating them with the greatest indignity. Often, too, the agency farmers, whose immediate duty it is to instruct the people in the pursuits of civilization, do anything rather than that. They potter about the agency, or they are stablemen, or they work in the blacksmith shop, or put up new buildings, or paint and whitewash old ones, or spend much of their time at the butchering and the issue, — do anything, in fact, except to teach the Indians farming and oversee their work.

The United States army has given us by far the best class of men who have ever held the position of Indian agents; they have usually had a training in military business, and work on a system; they have no private ends to serve, and no affiliations with the white population adjacent to the reservation. When detailed to the service, they go to the posts assigned them to do their duty as they understand it; that duty being to make the Indians self-supporting and civilized, to protect them from white aggression, and, in general, to govern them according to the principles of justice and right. This view is different from that held by the average Indian agent, and so the work done by army officers is very different from that of most civilians, and

very much better. Among the civilians are notable exceptions to the rule, — a few men who have done work that could hardly have been excelled; but for all that such men are the exceptions; the rule remains. Among the army officers, on the other hand, a careless or incompetent agent is rare.

First and last, much has been done for the Indians by missionaries sent out by the various denominations. Many are earnest men who try hard to do their whole duty by the Indians; but as missionaries, after all, are only men, some of them are careless, lazy, and inefficient, while a considerable portion lack any understanding of how to handle men. Of the least efficient among them it may be said that if they do no good, they at least do little harm, while there are many whose services to Christianity and to civilization are very great. I have in mind an army chaplain whose work among some Indians who incidentally came within the sphere of his influence was so effective that it will never be forgotten by them. The man was a true follower of the Master, and instead of attempting at once to force upon the Indians the acceptance of religious doctrines, he showed them only sympathy and friendliness. When he had won their good will, they readily gave ear to the simple religious precepts that he taught. Admirable missionary work is done, too, by the Roman Catholic priests and sisters who are stationed on many of the Western reservations. They accomplish in a silent, unsuspected way a great deal of good.

It may obviously be objected to all purely religious work among the Indians that it is caring for the soul before the body is cared for. It is hard for a man to pray with a good heart when he is hungry, nor is it easy to concentrate the attention on the doctrine of the Trinity when his little ones are crying for food. Before the Indian can be Christianized he must be civilized and taught how to earn his living; after he has learned this lesson, and has acquired some of the mental habits of civilized people, the ground will have been prepared for the sowing of the seeds of religion.

There is a practical form of missionary work, seldom seen, which cannot be too highly applauded. I have seen it practiced on the Blackfoot reservation by the Rev. E. S. Dutcher. This good man preaches on Sunday to those who come to hear him in the little church which his own hands built, and on other days of the week he takes his tools — for he has learned the carpenter's trade — and goes about over the reservation, helping the Indians to hang the doors and set the window frames in their houses, or to set the fence posts and stretch the wire for their pasture fences. Often his wife goes with him; and while he works out of doors with the men, she is busy within, teaching the women how to bake good bread or make the family clothing. Missionary work such as this, where practical religion is made a part of the daily life, and soul and mind and body are cared for at once, accomplishes lasting results.

For many years good people have been endeavoring to devise plans which should at once transform the Indian from a rover and a warrior to a sedentary laborer. Men of various trades and professions, from the soldier to the theologian, have studied the Indian problem, and many different methods have been suggested for rendering the wild man civilized and self-supporting. The author of each has had most perfect confidence that his remedy was the one certain to cure all ills brought to the Indians by contact with the white man. Some of these projects have had fair trial; yet the progress of the race has not been so rapid as to justify the faith that any of these means of civilization — except when engineered with unusual energy and wisdom — would do the work

claimed for it, while in some cases the experiments have brought disaster to the Indians.

The sincerity and earnestness of a majority of such philanthropists cannot be doubted, but in all their reasoning about Indians there has been one point of weakness: they had no personal knowledge of the inner life of the people they were trying to help. Their theories appear to have assumed that Indians are precisely like white men, except that their minds are blank and plastic, ready to receive any impression that may be inscribed on them. These friends of the Indians had little acquaintance with Indian character; they did not appreciate the human nature of the people. They did not know that their minds were already occupied by a multitude of notions and beliefs that were firmly fixed there, — rooted and grounded by an inheritance of a thousand years. Still less did they comprehend the Indian's intense conservatism, the tenacity with which he clings to the beliefs which have been handed down to him by uncounted generations.

The plans of the philanthropists who were anxious to benefit the race were based on the general proposition that all Indians should become farmers. As most civilized men earn their living by tilling the soil, they took it for granted that the Indian could do the same, and must become civilized in that way. They were profoundly ignorant of the surroundings of the Indian and of the land he dwelt in, and did not know that over a very large part of the West no crops can be grown unless the soil is well irrigated. They seem to have imagined the great plains a fertile country — perhaps like the prairies of Illinois — where, if land were ploughed and seed sown, bounteous harvests would be sure to follow. They did not understand that many of the Indian reservations consist of the most arid and barren lands that the sun ever shone on, — a waterless, desolate, soul-withering region, whose terrors are incomprehensible to those who have never traveled over it. They did not know that many of the reservations are situated in the land of thirst, where water is the one priceless thing, and its lack the greatest horror. Many years and much effort have therefore been wasted in trying to teach the Indians how to raise crops in regions where white farmers could not possibly make a living; yet, up to a short time ago, the authorities, clinging to the antiquated notions of those who would make all Indians agriculturists, continued to insist that the Indians should sow in the desert, even though they could never hope to reap. Only within a few years has it been learned that in a country adapted for stock-raising Indians should raise stock, and in a farming country they should farm. Yet ever since these tribes have been known to us, the Pueblos and others, who have always practiced irrigation, and the Navajoes, who have long been herdsmen, have furnished examples of this adaptation to environment, and have shown us that different peoples should be treated according to the different conditions which surround them.

One civilizing idea has by this time become impressed on all the Indians of this country: they comprehend to-day that they must work if they would live. The time when food, a blanket, a gun, and some ammunition satisfied the Indians' wants has gone, never to return. Association with civilized people has brought the need for the things of civilization, which can only be had for money. The Indians see that, under the new conditions, money is as necessary to them as it is to the white men. They recognize that the government will not support them forever. So they are intensely anxious to work, to earn money. On many reservations they wear out the patience of the agent by continually asking him for work, when he has no work to give them. On the reservation of the Northern

Cheyennes, for the last two or three years, there has been an opportunity for a few men to secure work as laborers on the great irrigating ditch in course of construction on the adjacent Crow reservation. So long as men were wanted for this work, the Cheyenne agent was kept busy giving out passes to his people who wished to labor on the ditch. All the able-bodied men in the tribe would have gone, if there had been work for all. On the Blackfoot reservation, agents have told me of having fifteen or twenty applications a day for the job of going into the mountains to cut wood and haul it away for fuel. The Indians are ready to hire out to any one who will pay them, and they will work as hard, as long, and as faithfully as any laborers. Usually, there is little or no work to be had. Even the students who come back from the Eastern boarding schools equipped with knowledge of English and a trade, and fitted for a place in the blacksmith's or wheelwright's shop or for a position as industrial teacher at the agency day school, are only occasionally employed about the agency in the various positions which they might fill.

This, then, is one of the chief obstacles to the Indian's progress, the difficulty of earning a livelihood. After he has succeeded in doing this, he must learn how to keep his money when he gets it, — in other words, the lesson of thrift. The old-time Indian was hospitable, open-handed, and generous, to the last degree. The new Indian must learn to be close-fisted. As he progresses toward self-support, it is not very hard for him to accumulate horses, cattle, tools, and furniture; but to deal with money merely as money is as yet a very serious problem. If he has money, it burns in his pocket, and he feels that he must spend it. The time will come when Indians will have bank accounts, but that time — except among the civilized tribes — has not yet been reached.

Under the most favorable circumstances — with instruction and encouragement — it is hard enough for the Indian to change himself into a patient laborer, willing to toil day after day at his unpleasing task. Too often, in addition to the difficulties which are inevitable, his advancement is retarded or stopped by his being robbed of his lands by methods which he is powerless to resist. The courts protect citizens; but the Indian is not a citizen, and nothing protects him. Congress has the sole power to order how he shall live, and where. Most thoughtful people believe that in the past the Indians have been greatly wronged by the whites, but imagine that this is no longer the case. Let us see.

The greatest corruption of our Indian affairs took place not very long after the close of the war of the Rebellion. In those days, to be an Indian agent, trader, or contractor was to be on a highroad to fortune, if one made the most of his advantages. The contracts for supplies of every sort were in the hands of a small group of men, who controlled them all, and, what was more important, to a great extent controlled the agents and employees of the Indian Bureau, in the field. Attacks on the Indian ring were made from time to time with more or less success, reforms in the service and its methods were gradually introduced, and the opportunities for robbery grew less. The actual wholesale stealing of the food and clothing provided by the government has ceased, for the most part, or has degenerated into petty pilfering.

Nevertheless, methods are still found by which the money of the Indians may be diverted from its proper objects to find its way into the pockets of white men. One of these is the hiring of unnecessary attorneys for them. There are on file before the Court of Claims in Washington many thousands of dollars' worth of claims for alleged Indian depredations, and suits against various Indian tribes and the United States are being

carried on before that court. These suits are defended by the Attorney-General's office, and any judgment recovered runs against both the Indian tribe and the United States. If the tribe has no money to pay a judgment rendered against it, the United States must do so. But of late years most of the treaties made with Indians provide that none of the money appropriated under the treaty shall be used to pay depredation claims, and the ratification by Congress of an agreement of this nature puts the money of the tribe out of the reach of the Court of Claims, and so protects the Indians. Moreover, under a ruling of the Interior Department, made a number of years ago, it was determined that no tribes, except two, have any money available for the payment of such claims, and this ruling has hitherto been sustained. Nevertheless, it is a form of legal industry recognized in Washington, for a lawyer to visit an agency and inform the chiefs that claims amounting to many thousands of dollars have been filed against the tribe, and that they may have to pay these claims. By alarming them about the safety of their money, it is not difficult for the lawyer to induce them to make a contract retaining him as their attorney to defend the suits. Contracts of this kind are invalid until approved by the Secretary of the Interior, who is constantly pestered by the lawyers and their political friends to give his assent to them. But since the Indians have no funds which can be used to pay such judgments rendered against them, since the law specifically forbids the use of their funds for such a purpose, and since, therefore, they can have no money interest whatever in the suits, it is manifestly a great wrong that these contracts should be approved by the department, and that the money appropriated for the Indians' support should go to fill the pockets of lawyers. Yet I have in mind a single law firm in Washington which, by its contracts with different tribes of Indians, who are protected by their treaty and so in no wise need attorneys, is likely to receive this year over $8000, — and for doing nothing. There was absolutely nothing for them to do. The defense they pretended to give the Indian did not require. There was nothing for them to defend him against. The real defense he needs is against the lawyers themselves. It is hardly necessary to add that a large proportion of the depredation claims filed against the different tribes are barefacedly fraudulent.

Indians are now subject to encroachments, conducted, not by an Indian ring, but by the government, which, in its ignorance, does injury to this race as serious as ever was done by any group of individuals. These encroachments are begun by white people living near the Indians, who covet the land possessed by them, and usually secured to them by pledges of the government's faith, and who endeavor to gain possession of it by lawful means; that is, by inducing the government to break that faith and violate those pledges.

Wherever its reservation may be, an Indian tribe is bitterly opposed by local popular feeling. Its people are hated because they are Indians, and envied because they hold lands that white men might own. In thought, if not in words, its white neighbors say of a tribe, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Local prejudice and local greed combine to force the Indians — who have no representative in Congress — from their homes, where perhaps they may have made some improvements, and to which often they are deeply attached. The people who wish them removed do not care where they are taken, if only it is away, somewhere else. Their object is to secure the land which they hope to have thrown open to settlement.

This is how the plan of expulsion is carried out. A treaty having been made with a tribe of Indians, a certain tract of country is assigned to them as a per-

manent home. After a time the land near them becomes settled, and the white people crowd about the reservation. The reservation may be good for something: it may be imagined to contain mines of coal or precious metals, or it may be a good cattle range, or the land may have valuable water on it. When this is the case, the people living in the neighborhood begin to urge upon their delegate, or their Congressman, or their Senator, the importance of moving the Indians, and throwing open their reservation to settlement. Both Senator and Congressman naturally wish to oblige their constituents, and forthwith a bill is introduced or a section is added to the Indian Appropriation Bill, providing for the desired removal. Most members of Congress, knowing nothing of the rights or wrongs of the measure, take it for granted that the local member must know what ought to be done, and are very likely to assent to it.

Less than ten years ago, I was present on a reservation in the Indian Territory when a commission was negotiating with the Indians to induce them to take their lands in severalty, and to sell the surplus. The commissioners made no secret of the fact that the administration had urged them to carry through the sale, because at the next election they wished to go before the people with the statement that they had thrown open to settlement by the public a certain number of acres of Indian reservations. This statement would influence many votes in the West; it would be a good political cry. The negotiations began, and by persuasion, promises, and at last by threats, about one third of the Indians were induced to sign the agreement. After that signatures came in very slowly. The commissioners hired their interpreters to assist them to obtain signers. The attorneys, who claimed that they had been retained by the Indians to defend their rights, worked hard to induce the people to sign. These attorneys were working on a contingent fee, — "the usual ten per cent for collection," — and of course would receive nothing unless the treaty went through and the sale was made. Indians who were corrupt were hired, I was told, to vote more than once; signing first the name by which they went at the time, then the name which they had borne earlier in life, and later perhaps some still earlier name. The names of absent schoolboys were added to the list, on the mere statement by some Indian that they were in favor of the sale. So, by cajoling, promising, bribing, browbeating, bullying, and using illegal votes, the sale, which was bitterly opposed by one half the tribe, was at last carried through by a bare majority.

Even to-day the same thing is going on. Among the measures recently before Congress was one looking to the removal of the Northern Cheyennes from their present reservation in Montana to "some other place." The territory occupied by these people, although very small, is a fine stock range, which the neighboring cattlemen long to possess for their herds. Besides working with might and main on their representatives in Congress to secure the removal of these Indians to another reservation, these cattlemen endeavor to manufacture a public sentiment against the Indians by continually sending out press reports of the ill doings of the Northern Cheyennes, and two or three times a year Montana press dispatches to the newspapers tell of threatened outbreaks by these people. As a matter of fact, the Indians are entirely well disposed, but they realize that an attempt is being made to take them away from their old country, and are uneasy and fearful lest it should succeed. Yet when these Indians surrendered, nearly twenty years ago, General Miles, representing the government, solemnly promised them that they should reside here on this piece of land so long as they should be friendly

with the United States. This promise was subsequently repeated by high officials in Washington; yet to-day these Cheyennes fear that they will be moved, and are prevented from working on their homes by the apprehension that as soon as they accomplish anything these homes will be taken from them. Several years' work has been necessary to convince the authorities at Washington that the title of these Indians to their reservation should be confirmed, and that the white men settled on the reservation should be moved away.

There is now in contemplation a measure to take from the Metlakahtla Indians of Alaska — on the ground that there are mines on it — a large portion of the island allotted to them by the government more than ten years ago. This is a case of great hardship, — that of a tribe of Indians who, with the help of one intelligent and devoted white friend, have become civilized and self-supporting by their own exertions. They moved from British to United States territory in search of freedom, and in their new home they have built a town, have a sawmill and a salmon cannery, and govern themselves. They ask nothing from any one, save the poor privilege of living undisturbed on the rock where they are settled. But now it is proposed to take a part of this away from them, and so to deprive them of the water power which runs their sawmill and their cannery, of most of their timber land, and of the stream which furnishes the salmon on which they subsist.

Last spring, on the day of my arrival at the Blackfoot agency I found there two strange Indians, who told me that they were Kutenais, living on the Flathead reservation; that their chief had heard that I was coming out to see the Blackfeet, and that I was the man who helped Indians, and therefore he had sent them as messengers, on foot, across the mountains, a distance of 150 miles, in order that they might tell me of the hard lot of the Kutenais, to see if I could not help them. They said that there were over eighty families of Kutenais living near Dayton Creek, on Lake Macdonald; that they received no rations from the government; that they had been told to take up farms on their reservation, and had done so; but that after they had built their houses, fenced in their land, and planted their little crops, the white people had come to them and told them to move away, that their homes were not on the reservation and did not belong to them. At first they had refused to move, but at last, when the whites had said that if they did not go the Great Father would send troops to move them, they gave up and went away. Now there is no place left on their reservation where they can farm, as all the country is rocky, timber-covered mountains. The faith that had led these men to take this long, toilsome journey to tell me their story was pathetic enough, and the sense of my utter inability to help them was humiliating, but there was nothing that I could do.

A search through the reports of the Indian commissioner shows that these Indians were recently ejected from lands which they had occupied since 1855, on account of a mistake made by a surveyor in locating the boundaries of the reservation. The farms that they had striven to cultivate proved to be without the corrected boundary line, and as soon as this was discovered the neighboring whites insisted on the removal of the Indians. As the land did actually lie outside of the reservation, the Indians of course had no claim to it, and were forced to give it up. After this, in 1891, the agent for the Kutenais, acting under the Dawes Severalty Act, allotted to eighteen of the Indians claims off the reservation and upon the land from which they had been expelled. Of these claims, three were allowed, while fifteen have for seven years been suspended by the Land Office. White people have settled in the valley of Dayton Creek and built

their fences about the plots held by the Indians, who have now no means of reaching their claims except by trespassing on the land occupied by the whites, which they are warned not to do. Within the white men's fences can be seen still standing the rotting rails and posts of the inclosures built years ago by the Indians when these claims were first allotted to them, and they strove to work as the white man works, and to improve their little farms as he does his. No wonder they are discouraged and hopeless at the result of their efforts, and it is hardly to be imagined that they will ever again make any real effort to become self-supporting so long as the memory of this wrong remains. Some method of repairing this injustice and of helping these Indians ought to be found.

No argument is needed to prove the discouraging effect on Indians — or indeed on men of any race or color — of such uncertainty about their location. If a white man were given the fairest tract of wild land on the continent, with the understanding that he might be ejected from his tenancy at any moment, he would have little motive to improve it, and would put on it just as little labor as he could get along with. Indians feel and act in precisely the same way. Whether they are moved or not, the uncertainty under which they live takes away from them all motive for industry and self-help.

Indians are perfectly capable of making progress in the arts of civilization. This is shown by what has been accomplished during the last nine years by the Blackfoot Indians of northern Montana, with whose affairs I have long been closely familiar. A dozen years ago I won their confidence and regard and became deeply interested in them, and ever since I have acted as their counselor and next friend. To bring about the results obtained, it has been necessary to watch them carefully, to advise them against the commission of follies, to persuade them to industry, to reprove them for wrong-doing; in fact, to try to teach them to exercise what white men call ordinary common sense in the affairs of life, checking them or spurring them on as circumstances required. When I first knew the Blackfeet they were wild Indians, wearing blankets and robes, living for the most part in lodges and on a reservation remote from railroad or civilization. Except their ponies they had no property. They had no desire to work, nor any belief that it would be to their advantage to do so.

The country which they inhabit lies on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, just south of the parallel of forty-nine degrees, at an elevation of 3000 or 4000 feet, and is far too high, cold, and dry for the successful practice of agriculture. For years the Indian Bureau had been trying to induce them to farm, but nothing had ever been grown on the reservation except an occasional crop of oats and potatoes. The region, however, is an excellent cattle range. In 1888 I determined that if these Indians were ever to become self-supporting it must be by cattle-raising, and a statement of the conditions convinced General Morgan, then Indian commissioner, that the experiment was worth trying. My visits of the next two years to the reservation were devoted to elaborate explanations to the Indians of the value to them of cattle; of the importance of never killing them for food, and of caring for them in winter, so that they should live, do well, and breed. It was explained that at the end of four years those who followed the advice given would have animals which they could sell, and that the money received for the beeves would be theirs to use as they might please. The idea of having cattle which they should own individually, and not as a tribe, was wholly new to them; when it was understood it was very welcome, and the prospect created quite an excitement in the community. A majority of the men cut hay for the stock that

was to come, and built sheds and shelters to protect it from the winter's storms.

In 1890 about 1000 cattle were issued. Some families received only a single cow, others two, and others four or five. All went well with them. The succeeding winter was mild; no cattle died, and the calf crop was large. The people took great pride in their new possessions, and watched and tended them with much devotion. At intervals of a year or two more and more cattle were issued to them, until they had received about 10,000, and in the year 1897 it was estimated that, with the increase, the Blackfeet had between 20,000 and 22,000 head of cattle. Besides this, for three years past they have sold a great deal of beef; and their faith in the promises made to them, which led them for four years to refrain from eating their cattle and to take good care of them, has been abundantly justified. They have found a way by which money can be earned, and have come to understand that their future depends on their cattle and the care they take of them. It must not be supposed that all the men of the tribe have done equally well. While many have been unfailingly faithful, some have neglected their stock, or traded it off, or let it wander away. But, on the whole, they have done well, wonderfully well for Indians, and have been as steadfast and industrious as white men would have been.

The branding of the calves and the round-ups have been in charge of the agency employees, and this work has often been very much neglected. The Indians are not permitted to brand their calves, and they have suffered heavy losses by the failure of the government employees to brand those born in the fall of the year. These autumn calves, having been weaned and separated from the mothers, by spring become mavericks, animals whose ownership is not known, and so they are branded by any one who may find them, chiefly by the half-breeds and white men living on the reservation, who are more familiar than are the Indians with the white cattleman's way of accumulating a herd.

The years during which the Blackfeet have had cattle have not been years of ease and comfort. The people have had their troubles and perplexities, but the effort has been made to give them aid and direction by letters, by frequent visits, by consultations, by encouragement and advice, and by praise or severe reproof as either was needed. Often from old White Calf, long the chief of these people, a message is received something like this: "I want you to come to us quickly. There are many things to be talked over. We are blind once more. We need you to open our eyes." Thus, what the Blackfeet need, and all other Indians with them, is, not the good will to labor and to strive, but proper direction, in order that they may labor and strive effectively. They lack that discretion and judgment in dealing with every-day matters which inheritance, training, and experience have brought to most middle-aged business men, and these must be exercised for them. The power to look at things through the white man's eyes must be supplied to them. They must be made to share the wisdom of the white race. If the Indian Bureau at Washington can be induced to see that the Blackfeet cattle are properly handled, the future is assured; but the Indian Bureau, being really a clerical office for the transaction of Indian business, often knows little about the actual condition of the people.

The wish to better their present condition is not peculiar to any particular tribe nor to any section of country. If they can be convinced that it will be for their advantage, all Indians are ready and willing to put forth effort; but when only failure rewards the work they perform, they become discouraged and think that they can never succeed. The Indian of to-day is living his life on the reservation, where he occupies a house and has acquired a certain degree of self-control.

He is anxious to have a better living than he gets now, and is willing to work hard to secure it. He has given up many of his old wild ways and beliefs. He is a savage who has been more than half tamed. Civilization has brought to this Indian many hardships; it has abridged his liberty, has caused disease, has weakened or broken down many of the fine savage qualities that he once possessed, and has introduced him to liquor. As yet it has not brought him much that is good except humility and some self-control. His rights are little safeguarded, except so far as the Indian Rights Association can occasionally protect him. He has been taught but little of the individual's responsibilities. He is sometimes subjected to gross injustice.

His inability to speak our tongue or to think our thoughts must always be remembered in considering the Indian. He is voiceless; he is unable to claim any rights for himself or to tell his side of any story, for he has no method of communicating with civilized people except through an interpreter. He cannot speak for himself, and he has no one to speak for him, no one to advocate his cause. Even the young men who have been away to school and have learned how to speak good English speak it as a foreign tongue. They think in their own language, and translate their Indian thoughts into English, which is often not to be understood without further explanation. The Indian's psychological condition is bewildered and confused. Inheriting the beliefs of his people, developed through thousands of years, he is suddenly told that all these beliefs are false. His faith in his own creed is destroyed; but while we have taken from him his old beliefs, we have not known enough to give him new ones which he can understand. Thus his mind is in a whirl, and he feels that there is nothing sure, nothing that he can depend on.

What the Indians require to-day is something more than mere food and clothing. They need to be directed with some intelligence and interest. The conditions of each tribe or each agency should be studied by a fairly intelligent and experienced person, and the particular method thus determined to be the one best suited to the needs of the people should be employed. Agents and agency employees who are careless or indifferent should not be retained in the Indian service, and it should be the business of the inspectors actually to learn how far the employees residing permanently on the reservation are sincerely interested in the Indians under their charge. It is gratifying to notice that the force of inspectors has recently been increased, and that a number of those holding the position feel a deep interest in their work, and are willing to follow up the agency employees so that they will be obliged to do their duty. The farmers employed on reservations where agriculture can be practiced should be real farmers. They should not pass their time in loafing about the agency. They should spend seedtime and harvest out among the camps and settlements, teaching the Indians how to perform the various operations of farming. The farmers on reservations where the Indians are stock-raisers should be practical cattlemen. They should understand their duties, and have something of the loyalty of the old-time cowboy. The cattle should be really cared for; stray cattle belonging to neighboring whites should be kept off the reservation, and the Indians' cattle held on it. The Indians should be taught how to brand and care for their own stock. They should not be allowed to sell or kill it except by the agent's permission.

Liquor should be kept off the reservation, and those dealing in it or using it should be punished with extreme severity; in other words, the law should be enforced. The Department of the Interior and the Department of Justice must act together in this matter. In the

past it has rather been the practice of each of these departments to throw the responsibility on the other.

We can do no more for the Indian than fit him to fight the battle of life, and we must begin by teaching him about its material things. He will readily learn industry and the white man's way, if he sees before him a reward for his work. The task of teaching him saving, thrift, is more difficult, since all his training leads him to share whatever he has with others. In order that he may compete with the white man, he must be taught to speak English and to read and write. This can be taught only to the children, but a part of whom at present attend school. There is the widest possible difference in the efficiency of the agency schools, and very great diversity of opinion exists as to the relative advantages of reservation and of Eastern boarding schools. The subject is a large one, and not now to be treated; but it is obvious that the Eastern schools cannot care for any great proportion of the children, and that good reservation schools are imperatively required.

We need not inquire here what is to be the ultimate fate of this race. Much more to the purpose is it to consider their present perplexities and immediate needs, and to endeavor as well as we may to help them along over the steep, rough trail by which they are climbing upward toward civilization and self-support. The obstacles which lie in the path are many, but they are not insuperable, and they may be greatly lessened by intelligent aid and encouragement. Interest in the Indian is steadily increasing. Many thoughtful people are coming to recognize that he possesses qualities that are worth studying. Writers take him for their theme, sculptors model him, and painters use for subjects scenes from his old wild life. Intelligent people who study him wish to know more about him, and soon learn his true character and give him his true place, demanding for the race the consideration which it ought to have.

The task of giving help to the Indian is one worthy the best thought and effort of the country. The noblest work that any man can do is to make life easier for some of his fellows, and in the visible results which follow the stretching out of a hand in help and sympathy to an Indian tribe may be found rich reward and ample encouragement to renewed activity. I know of no field in which he who is really interested in his fellows may labor with a surer prospect of appreciation by those he is trying to help, or a more abundant certainty of answering effort by them. When once the Indian's confidence has been won, he strives earnestly to live up to the standard set before him by his white friend, and to repay by aspiration and endeavor all that has been done in his behalf.

The Indians must still do battle, but in conflicts unlike those of the olden time. They may still win victories, but the victories will be of peace. The day has passed, too, when one may achieve glory by a campaign against hostile Indians, but worthier triumphs and more lasting rewards await him who shall fight by their side in this new and desperate struggle.

George Bird Grinnell.

THE ENJOYMENT OF POETRY.

BROWNING'S description of the effect of the recital of classic poetry upon a band of piratical Greeks must seem to many persons to be exaggerated: —

> "Then, because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,
> And poetry is power, they all outbroke
> In a great joyous laughter with much love."

Because Americans are Americans, and business is business, and time is money, and life is earnest, we take our poetry much more seriously than that. We are ready to form classes to study it and to discuss it, but these solemn assemblies are not likely to be disturbed by outbursts of "great joyous laughter."

We usually accept poetry as mental discipline. It is as if the poet said, "Go to, now. I will produce a masterpiece." Thereupon the conscientious reader answers, "Very well; I can stand it. I will apply myself with all diligence, that by means of it I may improve my mind." Who has not sometimes quailed before the long row of British Poets in uniform binding, standing stiffly side by side, like so many British grenadiers on dress parade? Who has not felt his courage ooze away at the sight of those melancholy volumes labeled Complete Poetical Works? Poetical Remains they used to call them, and there is something funereal in their aspect.

The old hymn says, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," and the same thing ought to be said about poetry. The distaste for poetry arises largely from the habit of treating it as if it were only a more difficult kind of prose. We are so much under the tyranny of the scientific method that the habits of the schoolroom intrude, and we try to extract instruction from what was meant to give us joy. The prosaic commentary obscures the beauty of the text, so that

> "The glad old romance, the gay chivalrous story,
> With its fables of faery, its legends of glory,
> Is turned to a tedious instruction, not new,
> To the children, who read it insipidly through."

One of the most ruthless invasions of the prosaic faculties into the realm of poetry comes from the thirst for general information. When this thirst becomes a disease, it is not satisfied with census reports and encyclopædia articles, but values literature according to the number of facts presented. Suppose these lines from Paradise Lost to be taken for study: —

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
> High over-arched embower, or scattered sedge
> Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
> Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
> Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

What an opportunity for the schoolmaster abroad! What interesting questions are suggested about autumn leaves, Etrurian antiquities, sedge, Orion, and the history of Egypt! Here is material for exhaustive study in geography, ancient and modern, history, astronomy, botany, meteorology, chronology, and archæology. By following this method, one may get almost as much information from Paradise Lost as from one of those handy compilations of useful knowledge, entitled Ten Thousand Facts, which are sold on the train for twenty-five cents.

Next to the temptation to use a poem as a receptacle for a mass of collateral information is that to use it for the display of one's own penetration. As in the one case it is treated as if it were an encyclopædia article, in the other it is treated as if it were a verbal puzzle. It is taken for granted that the intention of the poet is to conceal thought, and

the game is for the reader to find it out. We are hunting for hidden meanings, and we greet one another with the grim salutation of the creatures in the jungle: "Good hunting!" "What is the meaning of this passage?" Who has not heard this sudden question propounded in regard to the most transparent sentence from an author who is deemed worthy of study? The uninitiated, in the simplicity of his heart, might answer that he probably means what he says. Not at all; if that were so, "what are we here for?" We are here to find hidden meanings, and one who finds the meaning simple must be stopped, as Armado stops Moth, with

"Define, define, well-educated infant."

It is a verbal masquerade to which we have been invited. No knowing what princes in disguise, as well as anarchists and nihilists and other objectionably interesting persons, may be discovered when the time for unmasking comes.

Now, the effect of all this is that many persons turn away from the poets altogether. Why should they spend valuable time in trying to unravel the meaning of lines which were invented to baffle them? There are plenty of things we do not understand, without going out of our way to find them. Then, as Pope observes,

"True No-meaning puzzles more than Wit."

The real "defense of poesy" is that it has a different function from prose. It is not to be appreciated by the prosaic understanding, — unless, indeed, that awkward faculty be treated to some Delsartean decomposing exercises to get rid of its stiffness. Poetry is like music; it is fitted, not to define an idea or to describe a fact, but to voice a mood. The mood may be the mood of a very simple person, — the mood of a shepherd watching his flocks, or of a peasant in the fields; or, on the other hand, it may be the mood of a philosopher whose mind has been engrossed with the most subtle problems of existence. But in each case the mood, by some suggestion, must be communicated to us. Thoughts and facts must be transfigured; they must come to us as through some finer medium. As we are told that we must experience religion before we know what religion is, so we must experience poetry. The poet is the enchanter, and we are the willing victims of his spells. We are reminded of John Bunyan's quaint incantation over his reader: —

"Would'st thou see
A man i' th' clouds and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a dream and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself and catch no harm?
And find thyself again without a charm?
. . . . . .
O then come hither
And lay my book, thy head and heart together."

Only the gentle reader who yields to the charm can dream the dream. The poet may weave his story of the most common stuff, but "there 's magic in the web of it." If we are conscious of this magical power, we forgive the lack of everything else. The poet may be as ignorant as Aladdin himself, but he has a strange power over our imaginations. At his word they obey, traversing continents, building palaces, painting pictures. They say, "We are ready to obey as thy slaves, and the slaves of all that have that lamp in their hands, — we and the other slaves of the lamp."

This is the characteristic of the poet's power. He does not construct a work of the imagination, — he makes our imaginations do that. That is why the fine passages of elaborate description in verse are usually failures. The verse-maker describes accurately and at length. The poet speaks a word, and Presto! change! We are transported into a new land, and our eyes are "baptized into the grace

and privilege of seeing." Many have taken in hand to write descriptions of spring; and some few painstaking persons have nerved themselves to read what has been written. I turn to the prologue of the Canterbury Tales; it is not about spring, it is spring, and I am among those who long to go upon a pilgrimage. A description of a jungle is an impertinence to one who has come under the spell of William Blake's

> "Tiger! tiger! burning bright
> In the forest of the night."

Those fierce eyes glowing there in the darkness sufficiently illuminate the scene. Immediately it is midsummer, and we feel all its delicious languor when Browning's David sings of

> "The sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
> That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

The first essential to the enjoyment of poetry is leisure. The demon Hurry is the tempter, and knowledge is the forbidden fruit in the poet's paradise. To enjoy poetry, you must renounce not only your easily besetting sins, but your easily besetting virtues as well. You must not be industrious, or argumentative, or conscientious, or strenuous. I do not mean that you must be a person of unlimited leisure and without visible means of support. I have known some very conscientious students of literature who, when off duty, found time to enjoy poetry. I mean that if you have only half an hour for poetry, for that half hour you must be in a leisurely frame of mind.

The poet differs from the novelist in that he requires us to rest from our labors. The ordinary novel is easy reading, because it takes us as we are, in the midst of our hurry. The mind has been going at express speed all the day; what the novelist does is to turn the switch, and off we go on another track. The steam is up, and the wheels go around just the same. The great thing is still action, and we eagerly turn the pages to see what is going to happen next, — unless we are reading some of our modern realistic studies of character. Even then we are lured on by the expectation that, at the last moment, something may happen. But when we turn to the poets, we are in the land of the lotus-eaters. The atmosphere is that of a perfect day,

> "Whereon it is enough for me
> Not to be doing, but to be."

Into this land our daily cares cannot follow us. It is an

> "enchanted land, we know not where,
> But lovely as a landscape in a dream."

Once in this enchanted country, haste seems foolish. Why should we toil on as if we were walking for a wager? It is as if one had the privilege of joining Izaak Walton as he loiters in the cool shade of a sweet honeysuckle hedge, and should churlishly trudge on along the dusty highway rather than accept the gentle angler's invitation: "Pray, let us rest ourselves in this sweet, shady arbor of jessamine and myrtle; and I will requite you with a bottle of sack, and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses I promised you." One may, as a matter of strict conscience, be both a pedestrian and a prohibitionist, and yet not find it in his heart to decline such an invitation.

The poets who delight us with their verses are not always serious-minded persons with an important thought to communicate. When I read,

> "In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree,"

I am not a bit wiser than I was before, but I am a great deal happier. I get more enjoyment from the words than from the most elaborate description of the latest twenty-story building in Chicago; although I have not the slightest idea where Xanadu was, and only the vaguest notion of Kublai Khan, while Chicago is an undoubted fact. There are poets who, when haled before the court of Sound Reason to justify their verses

to an intelligent reading public, must take the poor debtor's oath. They have no intellectual property, real or personal. Yet the world could more easily spare some well-to-do persons.

There are poems that are not meant to be understood. They are mystical and illusive, and in the illusiveness lies their charm. Fancy one's trying to explain Rossetti's Blessed Damozel. Yet when the mood is on us we see her, as she leans

> "From the gold bar of Heaven:
> Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even;
> She had three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair were seven."

This is not astronomy nor theology, nor any of the things we know all about; it is only poetry.

Let no one trouble me by attempting to elucidate Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came. I do not care for a Baedeker. I prefer to lose my way. I love darkness rather than light. I do not care for a topographical chart of the hills that

> "like giants at a hunting lay,
> Chin upon hand."

The mood in which we enjoy such poetry is that of Emerson's Forerunners:

> "Long I followed happy guides,
> I could never reach their sides.
> . . . . . .
> But no speed of mine avails
> To hunt upon their shining trails.
> . . . . . .
> On eastern hills I see their smokes,
> Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
> I met many travellers
> Who the road had surely kept:
> They saw not my fine revellers."

If our thoughts make haste to join these "fine revellers," rejoicing in the sense of freedom and mystery, delighting in the mist and the wind, careless of attaining so that we may follow the shining trails, all is well.

As there are poems which are not meant to be understood, so there are poems that are not meant to be read; that is, to be read through. There is Keats's Endymion, for instance. I have never been able to get on with it. Yet it is delightful, — that is the very reason why I do not care to get on with it. Wherever I begin, I feel that I might as well stay where I am. It is a sweet wilderness into which the reader is introduced.

> "Paths there were many,
> Winding through palmy fern and rushes fenny
> And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
> To a wide lawn. . . .
> Who could tell
> The freshness of the space of heaven above,
> Edged round with dark tree-tops? — through which a dove
> Would often beat its wings, and often, too,
> A little cloud would move across the blue."

We are brought into the very midst of this pleasantness. Deep in the wood we see fair faces and garments white. We see the shepherds coming to the woodland altar.

> "A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
> As may be read of in Arcadian books;
> Such as sat list'ning round Apollo's pipe
> When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
> Let his divinity o'erflowing die
> In music, through the vales of Thessaly."

We see the venerable priest pouring out the sweet-scented wine, and then we see the young Endymion himself: —

> "He seemed
> To common lookers-on like one who dreamed
> Of idleness in groves Elysian."

What happened next? What did Endymion do? Really, I do not know. It is so much pleasanter, at this point, to close the book, and dream "of idleness in groves Elysian." The chances are that when one turns to the poem again he will not begin where he left off, but at the beginning, and read as if he had never read it before; or rather, with more enjoyment because he has read it so many times: —

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
> Its loveliness increases; it will never

Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Shelley describes a mood such as Keats brings to us : —

"My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing
Far away into regions dim
Of rapture, as a boat with swift sails winging
Its way adown some many-winding river."

He who finds himself afloat upon the "many-winding river" throws aside the laboring oar. It is enough to float on, — he cares not whither.

What greater pleasure is there than in Tennyson's Idylls of the King, provided only we do not study them, or simply read them, but dream them ! We must enter into the poet's own mood : —

"I seemed
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point, till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day."

It is good to be there, in that far-off time, good to come to Camelot : —

"Built by old kings, age after age,
So strange and rich and dim."

And all we hear of kings, and magicians, and ladies, and knights is "strange and rich and dim." Over everything is a luminous haze. There are

"hollow tramplings up and down,
And muffled voices heard, and shadows past."

There is the flashing of swords, the weaving of spells, the seeing of visions. All these things must become real to us ; not simply the stainless king and the sinful queen, the prowess of Lancelot and the love of Elaine, but the magic of Merlin and the sorceries of Vivien, with her charms

"Of woven paces and of waving hands."

And we must stand at last with King Arthur on the shore of the mystic sea, and see the barge come slowly with the three queens, "black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream ; " and we must hear across the water a cry,

"As it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world."

But what good is there in all this ? Why waste time on idle dreams ? We hear Walt Whitman's challenge to romantic poetry : —

"Arthur vanished with all his knights, Merlin and Lancelot and Galahad, all gone, dissolved utterly like an exhalation ;
Embroidered, dazzling, foreign world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths,
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and warlike lords and courtly dames,
Passed to its charnel vault, coffined with crown and armor on,
Blazoned with Shakspere's purple page
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme."

Away with the old romance ! Make room for the modern bard, who is

"Bluffed not a bit by drain-pipes, gasometers, and artificial fertilizers."

The intelligent reader, also, is not to be bluffed by any useful things, however unpleasant they may be, but he winces a little as he reads that the "far superber themes for poets and for art" include the teaching by the poet of how

"To use the hammer and the saw (rip or cross-cut),
To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plastering, painting,
To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler, porter,
To invent a little something ingenious to aid the washing, cooking, cleaning."

The Muse of Poetry shrieks at the mighty lines in praise of "leather-dressing, coach-making, boiler-making," and the rest. Boiler-making, she protests, is a useful industry and highly to be commended, but it is not music. When asked to give a reason why she should not receive all these things as poetry, the Muse is much embarrassed. "It 's all true," she says. "Leather-dressing and boiler-making are undoubted realities,

while perhaps Arthur and Lancelot are myths." Yet she is not quite ready to be off with the old love, and on with the new, — it 's all so sudden.

Whitman himself, under the inspiration of great feeling, gave the best illustration of the difference between poetry and prose. Turn to that marvelous dirge, "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed." There is here no catalogue of facts or events, no parade of glaring realism. Tennyson's "sweet sad rhyme" has nowhere more delicious music than we find in the measured cadence of these lines. We are not told the news of the assassination of Lincoln as a man on the street might tell it. It comes to us through suggestion. We are made to feel a mood, not to listen to the description of an event. There is symbolism, suggestion, color mystery. We inhale the languorous fragrance of the lilacs; we see the drooping star; in secluded recesses we hear "a shy and hidden bird" warbling a song; there are dim-lit churches and shuddering organs and tolling bells, and there is one soul heart-broken, seeing all and hearing all.

> "Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
> For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands — and this for his dear sake,
> Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
> There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim."

This is real poetry, and yet while we yield to the charm we are conscious that it is made up of the old familiar elements.

Tennyson's apology to a utilitarian age was not needed: —

> "Perhaps some modern touches here and there
> Redeemed it from the charge of nothingness."

The "modern touches" we can spare. The modern life we have always with us; but it is a rarer privilege to enjoy the best things of the past. It is the poet who is the minister of this fine grace. The historian tells us what men of the past did, the philosopher tells us how their civilizations developed and decayed; we smile at their superstitions, and pride ourselves upon our progress. But the ethereal part has vanished, that which made their very superstitions beautiful and cast a halo over their struggles. These are the elements out of which the poet creates his world, into which we may enter. In the order of historic development chivalry must give way before democracy, and loyalty to the king must fade before the increasing sense of liberty and equality; but the highest ideals of chivalry may remain. Imaginative and romantic poetry has this high mission to preserve what otherwise would be lost. It lifts the mind above the daily routine into the region of pure joy. Whatever necessary changes take place in the world we find, in

> "All lovely tales which we have heard or read,
> An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

I have said that one may be a true poet without having any very important thought to communicate, but it must be said that most of the great poets have been serious thinkers as well. They have had their philosophy of life, their thoughts about nature and about human duty and destiny. It is the function of the poet not only to create for us an ideal world and to fill it with ideal creatures, but also to reveal to us the ideal element in the actual world.

"I do not know what poetical is," says Audrey. "Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" We must not answer with Touchstone: "No, truly! for the truest poetry is the most feigning."

The poetical interpretation of the world is not feigning; it is a true thing, — the truest thing of which we can know. The grace and sublimity which

we see through the poet's eyes are real. We must, however, still insist on our main contention. The poet, if he is to hold us, must always be a poet. His thought must be in solution, and not appear as a dull precipitate of prose. He may be philosophical, but he must not philosophize. He may be moral, but he must not moralize. He may be religious, but let him spare his homilies.

"Whatever the philosopher saith should be done," said Sir Philip Sidney; "the peerless poet giveth a perfect picture of it. He yieldeth to the power of the mind an image of that of which the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description. . . . The poet doth not only show the way, but doth give so sweet a prospect unto the way as will entice any man to enter it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at first give you a cluster of grapes."

We have a right to ask our poets to be pleasant companions even when they discourse on the highest themes. Even when they have theories of their own about what we should enjoy, let us not allow them to foist upon us "wordish descriptions" of excellent things instead of poetry. When the poet invites me to go with him I first ask, "Let me taste your grapes."

You remember Mr. By-ends in the Pilgrim's Progress, — how he said of Christian and Hopeful, "They are headstrong men who think it their duty to rush on in their journey in all weathers, while I am for waiting for wind or tide. I am for Religion when he walks in his silver slippers in the sunshine." That was very reprehensible in Mr. By-ends, and he richly deserved the rebuke which was afterward administered to him. But when we change the subject, and speak, not of religion, but of poetry, I confess that I am very much of Mr. By-ends' way of thinking. There are literary Puritans who, when they take up the study of a poet, make it a point of conscience to go on to the bitter end of his poetical works. If they start with Wordsworth on his Excursion, they trudge on in all weathers. They *do* the poem, as when going abroad they do Europe in six weeks. As the revival hymn says, "doing is a deadly thing." Let me say, good Christian and Hopeful, that though I admire your persistence, I cannot accompany you. I am for a poet only when he puts on his singing robes and walks in the sunshine. As for those times when he goes on prosing in rhyme from force of habit, I think it is more respectful as well as more pleasurable to allow him to walk alone.

The poets are full of great thoughts about nature, about humanity, about religion. In order to enjoy them, we must go to them when the right mood is upon us. To the poet of nature we must go just as we go to nature herself. Not every prospect pleases, and no prospect pleases all the time. There are times when we delight in the sea, and other times when we seek the soothing influence of meadows and hills. As various are the moods to which different poets minister and which they interpret. We speak, for instance, of Wordsworth and Emerson as poets of nature; and so they were, but how different their interpretations! There are times when Emerson only bewilders us, and Wordsworth puts us to sleep. Nature to Wordsworth was nature in England. Everywhere it had human associations and memories. The paths he walked had been trodden by successive generations. The thought of the loving constancy of nature took possession of him. His was

> "the harvest of a quiet eye,
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

When we come "with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony," he satisfies as few others can.

We turn from Wordsworth to Emerson. We are in the New England climate, — a climate not unfriendly to man, but fickle in its kindness. Emerson suspects in nature what the sober imagina-

tion of Wordsworth could not detect, — a certain humorous quality. Nature is for him "a merry Sphinx," who delights in incongruities, and is not above enjoying a practical joke. She speaks in oracles, in paradoxes, in swift suggestions. Wisdom comes by flashes. We

> "mount to Paradise
> By the stairway of surprise."

We must take the vision as it comes: —

> "Speeding Saturn cannot halt;
> Linger, — thou shalt rue the fault:
> If Love his moment overstay,
> Hatred's swift repulsions play."

In the nineteenth century the spirit of the old Vedas was revived, and to the eyes of this American all nature was alive with a divine meaning. Everywhere the light shined; now like a star, now melting in the purple clouds, now like the flecks of sunshine in the New England woods, but always wonderful.

> "The world is the ring of his spells
> And the play of his miracles."

As we enjoy the poetry of nature in the same way that we enjoy nature itself, so our pleasure in the poetry of humanity is but another form of our enjoyment of human nature. We feel toward the people in books as we do toward our friends and neighbors. What is needed is, not learning, but the quick sympathy that goes out toward all sorts and conditions of men. Here is Shakespeare bringing with him

> "A vision of crowded city streets
> With human life in endless overflow."

The natural man enjoys Shakespeare just as he enjoys plunging into the tumultuous life of a great city. He delights in its variety, its activity, its picturesqueness, its infinite suggestiveness. There is so much of it, and it is all alive! It does not distress him to find some things which he does not understand. He is like a man hurried along by a crowd, who enjoys the scraps of conversation which he hears from persons whom he has never seen before, and never expects to see again. They do not add anything to his stock of systematic knowledge, and yet they have a distinct human interest. They pique the curiosity without satisfying it.

Let him not be disheartened when he is challenged by those solemnly erudite persons, the Shakespearean scholars, who rebuke him for his audacity in presuming to enjoy that which he does not fully understand. They warn him off the premises, informing him that all are trespassers who have not mastered "the literature of the subject," and been prepared by adequate linguistic training to appreciate the peculiarities of Elizabethan English. Alas! many a man has taken an innocent delight in Shakespeare who has slight interest in Shakespeareana. The natural man must assert his rights. Our old laws distinguish between small ponds, which may be inclosed as private property, and "boatable waters," from access to which the general public may not be shut out. Shakespeare's genius belongs to the boatable waters whereon all have equal rights. When we put off in our canoes or skiffs or mud scows, we may snap our fingers at the men on the shore. We turn our backs upon "the literature of the subject," and "the original sources," and "all that is at enmity with joy." Let Schoolmaster Holofernes object as he may, we will proceed to enjoy our Shakespeare after our own "undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion."

The joy of the dramatic representation of life comes from the multiplication of our personality. If it is a gift to see ourselves as others see us, it is a greater gift to see others as they see themselves. Here lies the charm of Robert Browning. He explored human nature as Emerson's forest seer explored the woods.

> "What others did at distance hear,
> And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
> Was showed to this philosopher,
> And at his bidding seemed to come."

The frequent verbal obscurity of Browning is a blemish, but the obscurity of his subjects is another matter. One may not only love the sunny fields, but delight to plunge now and then into the thickets. Browning is then a rare companion. He is at home in the thickets of the soul, and many a shy thing comes at his bidding.

In these days we are likely to hear discourses from the pulpit on the Religion of the Poets. The theme is a noble one, but frequently it is treated in too ponderous a fashion. There is a religion of the poets which comes with power to many who care little for the religion of the priests. But it is not formal or didactic. It is the welling up of that "natural piety" of which Wordsworth speaks. Shelley describes it when he says, "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." To share in the best moments of the best minds, to enter into their happiness, what is this but a religious exercise and privilege? It is not only poets like Dante and Milton, who sought expression for their theology in verse, who have entered into the sphere of religion. All the greatest poets have grappled with religious problems, and in their best moments they have uttered words of lofty cheer.

"I believe the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity."

Here, as elsewhere, the great thing is the mood. We cannot enjoy the highest poetry without being in the mood of reverence. Charles Lamb would have a solemn service of music to prepare for the reading of Milton, and Longfellow came to Dante as to a great cathedral.

"As I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Samuel M. Crothers.

MR. CRAWFORD'S AVE ROMA.

The nature of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's elaborate and beautifully illustrated book about Rome is fairly well indicated by the sonorous title, with its remote echo of the blood-stained arena, — Ave Roma Immortalis. The work is neither archæological, historical, ecclesiastical, nor political, though partaking in a degree of all these characters. It is quite frankly sentimental and picturesque. It is a *Carmen Sæculare* in two bulky volumes, — a sustained hymn of praise to the goddess of a lifelong worship. It has the proportions of an epic, and in some sense the character of one, with its catalogues and episodes, its artfully arranged historical vistas and passages of brilliant description; and Mr. Crawford is to be congratulated on having done, with much enthusiasm, large general knowledge, and almost unerring taste, what no one of the innumerable writers on Rome had exactly done before him.

Every reasonably well-informed guest of the Eternal City, who stays long enough to take breath and look tranquilly about him there, finds his imagination bewildered at first, and his thought confused by the diversity and the frequent incongruity among themselves of the stately and impressive things he sees. The one everlasting Rome of his historic or religious worship has disappeared for the time, and he finds himself confronted by the visible fragments of a dozen

different Romes. Here are the broken marbles and stark brickwork of classic Rome; underfoot are the crowded graves of early Christian Rome; yonder the surly towers of mediæval Rome; here, there, and everywhere the faded though still flaunting splendors of renascent papal Rome; and mingling with, and temporarily, at least, vulgarizing and disfiguring all, are the crude and tasteless architectural experiments of that sorry Rome of to-day, which yet ought to appeal more strongly to our human sympathies than any and all the rest; for it is a city of living men fighting a desperate battle; a link, however hastily and coarsely forged, in the age-long chain, — the one link capable of binding the Rome of the dreamlike past to the Rome of the yet more dreamlike and uncertain future. The stranger soon perceives the impossibility of comprehending in less than a lifetime any one of these hopelessly mixed and recklessly superimposed cities. He has but a small fraction to bestow of a life which has never appeared to him so pitifully short as now; and he cannot decide, upon the instant, which of all the Romes he would prefer if possible approximately to comprehend.

It is here that Mr. Crawford steps in with the consolatory assurance that no such choice is needful. "It is better," he says in so many words, "to feel much at Rome than to try and know a little." He would assist his reader to recover something of the sympathetic intuition and large uncritical outlook of the last-century traveler and man of letters; of that spirit which makes Eustace and Bonstetten better company and more satisfying reading upon Italian soil than any gymnasium-crammed and diploma-crowned investigator of to-day. In short, it is Mr. Crawford's express aim to restore, as in a vision, the broken unity of this protean metropolis, resetting successive dynasties in what seems to him their true perspective, until the earliest of them all fades away in the *lumen purpureum* which clothes the Alban hills.

It is evident that minute archæological and chronological criticism would be entirely out of place in the review of such a book; and, indeed, the author himself has almost precluded its possibility, for he rarely gives an exact date, and never cites an authority save in the most casual and informal manner, — "the ever delightful Baracconi," or "Lanciani, probably the greatest authority on Roman antiquities, living or dead." A few points may be noted, nevertheless, at which the perspective of Mr. Crawford's large composition seems to us faulty and his color not altogether true.

His résumé of the legendary history of Rome is admirable; for here, of necessity, he follows Livy, and, consciously or unconsciously, he has caught something of the grand style of that superb piece of writing, the matchless first book of the annals. When, however, he comes down into full historic times, he goes astray after German gods, and fairly out-Mommsens Mommsen in his extravagant laudation of both Julius and Augustus Cæsar. Assuredly these were great men, among the greatest the world has seen: the one by vast native genius, the other by rare and rarely utilized opportunity. But they were great at a great period, from a high vantage-ground, and among a crowd of other memorable Romans, many of whom nearly approached them in distinction; and it is ridiculous to try to revive at the end of the nineteenth century an apotheosis which was calculated and fictitious at the beginning of the first. When Mr. Crawford says that "the world might have been what it is without Alexander, without Charlemagne, without Napoleon, but not without Julius Cæsar," and that "Alexander left chaos behind him, while Cæsar left Europe," it is difficult to understand what he means. Cæsar left Europe as a "geographical expression," and so

did Alexander leave Asia; but the actual return to "chaos and old night," the long syncope of civilization during which mankind lost, for a time, even the memory of what had been, occurred, not between Alexander's conquests and Cæsar's, but between the era of imperial Rome and that of Christianized and Catholic Europe. Later on, when, after touching in a strangely light and inadequate manner upon the martyrology of Rome, he comes to the internecine feuds of the mediæval barons, Mr. Crawford finds it a woeful thing that the population of the world's capital should have fallen from the million, more or less, which the best authorities now give as its maximum, to about seventeen thousand souls. But he takes no note whatever of that time after the capture of Rome by Totila in 547, when for a period of full forty days — the dreariest Lent on record — not one living human creature was left inside the walls. The same sort of caprice and partiality appears in his estimate of the great Roman writers. He gives the better part of a chapter to Horace, for whom he has a special devotion, presenting a life-like and in the main very truthful picture of the man, his works, and the society in which he moved. But he hardly recognizes the existence of writers of the second rank, like Juvenal and Statius, who nevertheless tell us so much more than their superiors condescend to do concerning the every-day life of ancient Rome; while Virgil — best beloved always, if not most keenly relished, of all the ancients, "landscape lover, lord of language," he of whom the "sense of tears in human things" is really the chief psychological tie between the pagan and Christian dispensations — is dismissed with the solitary and amazing remark that "appealing to the tradition of a living race of nobles, . . . he does not appeal to the modern man"! Nor can we forbear the inquiry, of what can Mr. Crawford have been dreaming, when he says of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, the master of a unique Latin style, — post-classical, of course, and provincial, but of rare distinction, — that he "knew very little Greek" (which may well be true, though he tells us much in the Confessions about his struggles with the elder tongue at school), "and was probably no great Latin scholar"?

The fourteen *regiones* into which Augustus divided his reconstructed and beautified Rome correspond roughly, though under altered names, with the *rioni*, or wards, of the mediæval and modern city; and it was a novel and rather happy thought of Mr. Crawford's to arrange his reminiscences of later times topographically, giving a chapter to each rione or region, and grouping together all the important and specially scenic events which have taken place within its limits. The casual visitor at Rome thinks very little about the rioni, each one of which guarded jealously for ages its local peculiarities and prejudices, and had its own badge or symbol, like the *contrade* of Siena, — a column, a pine cone, a group of three hills, — which badges Pope Benedict XIV., in the middle of the last century, caused to be engraved on marble shields and set up at the principal street corners of the different districts. They are all clearly defined and numbered upon the map prefixed to Mr. Crawford's first volume, — the only map, by the way, which finds a place among the profuse and for the most part admirable illustrations to Ave Roma.

But the map itself is too small; the great main landmarks are not plainly enough indicated, and it has the disadvantage of appearing, at the first glance, to have been inserted upside down. There is, perhaps, no intrinsic reason why a survey of the modern city should not begin at the point where everybody now enters it, the great railway station near the Bath of Diocletian; that is to say, why this point should not be

at the bottom of the map. Yet it still seems more natural and regular to approach Rome in spirit by the Flaminian Way, and for the eye to travel from the Porto del Popolo, leaving St. Peter's on the right and the Pincian Hill upon the left, up the length of the Corso toward the Capitol, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Lateran, and so on across the Campagna to those beauteous mountains of the south which form a perpetual background to the ever widening view.

A corresponding sense of chronological dislocation and inversion seems, at times, to result from studying the annals of mediæval Rome by regions; and it is undoubtedly a little confusing to find chapter vii. devoted chiefly to Cola di Rienzi's revolt, which took place in the fourteenth century, and chapter x. to that of Arnold of Brescia, which belongs to the twelfth. Both characters are vividly and sympathetically portrayed, though a thought less than justice is perhaps done to the sincere mysticism of Cola; while a good deal of light is shed on the obscurer movements associated with the names of Crescentius and Porcari, and even upon the weird figure of Theodora Senatrix, reputed ancestress both of the Crescenzi and of the Colonnas, who terrorized Rome from the mole of Hadrian in the early part of the tenth century. The truth is that Ave Roma ought not to be read consecutively, but topically, and if it may be, of course, upon the spot.

Mr. Crawford's review of that gloomiest period of the middle age, when Rome was a cluster of fortified camps, and her squalid populace the alternate prey of Colonnas, Orsini, Gaetani, and the lesser baronial families, is both very graphic and remarkably lucid. Here too, as always, he is the man of feeling and the pronounced partisan, siding with the Colonnas against all comers. He cherishes one of his romantic passions for that ancient race in all its branches and at every stage of its history. He has idealized some of the hereditary traits of the Colonnas in the Saracinescas of his Italian novels; and finds himself rather embarrassed sometimes, as a good Catholic, by their disrespectful attitude toward the Popes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. For the Colonnas were stanch Ghibellines, and cared little for pontiffs who were not of their own making. He even feels bound to defend the peerless Vittoria from the charge of unbecoming levity in her intercourse with Michelangelo. For our own part, we never dreamed of questioning the discretion of either of those exalted beings; and the earnestness of their latest apologist reminds one a little of the reply of the aged poet Rogers to the Frenchwoman who was his own contemporary, and who hinted that they might be compromised by remaining too long *en tête-à-tête:* "Ah, madame, we might have excited remark at sweet seventy-eight, *mais nos beaux jours sont passés.*" Among Mr. Crawford's many good and brilliant gifts a sense of humor is not conspicuous. It is the chief defect in the best of his romances.

The fullest and most valuable part of the present work is that which treats of later mediæval and ecclesiastical Rome; and this is well, for it is the visible Rome of the Popes — *baroque*, and yet how lovely! — which has suffered most from recent vandalism, and is likely to suffer yet more. The present Italian government respects, and will rescue and defend according to its own lights, the *avanzi* of Republican and Imperial Rome; but it hates, and cares not how soon it consigns to oblivion, the obvious reminders of papal domination. It is in this part of his book, also, that Mr. Crawford fulfills the promise made upon his title-page, and draws his material largely from original chronicles and the private annals of the great Roman houses. One can tell in a moment when he begins borrowing from Latin and early Italian records, by the peculiar style —

simple and sometimes noble, but so unlike his own — into which he regularly falls; a style which partakes about equally of the Old Testament and of Malory's Morte d'Arthur. We are glad, however, when Mr. Crawford goes back to his own equally picturesque but more virile and forcible manner. His whole discussion of the origins of the Renaissance in Art is fresh and striking, though the theme is so well worn, and shows the easy grasp of one who has lived all his life in an artistic atmosphere. Mr. Crawford says Renascence, as Matthew Arnold conscientiously tried to do, and there is every reason in favor of this form. But the world is inert, and clings to the more familiar French word.

Again, when he comes to dealing with the Renaissance Popes, we find our author somewhat hampered by his allegiance to the titular head of the Church. He accepts without comment the decorous convention of the Pope's nephews, and passes lightly over such pontificates as those of Alexander VI. (Borgia) and Leo X. (Medici). But he takes it out — if one may be permitted to say so — upon Cæsar Borgia, to whom he does not hesitate to attribute the murder of his brother, the Duke of Gandia, though the most respectable authorities now incline to relieve Cæsar's burdened conscience of that one enormity, and to charge it upon Cardinal Ascanio Sforza; and he has painted one of his most gorgeous and highly wrought pictures of the last banquet together of Vanozza and her unnatural sons. Mr. Crawford is also sufficiently severe upon Clement VII. (Medici), who had so nearly betrayed the Eternal City to irreparable ruin; and he credits Paul IV. (Caraffa), who established the Inquisition in Rome, with having confirmed the apostasy of England by the roughness with which he repelled the pious advances of the youthful Queen Elizabeth.

As between the Dominicans who administered the Inquisition and the Jesuits, he adheres warmly to the latter; analyzing ably and persuasively, in the chapter concerning the ninth Region, (*pigna*), which contains their evicted college and their finest church, the character, aims, and achievements of that curiously misconceived and dreaded order. "Neither their faults," as he truly says, "nor their mistakes seem adequate to explain the deadly hatred which they have so often roused against them among Christians of all denominations."

Mr. Crawford is naturally no admirer of the house of Savoy, nor has he much faith in the future of United Italy; and it must be confessed that the faith of those who hoped most from the new order has been sorely tried, and that there is no clear outlook ahead. But the author of Ave Roma is a Cæsarist by temperament as well as by conviction; and we think he repeats once or twice too often his favorite bonmot to the effect that the difference between the United Italy of Julius Cæsar and the United Italy of to-day is this: that in the former case the Romans took Italy, while in the latter the Italians have taken Rome. To him, born in Rome under Pope Pius IX., and steeped from boyhood in the sentiment of the stately days gone by, the Pope is still, by rights, a temporal sovereign; and we really wonder at his forbearance concerning the immense blunder — to call it by no graver name — which was committed when the seat of the new government was removed hither from Florence. No one having even a superficial knowledge of the facts will be inclined to think that in his concluding chapter, entitled Leo the Thirteenth, Mr. Crawford has exaggerated the great qualities of the present Pope either as a statesman or as a saint. All that he says in that most interesting chapter is true; and it seems disproportionate only when we remark that the name of King Umberto does not occur at all in these volumes, and that of Queen Margherita once only, in connection with a peculiarly

trivial anecdote; while the far greater name of Camillo Cavour is, we believe, never mentioned save in the following extraordinary collocation: "On a smaller scale, — perhaps because he represented a much smaller power, — Cardinal Antonelli is to be classed with Disraeli, Metternich, Cavour, and Bismarck."

But it may be that we too have lost our sense of proportion, and have dwelt too long upon the trifling flaws in what is, after all, a delightful and a timely book. For the ambitious and unterrified student, who wants something more than this elegant and beguiling guide, something drier, and perhaps deeper, there are volumes innumerable within the reach of all, — Muratori, Nibby, Gregorovius, Ampère, Lanciani, Gaston Boissier, to name only a few of the most obvious. There is also the indefatigable Murray, ready always to contradict his former statements in his latest edition, and the amiable Hare, to suggest a trite poetical quotation at every turn. Even Zola's pitilessly photographed backgrounds have a certain value in their bare veracity. But the young enthusiast, predestined to a grand passion for the mistress, Rome, will prefer Ave Roma to them all; and so will the jaded worldling, who has begun to suspect that study also is vanity; while the *moriturus* — the aging and unwilling exile, who yet doubts in his darkest moments only that he may never see the fairest spot on earth again — will bless the book for the strong illusion of vanished days and scenes, both in his own life and in that of the imperishable city, which it has power to conjure up.

A GROUP OF RECENT NOVELS.

It sometimes happens to a writer, not weighted with too great ambitions, to select his subject so happily and to treat it so simply and skillfully, guided by so sure an instinct for artistic truth, which is also, as Goethe says, the truth of nature, that he produces what is just as surely a masterpiece, in its modest way, as the biggest work of the first of the immortals. It seems to us that this is precisely what Mr. Gilbert Parker has done in his very beautiful story The Battle of the Strong. From start to finish, the tale is *right*, — clear, temperate, symmetrical; awakening in the reader a keen personal sympathy with the author's creations, moving smoothly and surely to an end not clearly foreseen from the beginning any more than the end of life is foreseen, but perceived after the fact to have been inevitable.

Mr. Parker, as readers of The Atlantic Monthly know, lays his scene in the Isle of Jersey, where he is entirely at home; he is far too deeply penetrated with the spirit of its life and lore to show any signs of that cheap process best known by the appropriately vulgar name of "reading up." The sweet Jersey landscape is here as a background to the action, but never obtruded or overdrawn. The insular customs and quaint racial characteristics of the Jersiais are here, a little more pronounced than the modern traveler sees them, as they must needs have been at the date of the story. The delicious Jersey dialect is here, but so sparingly introduced that, even in these days of the flagrant abuse of dialect, — when one sickens at the sight of a page bespattered with bizarre spelling, — we actually long for more. It seems so limpid and spontaneous a form of human expression that we are conscious of a certain liability to drop into it, and *nannin-gia* springs unbidden to

the lips, as the "one entire and perfect" form of mild yet energetic negation. It is as apt and as artless as the baby's *da-da* or the overworked monosyllables of the anthropoid ape. What, for example, could excel the following in humor and charm?

"The ability to speak English — his own English — was the pride of Jean Touzel's life. He babbled it all the way, and chiefly about a mythical Uncle Elias, who was the text for many a sermon. 'Times past,' he said, as they neared Maître Ile, 'mon Onc' 'Lias, he knows these Ecréhoses better as all the peoples of the world — respé d'la compagnie! Mon Onc' 'Lias, he was a fine man. Once when there is a fight between de Henglish and de hopping Johnnies,' — he pointed toward France, — 'dere is seven French ship, dere is two Henglish ship — gentlemen-of-war dey are call. Eh ben, one of de Henglish ships, he is not a gentleman-of-war; he is what you call go-on-your-own-hook, — *privator*. But it is all de same, très-ba, all right! What you think coum to pass? De big Henglish ship, she is hit ver' bad; she is all break up. Efin, dat leetle privator he stan' round on de fighting side of de gentleman-of-war, and take de fire by her loneliness. Say, then, wherever dere is troub' mon Onc' 'Lias he is there. He stan' outside de troub' an' look on. Dat is his hobby! You call it hombog? Oh, *nannin-gia!* Suppose two peoples goes to fight, ah bah, somebody must pick up de pieces, — dat is mon Onc' 'Lias! He have his boat full of hoysters; so he sit dere all alone and watch dat great fight, an' heat de hoyster an' drink de cider vine!'"

For the rest, Mr. Parker's characters are mainly noble, yet not too impossibly noble. They have many faults among them, but few weaknesses, and their *démêlé* is rightly named The Battle of the Strong. The souls of these gallant combatants may be sin-stained, as their bodies are war and weather stained; but they fight fair; the tale of their prowess is inspiriting, and, above all things, clean; and we are glad to see the great prize of the contest fall, in the end, to that repentant sinner over whom the angels are reported specially to rejoice.

If the novel fails at any point in artistic sobriety and perfect *justesse*, it is in unduly protracting the last agony of Philip. His touching testament seems rather too long and elaborate a document for a desperately hurt and rapidly sinking man to have written without aid.

Were Mr. Parker to go on and write another novel showing as marked an advance over this, in the mastery of his material, as does this over the clever but slightly turbid and confusing Seats of the Mighty, there is no saying to what he might not eventually attain. But it is enough, in a time of rough work and reckless haste, to have done one thing exactly as well as it can be done, and to have afforded the worried spirit of the would-be conscientious critic an hour of unexpected and most grateful repose.

Caleb West, Master Diver, the able and original romance by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, which also first appeared in these pages, is both vigorous and pleasing. The author has a manly enthusiasm for vast and daring mechanical enterprises, rising at times, as does Mr. Kipling's in the Bridge-Builders, fairly to poetic power. He is also moved by a generous desire to sing in fitting strains the dumb heroism of the New England mariners, the hardest tried and least remunerated, whether by prizes or praises, of all the obscure toilers of this world. Mr. Smith has thrown himself into the life of these men with special ardor; but his range is wide, and he shows much insight into the workings of many minds, and delineates with great spirit and humor other strongly marked national types, as that of Major Slocomb, the expansive and mercurial Marylander. Certain qualities of the pictorial ar-

tist are conspicuous in scattered bits of vivid description; and this makes one regret the more that the actual illustrations to the story should fall on a lower plane, emphasizing one of the author's own dangers by oversentimentalizing the situation.

Captain Joe — an heroic old acquaintance of the readers of Mr. Smith's short stories, who here gives us an opportunity for knowing him more intimately — and Caleb West are two as real men as have got themselves into the pages of a novel for a long time. Rough but not coarse, weather-beaten, of the heroic temper, with characters shaped more by their calling as builders of submarine structures than by any social influences or human associations (for they are men who might have lived at any time), they are a type of the product of our Northern seashore and seafaring life, — a life that has been strangely neglected both in history and in fiction. Whatever else Mr. Smith has done or may do, he has in these men presented characters of permanent human interest. They walk through the book and come into the reader's attention with a reality that not only justifies their existence, but that gives the story a proper place at the head of Mr. Smith's fiction; for it marks an advance on all his previous work.

A striking feature of the story is the wide range of Sanford's sympathies; his alternate and almost equally balanced passion for luxury on the one hand, and for hardship and peril on the other. He is, however, quite consistent in his versatility, and as fully alive as any of the other specimens of that undeniably charming type which recent changes in the aspect of the world's affairs have brought into high repute, both in life and in fiction, — the generous dreamer who waits only opportunity to become the generous doer, the man of fashion under whose urbane exterior are latent the most stirring potentialities of the man of action. Incidentally, too, in the strong sketch of Carleton, the superintendent of the lighthouse work, we have an illustration, which has much point in this year of grace, of the power carelessly lodged in the government overseer to repress the noble rage and thwart the unselfish endeavor of the knights-errant of true progress.

The genteel comedy which is made to run alongside this brave narrative of a struggle with elemental forces and unformulated laws suggests the conventional; yet a word of hearty praise must be given to the discreet and delicate treatment of a dubious situation in the relations between Sanford and Mrs. Leroy. The smothered love story of these two, with its blameless course and quiet end of unspoken renunciation, is a great deal more true to the nature of honorable folk, betrayed by circumstance into a hopelessly false position, than your two-penny cynic likes to admit.

It must be that we read books of travel far more for the sake of the traveler's idiosyncrasies than for solid information about the lands which he or she may elect to visit; else how should we be ready and eager to accompany a dozen successive adventurers to the North Pole or the heart of Africa, scores to Russia, India, and Egypt, hundreds to Athens, and thousands to Rome? No reader can reasonably have expected that the beguiling heroine of Penelope's English Experiences would have anything new to tell him about the "land o' cakes and brither Scots" in the tartan-clad volume with the alliterative title of Penelope's Progress. But who, after having sojourned in London and "Belvern" with Penelope, would hesitate about accompanying her anywhere? She is at her very best in Scotland, with her bright audacity, her invincible good temper, and, above all, her frank and infectious laughter at herself. Her gift of unforced but unflagging high spirits is one that is becoming ominously rare in this

world ; and once we have yielded a minor point of old-fashioned etiquette, and conceded that one's experiences of private hospitality may properly be served over as side dishes at a public banquet, we shall find few entrées more daintily and spicily concocted than Penelope's. It would hardly be possible to win a social victory more adroitly, or to describe it less offensively, than does our witty countrywoman that of her first Edinburgh dinner party : —

"I think my neighbor found me thoroughly delightful, after he discovered my point of view. He was an earl; and it always takes an earl a certain length of time to understand me. I scarcely know why, for I certainly should not think it courteous to interpose any real barriers between the nobility and that portion of the 'masses' represented in my humble person. . . . The earl took the greatest interest in my new ancestors, and approved thoroughly of my choice. He thinks I must have been named for Lady Penelope Belhaven, who lived in Leven Lodge, one of the country villas of the Earls of Leven, from whom he himself is descended. 'Does that make us relatives ?' I asked. 'Relatives, most assuredly,' he replied, 'but not too near to destroy the charm of friendship.'

"He thought it a great deal nicer to select one's own forbears than to allow them all the responsibility, and said it would save a world of trouble if the plan could be universally adopted. He added that he should be glad to part with a good many of his, but doubted whether I would accept them, as they were 'rather a scratch lot.' I use his own language, which I thought delightfully easy for a belted earl."

There is a great deal else in the book which is quite as amusing as this ; and some few graver passages, like the discussion of the typical Scotch sermon and long improvised public prayer, which show both sympathy and acute penetration.

In its freshness, lightness, and candor, and in absolute lack of pretension to be other than it is, Penelope's Progress is a delightful book.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's Phases of an Inferior Planet suggests the aspects of life from the window of a New York elevated car. The clatter and roar of city sounds form the dreary undertone of this entire story of two unhappy lives. That a girl with a passion for music and a genius for sensation of every keen variety should have met and married a man of extraordinary development, almost wholly mental, was sufficient to bring tragedy to each of them. Their union has given Miss Glasgow the opportunity of drawing not only the life they both lived, but also a vivid picture of the Bohemian New York in which they found themselves and each other. They and their fellow occupants of a cheap apartment house, the whole sordid background for the tragic birth and death of their child, and their own bitter separation are depicted with convincing skill in the first Phase of the narrative. The exceptional success of the detached husband as the rector of a church with a name impossible for an Anglican parish contributes to the second Phase of the story something less of reality ; for it is difficult to conceive that the reverend father could have wrought such clerical wonders with a head so little aided by his heart. But in this Phase the reunion of man and wife is the real thing, and it is vigorously brought about by the author. That its final outward achievement is frustrated by the woman's dying and the man's becoming a suicide, by intention if not in act, may be regarded merely as a bit of the general evidence that destiny is too much both for Miss Glasgow and for her creations. The book, if you will, is a morbid anatomy of the spirit, — an anatomy of the morbid spirit may define it more truly, — and those who care not for such undertakings may well abstain from

it. Yet it possesses the distinction of dealing bravely with actual life, although in unlovely manifestations, and therefore of affecting the reader very much as such life might move the observer to sympathy or repulsion. The story, moreover, in spite of a tendency at times to sacrifice too much to the sententious and epigrammatic, is excellently told, without too many traces of the influence of "favorite authors." It bears out the promise of the writer's first attempt in The Descendant, and it makes promises of its own for further interpretations of the modern.

Unhappily, it is impossible to look forward to anything more from the pen of Mrs. Maria Louise Pool. Her latest story, A Golden Sorrow, has many qualities which go to make the reminder, *nil nisi bonum*, superfluous. It turns upon the unwilling marriage of a pleasure-seeking Northern girl in Florida to a Spanish grandee, who, aided by the girl's ambitious mother, forces her to desert the man she truly loves, and to attempt a married life in which the gold is found to weigh as nothing in comparison with the sorrow. The tale begins lightly, and when the premonitory note of tragedy is struck, the whole affair, as the author well says, seems to the young man like a scene in a burlesque opera, and he wonders when the chorus will begin singing something comic. To his own sorrow, he soon learns that for him and the woman he loves both chorus and solos, from that time forth, are pitched in the most tragic of keys. If fault is to be found with the narrative, it lies in the trumping up at the last moment of the comic-opera device of a forgotten mock marriage, which is proved to have had sufficient reality to permit the heroine to escape from her galling bonds, and to lend herself to a "happy ending." It is in the unhappy portion of the story that the writer has revealed uncommon directness and energy in her treatment of a tragic theme. The latter portion of the title-page of Joanna Baillie's Series of Plays, "in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the mind," defines with accuracy the attempt which Mrs. Pool has made, and it must be said that her attempt has been rewarded with a large measure of success.

The task which Mr. Julian Ralph has set himself in his story An Angel in a Web presents difficulties even greater than those of blending tragedy and comedy; for here he has assayed the almost impossible fusion of the natural and the supernatural. The natural has to do with a dying rich man, his will and a missing heir, and the story composed of these elements is a reasonably interesting creation of the rather improbable sort. The supernatural is provided by the intervention of the spirits of the rich man's dead relatives, "Etherians," on behalf of everybody concerned in the property. The total result is an inevitable flavor of unreality, which exists neither in life nor in the unadulterated productions of specialists in psychical research. Many of these would doubtless approve the theory of blending the psychic and the actual, but they could hardly defend its practice in art which does not contrive to carry conviction to the reader.

Wholly actual is Mr. Will Payne's story of The Money Captain. It belongs to the family of The Honorable Peter Stirling and The Federal Judge, and is a straightforward attempt to put into fiction one of the less alluring phases of contemporary American life. The relations between a capitalist, here a "gas duke," and a corrupt city government, here Chicago, the exposure of these relations by a journalist of integrity and almost brutal daring, — these, with the subordinate element of a love story, are the writer's raw materials. The structure into which he moulds them, by a process somewhat lacking in ease, but often and increasingly vigorous, insists upon being taken with a certain serious-

ness. As a mere narrative it is by no means without power, and as an illustrative comment upon current American affairs it has a positive value.

A corresponding historic value is to be found in A Herald of the West, an American Story of 1811–1815, by Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler. Its hero is a young Kentuckian, connected with the government at Washington before the war of 1812, and serving in the army throughout the conflict. The descriptions of the British attack upon Washington and of the battle of New Orleans give the story a specific interest for students of history. But perhaps its best service is rendered by its delineation of the national temper before and during the war, which is made to appear even more responsible than the Revolution for the old-time feeling of hostility toward England. In such a story it is not unnatural to feel that the historical transcends the human interest. The book, as a work of fiction, commands more respect than enthusiasm.

It is a far cry from America, present or historic, to the scenes, events, and characters of Mr. S. R. Crockett's tale The Red Axe. As the title suggests, it is a story of "heads off all round," in which a red slayer exercises no self-deception whatever in thinking that he slays. All that one asks of such a narrative of love and bloody adventure in mediæval times is that the incidents shall be abundant and unhackneyed; that the possibilities, if not the probabilities, shall be regarded; and that the writer shall show himself to be familiar not only with essential human nature, but also with the art of writing. These demands are agreeably satisfied by the author of The Red Axe. When Mr. Crockett becomes thoroughly warmed to his work, as in the last third of the volume, he provides so exciting a narrative of its sort that none but the most hardened reader could fail to be stirred by it.

To the same emotions touched by this book Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson appeals, by somewhat different means, in his story The Adventurers. What a few modern French painters have tried to do with sacred subjects he has attempted in this tale of treasure-trove concealed and defended in an ancient castle, fully equipped with moat, portcullis, and dungeon keep; for the participants in the galloping series of mediæval adventures which form the substance of the book are for the most part thoroughly modern Englishmen, such as any of us might encounter in or out of their native country. Except for a race of two hansom cabs in London, the futile intervention of contemporary law, and the catastrophe supplied by the running down of a smack by a transatlantic liner in the Severn, the entire machinery of the tale is mediæval, and the spectacle of its handling by a little company of men easily within the limits of our personal acquaintance imparts to the narrative a refreshing element of novelty. According to a reader's taste, it is for or against the story that no element of love appears in all its three hundred pages. If the common belief is founded upon reason, it will therefore appeal more strongly to men than to women. The judicious of both sexes will probably unite in wishing the story shorter; for, in spite of fertility of invention and agility of manner, there is such a thing as a surfeit of adventure, and Mr. Watson might well have been a little more cautious.

Restraint would have added also to the value of another tale conspicuous for masculinity, — Mr. Alfred Ollivant's Bob, Son of Battle. Bob is the industrious apprentice of shepherd dogs in the region at the north of England where the scene of the story is laid. In contrast and ceaseless conflict with him stands Red Wull, a great ill-begotten tyke, with a horrid way of hurling himself with a crash against a door closing on a retreating human figure. The enmity between Bob and Red Wull is paralleled by the

enmity between their masters, models respectively of everything good and evil. Even the philosopher whose regard for dogs increased with his knowledge of men would have found it hard to choose between Adam M'Adam and his hideous Wull; but he who would know more about the ways of shepherds and shepherd dogs, their rivalries of sagacity, vengeance, and faithfulness, will find that much light is thrown upon these subjects by the pages written out of the fullness of Mr. Ollivant's sympathy and knowledge. There are those, moreover, who run to dog-fights as willingly as to fires, and for them the book will have the special value of removing the necessity for undignified physical exercise.

The teller of short stories obviously runs fewer risks of over-elaboration than the writer of longer narratives, but there are pitfalls even in the shortest courses. A book which well illustrates the results both of avoiding and of falling into them is The Man who Worked for Collister, by Miss Mary Tracy Earle. When there is a failure to set out with a definite, adequate end in view, the result is likely to be as vague as the impression made by a fellow creature whose personality keeps him constantly in the "middle distance." Against this vagueness even a graceful, sympathetic manner cannot always successfully contend. But when such a manner as the writer of these tales has at her command is brought to the service of a clearly conceived story of life that has a sufficient intrinsic interest, one need make no complaint of the resulting product. A story of this order is that which gives the volume its title; another is The Fig-Trees of Old Jourdé; still another, Mr. Willie's Wedding-Veil. The best of the writer's descriptions of Creole scenes are notably good.

That it is not enough, however, to display a mastery of a strange dialect is suggested by the presence not only in Miss Earle's book, but also in Mr. Maurice Thompson's Stories of the Cherokee Hills, of tales which produce upon the reader no effect of a quality other than temporary. Indeed, excepting for the picture of the old master and slave, Ben and Judas, these tales by Mr. Thompson produce, and perhaps aim to produce, less the effect of fiction pure and simple than that of the writings loosely and generally defined as "side lights on history." Mr. Thompson's chief object has been to depict the state of society and the curious race conditions existing in northern Georgia in the bewildering days of reconstruction. If the writer has confessedly elected to achieve this end by the means of fiction, it is of less consequence that the fiction should be wholly remarkable as such than that its end should be achieved so successfully as it is.

Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson's Dumb Foxglove and Other Stories brings the reader to the intangible things of New England. Her stories are eminently those of a woman, and have to do usually with a strange personification of New England character, touched equally with something of the poetic and of the "queer." A deformed child who invents Biblical dishes as extravagant as Lear's "gosky patties," an old man who explains and justifies everything in the terms of apples, an old woman who figures by mistake as the chief mourner at the funeral of a person quite unknown to her, and is changed for life by the experience, — these are typical creations of Mrs. Slosson's fancy. Her tales are not echoes of Miss Jewett's or Miss Wilkins's, but have a separate, half-mystical quality of their own. They are sometimes overburdened with detail, like the spoken narrations of many New England women, yet they carry with them much that is quaint, suggestive, and rememberable.

Very different are the qualities of mysticism and of method which characterize The Shape of Fear and Other Ghostly Tales, by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. Apart from any contrast with diffuseness, these

really short stories are to an uncommon degree incisive and to the point. The supernatural element, instead of taking on the religious tinge of Mrs. Slosson's mysticism, is of the purely ghostly order, and the communing is frequently with evil rather than good spirits. Of the mundane relations described in one of her stories Mrs. Peattie says: "Fate was annoyed at this perfect friendship. It did n't give her enough to do, and fate is a restless thing, with a horrible appetite for variety." It is usually to aid the gratification of this appetite that the unseen influences play their part in these tales. That they possess a certain distinction is due to the author's variety of imagination, and to an effective directness of telling which amounts to a positive quality of style. It would be unfair to leave the impression that the writer's skill is concerned wholly with gruesome materials, for there is abundant pathos in the stories of Their Dear Little Ghost and From the Loom of the Dead; and in A Grammatical Ghost a refreshing leavening of humor is apparent. It will be interesting to observe what larger and more ambitious work will come from this same author, who has now put forth three books of short stories.

Shorter than the shortest of Mrs. Peattie's stories, and quite distinct from all the other writings noticed here, are the observations of Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. They stand alone, because the volume which contains them must be seriously considered as a claimant for a place among the real contributions to American humor. Such contributions may or may not endure; but just as Major Jack Downing, Hosea Biglow, and that genial showman Artemus Ward figured as typical spokesmen for something in the American body politic and social at the times of their appearance, so Martin Dooley, saloon-keeper of Chicago, speaks truly as a living man of living things. The explanation of its success is not far to seek. The Chicago journalist, Mr. F. P. Dunne, who is known in open secret as its author, has dealt with such topics of the Spanish war and the years of peace immediately preceding it as have come under the daily notice of everybody. Into the mouth of the philosophic Dooley, familiar with ward politics, laboring men, and the police, he has put the shrewdest of comments upon all these topics. The dialect is an exact reproduction of the unconsciously droll speech of Dooleys known to us all, and the humor of this particular sage, and of the sharers in his walk and conversation, is often as subtle as his common sense is sound. To test the effect of his words not only in sound, but in significance, every person with any linguistic gift may be advised to make the experiment of reading Dooley aloud; for whether the hearers enjoy it or not, the reader surely will.

THE IMMORTAL OLIVE

THE existence of the olive in the earliest period of the world's history is proved by the biblical story of the flight of the dove from Noah's Ark. It was the olive that was saved from destruction by the Almighty, and it was a leaf of this tree that was carried by the dove to Noah as a sign of the receding of the waters. King Solomon, in the erection of his temple, so the Jewish historian, Josephus, tells us, gave to his workmen, as wages, more than 160,000 gallons of olive oil. According to history the great olive trees seen around Tivoli, whose gigantic forms rival the majestic Sequoia of the Sierras, were already old when Romulus traced with a plow the walls of Rome.

Among the Greeks a crown of olive twigs was the highest distinction of a citizen who had merited well of his country, and the highest prize of the victor in the Olympic games. Undoubtedly the vigor and longevity of the ancients, and the strength, endurance, and suppleness of the athletes of those days, were due to the general use of olive oil.

Visitors at Jerusalem are taken to the Garden of Gethsemane, and there shown olive trees, aged, gnarled, and knotty, and told that these are the same trees under which the Christ prayed just before his betrayal by Judas. In Spain, France, Italy, and Palestine the olive has for centuries been a source of stupendous revenue. Wealth there is reckoned by olive-grove possessions, and they constitute a princely patrimony which is handed down from generation to generation. The market value of Italy's annual olive crop alone is placed at $120,000,000.

The Franciscan Fathers, when setting sail from Old Spain to New Spain, were not unmindful of the many virtues of the olive, and with them brought cuttings which, in 1769, were set in California soil. These same trees are still growing and bearing. In size they are like the oak, and the worth of their crop surpasses ordinary credulity. Authenticated tests show that single trees yield as much as 190 gallons of berries in a single year, which command a price of from fifty to seventy-five cents a gallon. Olive trees from seven to ten years old pay profits as high as five dollars a tree, and ten dollars a tree is frequently realized from those of from twelve to twenty years of age. California's fertile soil and equable climate afford for the olive a more genial home than it finds even in its parent land. In California its precocity and fecundity are strikingly noticeable to those who have seen the tree growing on both continents. In California the tree begins to fruit many years earlier, and the yield is many times greater, than in Europe or Asia. The tree is wholly trustworthy, and fortunes have been earned by it for many in the Golden State.

Probably the most extensive olive grove in the world was commenced in Tehama County, California, in 1895. Already more than 200,000 olive trees have been planted in this settlement, and the number is being annually augmented. This grove is made up of subdivisions of two-and-one-half, five, and ten acres, and the sections are the property of residents of Europe, Asia, Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, and the United States. Years ago the Maywood Colony Company acquired a vast tract of choice olive land, planted it in plots as specified, and now cultivate the groves and harvest the crops for non-resident owners. The two-and-one-half acre plots, with 210 olive trees planted thereon, are bought for two hundred and fifty dollars, and on terms so elastic that all who desire can acquire one of these properties. From the Eastern office of this company, in the St. James Building, New York, a splendid line of illustrated and instructive literature is being distributed.

Now, more justly than in olden times, an olive grove may be regarded as a competency through life, and a patrimony at death.

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A WHOLESOME STIMULUS TO HIGHER POLITICS.

Since the war with Spain was begun, it is remarkable how every action of the government and every stage of public opinion has been true to the fundamental impulses of our race and to our own history. It was begun, as most of our wars were, to uproot an intolerable wrong, but in this case to the righteousness of its provocation was added a dash of revenge; it was prosecuted, as our previous wars were prosecuted, impetuously and without preparation, and the sheer love of adventure quickened our indignation; it was conducted humanely to the enemy and recklessly to our land forces; after the close of hostilities, we framed a treaty of peace which throws on ourselves not only all the grave responsibilities of our own action, but also the burden of the centuries of accumulated abuse of the enemy's power; and when it was all done, we fell vigorously to debating a policy that had already been made inevitable. At every step, the fundamental temper and the ancient traditions of our race have so displayed themselves that the course of events has not been stayed or shapen to any perceptible degree by declarations or resolutions, or by anything that has been done indoors.

And the world, including our kinsmen and ourselves, has measured us by the right measure at last, — not as a heterogeneous mass of men, without definite tendencies and ideals, but as the republican branch of the English family, with impulses, thoughts, and actions even more truly characteristic of the race than if we had never rebelled against British abuse of colonial power.

Our duty, then, is not hard to see, nor is it hard to foresee how we shall meet it; for our policy is determined by greater forces than senatorial resolutions and peace treaties. To understand how inevitable a policy it is, we have only to keep in mind the cumulative effect of three great forces, — so great that no other three forces in modern times may be put beside them: the successful world-girdling spread of our family, first as colonizers in temperate climates, and then as guarantors of order and promoters of commerce in the tropics; the continuity of English history in our own history, of English institutions in our institutions, most of all of English blood in our blood, and of English ways in our ways; and the third fact, that in efficiency for practical tasks the American, with free opportunity for development during all the generations of his independence, has outstripped his insular kinsman, man for man, and has at last come to understand his capacity.

Our history and our ideals forbid our having "colonies" in the old sense, as dependencies to be governed for the direct benefit of those that govern. In fact, it was we who taught Great Britain a lesson in colonial methods that has done much toward the successful building of her empire, and that has improved the manners of wise home governments toward colonies ever since. The conception of a colony has radically changed

with the spread of democratic ideas. It had one meaning in the early days of British authority in India, and it has another meaning in these days of British authority in Egypt. It may be our good fortune still further to humanize and to soften this meaning, until it come to signify only help toward free government; for the only kind of government that we can be a party to is a government as free as conditions will permit, and guaranteed by us as fast as conditions will permit to become self-government. We have neither an historical nor a moral right to fix our rule, as a permanent foreign rule, over any people. But the duty is laid on us so to direct and to control the helpless political life of these old Spanish colonies as to bring it as fast and as far toward self-government as may be, relaxing our hold as their advancement permits. In character the problem is the same in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippine Islands, and it differs in the several cases only in the stage of its solution. It matters little whether it be ten years or a century before we can be rid of the obligation to control and to direct their political life; but it matters much whether we recognize in the beginning that we have not the right of conquerors, but only the duty of protectors.

Our character and capacity as a branch of the greatest colonizing and protecting race in the world have made our duty plain; our history and our ideals make plain our aims; and the practical methods of wisely administering this trust are made clear by the experience of our kinsmen who have similar trusts in thousands of islands. They have developed a system of colonial administration that is a product of race character, — is, in fact, more characteristic of the race than any other thing that it has developed; for what distinguishes the British from all other peoples is their empire, especially their successful management of undeveloped communities. This success does not lie in any trick or mere system of laws, but comes from a fundamental race quality which has produced the system. The French, for example, might copy English laws and imitate English methods, yet they could never develop backward races and extend the area of productive civilization. But since we have the mettle for such a task, we may hope, naturally, to find the right method native to us.

And the right method is one that already lay before us as a duty in the management of our own affairs, — to take our colonial service, as we must take our consular and diplomatic service, clean out of party politics. This was the way the British service was raised from pillage to justice. It is easy to foresee the results of such a change, for the most impressive lesson of the war was the demonstration of the instant and almost uniform efficiency of our navy: every man was eager to take any risk, anywhere, at any time, to serve the country. Yet the officers of the navy are not in any way exceptional Americans. They are only the legitimate products of a proper system of appointment and of training. We shall have as high and as uniform efficiency in any branch of the civil service, if we make it permanent, honorable, and lucrative; for service in the navy is harder and less well paid than similar service in commercial or professional life. It has only the advantages of permanence and of honor.

In our dull and sordid periods of politics, we have sometimes forgotten that worthily to serve the state is the strongest ambition of all high-minded youth in a republic; and we deny the state good service in non-elective offices only by wrong systems of appointment and removal. Our diplomatic service has at all times commanded some of our greatest men; but at all times it has been uneven, and in its lower ranks it has at many times been vulgarly ineffi-

cient. As soon as we see fit to dignify it by making it permanent, honorable, and well paid, so that the best equipped men may make careers as diplomatists and administrators, we may have in a single generation as good a foreign service as there is in the world. Our universities will become its recruiting grounds. The pressure of our colonial problem ought to quicken our action in opening the doors of this service to a picked and well-trained body of our most capable men. When this is done, we may hope to carry on the practical work of distant administration with success.

We shall shun the single danger in the future if we remember that the necessity to protect and to train these dependent communities forbids their participation in our own government. We should not keep our government a self-government if we admitted to it representatives of untrained aliens. One of the weaknesses of our Constitution is the method of admitting states into the Union; for it has tempted both parties to increase their strength in Congress and in the electoral college by the admission of unripe territories to statehood. But we have our own experience as a warning, and we may learn a lesson from British experience as well; for not even the greatest self-governing colonies have representatives in Parliament. The inchoate and respectable anti-imperialist party, if it outlive its initial impulse of protest and its amateur management, may do good service in the future by checking the humanitarian zeal in which partisan desperation sometimes conceals itself. We should not be who we are if we were to lose either our dominant impulse to action or our secondary habit of protesting — after the act. Thus do we keep our civilization under constant examination without checking its orbic movement.

Both the vigor of action and the earnestness of protest give evidence that we once more have a public subject that appeals to the imagination. It draws new party lines and gives meaning to our politics, which have so long been well-nigh meaningless and insufferably parochial and dull. There is now a sort of heroic temper in the time, for we have not only to solve the problem of Spain's fallen empire, but to strengthen our own confidence in the Republic, and to give it its proper position alongside the other dominant and responsible Great Power of the world. This is the most wholesome exercise in constructive patriotism that this generation of Americans has had.

When they come to be seen in their proper perspective, the war and our "colonial" policy that must follow it will seem only incidents in a long chain of logical and natural events; but an era of renewed interest in public affairs ought to date from the beginning of such a policy. And a renewed interest in public affairs is of greater importance to us than the war itself or the problems that it may bring. Consider, for example, the logical and probable effect on civil service reform. For twenty-five years or more a small group of patriotic and persistent men have unselfishly worked to promote it, against the indifference of the mass of citizens. The progress that the reform has made is one of the most cheering facts in the political history of the time. But it has made slow progress, it has never been beyond danger of reverses, and it has not yet reached its logical and proper development. To the mass of men, — even of right-thinking men, — engaged in their own pursuits, it has seemed rather a policy affecting the disposition of a few thousand clerks than a great principle affecting the dignity and stability of the government. The reform has been inconspicuous, and in the indifference of the larger public to it the spoilsmen have found their opportunity and encouragement. But since civil servants must now be chosen for impor-

tant posts, upon which the eyes of the whole world will rest, the principle of choosing all non-elective public officers by merit will be more likely to attract public attention and to win general approval. The subject is sure now to have such dramatic presentation as will impress the popular imagination.

If civil service reform has developed slowly because of popular indifference, so has every other important movement to lift up and dignify our public life. Indeed, in popular indifference every boss in the land has found his opportunity. For lethargy, the only cure is action; and activity in public discussion and administration is the only method of keeping the health of the republic. In fact, every period of activity in our history — every time a new and important subject has come forward — has called into public life abler men than those that sought office in stagnant eras. If consciousness of world influence is the best result of the war, there is reason to hope that a more active political life will be the best result of the new policy that follows it.

SOME CRANKS AND THEIR CROTCHETS.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time!"

Merchant of Venice, I. i.

About five-and-twenty years ago, when I was assistant librarian at Harvard University, much of my time was occupied in revising and bringing toward completion the gigantic pair of twin catalogues — of authors and subjects — which my predecessor, Dr. Ezra Abbot, had started in 1861. Twins they were in simultaneity of birth, but not in likeness of growth. Naturally, the classified catalogue was much bigger than its brother, filled more drawers, cost more money, and made a vast deal more trouble. For while some books were easy enough to classify, others were not at all easy, and sometimes curious questions would arise.

One day, for example, I happened to be looking at a pamphlet on the value of Pi; and should any of my readers ask what that might mean, I should answer that Pi (π) is the Greek letter which geometers use to denote the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. The arithmetical value of this symbol is 3.1415926536 and so on in an endless fraction. Is it not hard to see what there can be in such an innocent decimal to irritate human beings and destroy their peace of mind? Yet so it is. Many a human life has been wrecked upon Pi. To a certain class of our fellow creatures its existence is maddening. It interferes with the success of a little scheme upon which they have set their hearts: nothing less than to construct a square which shall be exactly equivalent in dimensions to a given circle. Nobody has ever done such a thing, for it cannot be done. But when mathematicians tell these poor people that such is the case, they howl with rage, and, dipping their pens in gall, write book after book bristling with figures to prove that they have "squared the circle." The Harvard library does not buy such books, but it accepts all manner of gifts, and has thus come to contain some queer things.

When I consulted the subject catalogue, to see under what head it had been customary to classify these lucubrations on Pi, I found, sure enough, that it was Mathematics § Circle-Squaring. Following this cue, I explored the drawers

in other directions, and found that books on "perpetual motion" formed a section under Physics, while crazy interpretations of the book of Daniel were grouped along with works of solid Biblical scholarship by such eminent writers as Reuss and Kuenen and Cheyne. Clearly, here was a case for reform. The principle of classification was faulty. In one sense, the treatment of the quadrature of the circle may be regarded as a section under the general head of mathematics; as, for example, when Lindemann, in 1882, showed that Pi cannot be represented as the root of any algebraic equation with rational coefficients. But our circle-squaring literature is very different. It is usually written by persons whose mathematical horizon scarcely extends beyond long division: just as the writers on perpetual motion know nothing of physics; just as so many expositors have dealt with the ten-horned beast in blissful ignorance alike of ancient history and of the principles of literary criticism. What all such books illustrate, however various may be their ostensible themes, is the pathology of the human mind. They are specimens of Insane Literature. As such they have a certain sort of interest; and to any rational being it is the only sort they can have.

So I culled from many a little drawer the cards appertaining to divers printed products of morbid cerebration, and gathered them into a class of Insane Literature; and under this rubric such sections as Circle-Squaring, Perpetual Motion, Great Pyramid, Earth not a Globe, etc., were evidently in their proper place. The name of the class was duly inscribed on the outside of its drawer, and the matter seemed happily disposed of.

The way of the reformer, however, is beset with difficulties, and it is seldom that his first efforts are crowned with entire success. Not many days had elapsed since this emendation of the catalogue, when one of my assistants brought me the card of a book on the Apocalypse, by a certain Mr. Smallwit, and called my attention to the fact that it was classified as Insane Literature.

"Very well," I said, "so it is."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said she; "but the author lives over in Chelsea, and I saw him this morning in one of the alcoves. Perhaps, if he were to look in the catalogue and see how his book is classified, he might n't altogether like it. Then, as I looked a little further along the cards, I came upon this pamphlet by Herr Dummkopf, of Breslau, upsetting the law of gravitation; and — do you know? — Herr Dummkopf is spending the winter here in Cambridge!"

"To be sure," said I, "it was very stupid of me not to foresee such cases. Of course we can't call a man a fool to his face. In a catalogue which marshals the quick along with the dead some heed must be paid to the amenities of life. Pray get and bring me all those cards."

By the time they arrived a satisfactory solution of the difficulty had suggested itself. I told the assistant simply to scratch out "Insane," and put "Eccentric" instead. For while the harsh Latin epithet would of course infuriate Messrs. Dummkopf, Smallwit & Co., it might be doubted if their feelings would be hurt by the milder Greek word. Some people of their stripe, to whom notoriety is the very breath of their nostrils, would consider it a mark of distinction to be called eccentric. At all events, the harshness would be delicately veiled under a penumbra of ambiguity.

Thus the class Eccentric Literature was established in our catalogue, and there it has remained, while the books in the library have increased from a hundred thousand to half a million. Once or twice, I am told, has some disgusted author uttered a protest, but the quiet of Gore Hall has not been disturbed thereby. Care is needed in treating such a subject, and my rule was that no amount of mere absurdity, no extremity of dis-

sent from generally received opinions, should consign a book to the class of Eccentric Literature, unless it showed unmistakable symptoms of crankery or the buzzing of a bee in the author's bonnet. This rule has been strictly followed. One lot of books — the Bacon-Shakespeare stuff — which I intended to put in this class, but forgot to do so because of sore stress of work, still remain absurdly grouped along with the books on Shakespeare written by men in their senses. With this exception, the class offers us a fairly comprehensive view of the literature of cranks.

Just where the line should be drawn between sanity and crankery is not always easy to determine, and must usually be left to soundness of judgment in each particular case, as with so many other questions of all grades, from the supreme court down to the kitchen. One of the most frequent traits of your crank is his megalomania, or self-magnification. His intellectual equipment is so slender that he cannot see wherein he is inferior to Descartes or Newton. Without enough knowledge to place him in the sixth form of a grammar school, he will assail the conclusions of the greatest minds the world has seen. His mood is belligerent; since people will not take him at his own valuation, he is apt to regard society as engaged in a conspiracy to ignore and belittle him. Of humor he is pretty sure to be destitute; an abounding sense of the ludicrous is one of the best safeguards of mental health, and even a slight endowment will usually nip and stunt the fungus growth of crankery.

The slightest glimmering sense of humor would have restrained that inveterate circle-squarer, James Smith, from publishing (in 1865) his pamphlet entitled The British Association in Jeopardy, and Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, in the Stocks without Hope of Escape. His case, with those of many other ingenious lunatics, was racily set forth by the late Professor De Morgan in his Budget of Paradoxes (London, 1872), a bulky book dealing with the author's personal experiences with cranks and their crotchets. It was De Morgan's lot as an eminent mathematician to be outrageously bored by circle-squarers and their kin, and it was a happy thought to put on record the queer things that happened. His friends asked him again and again why he took the trouble to mention and expose such absurdities. He replied that when your crank publishes a book "full of figures which few readers can criticise, a great many people are staggered to this extent, that they imagine there must be the indefinite *something* in the mysterious *all this*. They are brought to the point of suspicion that the mathematicians ought not to treat *all this* with such undisguised contempt, at least. Now I have no fear for π; but I do think it possible that general opinion might in time demand that the crowd of circle-squarers, etc., should be admitted to the honors of opposition; and this would be a time-tax of five per cent, one man with another, upon those who are better employed." At any rate, continues De Morgan, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye, whether in chastising cranks he has any motive but public good "must be referred to those who can decide whether a missionary chooses his pursuit solely to convert the heathen." He confesses that perhaps he may have a little of the spirit of Colonel Quagg, whose principle of action was thus succinctly expressed: "I licks ye because I kin, and because I like, and because ye 's critters that licks is good for!"

Among the creatures whose malady seemed to call for such drastic treatment was Captain Forman, R. N., who in 1833 wrote against the law of gravitation, and got not a word of notice. Then he wrote to Sir John Herschel and Lord Brougham, asking them to get his book reviewed in some of the quarter-

lies. Receiving no answer from these gentlemen, he addressed in one of the newspapers a card to Lord John Russell, inveighing against their "dishonest" behavior. Still getting no satisfaction, the valorous captain wrote to the Royal Astronomical Society with a challenge to controversy. To this letter came a polite but brief answer, advising him to study the rudiments of mechanics. It was not in the paradoxer's nature to submit tamely to such treatment; and he answered in a printed pamphlet, wherein he called that learned society "craven dunghill cocks" and bestrewed them with other choice flowers of rhetoric, much to the relief of his feelings.

One of this naval officer's fellow sufferers was a farm laborer who took it into his head that the Lord Chancellor had offered £100,000 reward to any one who should square the circle. So Hodge went to work and squared it, and then hied him to London, blissfully dreaming of sudden wealth. Hearing that De Morgan was a great mathematician, he left his papers with him, including a letter to the Lord Chancellor, claiming the £100,000. De Morgan returned the papers with a note, saying that no such prize had ever been offered, and gently hinting that the worthy Hodge had not sufficient knowledge to see in what the problem consisted. This elicited from the rustic philosopher a long letter, from which I must quote a few sentences, so characteristic of the circle-squaring talent and temper: —

Doctor Morgan, Sir. Permit me to address you

Brute Creation may perhaps enjoy the faculty of beholding visible things with a more penitrating eye than ourselves. But Spiritual objects are as far out of their reach as though they had no being Nearest therefore to the brute Creation are those men who Suppose themselves to be so far governed by external objects as to believe nothing but what they See and feel And Can accomedate to their Shallow understanding and Imaginations

. . . When a Gentleman of your Standing in Society . . . Can not understand or Solve a problem That is explicitly explained by words and Letters and mathematacally operated by figuers He had best consult the wise proverd

Do that which thou Canst understand and Comprehend for thy good.

I would recommend that Such Gentleman Change his business

And appropriate his time and attention to a Sunday School to Learn what he Could and keep the Litle Children form durting their Close

With Sincere feelings of Gratitude for your weakness and Inability I am

Sir your Superior in Mathematics.

X. Y.

A few days after this elegant epistle there came to De Morgan another from the same hand. Hodge had sent his papers to some easy-going American professor, whose reply must clearly have been too polite. It is never safe to give your crank an inch of comfort; it will straightway become an ell of assurance. This American savant, crows Rusticus, "highly approves of my work. And Says he will Insure me Reward in the States I write this that you may understand that I have knowledge of the unfair way that I am treated in my own nati County I am told and have reasons to believe that it is the Clergy that treat me so unjust. I am not Desirious of heaping Disonors upon my own nation. But if I have to Leave this kingdom without my Just dues. The world Shall know how I am and have been treated

"I am Sir Desirous of my Just dues

X. Y."

A cynical philosopher once said that you cannot find so big a fool but there will be some bigger fool to swear by

him; and so our agricultural friend had his admiring disciple who felt bound to break a lance for him with the unappreciative De Morgan: —

"He has done what you nor any other mathematician as those who call themselves such have done. And what is the reason that you will not candidly acknowledge to him . . . that he has squared the circle shall I tell you? it is because he has performed the feat to obtain the glory of which mathematicians have battled from time immemorial that they might encircle their brows with a wreath of laurels far more glorious than ever conqueror won it is simply this that it is a poor man a humble artisan who has gained that victory that you don't like to acknowledge it you don't like to be beaten and worse to acknowledge that you have miscalculated, you have in short too small a soul to acknowledge that he is right. . . . I am backed in my opinion not only by Mr. Q. a mathematician and watchmaker residing in the boro of Southwark but by no less an authority than the Professor of mathematics of * * * College United States Mr. Q and I presume that he at least is your equal as an authority and Mr. Q says that the government of the U. S. will recompense X. Y. for the discovery he has made if so what a reflection upon Old england the boasted land of freedom the nursery of the arts and sciences that her sons are obliged to go to a foreign country to obtain that recompense to which they are justly entitled." [1]

Ordinarily, the aim of the paradoxers is to achieve renown by doing what nobody ever did. Hence the fascination exercised upon them by those apparently simple problems which already in ancient times were recognized as "old stickers," the quadrature of the circle, the trisection of angles, and the duplicature of the cube. The ancients found these geometric problems insolvable, though it was left for modern algebra to point out the reason, namely, that no quantities can be geometrically constructed from given quantities, except such as can be formed from them algebraically by the solution of quadratic equations; if the algebraic solution comes as the root of a cubic or biquadratic equation, it cannot be constructed by geometry. Against this hopeless wall the crowd of paradoxers will doubtless continue to break their heads until the millennium dawns.

Sometimes, however, our crank has a practical end in view, as in the numerous attempts to discover "perpetual motion," or, in other words, to invent a machine out of which you can get indefinitely more energy than you put in. It is not strange that many thousands of dollars have been wasted in this effort to recover Aladdin's lost lamp. The notorious Keely motor is but one of a host of contrivances born and bred of crass ignorance of the alphabet of dynamics. But perpetual motion is not the only form assumed by wealth-seeking crankery. In 1861, a Captain Roblin, of Normandy, having ascertained to his own satisfaction, from the prolonged study of the zodiac of Denderah, the sites of sundry gold mines, came forward with proposals for a joint stock company to dig and be rich. The labors of Herr Johannes von Gumpach were of a more philanthropic turn. He published in 1861 a pamphlet entitled A Million's Worth of Property and Five Hundred Lives annually lost at Sea by the Theory of Gravitation. A Letter on the True Figure of the Earth, addressed to the Astronomer Royal. Next year this pamphlet grew into a stout volume. It maintained that a great many shipwrecks were occasioned by errors of navigation due to an erroneous conception of the shape of the earth. Since Newton's time it has been supposed to be flattened at the poles, whereas the

[1] Budget of Paradoxes, pp. 9, 178, 259, 260, 336.

amiable Gumpach calls upon his fellow creatures to take notice that it is elongated, and to mend their ways accordingly.

The desire to prove great men wrong is one of the crank's most frequent and powerful incentives. The name of Newton is the greatest in the history of science: how flattering to one's self it must be, then, to prove him a fool! In eccentric literature the books against Newton are legion. Here is a title: David and Goliath, or an Attempt to prove that the Newtonian System of Astronomy is directly opposed to the Scriptures. By William Lander, Mere, Wilts, 1833. And here is De Morgan's terse summary of the book: "Newton is Goliath; Mr. Lander is David. David took five pebbles; Mr. Lander takes five arguments. He expects opposition; for Paul and Jesus both met with it."

There are few subjects over which cranks are more painfully exercised than the figure of the earth, and its relations to the heavenly bodies. Aristotle proved that the earth is a globe; Copernicus showed that it is one of a system of planets revolving about the sun; Newton explained the dynamics of this system. But at length came a certain John Hampden, who with dauntless breast maintained that all this is wrong! His pamphlet was prudently dedicated "to the unprofessional public and the common sense men of Europe and America;" he knew that it could find no favor with bigoted men of science. This Hampden, like his great namesake, is nothing if not bold. "The Newtonian or Copernican theory," he tells us, "from the first hour of its invention, has never dared to submit to an appeal to facts!" Again, "Defenders it never had; and no threats, no taunts or exposure, will ever rouse the energies of a single champion." In other words, astronomers do not waste their time in noticing Mr. Hampden's taunts and threats. Why is this so? His next sentence reminds us that "cowardice always accompanies conscious guilt." He goes on to tell us the true state of the case: "The Earth, as it came from the hands of its Almighty Creator, is a motionless Plane, based and built upon foundations which the Word of God expressly declares cannot be searched out or discovered. . . . The stars are hardly bigger than the gas jets which light our streets, and if they could be made to change places with them, no astronomer could detect the difference." The North Pole is the centre of the flat earth, and its extreme southern limit is not a South Pole, but a circle 30,000 miles in circumference. Night is caused by the sun passing behind a layer of clouds 7000 miles thick. It is not gravitation which makes a river run downhill, but the impetus of the water behind pressing on the water before. Is not this delicious? As for Newton, poor fellow, he "lived in a superstitious age and district; he was educated among an illiterate peasantry." This is like the way in which the Baconizing cranks dispose of Shakespeare. So zealous was Mr. Hampden that in 1876 he began publishing a periodical called The Truth-Seeker's Oracle. Similar views were set forth by one Samuel Rowbotham, who wrote under the name of "Parallax," and by a William Carpenter, whose pamphlet, One Hundred Proofs that the Earth is not a Globe (Baltimore, 1885), is quite a curiosity; for example, Proof 33: "If the earth were a globe, people — except those on top — would certainly have to be fastened to its surface by some means or other; . . . but as we know that we simply walk on its surface, without any other aid than that which is necessary for locomotion on a plane, it follows that we have herein a conclusive proof that Earth is not a globe." Since Mr. Carpenter understands the matter so thoroughly, can we wonder at the earnestness with which he rebukes the late Richard Proctor?

"Mr. Proctor, we charge you that, whilst you teach the theory of the earth's rotundity, you KNOW that it is a plane!"

More original than Messrs. Hampden and Carpenter are the writers who maintain that the earth is hollow, and supports a teeming population in its interior. Early in the present century this idea came with the force of a revelation to the mind of Captain John Cleves Symmes, a retired army officer engaged in trade at St. Louis. In 1818 he issued a circular, of which the following is an abridgment: "To ALL THE WORLD I declare the earth is hollow and habitable within; containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking. . . . My terms are [Hear, Messrs. Quay and Platt! and give ear, O Tammany!] *the* PATRONAGE *of* THIS *and the* NEW WORLDS. . . . I select Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Sir H. Davy, and Baron Alexander von Humboldt as my protectors. I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia, in the fall season, with reindeer and sleighs, on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage we find a warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82°. We will return in the succeeding spring."

This circular was sent by mail to men of science, colleges, learned societies, legislatures, and municipal bodies, all over the United States and Europe; for when it comes to postage, your crank seems always to have unlimited funds at his disposal. At Paris, the distinguished traveler, Count Volney, doubtless with a significant shrug, presented the precious document to the Academy of Sciences, by which it was mirthfully laid upon the table. Nowhere did learned men take it seriously; it was generally set down as a rather stupid hoax. But, nothing daunted by such treatment, the worthy Symmes began giving lectures on the subject, and succeeded in making some impression upon an uninstructed public. In 1824, his audience at Hamilton, Ohio, at the close of a lecture, "*resolved*, that we esteem Symmes' Theory of the Earth deserving of serious examination and worthy of the attention of the American people." At a theatre in Cincinnati a benefit was given for the proposed polar expedition, and verses were recited suitable to the occasion: —

"Has not Columbia one aspiring son
By whom the unfading laurel may be won?
Yes! history's pen may yet inscribe the name
Of SYMMES to grace her future scroll of fame."

The captain's petitions to Congress, however, praying for ships and men, were heartlessly laid on the table, and nothing was left him but to keep on crying in the wilderness, which he did until his death in 1829. In the cemetery at Hamilton, the freestone monument over his grave, placed there by his son, Americus Symmes, is surmounted with a hollow globe, open at the poles.

Half a century later the son published a pamphlet,[1] in which he gave a somewhat detailed exposition of his father's notions. From this we learn that the interior world is well lighted; for the sun's rays, passing through "the dense cold air of the verges" (that is, the circular edge of the big polar hole), are powerfully refracted, and after getting inside they are forthwith reflected from one concave surface to another, with the result that the whole interior is illuminated with a light equal to 3600 times that of the full moon. We learn, too, that the famous Swedish geographer, Norpensjould (*semper sic!*), after passing the magnetic pole, found a timbered country

[1] The Theory of Concentric Spheres, Louisville, 1878; second edition, 1885.

with large rivers and abundant animal life. Afterward one Captain Wiggins visited this country, where he found flax and wheat, highly magnetic iron ore and rich mines of copper and gold. The trees are as big as any in California; hides, wool, tallow, ivory, and furs abound. The inhabitants are very tall, with Roman noses, and speak Hebrew. Yes, echoes Captain Tuttle, an old whaler, who also has visited this new country, they speak Hebrew, and are a smart people. "Would it not be logical," writes Americus, "to think that this was one of the lost tribes of Israel? for we read in the Bible that they went up the Euphrates to the north and dwelt in a land where man never dwelt before." Just so; evidently, Messrs. "Norpensjould," Wiggins, and Tuttle sailed "across the verge" and into the interior country, the concave world, which shall henceforth be known as Symmzonia! The book ends with the triumphant query, "Where were those explorers if not in the Hollow of the Earth, and would they not have come out at the South Pole if they had continued on their course?"

It is sad to have such positive conclusions disputed, but even in eccentric lore the doctors are found to disagree. Scarcely had Americus put forth his revised edition, when a pamphlet entitled The Inner World, by Frederick Culmer, was published at Salt Lake City (1886). Its chapters have resounding titles: I. The Universal Vacuity of Centres; II. The Polar Orifices of the Earth; III. The Alleged Northwest Passage and Symmes' Hole. We are told that although the polar orifices have diameters of about a thousand miles each, nevertheless, in spite of Wiggins and Tuttle, "there is no passage to the inner world on the north of America;" on the contrary, it must be sought within the antarctic circle. But Mr. Culmer would discourage rash attempts at exploration, and believes that "no man will be able to plant the standard of his country on any land in that region worth one dime to himself or any one else at present." For this gloomy outlook we must try to console ourselves with the knowledge that Mr. Culmer has detected the true explanation of the Aurora Borealis: "it is the sun's rays shining on a placid interior ocean and reflecting upon the outer atmosphere."

A favorite occupation of cranks is the discovery of hidden meanings in things. Whether we are to say that the passionate quest of the occult has been prolific in mental disturbances, or whether we had better say that persons with ill-balanced minds take especial delight in the search for the occult, the practical result is about the same. The impelling motive is not very different from that of the circle-squarers; it is pleasing to one's self-love to feel that one discerns things to which all other people are blind. Hence the number of mare's-nests that have been complacently stared into by learned donkeys is legion. Mere erudition is no sure safeguard against the subtle forms which the temptation takes on, as we may see from the ingenuity that has been wasted on the Great Pyramid. In 1864, Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, published his book entitled Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid, and afterward followed it with other similar books. Whatever may have been the original complexion of this gentleman's mind, it was not such as to prevent his attaining distinction and achieving usefulness as a practical astronomer. But the pyramids were too much for his mental equilibrium. As De Morgan kindly puts it, "his work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labor, the results of which will be made available by those who do not receive the paradoxes."

The pyramidal tombs of Egyptian kings were an evolution in stone or brick from the tumulus of earth which in prehistoric ages was heaped over the body

of the war chief. They are objects of rare dignity and interest, not only from their immense size, but from sundry peculiarities in their construction. In their orientation great care was taken, though usually with imperfect success. Their sides face the four cardinal points, and the descending entry-way forms a kind of telescope, from the bottom of which an observer, sixty centuries ago, could look out at what was then the polestar. These and other features of the pyramids are no doubt connected with Egyptian religion, and may very likely have subserved astrological purposes. But what say the pyramid cranks, or "pyramidalists," as they have been called?

According to them, the builders of the Great Pyramid were supernaturally instructed, probably by Melchizedek, King of Salem. Thus they were enabled to place it in latitude 30° N.; to make its four sides face the cardinal points; to adopt the sacred cubit, or one twenty-millionth part of the earth's polar axis, as their unit of length; "and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further by supernatural help enabled to square the circle, and symbolized their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference." [1] In like manner, by immediate divine revelation, the builders of the pyramid were instructed as to the exact shape and density of the earth, the sun's distance, the precession of the equinoxes, etc., so that their figures on all these subjects were more accurate than any that modern science has obtained, and these figures they built into the pyramid. They also built into it the divinely revealed and everlasting standards of "length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money," and finally they wrought into its structure the precise date at which the millennium is to begin. All this valuable information, handed down directly from heaven, was thus securely bottled up in the Great Pyramid for six thousand years or so, awaiting the auspicious day when Mr. Piazzi Smyth should come and draw the cork. Why so much knowledge should have been bestowed upon the architects of King Cheops, only to be concealed from posterity, is a pertinent question; and one may also ask, why was it worth while to bring a Piazzi Smyth into the world to reveal it, since plodding human reason had after all discovered every bit of it, except the date of the millennium? Why, moreover, did the revelation thus elaborately buried in or about B. C. 4000 come just abreast of the scientific knowledge of A. D. 1864, and there stop short? Is it credible that old Melchizedek knew nothing about the telephone, or the Roentgen ray, or the cholera bacillus? Our pyramidalists should be more enterprising, and elicit from their venerable fetish some useful hints as to wireless telegraphy, or the ventilation of Pullman cars, or the purification of Pennsylvania politics. Perhaps the last-named problem might vie in difficulty with squaring the circle!

The lucubrations of Piazzi Smyth, like those of Miss Delia Bacon, called into existence a considerable quantity of eccentric literature. For example, there is Skinner's Key to the Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the Source of Measures originating the British Inch and the Ancient Cubit, published in Cincinnati in 1875, a tall octavo of 324 pages, bristling with diagrams and decimals, Hebrew words and logarithms. The book begins by getting the circle neatly squared, and then goes on to aver that sundry crosses, including the Christian cross, are an emblematic display of the origin of measures. The "mound-builders" come in for a share of the author's attention; for the mounds are "alike Typhonic emblems with the pyramid of

[1] Proctor, The Great Pyramid, p. 43.

Egypt and with Hebrew symbols." A Typhonic emblem relates to Typhon, the "lord of sepulture," whose Egyptian representative was the crocodile, as his Hebrew representative was the hog; "exemplified in the Christian books by the devil leaving the man and passing into the herd of swine, which thereupon rushed into the sea, another emblem of Typhon." Yet another such emblem is a mound in Ohio which simulates the contour of an alligator. A certain Aztec pyramid, described by Humboldt, has 318 niches, apparently in allusion to the days of the old Mexican civil calendar. Mr. Skinner sees in this numeral the value of Pi, and furthermore informs us that 318 is the Gnostic symbol for Christ, as well as the number of Abraham's trained servants. Frequent use of it is made in the Great Pyramid; for example, multiplied by six it gives the height of the king's chamber, and multiplied by two it gives half the base side of that apartment. Our author then puts the pyramid into a sphere, and after this feat it is an easy transition to Noah's flood, the zodiac, and modern ritualism. Of similar purport, though more concise than this octavo, is Dr. Watson Quinby's Solomon's Seal, a Key to the Pyramid, published at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1880. From this little book we learn that "in the early days of the world some one measured the earth, and found its diameter, in round numbers, to be 41,569,000 feet, or 498,828,000 inches;" also that "Vishnu means Fish-Nuh, Noah-the-Fish, in allusion to his sojourn in the ark." Moreover, the Institutes of Manu were written by Noah, since Maha-Nuh = Great-Noah! With equal felicity, Rev. Edward Dingle (in his The Balance of Physics, the Square of the Circle, and the Earth's True Solar and Lunar Distances, London, 1885, pp. 246) declares that "my success, let it be held what it may, was secured by cleaving to the Mosaic initiation of the Sabbatic number for my radius." At the end of his book Mr. Dingle exclaims, "To the Lord be all thanksgiving, who has kept my intellect and the directing of its thoughts sound, while seeking to deliver his word from the exulting shouts of his enemies and the seducers of mankind!"

From these grotesque rigmaroles it is not a long step to the lucubrations of the writers in whose bonnets the bee of prophecy has buzzed until they have come to fancy themselves skilled interpreters. There is apt to be the same droll mixing of arithmetic with history that we find among the pyramid cranks, and to the performance of such antics the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse present irresistible temptations. In my library days, I never used to pick up a commentary on either of those books without looking for some of the stigmata or witch-marks of crankery. Many a feeble intellect has been toppled over by that shining image, with head of gold and feet of iron and clay, which Nebuchadnezzar beheld in a dream. For example, let us take a few sentences from Emmanuel: An Original and Exhaustive Commentary on Creation and Providence Alike. By an Octogenarian Layman, London, 1883, pp. 420: "Upwards of thirty years ago, a fancy for chronological research, fostered by boundless leisure and a competent facility in mental calculation, riveted my attention on the metallic image, in the vague hope of symmetrizing the four sections of the collective emblem with the successive dominations of the individual empires. Failing in so shadowy an aspiration, I seemed to be more than compensated by detecting an identity of duration, equally pregnant and positive, between the gold and the silver and the brass and the iron taken together on the one hand, and the mountain that was to crush them all to powder on the other, — the former aggregate being assumed to stretch from Nebuchadnezzar's succession in 606 B. C. to the dethronement of Augustulus in 476 A. D., and the lat-

ter again from the epoch just specified to Elizabeth's purgation of the Sanctuary in 1558." Having thus taken two equal periods of 1082 years, our Octogenarian proceeds to break them up (Heaven knows why!) each into four periods of 68, 204, 269, and 541 years. Then we are treated to the following equations: —

$$68 = 2 \times 34$$
$$204 = 6 \times 34$$
$$269 = 5 \times 34 + 3 \times 33$$
$$541 = 13 \times 34 + 3 \times 33$$

Hence, "with such a fulcrum as the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, and such a lever as the span of the Victim's sublunary humiliation, was I too rash in aiming at a result infinitely grander than Archimedes's speculative displacement of the earth?"

That eminent mathematician, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, used to say that sometimes, when Laplace passed from one equation to the next with an "evidently," he would find a week's study necessary to cross the abyss which the transcendent mind of the master traversed in a single leap. I fancy that more than a week would be needed to fathom the Octogenarian's "hence," and it would by no means be worth while to go through so much and get so little. After a few pages of the Octogenarian, we are prepared to hear that in 1750 one Henry Sullamar squared the circle by the number of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns; and that in 1753 a certain French officer, M. de Causans, "cut a circular piece of turf, squared it, and deduced original sin and the Trinity." [1]

The reader is doubtless by this time weary of so much tomfoolery; but as it is needful, for the due comprehension of crankery and its crotchets, that he should by and by have still more of it, I will give him a moment's relief while I tell of a little game with which De Morgan and Whewell once amused themselves. The task was to make a sentence which should contain all the letters of the alphabet, and each only once. "No one," says De Morgan, "has done it with *v* and *j* treated as consonants; but *you* and *I* can do it" (*u* and *i*: oh, monstrous pun!). Dr. Whewell got only separate words, and failed to make a sentence: *phiz, styx, wrong, buck, flame, quid.* Very pretty, but De Morgan beat him out of sight with this weird sentiment: *I, quartz pyx, who fling muck beds!* Well, what in the world can that mean? "I long thought that no human being could say it under any circumstances. At last I happened to be reading a religious writer — as he thought himself — who threw aspersions on his opponents thick and threefold. Heyday! came into my head, this fellow flings muck beds: he must be a quartz pyx. And then I remembered that a pyx is a sacred vessel, and quartz is a hard stone, as hard as the heart of a religious foe-curser. So that the line is the motto of the ferocious sectarian, who turns his religious vessels into mud-holders for the benefit of those who will not see what he sees." [2]

I cite this drollery to show the world-wide difference between the playful nonsense of the wise man and the strenuous nonsense of the monomaniac; in this little *cabbala alphabetica*, moreover, a great deal of the cabalistic lore which cumbers library shelves is neatly satirized.

As already observed, my rule was never to put into the class of eccentric literature any books save such as seemed to have emanated from diseased brains. To hold an absurd belief, to write in its defense, to shape one's career in accordance with it, is no proof of an unsound mind. Of the hundreds of enthusiasts who spent their lives in quest of the philosopher's stone, many were doubtless cranks; but many were able thinkers who made the best use they could of the scientific resources of their time. Wrong

[1] De Morgan, p. 179.

[2] Id., p. 163.

ways must often be tried before the right way can be found. Even the early circle-squarers cannot fairly be charged with crankery; they sinned against no light that was accessible to them. But anybody who to-day should advertise a recipe for turning base metals into gold would meet with a chill welcome from chemists. He would speedily be posted as a quack, though doubtless many weak heads would be turned by him. It is the perverse sinning against light that is one of the most abiding features of crankery, and from this point of view such a book as Coin's Financial School has many claims for admission to the limbo of eccentric literature.

About seventy years ago, one John Ranking published in London a volume entitled Historical Researches on the Conquest of Peru, Mexico, Bogota, Natchez, and Talomeco,[1] in the Thirteenth Century, by the Mongols, accompanied with Elephants. It is well known that in 1281 the Mongols, after conquering pretty much everything from the Carpathian Mountains and the river Euphrates to the Yellow Sea, invaded Japan. A typhoon dispersed their fleet, and their army of more than 100,000 men, cut off from its communications, was completely annihilated by the Japanese. But Mr. Ranking believed that this wholesale destruction was a fiction of the chroniclers. He maintained that most of the army escaped in a new fleet and crossed the Pacific Ocean, taking with them a host of elephants, with the aid of which they made extensive conquests in America and founded kingdoms in Mexico and Peru. The widespread fossil remains of the American mastodon he took to be the bones of these Mongolian elephants. Now, this is an extremely wild theory, unsound and untenable in every particular, but it does not bring Mr. Ranking's book within the class of eccentric literature. The author was deficient in scholarship and in critical judgment, but he was not daft.

A very different verdict must be rendered in the case of Mr. Edwin Johnson's book, called The Rise of Christendom, published in London in 1890, an octavo of 500 pages. According to Mr. Johnson, the rise of Christendom began in the twelfth century of our era, and it was preceded by two centuries of Hebrew religion, which started in Moslem Spain! First came Islam, then Judaism, then Christianity. The genesis of both the latter was connected with that revolt against Islam which we call the Crusades. What we suppose to be the history of Israel, as well as that of the first eleven Christian centuries, is a gigantic lie, concocted in the thirteenth century by the monks of St. Basil and St. Benedict. The Roman emperors knew nothing of Christianity, and the multifarious allusions to it in ancient writers are all explained by Mr. Johnson as fraudulent interpolations. As for the Greek and Latin fathers, they never existed. "The excellent stylist, who writes under the name of Lactantius, not earlier than the fourteenth century;" "the Augustinian of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, who writes the romantic Confessions:" such is the airy way in which the matter is disposed of. As for the New Testament, "it is not yet clear whether the book was first written in Latin or in Greek." This reminds me of something once said by Rev. Robert Taylor, a crazy clergyman who in 1827 suffered imprisonment for blasphemy, and came to be known as the Devil's Chaplain. Taylor declared that for the book of Revelation there was no Greek original at all, but Erasmus wrote it in Switzerland, in the year 1516. The audience, or part of it, probably took Taylor's word as sufficient; and in like manner not a syllable of proof is alleged for Mr. Johnson's prodigious assertions. From cover to cover there is no trace of

[1] A site not far from that of Evansville, Indiana.

a consciousness that proof is needed; it is simply, Thus saith Edwin Johnson. The man who can write such a book is surely incapable of making a valid will.

Another acute phase of lunacy is exemplified in Nason's History of the Prehistoric Ages, written by the Ancient Historic Band of Spirits (Chicago, 1880). This is a mediumistic affair. The ancient band consists of four-and-twenty spirits, the eldest of whom occupied a material body 46,000 years ago, and the youngest 3000 years ago. They dictated to Mr. Nason the narrative, which begins with the origin of the solar system and comes down to Romulus and Remus, betraying on every page the preternatural dullness and ignorance so characteristic of all the spirits with whom mediums have dealings.

Concerning the Bacon-Shakespeare folly, a word must suffice. As I have elsewhere shown,[1] the doubt concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays was in part a reaction against the extravagances of doting commentators; but in its original form it was simply an insane freak. The unfortunate lady who gave it currency belonged to a distinguished Connecticut family, and the story of her malady is a sad one. At the age of eight-and-forty she died in the asylum at Hartford, two years after the publication of her book, The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded. The suggestion of her illustrious namesake, and perhaps kinsman, as the author of Shakespeare's works was a clear instance of the megalomania which is a well-known symptom of paranoia; and her book has all the hazy incoherence that is so quickly recognizable in the writings of the insane. A friend of mine once asked me if I did not find it hard to catch her meaning. "Meaning!" I exclaimed. "There 's none to catch." Among the books of her followers are all degrees of eccentricity. That of Nathaniel Holmes stands upon the threshold of the limbo, while as for Ignatius Donnelly, all his works belong in its darkest recesses.

The considerations which would lead one to consign a book to that limbo are often complex. There is Miss Marie Brown's book, The Icelandic Discoverers of America; or, Honour to whom Honour is Due. In maintaining that Columbus knew all about the voyages of the Northmen to Vinland, and was helped thereby in finding his way to the Bahamas, there is nothing necessarily eccentric. Professor Rasmus Anderson has defended that thesis in a book which is able and scholarly, a book which every reader must treat with respect, even though he may not find its arguments convincing. But when Miss Brown declares that the papacy has been partner in a conspiracy for depriving the Scandinavians of the credit due them as discoverers of America, and assures us that this is a matter in which the interests of civil and religious liberty are at stake, one begins to taste the queer flavor; and taking this in connection with the atmosphere of rage which pervades the book, one feels inclined to place it in the limbo. For example: "What but Catholic genius, the genius for deceit, for trickery, for secrecy, for wicked and diabolical machinations, could have pursued such a system of fraud for centuries as the one now being exposed! What but Catholic genius, a prolific genius for evil, would have attempted to rob the Norsemen of their fame, . . . and to foist a miserable Italian adventurer and upstart upon Americans as the true candidate for these posthumous honours, — the man or saint to whom they are to do homage, and through this homage allow the Church of Rome to slip the yoke of spiritual subjection over their necks!"

A shrill note of anger is sometimes the sure earmark of a book from Queer Street. Anger is, indeed, a kind of transient mania, and eccentric literature is apt to be written in high dudgeon. When you take up a pamphlet by "Vin-

[1] The Atlantic Monthly, November, 1897.

dex," and read the title, A Box on Both Ears to the Powers that ought not to be at Washington, you may be prepared to find incoherency. I once catalogued an edition of Plutarch's little essay on Superstition, and was about to let it go on its way, along with ordinary Greek books, when my eye happened to fall upon the last sentence of the editor's preface: "I terminate this my Preface by consigning all Greek Scholars to the special care of Beelzebub." "Oho!" I thought, "there 's a cloven foot here; perhaps, if we explore further, we may get a whiff of brimstone." And it was so.

It thus appears that the topics treated in eccentric literature are numerous and manifold. Not only, moreover, has this department its vigorous prose writers; it has also its inspired poets. Witness the following lines from the volume entitled Eucleia (Salem, 1861): —

> "Hark, hear that distant boo-oo-oo,
> As walking by moonlight,
> He whistles, instructing Carlo
> To be still, and not bite."

But even this lofty flight of inspiration is outflown by Mr. John Landis, who was limner and draughtsman as well as poet. In his Treatise on Magnifying God (New York 1843) he gives us an engraved portrait of himself surrounded by ministering angels, and accompanies it by an ode to himself, one verse of which will suffice: —

> "With Messrs. Milton, Watts, and Wesley,
> Familiar thy Name will e'er be.
> Of America's Poets thou
> Stand'st on the foremost list now;
> On the pinions of fame does shine,
> *Landis!* brightened by ev'ry line,
> From thy poetic pen in rhyme,
> Thy name descends to the end of time."

Immortality of fame is something desired by many, but attained by few. Physical immortality is something which has hitherto been supposed to be inexorably denied to human beings. The phrase "All men are mortal" figures in textbooks of logic as the truest of truisms. But we have lately been assured that this is a mistake. It is only an induction based upon simple enumeration, and the first man who escapes death will disprove it. So, at least, I was told by a very downright person who called on me some years ago with a huge parcel of manuscript, for which he wanted me to find him a publisher. He had been cruelly snubbed and ill used, but truth would surely prevail over bigotry, as in Galileo's case. I took his address and let him leave his manuscript. Its recipe for physical immortality, diluted through 600 foolscap pages, was simply to learn how to go without food! Usually such a regimen will kill you by the fifth day, but if, at that critical moment, while at the point of death, you make one heroic effort and stay alive, why, then you will have overcome the King of Terrors once for all. I returned the gentleman's manuscript with a polite note, regretting that his line of research was so remote from those to which I was accustomed that I could not give him intelligent aid.

On one of the beautiful hills of Petersham, near the centre of Massachusetts, there dwelt a few years since a small religious community of persons who believed that they were destined to escape death. Not science, but faith had won for them this boon. They believed that the third person of the Trinity was incarnated in their leader or high priest, Father Howland. This community, I believe, came from Rhode Island about forty years ago, and at the height of its prosperity may have numbered twenty-five or thirty men and women. Their establishment consisted of one large mansard-roofed house, with barns and sheds and a good-sized farm. Their housekeeping was tidy, and they put up apple sauce. They maintained that the eighteen and a half centuries of the so-called Christian era have really been the dispensation of John the Baptist, and that the true Christian era was ushered in by the Holy

Ghost in the person of Father Howland, through believing in whom Christians might attain to eternal life on this planet. They had their Sabbath on Saturday, and worked in the fields on Sunday; and they made sundry distinctions between clean and unclean foods, based upon their slender understanding of the Old Testament.

For a few years these worthy people enjoyed the simple rural life on their pleasant hillside without having their dream of immortality rudely tested. When one member fell ill and died, and was presently followed by another, it was easy to dispose of such cases by asserting that the deceased were not true believers; they were black sheep, hypocrites, pretenders, whited sepulchres, and their deaths had purified the flock. But the next one to die was Father Howland himself. On a warm summer day of 1875, as he was driving in his buggy over a steep mountain road, the horse shied so violently as to throw out the venerable sage against a wood-pile, whereupon sundry loose logs fell upon his head and shoulders, inflicting fatal wounds. Then a note of consternation mingled with the genuine mourning of the little community. It was a perplexing providence. About two months afterward I made my first visit to these people, in company with my friend Dr. William James and five carriageloads of city folk who were spending the summer at Petersham. It was a Saturday morning, and all the worshipers were in their best clothes. They received us with a quiet but cordial welcome, and showed us into a spacious parlor that was simply brilliant with cheerfulness. Its west windows looked down upon a vast and varied landscape, with rich pastures, smiling cornfields, and long stretches of pine forest covering range upon range of hills moulded in forms of exquisite beauty. Beyond the foreground of delicate yellow and soft green tints the eye rested upon the sombre green of the woodland, and behind it all came the rich purple of the distant hills, fitfully checkered with shadows from the golden clouds. Here and there gleamed the white church spires of some secluded hamlet, while on the horizon, seventy miles distant, arose the lofty peak of old Greylock. Thence to Mount Grace, in one huge sweep, the entire breadth of Vermont was displayed, a wilderness of pale blue summits blending with the sky; and over all, and part of it all, was the radiant glory of the September sunshine.

"Truly," said I to one of the brethren, a man of saintly face, "if you are expecting to dwell forever upon the earth, you could not have chosen a more inspiring and delightful spot." "Yes, indeed," he replied, "it seems too beautiful to leave." The topic which agitated the little community was thus brought up for discussion, and, except for a brief prayer, the ordinary Sabbath exercises were set aside for this purpose. All these people seemed polite and gentle in manner; their simple-mindedness was noticeable, and their ignorance was abysmal, though I believe they could all read the Bible and do a little writing and arithmetic. In the facial expression of every one I thought I could see something that betrayed more or less of a lapse from complete sanity. Only one of the whole number showed any sense of humor, a keen-eyed old woman, yclept Sister Caroline, who could argue neatly and make quaint retorts. She and the man of saintly face were the only interesting personalities; the rest were but soulless clods.

It soon appeared that the belief in terrestrial immortality had not yet been seriously shaken by Father Howland's demise. There were some curious incipient symptoms of a resurrection myth. Their leader's death had been heralded by signs and portents. One aged brother, while taking his afternoon nap in a rocking-chair, fell forward upon the

floor, bringing down the chair upon his back; and at that identical moment another brother rushed in from the garden, exclaiming, "I have seen with these eyes the glory of the Lord revealed!" Evidently, the fall of the rocking-chair prefigured the fall of the wood-pile, and the moment of Howland's fatal injury was the moment of his glorification. Then it was remembered by Sister Caroline and others that he had lately foretold his apparent death, and declared that it was to be only an appearance. "Though I shall seem to be dead, it will only be for a little while, and then I shall return to you."

The morning's conversation made it clear that these simple folk were unanimous in believing that the completion of Father Howland's work demanded his presence for a short time in the other world, and that he would within a few weeks or months return to them. It seemed to Dr. James and myself that the conditions were favorable to the sudden growth of a belief in his resurrection, and for some time after that visit we half expected to hear that one or more of the household had seen him. In this, however, we were disappointed. I suspect that its mental soil may, after all, have been too barren for such a growth.

Seven years elapsed before my second and last visit to these worthy people. In the meantime a large addition had been made to the principal house, nearly doubling its capacity; and I was told that the community had been legally incorporated under the Hebrew title of Adoni-sham, or, "The Lord is there." One would naturally infer that the membership had increased, but the true explanation was very different. On a Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1882, in company with fifteen friends, I visited the community. Our reception this time was something more than polite; there was a noticeable warmth of welcome about it. We were ushered into one of the newly built rooms, — a long chapel, with seats on either side and a reading-desk at one end. All the women, both hosts and guests, took their seats on one side, all the men on the other. A whisper from my neighbor informed me that the community was reduced to twelve persons: thus the guests outnumbered the hosts. The high priest, Father Richards, a venerable man of ruddy hue, with enormous beard as white as snow, stood by the reading-desk, and in broken tones gave thanks to God, while abundant tears coursed down his cheeks. Now, he said, at last the word of the Lord was fulfilled. Two or three years ago the word had come that they must build a chapel and add to their living-rooms, for they were about to receive a large accession of new converts. So — just think of it, gentle reader, in the last quarter of this skeptical century — there was faith enough on that rugged mountain side to put three or four thousand dollars, earned with pork and apple sauce, into solid masonry and timber-work! And now at last, said Father Richards, in the arrival of this goodly company the word of the Lord was fulfilled! It seemed cruel to disturb such jubilant assurance, but we soon found that we need not worry ourselves on that score. The old man's faith was a rock on which unwelcome facts were quickly wrecked. Though we took pains to make it clear that we had only come for a visit, it was equally clear to him that we were to be converted that very afternoon, and would soon come to abide with the Adoni-sham.

Then Sister Caroline, stepping forward, made a long metaphysical harangue, at the close of which she walked up one side of the room and down the other, taking each person by the hand and saying to each a few words. When she came to me she suddenly broke out with a stream of gibberish, and went on for five mortal minutes, pouring it forth

as glibly as if it had been her mother tongue. After the meeting had broken up, I was informed that this "speaking with tongues" was not uncommon with the Adoni-sham. A wicked wag in our party then asked Sister Caroline if she knew what language it was in which she had addressed me. "No, sir," she replied, "nor do I know the meaning of what I said: I only uttered what the Lord put into my mouth." "Well," said this graceless scoffer, with face as sober as a deacon's, "I am thoroughly familiar with Hebrew, and I recognized at once the very dialect of Galilee as spoken when our Saviour was on the earth!" At this, I need hardly add, Sister Caroline was highly pleased.

By this time there had been so many deaths that induction by simple enumeration was getting to be too much for the Adoni-sham. They were beginning to realize the old Scotchman's conception of the elect: "Eh, Jamie! hoo mony d' ye thank there be of the alact noo alive on earth?" "Eh! mabbee a doozen." "Hoot, mon, nae sae mony as thot!" We found our worthy hosts less willing than of old to discuss their doctrine of terrestrial immortality, and there were symptoms of a tendency to give it a Pickwickian construction. Since that day their little community has vanished, and its glorious landscape knows it no more.

It is a pity that before the end it should not have had a visit from Mr. Hyland C. Kirk, whose book on The Possibility of not Dying was published in New York, in 1883. In this book the philosophic plausibleness of the opinion that a time will come when we shall no longer need to shuffle off this mortal coil is argued at some length, but the question as to how this is to happen is ignored. Mr. Isaac Jennings, in his Tree of Life (1867), thinks it can be accomplished by total abstinence from "alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, animal food, spices, and caraway." This is sufficiently specific; but Mr. Kirk's treatment of the question is so hazy as to suggest the suspicion that he has nothing to offer us.

I once knew such a case of a delusion without any theory, or, if you please, the grin without the Cheshire cat. In the course of a lecturing journey, some thirty years ago, I was approached by a refined and cultivated gentleman, who imparted to me in strict confidence and with much modesty of manner the fact that he had arrived at a complete refutation of the undulatory theory of light! To ask him for some statement of his own theory was but ordinary courtesy; but whenever we arrived at this point — which happened perhaps half a dozen times — he would put on a smile of mystery and decline to pursue the subject. I once assured him that he need have no fear of my stealing his thunder, for I had not the requisite knowledge; but he grew more darkly mysterious than ever, and said that the time for him to speak had not yet come.

A few months later, this gentleman, whom I will designate as Mr. Flighty, appeared in Cambridge, and came to my desk in the college library. Distress was written in his face. He had called upon Professor Silliman and other professors in Eastern colleges, and had been shabbily treated. Nobody had shown him any politeness except Professor Youmans, in whom he believed he had found a convert. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "then you told him your theory; perhaps the time has come when you can tell it to me." But no; again came the subtle smile, and he began to descant upon the persecution of Galileo, a favorite topic with cranks of all sorts. He asked me for some of the best books on the undulatory theory, and I gave him Cauchy, whereat he stood aghast, and said the book was full of mathematics which he could not read. But he would like to see Newton's Opticks, for that book did not uphold the undulatory

theory. "Oh!" said I, "then are you falling back on the corpuscular theory?" "No, indeed; mine is neither the one nor the other," and again came the Sibylline smile. As I went for the book I found Professor Lovering in the alcove, halfway up a tall ladder. "Hallo!" said I *sotto voce.* "There is a man in here who has upset the undulatory theory of light; do you want to see him?" "Heavens, no! Can't you inveigle him into some dark corner, while I run away?" "Don't worry," I replied, — "make yourself comfortable; I'll keep him from you." So I lured Mr. Flighty into a discourse on the bigotry of scientific folk, while Old Joe, whose fears were not so easily allayed, soon stealthily emerged from his alcove and hurried from the hall.

The next time I was in New York, chatting with Youmans at the Century Club, I alluded to Mr. Flighty, who believed he had made a convert of him.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Youmans, "and he said the same of you."

"Indeed! Well, I suspected as much. Unless you drive a crank from the room with cuffs and jeers, he is sure to think you agree with him. I do not yet know what Mr. Flighty's theory is."

"Nor I," said Youmans.

"Do you believe he has any theory at all?"

"Not a bit of it. He is a madman, and his belief that he has a theory is simply the form which his delusion takes."

"Exactly so," I said; and so it proved. Severe business troubles had wrecked Mr. Flighty's mind, and it was not long before we heard that he had killed himself, in a fit of acute mania.

My story must not end with such a gruesome affair. Out of the many queer people I have known, let me mention one who is associated with pleasant memories of childhood and youth. This man was no charlatan, but a learned naturalist, of solid and genuine scientific attainments, who came to be a little daft in his old age. Dr. Joseph Barratt, whose life extended over three fourths of the present century, was born in England. He was at one time a pupil of Cuvier, and cherished his memory with the idolatrous affection which that wonderful man seems always to have inspired. Dr. Barratt, as a physician practicing in Middletown, Connecticut, is one of the earliest figures in my memory, — a quaint and lovable figure. His attainments in botany and comparative anatomy were extensive; he was more or less of a geolo gist, and well read withal in history and general literature, besides being a fair linguist. Though eminently susceptible of the tender passion, he never married; he was neither a householder nor an autocrat of the breakfast table, but dwelt hermit-like in a queer snuggery over somebody's shop. His working-room was a rare sight; so much confusion has not been seen since this fair world weltered in its primeval chaos. With its cases of mineral and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and skeletons galore; with its beetles and spiders mounted on pins, its brains of divers creatures in jars of alcohol, its weird retorts and crucibles, its microscopes and surgeon's tools, its shelves of mysterious liquids in vials, its slabs of Portland sandstone bearing footprints of Triassic dinosaurs, and near the door a grim pterodactyl keeping guard over all, it might have been the necromancing den of a Sidrophel. Maps and crayon sketches, mingled with femurs and vertebræ, sprawled over tables and sofas and cumbered the chairs, till there was scarcely a place to sit down, while everywhere in direst helter-skelter yawned and toppled the books. And such books! There I first browsed in Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Lamarck and Blainville, and passed enchanted hours with the Règne Animal. The doctor was a courtly gentleman of the old stripe, and never did he clear a chair for me without an apology, saying that he only awaited a leisure day to put all things

in strictest order. Dear soul! that day never came.

Dr. Barratt was of course intensely interested in the Portland quarries, and they furnished the theme of the monomania which overtook him at about his sixtieth year. He accepted with enthusiasm the geological proofs of the antiquity of man in Europe, and presently undertook to reinforce them by proofs of his own gathering in the Connecticut Valley. An initial difficulty confronted him. The red freestone of that region belongs to the Triassic period, the oldest of the secondary series. It was an age of giant reptiles, contemporary with the earliest specimens of mammalian life, and not a likely place in which to look for relics of the highest of mammals. But Dr. Barratt insisted that this freestone is Eocene, thus bringing it into the tertiary series; and while geologists in general were unwilling to admit the existence of man before the Pleistocene period, he boldly carried it back to the Eocene. Thus, by adding a few million years to the antiquity of mankind and subtracting a few million from that of the rocks, he was enabled at once to maintain that he had discovered in the Portland freestone the indisputable remains of an ancient human being with only three fingers, upon whom he bestowed the name of *Homo tridactylus*. For companions he gave this personage four species of kangaroo, and from that time forth discoveries multiplied.

Such claims, when presented before learned societies with the doctor's quaint enthusiasm, and illustrated by his marvelous crayon sketches, were greeted with shouts of laughter. Among the geologists who chiefly provoked his wrath was the celebrated student of fossil footprints, Dr. Edward Hitchcock. "Why, sir," he would exclaim, "Dr. Hitchcock is a perfect fool, sir! I can teach ten of him, sir!" In spite of all scoffs and rebuffs, the old gentleman moved on to the end serene in his unshakable convictions. A courteous listener was, of course, a rare boon to him; and so, in that little town, it became his habit to confide his new discoveries to me. When I was out walking, if chary of my half-hours (as sometimes happened), a long detour would be necessary, to avoid his accustomed haunts; and once, on my return from a journey, I had hardly rung the doorbell when he appeared on the veranda with an essay entitled An Eocene Picnic, which he hoped to publish in The Atlantic Monthly, and which he insisted upon reading to me then and there. At one time a very large bone was found in one of the quarries, which was pronounced by Dr. Hitchcock to have belonged to an extinct batrachian; but Dr. Barratt saw in it the bone of a pachyderm. "Why, sir," said he, "it was their principal beast of burden, — as big as a rhinoceros and as gentle as a lamb. The children of Homo tridactylus used to play about his feet, sir, in perfect safety. I call him *Mega-ergaton docile*, 'the teachable great-worker.' Liddell and Scott give only the masculine, *ergates*, but for a beast of burden, sir, I prefer the neuter form. A gigantic pachyderm, sir; and Dr. Hitchcock, sir, perfect fool, sir, says it was a bullfrog!"

The mortal remains of this gentle palæontologist rest in the beautiful Indian Hill cemetery at Middletown, and his gravestone, designed and placed there by a dear friend, is appropriate and noble. For the doctor was after all a sterling man, whose unobtrusive merits were great, while his foibles were not important. The stone is a piece of fossil tree-trunk, brought over from Portland, imbedded in an amorphous block untouched by chisel, save where, on a bit of polished surface, one reads the name and dates, with the simple legend, "The Testimony of the Rocks."

John Fiske.

OUR CONTEMPORARY ANCESTORS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

At the close of the Revolutionary War there were about two and one half million people in the American colonies. To-day there are in the Southern mountains approximately the same number of people — Americans for four and five generations — who are living to all intents and purposes in the conditions of the colonial times! These people form an element unaccounted for by the census, unreckoned with in all our inventories of national resources. And their remoteness is by no means measured by the mere distance in miles. It is a longer journey from northern Ohio to eastern Kentucky than from America to Europe; for one day's ride brings us into the eighteenth century. Naturally, then, these eighteenth-century neighbors and fellow countrymen of ours are in need of a friendly interpreter; for modern life has little patience with those who are "behind the times." We hear of the "mountain whites" (they scorn that appellation as we would scorn the term "Northern whites") as illiterates, moonshiners, homicides, and even yet the mountaineers are scarcely distinguished in our thought from the "poor white trash." When we see them from the car window, with curious eyes, as we are whirled toward our Southern hotel, their virtues are not blazoned on their sorry clothing, nor suggested by their grave and awkward demeanor. They are an anachronism, and it will require a scientific spirit and some historic sense to enable us to appreciate their situation and their character.

The case of the mountain whites illustrates in a most impressive manner the importance of intercommunication as a means of progress. To a marvelous degree the Northern frontiersman was kept in touch with the thought centres of the East. He ascended the lordly Hudson, and that was his highway to the seaboard. The Hudson was too short, and De Witt Clinton lengthened it with the Erie Canal, so that all the lake region was hitched to civilization. Thus the waterways maintained communication until the railways appeared, and the pioneer shared in large degree the progress of the metropolis.

Now, the ancestors of our mountain friends "went West" under the same mighty impulse which peopled western New York and Ohio. But they unconsciously stepped aside from the great avenues of commerce and of thought. This is the excuse for their Rip Van Winkle sleep. They have been beleaguered by nature. The vastness of the mountain region which has enveloped this portion of our fellow countrymen has been concealed by the fact that it was parceled out among so many different commonwealths. The mountainous back yards of nine states abut upon the lofty ridges which separate the Virginias, bound Kentucky on the east, divide Tennessee from North Carolina, and end in Georgia and Alabama. There are some two hundred mountain counties, covering a territory much larger than New England. This is one of God's grand divisions, and in default of any other name we shall call it Appalachian America. It has no coast line like Scotland, no inland lakes or navigable rivers like Switzerland. The surface varies greatly in elevation and geologic structure, but as a place for human habitation the entire region has one characteristic — the lack of natural means of communication. Its highways are the beds of streams; commerce and intercourse are conditioned by horseflesh and saddlebags.

In this vast inland and upland realm may be found a contemporary survival of that pioneer life which has been such a striking feature in American history. Beginning with the survivals in matters external, we are at once introduced to the first type of American architecture, — the log cabin. The blind or windowless one-room cabin is replaced in the broader valleys by the double log cabin, — two cabins side by side, with a roofed space between serving for dining-room most of the year; in county towns even a second story with balcony is sometimes developed. In the Carolinas "stick chimneys" prevail, but in Tennessee and Kentucky substantial stone chimneys are the rule, æsthetically placed upon the outside of the wall. The great characteristic in the log-cabin stage of life is the absence of "conveniences." For a camping party this is very interesting, though sometimes embarrassing. To the mountain people, as to our pioneer ancestors, it is a matter of course. The writer recalls an early experience when enjoying the hospitality of a mountain home. His feminine companion thought of a possible return of hospitalities, wondering whether her hostess ever came to Berea, fifteen miles away, for shopping.

"When you cannot get what you need at this little store down by the creek, where do you go?"

The mountain woman answered with a frank smile, "I go without."

And it appeared that she had never been to any town or city in her life! It is brought home to a visitor in this region that the number of things which people can go without is very great. We expected to find our sylvan hosts without electric lights, but it did strike us as barbarous for them to burn kerosene lamps without chimneys. Still, it is a delicate matter to carry a lamp chimney safely over twenty miles of mountain road, on horseback. Possibly if we lived where they do we should live somewhat as they do!

One of our college women, in a "university extension" tour, desired to starch her waist, and asked her wondering hostess for a little wheat flour.

"Oh yes," was the reply, "we 've got some wheat flour." And then followed the search. No storeroom, flour bin, or even flour barrel or flour bag appeared. The woman's eyes were cast among the rafters whence depended numerous bags and bunches.

"Oh yes, we 've got some wheat flour." And at last it came forth from a cleft between the logs, a scant pint of flour "wrapped up in a napkin." The dreariness of this destitution is greatly relieved by what are to us the novel resources of sylvan life. If these primitive folk cannot step to the telephone and by a supernatural fiat "order" whatever may be desired, they can step into the forest and find or fashion some rude substitute. (Though in truth the handmade product is not a substitute, but an archetype.) Is the lamp chimney lacking? The mountain potteries are still making flambeaux, lamps of almost classic pattern in which grease is burned with a floating wick. Is the sawmill remote? In the high mountains where streams are small and mills impracticable the whipsaw is brought into use, and two men will get out three or four hundred feet of boards from the logs in a day. Handmills for grinding can still be constructed by well-brought-up mountain men, and in some places they have not yet lost the tradition of the fashioning of the old English crossbow! And who does not have a feeling akin to reverence in the presence of a hand loom? When a mountain maid speaks of her "wheel" she does not refer to a bicycle, but to the spinning-wheel of our ancestors, her use of which here in our mountains calls to mind the sudden and entire disappearance of cloth-making from the list of household industries. Not a single member of the Sorosis could card, spin, dye, or weave. Their mothers, for the

most part, had forgotten these arts, yet their grandmothers, and their foremothers for a hundred generations, have been spinners. Spinning, in fact, has helped to form the character of our race, and it is pleasant to find that here in Appalachian America it is still contributing to the health and grace and skill of womankind.

Along with these Saxon arts we shall find startling survivals of Saxon speech. The rude dialect of the mountains is far less a degradation than a survival. The Saxon pronoun "hit" holds its place almost universally. Strong past tenses, "holp" for helped, "drug" for dragged, and the like, are heard constantly; and the syllabic plural is retained in words in -st and others. The greeting as we ride up to a cabin is "Howdy, strangers. 'Light and hitch yer beasties." Quite a vocabulary of Chaucer's words which have been dropped by polite lips, but which linger in these solitudes, has been made out by some of our students. "Pack" for carry, "gorm" for muss, "feisty" for full of life, impertinent, are examples.

The lumber industry — driving and rafting logs — is still in these mountains the chief means of contact with the outside world. The trades are the primitive ones of the blacksmith, miller, and cobbler. The "upright farms" yield principally corn. String beans are on the table almost the year round. There are small patches of flax, cotton, and tobacco for home consumption. Some lands are held two or three dollars higher per acre — a double price — because of the coal which will some time be of incalculable value.

Two other pioneer reminders are large families and a scarcity of money. Barter is carried on at every store, where the tall gaunt figure and immobile face, so well described by Miss Murfree, and proverbially characteristic of Americans in the pioneer stage of development, still predominate at every counter.

A little sympathy and patience are necessary if we would recognize these marks of our contemporary ancestors through the exterior which is, at first sight, somewhat rude and repellent. The characteristics thus far noted are only on the surface; it will require still more insight and imagination to really know the heart of a mountain man. As in external matters the great characteristic is "going without things," so in the realm of ideas we are first impressed by the immense blank spaces. Can you divest your mind of those wonderful ideas which have been born since the Revolution, and have expanded and filled the modern world — evolution and the rest? Appalachian America may be useful as furnishing a fixed point which enables us to measure the progress of the moving world! And yet to set down the mountain people with the scornful verdict "behind the times" would be almost brutal. There is a reason for their belated condition, and they have large claims upon our interest and our consideration.

Subtract the ideas which have been born since the Revolution, and we come back to some very distinct and interesting notions. To begin with, we have the Revolutionary patriotism. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has recently told anew the story of the battle of King's Mountain, in which the backwoodsmen of Appalachian America annihilated a British army. Cedar kegs used as canteens, and other accoutrements which saw service in that enterprise, may still be found in mountain cabins. As Appalachian America has received no foreign immigration, it now contains a larger proportion of "Sons" and "Daughters" of the Revolution than any other part of our country.

The feeling of toleration and justification of slavery, with all the subtilties of state rights and "South against North," which grew up after the Revolution did not penetrate the mountains. The result

was that when the civil war came there was a great surprise for both the North and the South. Appalachian America clave to the old flag. It was this old-fashioned loyalty which held Kentucky in the Union, made West Virginia "secede from secession," and performed prodigies of valor in east Tennessee, and even in the western Carolinas. The writer was describing this loyalty to a woman's club in a border city when a fine old Southern lady, with entire good nature but much spirit, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, if those mountain folks had been educated they would have gone with their states!" Probably she was right.

The political ideas of the mountains are, of course, those of the Southern rather than those of the Northern colonies, born of the county system of Virginia, and lacking the training of the New England town meeting. Two results are noticeable: a greater individuality and hesitancy in coöperation, and a tendency not to combine for a principle or a policy, but to follow a leader in the old feudal way. Here is the psychological explanation of "the use of money at the polls" in some mountain counties. To a portion of the people the issues of national or state politics seem remote, and the election appeals to them as a personal encounter between Judge Goodlet, we will say, and Judge Britteredge. A part of these voters are attached by family or other traditional ties to one of these chieftains, and a part to the other. The adherents of Judge Goodlet could on no account be induced to vote for his opponent; that would strike them as altogether out of character. But in voting for Judge Goodlet they feel that they are doing him a favor, and they expect a dollar on election day as a kind of feudal largess. The receiving of such a gift does not involve the moral degradation of a "bribe," although it would be possible only where political consciousness is still in a rudimentary state. Yet the unlettered voter sometimes grasps a political issue with real argumentative ability. Kentucky and West Virginia were carried for "sound money" two years ago because the mountain men responded to the appeal, "Ef yeou lend a neighbor a bag o' flour yeou don't want ter be paid back in meal."

If the mountaineer's patriotism is old-fashioned, his literary sustenance, if such it may be called, is simply archaic. His music is in a weird minor key, and like that of Chaucer's Prioress, "entuned in hire nose full swetely." The hymns which are lined out and sung in unison in very slow time are usually quite doleful. The banjo, as well as most secular music, is commonly accounted wicked. Yet not a few old English ballads, familiar in Percy's Reliques, have been handed down from mother to daughter, with interesting variants like those of the Homeric lays. For example, the mountain minstrel represents the hero of Barbara Allen as coming not "out of the west countree," but (for all the world!) out of the Western States! And besides these transmissions there is a certain mass of stock phrases, anecdotes always related in the same words, standing illustrations, and the like, which are of the nature of literature, and might be called the literature of the illiterate. As an instance of this we recently jotted down the following apothegm of a mountain preacher. "Yeou cayn't help a-havin' bad thoughts come inter yer heads, but yeou hain't no necessity fer ter set 'em a cheer." The saying was repeated in a gathering of ministers in the East, and an aged man who was born in England said that he had heard the same thing from an unlearned country preacher when he was a boy. Doubtless that saying has been passed from mouth to mouth for generations. With these literary treasures may be mentioned the examples of slow Saxon wit exhibited in the names of places in the mountains. The post-office department has pruned away many expressive names like "Hell-fer-sartin" and "Stand-around" (why not as clas-

sic as Tarrytown ?), but has spared many imaginative and picturesque designations, as Fair Play, Wide-Awake, Cutshin, Quality Valley, Saddler, Amity, Troublesome, Stamping Ground, and Nonesuch.

In examining social life, and its variations in the mountains, we discover a new kind of isolation, a higher potency of loneliness. The people are not only isolated from the great centres and thoroughfares of the world, but also isolated from one another. The families who live along one valley form a community by themselves, and the children grow up with almost no examples or analogies of life outside these petty bounds. As we need a fresh air fund for the little ones of the city, we need a fresh idea fund for these sons and daughters of solitude. The very words by which a stranger is directed are suggestive of this isolation of each locality. In place of the street and number of a city, or the "range" and "section" of the west, we are directed by the watercourses. We are told to follow the middle fork of the Kentucky River, go up such a creek, and turn off on such a branch. The mountain world is mapped out by "forks," "creeks," and "branches." This double isolation produces many marked variations in social conditions. It may happen, for example, that one or two leading families on the "branch" — the pillars of the narrow society — die out, or move out, and the social state, left unsupported, collapses. The tales of awful degradation in the mountains may be true. But such tales are not to be taken as representative. The very next valley may be filled with homes where homespun linen table-cloths, and texts and hymns handed down by tradition, witness to a self-respect and character that are unmistakable.

We have only to read our Old Testament to be reminded that mere illiteracy is not fatal to character. The patriarchs were illiterate, and there are people in the mountains who remind us of them, — men and women who with deep though narrow experiences have reflected upon the problems of life, and subjected themselves to its disciplines, until they have gained the poise and power of true philosophers. This is something different from that repose of manner, quite common in the South, which comes from the mere absence of all haste, and makes the veriest roustabout somewhat akin to the representatives of our most distinguished leisure class.

The ancestry of the mountain folk is for the most part creditable. As has been indicated already it is almost wholly Revolutionary and British. In Kentucky a majority of the families may be traced back to rural England, both by distinct English traits and by the common English names like Chrisman, Baker, Allen, and Hazelwood. In other parts of the mountains the Scotch-Irish strain predominates, with corresponding names, including all the Macs. The impression has been made that some of the early settlers in the Southern colonies were "convicts," but it must be remembered that many of them were only convicted of having belonged to Cromwell's army, or of persisting in attending religious meetings conducted by "dissenters." But, whatever their origin, the "leading families" of the mountains are clearly sharers in the gracious influences which formed the English and Scottish people, and when a mountain lad registers by the name of Campbell or Harrison we have learned to expect that he will not prove unworthy of his clan.

A word deserves to be said of the native refinement of many of the mountain women. The staid combination of a black sunbonnet and a cob pipe is not unusual, and the shrill voice that betokens desperation in life's struggles may be heard. There is an utter frankness in questioning a stranger. "Who might you-all be? Where are ye aimin' ter go? What brung ye up this air way off

branch? Where do ye live at? Where 's yer old man? [This to a lady engaged in extension work!] How old be ye?" Yet there is withal a real kindliness and a certain shy modesty, and often a passionate eagerness to note points of superiority which may be imitated. As a rule, the proprieties of life are observed to a surprising degree; and a mountain woman certainly proves her descent from Eve when she appears at a meeting on the hottest summer's day wearing woolen mitts as her tribute to conventionality! Love of home and kindred is nowhere more marked than among these simple dwellers in the hills. The mountaineer has fewer passions than we, but his passions are more irresistible. When all the living branches of a family are in one county, perhaps in one valley, and a girl has never slept beneath more than a single roof, she deserves the name of heroine for starting off to a distant school, and may be pardoned for some homesickness after she is there.

The reverse side of family affection is the blood feud, which still survives in full vigor. Thoroughly to trace the origin, motives, and code of the blood feud in the mountains would require an article by itself. As an institution it has its roots deep in Old World traditions. Yet it seems to have been decadent when the confusions of the civil war gave it a new life. It is made possible by the simple fact that the people of this region have not yet grasped the decidedly modern notion of the sacredness of life. Mountain homicides are not committed for purposes of robbery. They are almost universally performed in the spirit of an Homeric chieftain, and the motive is some "point of honor."

Among the social virtues of the mountaineer hospitality has a high place. This virtue is to be found in solitary places the world over. Its two blending motives are compassion for a stranger, and curiosity to learn whatever news he may bring; and both motives are creditable. While we cannot here trace all the social codes of mountain life, it is important to note that there are social codes and moral standards which are most strictly observed. Herein the "mountain white" shows his genus. It is his social standards and his independent spirit that prove his worth, or at least his promise. He is not a degraded being, although, to tell the truth, he has not yet been graded up! The "poor whites" were degraded by actual competition with slave labor. The "mountain whites" had little contact with slavery, and retained that independent spirit which everywhere belongs to the owners of land. Mr. John Fox, Jr., is responsible for the statement that when a man was sent with a sum of money to relieve distress in a plague-stricken district in the mountains of Kentucky, he could find none who would confess their need, and rode for days without being able to execute his commission. The mountaineer is not a suppliant for old clothes. When Mr. Fox gave a reading from his Cumberland tales in Berea, the mountain boys were ready to mob him. They had no comprehension of the nature of fiction. Mr. Fox's stories were either true or false. If they were true, then he was "no gentleman" for telling all the family affairs of people who had entertained him with their best. If they were not true, then, of course, they were libelous upon the mountain people! Such an attitude may remind us of the general condemnation of fiction by the "unco' gude" a generation ago.

This proof of the narrowness of their horizon may prepare us to understand their religion. Here they have distinctly degenerated; they have lost the great Protestant idea that a minister must be an educated man. Ignorance makes men positive, and the barriers of orthodoxy have been raised to a very commanding height. The same positiveness leads to a multitude of sects, and is reinforced by the feudal spirit for following a par-

tisan leader. Theological thought turns upon such points as the validity of baptism not performed in running water, and the origin of Melchizedek. Naturally, and happily, such discussions do not greatly affect practical life. With some tenets, however, the case is different. The mountains seem the natural home of fatalism. It is in helplessness that they cry out beside the bedside of their dear one, "If he 's to die, he 's to die." And this "hardshell" predestinarian teaching does not hesitate to condemn missions and Sunday-schools as an unwarrantable interference with the decrees of the Almighty. The habit of literal interpretation has raised up many champions of the doctrine of a flat earth. "Dew yeou perpose to take Joshuar inter yeour leetle school, and larn him the shape of the yearth? Don't the Bible tell us that the yearth 's got eends, an' foundations, an' corners? And that the sun runs from one eend on hit ter the other? Let God be true and every man a liar!" With all this ranting, however, there are some noble men among the mountain preachers. Occasionally we have real eloquence, and in rare instances even some liberality. An example of the latter occurred recently when, after a long discourse in which the natural obstacles in the narrow way were quite lost sight of while the preacher brought the opening down to a mere crack by the piling in of ritualistic and doctrinal tests, at the close the good man, with a glance at one of our extension lecturers who was present, exclaimed, "I hain't a-sayin' that God cayn't let in a truly repentant sinner that don't come up ter this yere standard. The Lord air powerful good, an' if he neow and then lets in a sinner as has plumb repented, even if he don't come up to this yere standard, I hain't a-goin' ter object. There may be some in other churches as don't know no better, and the Lord may, now an' then, take pity on some on 'em. But, brethering, mine 's the reg'lar way."

Though the points of resemblance between these lonely people of the hills and our forefathers on the bleak New England shore are numerous and striking, there are one or two points of contrast which place them very far apart. Judged by modern standards, the early settlers in the New World were rude of speech, and stinted in all material resources. More than this, they were but babes in all scientific conceptions, and strangers to many of the ideas with which every modern child is familiar. They were crude, poor, narrow, *but they were at the head of the procession.* They shared the best thought of their time, and were consciously in motion. They were inspired by the great task of nation building. The mountain folk, on the contrary, the best of them, are consciously stranded. They are behind relatively as well as absolutely, and their pride is all the more vehement because conscious of an insecure foundation. Shy, sensitive, undemonstrative, the mountain man and woman are pathetically belated. The generations of scorn from the surrounding lowlands have almost convinced them, inwardly, that "what is, must be," and they are but feebly struggling with destiny.

Such people are so far out of touch with modern life that they surprise and disappoint some who, without intimate acquaintance, try to give them assistance. Few teachers can really begin simply enough, and condescend to teach the things which "we always knew." I recall a breezy mountain top, and a young hunter — a Doryphorus rather than an Apollo — whose woodcraft had won my admiration. Delicately I touched upon the question of education.

"Can you write numbers?"

The answer came slow and guarded. "Reckon I can write some numbers."

Then on a piece of bark I drew the nine digits. He read them all. Next came the combination of figures, and I included the date 1897.

"I don't guess I can tell that thar."

I explained it. And then a new test occurred to me.

"Do you know what 1897 means?"

"Hit 's the year, hain't hit?"

"But why is this year called 1897? It is 1897 years since what?"

"I never heard tell."

Another instance came to light through the distribution of reading matter. When I was young in the mountains I distributed a barrel of copies of the New York Independent, and had great satisfaction in observing the eagerness with which they were taken. A little later I discovered that these simple folk could not comprehend the high themes discussed in that excellent periodical, and that their eagerness was only to secure paper for the walls of their cabins! Yet in many places a mere scrap of printed paper will be cherished. More than once one of our extension lecturers has been intercepted in attempting to throw into the fire the paper which had been wrapped around some toilet article.

"Don't burn thet thar, stranger, hit mought have some news on hit."

So, too, it is pitiful to see how helpless these people are in estimating the things of the outside world. "Furriners" have impressed them with the wonders of train and telegraph, and they have no standard from which to decide where credulity should stop. The story is quite credible of the mountaineer in Georgia who inquired why the folks of the county town were not more "tore up" over the Spanish war. "It 'hav been giv out in our settlement," said he, "thet them Spanish has flyin' squadroons, and we 'low thet if one of them things should 'light in our parts they would be as hard on us as the rebs."

But the mountain folk should inspire more than an antiquarian interest. They are part and parcel of the nation, and their place in it and their future are topics of general concern. When we consider the separate elements of our population the mountaineer must not be overlooked. He certainly belongs to the category of the "native born." But his characteristics are the exact complement of those which we now consider American. Lacking the intelligence which is the leading trait of latter-day Americans, he has the unjaded nerves which the typical modern lacks. And while in more elegant circles American families have ceased to be prolific, the mountain American is still rearing vigorous children in numbers that would satisfy the patriarchs. The possible value of such a population is sufficiently evident.

The few representatives of this obscure people who have made their way to regions of greater opportunity have shown no mean native endowment. Lincoln himself is an example. His great career hinged upon the fact that his mother had six books: he was "that much" ahead of contemporary mountain lads, and it gave him his initiative. The principal building of Berea College is named after this greatest American, and we expect to find other similar outcroppings from the same strata. The latent ability of these people often shows itself in other lines, and is sometimes accidentally discovered; as in the case of a totally unlettered man who was aroused by the incoming of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and took and executed large contracts, managing cuts, fills, tunnels, and bridges, and handling armies of workmen, without the aid of either pen or pencil. Another fact to be considered in appraising this mountain population is its central location in the heart of the South. When once enlightened this highland stock may reinforce the whole circle of Southern States.

How the mountains are to be enlightened, however, is a double problem; first as to the means, and secondly as to the method. The first question is one of philanthropy, and the second question is one

of pedagogics. There could not be a clearer call for the intervention of intelligent, patriotic assistance. We are sometimes remonstrated with for breaking in upon this Arcadian simplicity, and we have had our own misgivings. But it must be remembered that ruthless change is knocking at the door of every mountain cabin. The jackals of civilization have already abused the confidence of many a highland home. The lumber, coal, and mineral wealth of the mountains is to be possessed, and the unprincipled vanguard of commercialism can easily debauch a simple people. The question is whether the mountain people can be enlightened and guided so that they can have a part in the development of their own country, or whether they must give place to foreigners and melt away like so many Indians.

The means for extending this saving aid must be furnished by the patriotic people of the nation. It cannot be left to the states concerned; for these are all poor Southern states, inexperienced in popular education. Appalachian America is a ward of the nation, such a ward as we have never had before. The mountain man is not to be compared with the negro, except in the basal fact of need. Nor can he be compared with the Western pioneer, for the Western frontier had always a certain proportion of educated leaders, and it was closely knit by family and commercial ties with the older and richer parts of the land. But Appalachian America is a frontier without any related back tier, and must be dealt with accordingly.

The question of the method by which these contemporary ancestors of ours are to be put in step with the world is an educational one. I wish only to bring forward two suggestions. In the first place, the aim should be to make them intelligent without making them sophisticated. As a matter both of taste and of common sense, we should not try to make them conform to the regulation type of Americans; they should be encouraged to retain all that is characteristic and wholesome in their present life. Let us not set them agog to rush into the competition of cities, but show them how to get the blessings of culture where they are. Let them not be taught to despise the log cabin, but to adorn it. So, too, the whole aim of our aid should be to make them able to help themselves. Industrial education, instruction in the care of their forests, rotation of crops, and similar elementary matters will make them sharers in the gifts of science. Normal instruction will help them to get some benefit from the newly organized and very inadequate public schools. Publications adapted to their present needs, and university extension lectures upon such elementary themes as hygiene, United States history, and settling quarrels without bloodshed, are in order.

The native capacity of the mountain people is well established, and their response to well-directed efforts has been surprisingly ready. On more than one occasion they have adjourned court to listen to an extension lecture. Mountain boys will walk a hundred miles, over an unknown road, in quest of an education whose significance they can but dimly comprehend. Why may we not expect to see *our* people as worthy and intelligent as those of Drumtochty? Suppose that Drumtochty had had only a bridle path to connect it with the world, so that its farmers and shepherds could reach the market town only twice a year instead of twice a week; suppose there had been no university on the far horizon to beckon its aspiring lads; and then suppose that Drumsheuch and the "meenister" had been illiterate men, jealous of all "high-heeled notions" from the outside world. Who would have known whether there was ever a scholar born in Drumtochty or not?

William Goodell Frost.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

II.

EDUCATION AND BEHAVIOR.

In our previous paper we were led to frame a very simple conception of what an education means. In the last analysis, it consists in the organizing of *resources* in the human being, of powers of conduct which shall fit him to his social and physical world. An "uneducated" person is one who is nonplused by all but the most habitual situations. On the contrary, one who is educated is able practically to extricate himself, by means of the examples with which his memory is stored and of the abstract conceptions which he has acquired, from circumstances in which he never was placed before. Education, in short, cannot be better described than by calling it *the organization of acquired habits of conduct and tendencies to behavior.*

To illustrate. You and I are each and all of us educated, in our several ways, and we show our education at this present moment by different conduct. It would be quite impossible for me, with my mind technically and professionally organized as it is, and with the optical stimulus which your presence affords, to remain sitting here entirely silent and inactive. Something tells me that I am expected to speak, and must speak; something forces me to keep on speaking. My organs of articulation are continuously innervated by outgoing currents, which the currents passing inward at my eyes and through my educated brain have set in motion; and the particular movements which they make have their form and order determined altogether by the training of all my past years of lecturing and reading. Your conduct, on the other hand, might seem at first sight purely receptive and inactive, — leaving out those among you who happen to be taking notes. But the very *listening* which you are carrying on is itself a determinate kind of conduct. All the muscular tensions of your body are distributed in a peculiar way as you listen; your head, your eyes, are fixed characteristically. And when the lecture is over, it will inevitably eventuate in some stroke of behavior, as I said on the previous occasion. You may be guided differently in some special emergency in the schoolroom by some word which I now let fall. So it is with the impressions you will make there on your pupil. You should get into the habit of regarding them all as instrumental to the acquisition by him of capacities for behavior, emotional, social, bodily, vocal, technical, or what not. And this being the case, you ought to feel willing, in a broad, general way, and without hair-splitting or farther ado, to take up with the biological conception of the mind, as of something given us for practical use. That conception, at any rate, will conveniently cover the greater part of your own educational work.

If we reflect upon the various ideals of education that are prevalent in the different countries, we see that what they all aim at is to organize capacities for conduct. This is most immediately obvious in Germany, where the explicitly avowed aim of the higher education is to turn the student into an instrument for advancing scientific discovery. The German universities are proud of the number of young specialists whom they turn out every year, — not necessarily men of any original force of intellect, but men so trained to research that when their professor gives them an historical or philological thesis to prepare, or a bit of laboratory work to do, with a general indication as to the best method, they can go off by themselves and use apparatus

and consult sources in such a way as to grind out in the requisite number of months some little peppercorn of new truth worthy of being added to the store of extant human information on that subject. Little else is recognized in Germany as a man's title to academic advancement than his ability thus to show himself an efficient instrument of research.

In England, it might seem at first sight as if what the higher education of the universities aimed at were the production of certain static types of character, rather than the development of what one may call this dynamic scientific efficiency. Professor Jowett, when asked what Oxford could do for its students, is said to have replied, "Oxford can teach an English gentleman how to *be* an English gentleman." But if you ask what it means "to be an English gentleman," the only reply is in terms of conduct and behavior. An English gentleman is a bundle of specifically qualified reactions, a creature who for all the emergencies of life has his line of behavior distinctly marked out for him in advance. Here, as elsewhere, "England expects every man to do his duty."

THE NECESSITY OF REACTIONS.

If all this be true, then immediately one general aphorism emerges which ought by logical right to dominate the entire conduct of the teacher in the classroom. *No reception without reaction, no impression without correlative expression,* — this is the great maxim which the teacher ought never to forget. An impression which simply flows in at the pupil's eyes or ears, and in no way modifies the active life, is an impression gone to waste. It is physiologically incomplete. It leaves no fruits behind it in the way of capacity acquired. Even as mere impression it fails to produce its proper effect upon the memory; for, to remain fully amongst the acquisitions of this latter faculty, it must be wrought into the whole cycle of our operations. Its motor consequences are what *clinch* it. Some effect, due to it in the way of an activity, must return to the mind in the form of the sensation of having acted, and connect itself with the impression. The most durable impressions, in fact, are those on account of which we speak or act, or else are inwardly convulsed.

The older pedagogic method of learning things by rote, and reciting them parrot-like in the schoolroom, rested on the truth that a thing merely read or heard, and never verbally reproduced, contracts the weakest possible adhesion in the mind. Verbal recitation or reproduction is thus a highly important kind of reactive behavior on our impressions, and it is to be feared that, in the reaction against the old parrot recitations as the beginning and end of instruction, the extreme value of verbal recitation as an element of complete training may nowadays be too much forgotten.

When we turn to modern pedagogics, we see how enormously the field of reactive conduct has been extended by the introduction of all those methods of concrete object teaching which are the glory of our contemporary schools. Verbal reactions, useful as they are, are insufficient. The pupil's words may be right, but the conceptions corresponding to them are often direfully wrong. In a modern school, therefore, they form only a small part of what the pupil is required to do. He must keep notebooks, make drawings, plans, and maps, take measurements, enter the laboratory and perform experiments, consult authorities, and write essays. He must do in his fashion what is often laughed at by outsiders when it appears in prospectuses under the title of "original work," but what is really the only possible training for the doing of original work thereafter. The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual

training schools; not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trades, but because they will give us citizens with an entirely different intellectual fibre. Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity and into the inadequacy of all abstract verbal accounts of real phenomena, which once wrought into the mind remain there as lifelong possessions. They confer precision; because if you are *doing* a thing, you must do it definitely right or definitely wrong. They give honesty; for when you express yourself by making things, and not by using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate your vagueness or ignorance by ambiguity. They beget a habit of self-reliance; they keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary functions to a minimum. Of the various systems of manual training, so far as woodwork is concerned, the Swedish sloyd system, if I may have an opinion on such matters, seems to me by far the best, psychologically considered. Manual-training methods, fortunately, are being slowly, but surely, introduced into all our large cities; but there is still an immense distance to traverse before they shall have gained the extension which they are destined ultimately to possess.

No impression without expression, then, — that is the first pedagogic fruit of our evolutionary conception of the mind as something instrumental to adaptive behavior. But a word may be said in continuation. The expression itself comes back to us, as I intimated a moment ago, in the form of a still farther impression, — the impression, namely, of what we have done. We thus receive sensible news of our behavior and its results. We hear the words we have spoken, feel our own blow as we give it, or read the success or failure of our reactions in the bystander's eyes. Now, this return wave of impression pertains to the completeness of the whole experience, and a word about its importance in the schoolroom may not be out of place. It would seem only natural to say that since after acting we normally get some return impression of result, it must be well to let the pupil get such a return impression in every possible case. Nevertheless, in schools where examination marks and "standing" and other returns of result are concealed, the pupil is frustrated of this natural termination of the cycle of his activities, and often suffers from the sense of incompleteness and uncertainty; and there are persons who defend this system as encouraging the pupil to work for the work's sake, and not for extraneous reward. Of course, here as elsewhere, concrete experience must prevail over psychological deduction. But as far as our psychological deduction goes, it would suggest that the pupil's eagerness to know how well he does is in the line of his normal completeness of function, and should never be balked except for very definite reasons indeed.

NATIVE REACTIONS AND ACQUIRED REACTIONS.

We are by this time fully launched upon the biological conception. Man is an organism for reacting on impressions; his mind is there to help determine his reactions, and the purpose of his education is to make them numerous and perfect. *Our education means, in short, little more than a mass of possibilities of reaction*, acquired at home, at school, or in the training of affairs. The teacher's task is that of supervising the acquiring process.

This being the case, I will immediately state a principle which underlies the whole process of acquisition and governs the entire activity of the teacher. It is this: —

Every acquired reaction is, as a rule, either a complication grafted on a native reaction, or a substitute for a native reaction which the same object originally tended to provoke.

The teacher's art consists in bringing about the substitution or complication; and success in the art presupposes a sympathetic acquaintance with the reactive tendencies natively there.

Without an equipment of native reactions on the child's part, the teacher would have no hold whatever upon the child's attention or conduct. You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; and so you may take a child to the schoolroom, but you cannot make him learn the new things you wish to impart, except by soliciting him in the first instance by something which natively makes him react. He must take the first step himself. He must *do* something before you can get your purchase on him. That something may be something good or something bad. A bad reaction is better than no reaction at all; for if bad, you can couple it with consequences which awake him to its badness. But imagine a child so lifeless as to react in *no* way to the teacher's first appeals, and say how you can possibly take the first step in his education.

To make this abstract conception more concrete, assume the case of a young child's training in good manners. The child has a native tendency to snatch with his hands at anything that attracts his curiosity; also to draw back his hands when slapped, to cry under these latter conditions, to smile when gently spoken to, and to imitate one's gestures.

Suppose now you appear before the child with a new toy intended as a present for him. No sooner does he see the toy than he seeks to snatch it. You slap the hand; it is withdrawn, and the child cries. You then hold up the toy, smiling and saying, "Ask for it nicely, — so!" The child stops crying, imitates you, receives the toy, and crows with pleasure, — and that little cycle of training is complete. You have substituted the new reaction of "asking" for the native reaction of snatching, when that kind of impression comes.

Now, if the child had no memory, the process would not be educative. No matter how often you came in with a toy, the same series of reactions would fatally occur, each called forth by its own impression: see, snatch; slap, cry; hear, imitate; ask, receive. But with *memory* there, the child, at the very instant of snatching, recalls the rest of the earlier experience, thinks of the slap and the frustration, recollects the asking and the reward, inhibits the snatching impulse, substitutes the "nice" reaction for it, and gets the toy immediately by eliminating all the intermediary steps. If a child's first snatching impulse is excessive or his memory poor, many repetitions of the discipline may be needed before the acquired reaction comes to be an ingrained habit; but in an eminently educable child a single experience will suffice.

One might easily represent the whole process by a brain-diagram; but such a diagram would be little more than a symbolic translation of the immediate experience into spatial terms, so I omit it.

The first thing, then, for the teacher is to understand the pupil's native reactive tendencies, — the impulses and instincts of childhood, — so as to be able to substitute one for another, and turn them on to artificial objects.

It is often said that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having a much smaller assortment of native instincts and impulses than they; but this is a great mistake. Man, of course, has not the marvelous egg-laying instincts which some articulates have; but if we compare him with the mammalia, we are forced to confess that he is ap-

pealed to by a much larger array of objects than any other mammal, that his reactions on these objects are characteristic and determinate in a very high degree. The monkeys, and especially the anthropoids, are the only beings that approach him in their analytic curiosity and width of imitativeness. His instinctive impulses, it is true, get overlaid by the secondary reactions due to his superior reasoning power; and thus man loses the *simply* instinctive demeanor. But the life of instinct is only disguised in him, not lost; and when the higher brain functions are in abeyance, as happens in imbecility or dementia, his instincts sometimes show their presence in truly brutish ways.

I will therefore say a few words about those instinctive tendencies which are the most important from the teacher's point of view.

WHAT THE NATIVE REACTIONS ARE.

First of all, *fear*. Fear of punishment has always been the great weapon of the teacher, and will always, of course, retain some place in the conditions of the schoolroom. The subject is so familiar that nothing more need be said about it. And the same is true of *love*, and the instinctive desire to please those whom we love. The teacher who succeeds in getting herself loved by the pupils will obtain results which one of a more forbidding temperament finds it impossible to secure.

Next, a word may be said about *curiosity*. This is perhaps a rather poor term by which to designate the *impulse toward better cognition* in its full extent; but you will readily understand what I mean. Novelties in the way of sensible objects, especially if their sensational quality is bright, vivid, startling, invariably arrest the attention of the young, and hold it until the desire to know more about the object is assuaged. In its higher form, the impulse toward completer knowledge takes the character of scientific or philosophic curiosity. In both its sensational and its intellectual form, the instinct is more vivacious during childhood and youth than in after life. Young children are possessed by curiosity about every new impression that assails them. It would be quite impossible for a young child to listen to a lecture for more than a few minutes, as you are now listening to me. The outside sights and sounds inevitably carry his attention off. And for most people in middle life, the sort of intellectual effort required of the average schoolboy in mastering his Greek or Latin lesson, his algebra or physics, would be out of the question. The middle-aged citizen attends exclusively to the routine details of his business, and new truths, especially when they require involved trains of close reasoning, are no longer within the scope of his potentiality.

The sensational curiosity of childhood is appealed to more particularly by certain determinate kinds of objects. Material things, things that move, human actions and accounts of human action, will win the attention better than anything that is more abstract. Here again comes in the advantage of the object-teaching and manual-training methods. The pupil's attention is spontaneously held by any problem that involves a new material object or an activity on any one's part. The teacher's earliest appeals, therefore, must be through objects shown, or acts performed or described. Theoretic curiosity, curiosity about the rational relations between things, can hardly be said to awake until adolescence is reached. The sporadic metaphysical inquiries of children as to who made God, and why they have five fingers, need hardly be counted here. But when the theoretic instinct is once alive in the pupil, an entirely new order of pedagogic relations begins for him, a fact with which all teachers are familiar. And both in its sensible and in its rational developments, disinterested curiosity

may be successfully appealed to in the child with much more certainty than in the adult, in whom this intellectual instinct has grown so torpid as usually to require quickening by entering into association with some selfish personal interest. Of this latter point I will say more anon.

Imitation. Man has always been recognized as the imitative animal *par excellence;* and there is hardly a book on psychology, however old, which has not devoted at least one paragraph to this fact. It is strange, however, that the full scope and pregnancy of the imitative impulse in man has had to wait till the last dozen years to become adequately recognized. M. Tarde led the way in his admirably original work Les Lois de l'Imitation; and in our own country Professors Royce and Baldwin have kept the ball rolling with all the energy that could be desired. Each of us is in fact what he is almost exclusively by virtue of his imitativeness. We become conscious of what we ourselves are by imitating others. The consciousness of what the others are precedes; the sense of self grows by the sense of pattern. The entire accumulated wealth of mankind — languages, arts, institutions, and sciences — is passed on from one generation to another by what Baldwin has called social heredity, each generation simply imitating the last. Into the particulars of this most fascinating chapter of psychology I have no time to go. The moment one hears Tarde's proposition uttered, however, one feels how supremely true it is. Invention — using the term most broadly — and imitation are the two legs, so to call them, on which the human race historically has walked.

Imitation shades imperceptibly into *emulation.* Emulation is the impulse to imitate what you see another doing, in order not to appear inferior; and it is hard to draw a sharp line between the manifestations of the two impulses, so inextricably do they mix their effects. Emulation is the very nerve of human society. Why are you, my hearers, sitting here before me? If no one whom you ever heard of had attended a "summer school" or teachers' institute, would it have occurred to any one of you to break out independently and do a thing so unprescribed by fashion? Probably not. Nor would your pupils come to you unless the children of their parents' neighbors were all simultaneously being sent to school. We wish not to be lonely or eccentric, and we wish not to be cut off from our share in things which to our neighbors seem desirable possessions.

In the schoolroom, imitation and emulation play absolutely vital parts. Every teacher knows the advantage of having certain things performed by whole bands of children at a time. The teacher who meets with most success is the teacher whose own ways are the most imitable. A teacher should never try to make the pupils do a thing which she cannot do herself. "Come and let me show you how" is an incomparably better stimulus than "Go and do it as the book directs." Children admire a teacher who has skill, and are inspired with emulation. It is useless for a dull and devitalized teacher to exhort her pupils to wake up and take an interest. She must first take one herself; then her example is effective as no exhortation can possibly be.

Every school has its tone, moral and intellectual. And this tone is a mere tradition kept up by imitation, due in the first instance to the example set by teachers and by previous pupils of an aggressive and dominating type, copied by the others, and passed on from year to year, so that the new pupils take the cue almost immediately. Such a tone changes very slowly, if at all; and then always under the modifying influence of new personalities, aggressive enough in

character to set new patterns and not merely to copy the old. The classic example of this sort of tone is the often quoted case of Rugby under Dr. Arnold's administration. He impressed his own character as a model on the imagination of the oldest boys, who in turn were expected and required to impress theirs upon the younger set. The contagiousness of Arnold's genius was such that a Rugby man was said to be recognizable all through life by a peculiar turn of character which he acquired at school.

It is obvious that psychology as such can give in this field no precepts of detail. Here, as in so many other fields of teaching, success depends mainly on the native genius of the teacher, — the sympathy, tact, and perception which enable one to seize the right moment and to set the right example.

Amongst the recent modern reforms of teaching methods, a certain disparagement of emulation, as a laudable spring of action in the schoolroom, has often made itself heard. More than a century ago, Rousseau, in his Emile, branded rivalry between one pupil and another as too base a passion to play a part in an ideal education. "Let Emile," he said, "never be led to compare himself to other children. No rivalries, not even in running, as soon as he begins to have the power of reason. It were a hundred times better that he should not learn at all what he could only learn through jealousy or vanity. But I would mark out every year the progress he may have made, and I would compare it with the progress of the following years. I would say to him: 'You are now grown so many inches taller. There is the ditch which you jumped over, there is the burden which you raised. There is the distance to which you could throw a pebble, there the distance you could run over without losing breath. See how much more you can do now!' Thus I should excite him without making him jealous of any one. He would wish to surpass himself. I can see no inconvenience in this emulation with his former self."

Unquestionably, emulation with one's former self is a noble form of the passion of rivalry, and has a wide scope in the training of the young. But to veto and taboo all possible rivalry of one youth with another, because such rivalry may degenerate into greedy and selfish excess, does seem to savor somewhat of sentimentality, or even of fanaticism. The feeling of rivalry lies at the very basis of our being, all social improvement being largely due to it. There is a noble and generous passion of rivalry as well as a spiteful and greedy one; and the noble and generous form is particularly common in childhood. All games owe the zest which they bring with them to the fact that they are rooted in the emulous passion; yet they are the chief means of training in fairness and magnanimity. Can the teacher afford to throw such an ally away? Ought we seriously to hope that marks, distinctions, prizes, and other goals of effort, based on the pursuit of recognized superiority, should be forever banished from our schools? As a psychologist, I must confess my doubts. The wise teacher will use this instinct as he uses others, reaping its advantages, and appealing to it in such a way as to reap a maximum of benefit with a minimum of harm; for, after all, we must confess, with a French critic of Rousseau's doctrine, that the deepest spring of action in us is the sight of action in another. The spectacle of effort is what awakens and sustains our own effort. No runner running all alone on a race track will find in his own will the power of stimulation which his rivalry with other runners incites, when he feels them at his heels about to pass. When a trotting horse is "speeded," a running horse must go beside him to keep him to the pace.

As imitation slides into emulation, so emulation slides into *ambition;* and ambition connects itself closely with *pugnacity* and *pride.* Consequently, these five instinctive tendencies form an interconnected group of factors, hard to separate in the determination of a great deal of our conduct. The *ambitious impulses* would perhaps be the best name for the whole group.

Pride and pugnacity have often been considered unworthy passions to appeal to in the young; but in their more refined and noble forms they play a great part in the schoolroom, and in education generally, being in some characters most potent spurs to effort. Pugnacity need not be thought of merely in the form of physical combativeness. It can be taken in the sense of a general unwillingness to be beaten by any kind of difficulty. It is what makes us feel "stumped" and challenged by arduous achievements, and is essential to a spirited and enterprising character. We have had of late too much of the philosophy of tenderness in education; "interest" must be assiduously awakened in everything, difficulties must be smoothed away. *Soft* pedagogics have taken the place of the old steep and rocky path to learning. But from this lukewarm air the bracing oxygen of effort is left out. It is nonsense to suppose that every step in education *can* be interesting. The fighting impulse must often be appealed to. Make the pupil feel ashamed of being "scared" at fractions, of being "downed" by the law of falling bodies, rouse his pugnacity and pride, and he will rush at the difficult places with a sort of inner anger at himself that is one of his best moral faculties. A victory scored under such conditions becomes a turning point and crisis of his character. It represents the high-water mark of his powers, and serves thereafter as an ideal pattern for his self-imitation. The teacher who never rouses this sort of pugnacious excitement in his pupils falls short of one of his best forms of usefulness.

The next instinct which I shall mention is that of *ownership,* also one of the radical endowments of the race. It often is the antagonist of imitation. Whether social progress is due more to the passion for keeping old things or to the passion of imitating new ones may in some cases be a difficult thing to decide. The sense of ownership begins in the second year of life; among the first words which an infant learns to utter are the words "my" and "mine." The depth and primitiveness of this instinct would seem to discredit psychologically all radical forms of communistic utopia in advance. Private proprietorship cannot be abolished. It seems essential to mental health that the individual should have something beyond the bare clothes on his back to which he can assert exclusive possession, and which he may defend adversely against the world. Even those religious orders who make the most stringent vows of poverty have found it necessary to relax the rule a little in favor of human nature, made unhappy by reduction to too disinterested terms. The monk must have his books; the nun must have her little garden, and the images and pictures in her room.

In education, the instinct of ownership is fundamental, and can be appealed to in many ways. In the house, training in order and neatness begins with the arrangement of the child's own personal possessions. In the school, ownership is particularly important in connection with one of its special forms of activity, the collecting impulse. An object possibly not very interesting in itself, like a shell, a postage stamp, or a single map or drawing, will acquire an interest if it fills a gap in a collection or helps to complete a series. Much of the scholarly work of the world, so far as it is mere bibliography, memory, and eru-

dition (and this lies at the basis of all our human scholarship), would seem to owe its interest rather to the way in which it gratifies the accumulating and collecting instinct than to any special appeal which it makes to rational desire. A man wishes a complete collection of information, wishes to know more about a subject than anybody else, much as another may wish to own more dollars, or more early editions, or more engravings before the letter, than anybody else.

The teacher who can work this impulse into the school tasks is fortunate. Almost all children collect something. A tactful teacher may get them to take pleasure in collecting books; in keeping a neat and orderly collection of notes; in starting, when they are mature enough, a card catalogue; in preserving every drawing or map which they may make. Neatness, order, and method are thus instinctively gained, along with the other benefits which the possession of the collection entails. Even such a noisome thing as a collection of postage stamps may be used by the teacher as an inciter of interest in the geographical and historical information which she desires to impart. Sloyd successfully avails itself of this instinct in causing the pupil to make a collection of wooden implements fit for his own private use at home. Collecting is of course the basis of all natural history study; and probably nobody ever became a good naturalist who was not an unusually active collector when a boy.

Construction is the other great instinctive tendency with which the schoolroom has to contract an alliance. Up to the eighth or ninth year of childhood, one may say that the child does hardly anything else than handle objects, explore things with his hands, doing and undoing, setting up and knocking down, putting together and pulling apart; for, from the psychological point of view, construction and destruction are two names for the same manual activity. The result of all this is that familiarity with the physical environment, that acquaintance with the properties of material things, which is really the foundation of human consciousness. To the very last, in most of us, the conceptions of objects and their properties are limited to the notion of what we can *do with them.* A "stick" means something we can lean upon or strike with; "fire," something to cook, or warm ourselves, or burn things up withal; "string," something with which to tie things together. In geometry, the cylinder, circle, sphere, are defined as so many results of construction. The more different kinds of things a child thus gets to know by treating and handling them, the more confident grows his sense of kinship with the world in which he lives. An unsympathetic adult will wonder at the fascinated hours which a child will spend in putting his "blocks" together and rearranging them. But the wise education takes the tide at the flood, and from the kindergarten upward devotes the first years of education to training in construction and to object teaching. I need not recapitulate here what I said awhile back about the superiority of the objective and experimental methods. They occupy the pupil in a way most congruous with the spontaneous interests of his age. They absorb him, and leave impressions durable and profound. Compared with the youth taught by these methods, one brought up exclusively by books carries through life a certain remoteness from reality; he stands, as it were, out of the pale, and feels that he stands so, and often suffers a kind of melancholy from which he might have been rescued by a more "real" education.

There are other impulses, such as love of approbation or vanity, shyness and secretiveness, of which a word might be said, but they are too familiar to need

it. You can easily pursue the subject by your own reflection. There is one general law, however, that relates to many of our instinctive tendencies, and that has no little importance in education. I must refer to it briefly before I leave the subject. It has been called the law of transitoriness in instincts. Many of our impulsive tendencies ripen at a certain period, and if the appropriate objects be then and there provided, habits of conduct toward them are acquired, which last. But if the objects be not forthcoming then, the impulse may die out before a habit is formed, and later it may be hard to teach the creature to react appropriately in those directions. The sucking instinct in mammals, the following instinct in certain birds and quadrupeds, are examples of this; they disappear shortly after birth.

In children we observe a ripening of impulses and interests in a certain determinate order. Creeping, walking, climbing, imitating vocal sounds, constructing, drawing, calculating, possess the child in succession; and in some children the possession, while it lasts, may be of a semi-frantic and exclusive sort. Later, the interest in any one of these things may wholly fade away. Of course, the proper pedagogic moment to work in skill and to clinch the useful habit is when the native impulse is most acutely present. Crowd on the athletic opportunities, the mental arithmetic, the verse-learning, the drawing, the botany, or what not, the moment you have reason to think the hour is ripe. It may not last long; and whilst it continues you may safely let all other occupations take a second place. In this way you economize time and deepen skill; for many an infant prodigy, artistic or mathematical, has a flowering epoch of but a few months.

One can draw no specific rules for all this. It depends on close observation in the particular case, and parents here have a great advantage over teachers.

Such then is the little interested and impulsive psychophysical organism whose springs of action the teacher must divine, and to whose ways he must become accustomed. He must start with the native tendencies, and enlarge the pupil's entire passive and active experience. He must ply him with new objects and stimuli, and make him taste the fruits of his behavior, so that now that whole context of remembered experience is what shall determine his conduct when he gets the stimulus, and not the bare immediate impression. As the pupil's life thus enlarges, it gets fuller and fuller of all sorts of memories and associations and substitutions; but the eye accustomed to psychological analysis will discern, underneath it all, the outlines of our simple psychophysical scheme.

Respect, I beg you, always the original reactions, even when you are seeking to overcome their connection with certain objects, and to supplant them with others that you wish to make habitual. Bad behavior, from the point of view of the teacher's art, is as good a starting point as good behavior; in fact, a better starting point than good behavior would be.

William James.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

IV. BOSTON IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES.

In the autumn of 1844 we returned from our wedding journey, and took up our abode in the near neighborhood of the city of Boston, of which, at intervals, I had already enjoyed some glimpses. These had shown me Margaret Fuller, holding high communion with her friends in her well-remembered conversations; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was then breaking ground in the field of his subsequent great reputation; and many another who has since been widely heard of. I count it as one of my privileges to have listened to a single sermon from Dr. Channing, with whom I had some personal acquaintance. The time was one in which the Boston community, small as it then was, exhibited great differences of opinion, especially regarding the new transcendentalism and the anti-slavery agitation, which were both held much in question by the public at large. While George Ripley, moved by a fresh interpretation of religious duty, was endeavoring to institute a phalanstery at Brook Farm, the caricatures of Christopher Cranch gave great amusement to those who were privileged to see them. One of these represented Margaret Fuller driving a winged team attached to a chariot on which was inscribed the name of her new periodical, the Dial, while the Rev. Andrews Norton regarded her with holy horror. Another illustrated a passage from Mr. Emerson's essay on Nature — "I play upon myself. I am my own music" — by depicting an individual with a nose of preternatural length, pierced with holes like a flageolet, upon which his fingers sought the stops. Yet Mr. Cranch belonged among the transcendentalists both by taste and by persuasion.

As my earliest relations in Boston were with its recognized society, I naturally gave some heed to the views therein held regarding the transcendental people. What I liked least in these last, when I met them, was a sort of jargon which characterized their speech. I had been taught to speak plain and careful English, and though always a student of foreign languages, I had never thought fit to mix their idioms with those of my native tongue. Apropos of this, I remember that the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck once said to me of Margaret Fuller, "That young lady does not speak the same language that I do, — I cannot understand her." Mr. Emerson's English was as new to me as that of any of his contemporaries; but in his case I soon felt that the thought was as novel as the language, and that both marked an epoch in literary history. The grandiloquence which was common at that time now appears to me to have been the natural expression of an exhilaration of mind which carried the speaker or writer beyond the bounds of commonplace speech. The intellect of the time had outgrown the limits of Puritan belief. The narrow literalism, the material and positive view of matters highly spiritual, abstract, and indeterminate, which had been handed down from previous generations, had become as irreligion to the foremost minds of that day. They had no choice but to enter the arena as champions of the new interpretation of life which the cause of truth imperatively demanded.

I speak now of the transcendental movement as I had opportunity to observe it in Boston. Let us not ignore the fact that it was a world movement. The name seems to have been borrowed

from the German phraseology, in which the philosophy of Kant was termed "the transcendental philosophy." Furthermore, the breath which kindled among us this new flame of hope and aspiration came from the same source. For this was the period of Germany's true glory. The intellectual radiance outshone and outlived the military meteor [1] which for a brief moment obscured all else to human vision. The great vitality of the German nation, the indefatigable research of its learned men, its wholesome balance of sense and spirit, all made themselves widely felt, and infused fresh blood into veins impoverished by ascetic views of life. Its philosophers were apostles of freedom; its poets sang the joy of living, not the bitterness of sin and death.

These good things were brought to us piecemeal, by translations, by disciples. Dr. Hedge published an English rendering of some of the masterpieces of German prose. Longfellow gave us lovely versions of many poets. John S. Dwight produced his ever precious volume of translations of the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller. Margaret Fuller translated Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe. Carlyle wrote his wonderful essays, inspired by the new thought, and adding to it daring novelty of his own. The whole is matter of history now, quite beyond the domain of personal reminiscence.

I have spoken of the transcendentalists and the abolitionists as if they had been quite distinct bodies of believers. Reflecting more deeply, I feel that both were features of the new movement. In the transcendentalists the enthusiasm of emancipated thought was paramount, while the abolitionists followed the vision of emancipated humanity. The lightning flash which illuminated the heaven of the poets and philosophers fell also on the fetters of the slave, and showed them to the thinking world as a disgrace no longer to be tolerated by civilized peoples.

[1] Napoleon.

I had formerly seen Boston as a petted visitor from another city would be apt to see it. I had found it altogether hospitable, and rather eager to entertain a novelty. It was another matter to see it with its consideration cap on, pondering whether to like or mislike a new claimant to its citizenship. I had known what we may term the Boston of the Forty, if New York may be called the city of the Four Hundred. I was now to make acquaintance with quite another city, — with the Boston of the teachers, of the reformers, of the cranks, and also — of the apostles. Wondering and floundering among these new surroundings, I was often at a loss to determine what I should follow, what relinquish. I endeavored to enter reasonably into the functions and amusements of general society, and at the same time to profit by the new resources of an intellectual life which opened out before me. One offense against fashion I would commit: I would go to hear Theodore Parker preach. My society friends shook their heads.

"What is Julia Howe trying to find at Parker's meeting?" was asked one day, in my presence.

"Atheism," replied the lady thus addressed.

I said at once, "Not atheism, but a theism."

The change had already been great from my position as a family idol and "the superior young lady of an admiring circle" to that of a wife overshadowed for the time by the splendor of her husband's reputation. This I had accepted willingly. But the change from a life of easy circumstances and brilliant surroundings to that of the mistress of a suite of rooms in the Institution for the Blind at South Boston was much greater. The building was two miles distant from the city proper, the only public conveyance being an om-

nibus which ran but once in two hours. My friends were residents of Boston, or of places still more remote from my new home, and South Boston was then, as it has continued to be, a distinctly unfashionable suburb. My husband did not desire that I should undertake any work in connection with the Institution under his charge. I found its teachers pleasant neighbors, and was glad to have Laura Bridgman continue to be a member of the household.

During the first years of my residence at the Institution Dr. Howe delighted in inviting his friends to weekly dinners, which cost me many unhappy hours. My want of training and of forethought often caused me to forget some very important item of the repast. My husband's eldest sister, who lived with us, and who had held the reins of the housekeeping until my arrival, was averse to company, and usually absented herself on the days of the dinner parties. In her absence, I often did not know where to look for various articles which were requisite and necessary. I remember one dinner for which I had relied upon a form of ice as the principal feature of the dessert. The company was of the best, and I desired that the feast should correspond with it. The ice, which had been ordered from town, did not appear. I did my best to conceal my chagrin, but was scarcely consoled when the missing refreshment was found, the next morning, in a snowbank near our door, where the messenger had deposited it without word or comment. The same mischance might, indeed does sometimes happen at this later date. I should laugh at it now, but then I almost wept over it. Our kitchen and dining room were on one floor, and a convenient slide allowed dishes to be passed from one room to the other. On a certain occasion, my sister being with me, I asked her whether my dinner had gone off well enough. "Oh yes," she replied; "only the slide was left open, and through it I saw the cook buttering the venison."

Dr. Howe had a fancy for a piece of property which lay very near the Institution. In due time he purchased it. We found an ancient cottage on the place, and made it habitable by the addition of one or two rooms. Our new domain comprised several acres of land, and my husband took great pleasure in laying out an extensive fruit and flower garden and in building a fine hothouse. We removed to this abode on a lovely summer day; and when we entered the grounds I involuntarily exclaimed, "This is green peace!" Somehow, the nickname, jocosely given, remained in use. The estate still stands on legal records as "the Green Peace Estate." Friends would sometimes ask us, "How are you getting on at Green Beans, — is that the name?" My husband was so much attached to this place that when, after a residence of many years in the city, he returned thither to spend the last years of his life, he spoke of it as Paradise Regained.

It partly amuses and partly saddens me to recall, at this advanced period of my life, the altogether mistaken views which I once held regarding certain sets of people in Boston, of whom I really knew little or nothing. The veil of prejudgment through which I saw them was not, indeed, of my own weaving, but I was content to dislike them at a distance, until circumstances absolutely compelled me to take a nearer and a truer view.

I had supposed the abolitionists to be men and women of rather coarse fibre, abounding in cheap and easy denunciation, and seeking to lay rash hands on the complex machinery of government and of society. My husband, who largely shared their opinions, had no great sympathy with either their methods or their personality. Theodore Parker held them in high esteem, and it was through him that one of my strongest imaginary

dislikes vanished as though it had never been. The object of this dislike was William Lloyd Garrison, whom I had never seen, but of whose malignity of disposition I entertained not the smallest doubt.

It happened that I met him at one of Parker's Sunday evenings at home. I soon felt that this was not the man for whom I had cherished so decided a distaste. Finding him gentle and unassuming in manner, with a pleasant voice, a benevolent countenance, and a sort of glory of sincerity in his ways and words, I could only wonder at the falsehoods that I had heard and believed concerning him.

The Parkers had recently received the gift of a piano from members of Mr. Parker's congregation. A friend began to play hymn tunes upon it, and those of us who could sing gathered in little groups to read from the few hymn books which were within reach. Dr. Howe presently looked up and saw me singing from the same book with Mr. Garrison. He told me afterward that few things in the course of his life had surprised him more. From this time forth the imaginary Garrison ceased to exist for me. I learned to respect and honor the real one more and more, though as yet little foreseeing how glad I should be one day to work with and under him. The persons most frequently named as prominent abolitionists, in connection with Mr. Garrison, were Maria Weston Chapman and Wendell Phillips.

Mrs. Chapman presided with much energy and grace over the anti-slavery bazaars which were held annually in Boston through a long space of years. For this labor of love she was somewhat decried, and the sobriquet of "Captain Chapman" was given her in derision. She was handsome and rather commanding in person, endowed also with an excellent taste in dress. I cannot remember that she ever spoke in public, but her presence often adorned the platform at anti-slavery meetings. She was the editor of The Liberty Bell, and was a valued friend and ally of Wendell Phillips.

Of Mr. Phillips I must say that I at first regarded him through the same veil of prejudice which had caused me so greatly to misconceive the character of Mr. Garrison. I was a little softened by hearing that at one of the bazaars he had purchased a copy of my first volume of poems, with the remark, "She does n't like me, but I like her poetry." This naturally led me to suppose that he must have some redeeming traits of character. I had not then heard him speak, and I did not wish to hear him; but I met him, also, at one of the Parker Sunday evenings, and, after a pleasant episode of conversation, I found myself constrained to take him out of my chamber of dislikes.

Mr. Phillips was entitled, by birth and education, to an unquestioned position in Boston society. His family name was of the best. He was a graduate both of Harvard College and of its Law School. No ungentlemanly act had ever tarnished his fame. His offense was that, at a critical moment, he had espoused an unpopular cause, — one which was destined, in less than a score of years, so to divide the feeling of our community as to threaten the very continuance of our national life. Oh, to have been in Faneuil Hall on that memorable day when the pentecostal flame first visited him; when he leaped to the platform, all untrained for such an encounter, and his eloquent soul uttered itself in protest against a low and sordid acquiescence in the claims of oppression and tyranny! In that hour he was sealed as an apostle of the higher law, to whose advocacy he sacrificed his professional and social interests. The low-browed, chain-bound slave had now the best orator in America to plead his cause. It was the beginning of the end. Mr. Phillips, with-

out doubt, sometimes used intemperate language. I myself have at times dissented quite sharply from some of his statements. Nevertheless, a man who rendered such great service to the community as he did should be judged by his best, not by his least meritorious performance. He was for years an unwelcome prophet of evil to come. Society at large took little heed of his warning; but when the evil days did come, he became a counselor "good at need."

I recall now a scene in Tremont Temple just before the breaking out of our civil war. An anti-slavery meeting had been announced, and a scheme had been devised to break it up. As I entered I met Mrs. Chapman, who said, "These are times in which anti-slavery people must stand by each other." On the platform were seated a number of the prominent abolitionists. Mr. Phillips was to be the second speaker, but when he stepped forward to address the meeting a perfect hubbub arose in the gallery. Shrieks, howls, and catcalls resounded. Again and again the great orator essayed to speak. Again and again his voice was drowned by the general uproar. I sat near enough to hear him say, with a smile, "Those boys in the gallery will soon tire themselves out." And so, indeed, it befell. After a delay which appeared to some of us endless, the noise subsided, and Wendell Phillips, still in the glory of his strength and manly beauty, stood up before the house, and soon held all present spellbound by the magic of his speech. The clear silver ring of his voice carried persuasion with it. From head to foot, he seemed aflame with the passion of his convictions. He used the simplest English, and spoke with such distinctness that his lowest tones, almost a whisper, could be heard throughout the large hall. Yerrinton, the only man who could report Wendell Phillips's speeches, once told my husband that it was like reporting chain lightning.

On the occasion of which I speak, the unruly element was quieted once for all, and the further proceedings of the meeting suffered no interruption. The mob, however, did not abandon its intention of doing violence to the great advocate. Soon after the time just mentioned Dr. Howe attended an evening meeting, at the close of which a crowd of rough men gathered outside the public entrance, waiting for Phillips to appear, with ugly threats of the treatment which he should receive at their hands. The doors presently opened, and Phillips came forth, walking calmly between Mrs. Chapman and Lydia Maria Child. Not a hand was raised, not a threat was uttered. The crowd gave way in silence, and the two brave women parted from Phillips at the door of his own house. My husband spoke of this as one of the most impressive sights that he had ever witnessed. His report of it moved me to send word to Mr. Phillips that, in case of any recurrence of such a disturbance, I should be proud to join his bodyguard.

Mr. Phillips was one of the early advocates of woman suffrage. I remember that I was sitting in Theodore Parker's reception room conversing with him, when Wendell Phillips, quite glowing with enthusiasm, came in to report regarding a woman's rights convention recently held at Worcester. Of the doings there he spoke in warm eulogy. He complained that Horace Mann had written a non-committal letter, in reply to the invitation sent him to take part in the convention. Ralph Waldo Emerson, he said, had excused himself from attendance on the ground that he was occupied in writing a life of Margaret Fuller, which, he hoped, would be considered as a service in the line of the objects of the meeting.

This convention was held in October of the year 1850, before the claims of women to political efficiency had begun to occupy the attention and divide the

feeling of the American public. When, after the close of the civil war, the question was again brought forward, with a new zeal and determination, Mr. Phillips gave it the great support of his eloquence, and continued through a long course of years to be one of its most earnest advocates.

The last time that I heard Wendell Phillips speak in public was in December, 1883, at the unveiling of Miss Whitney's statue of Harriet Martineau, in the Old South Meeting House. Mrs. Livermore was one of the speakers of that occasion. When the stated exercises were at an end, she said to me, "Let us thank Mr. Phillips for what he has just said. We shall not have him with us long." I expressed surprise at this, and she said further, "He has heart disease, and is far from well." Soon after this followed his death, and the splendid public testimonial given in his honor. I was one of those admitted to the funeral exercises, in which friends spoke of him most lovingly. I also saw his remains lying in state in Faneuil Hall, on the very platform where, in his ardent youth, he had uttered his first scathing denunciation of the slave power and its defenders. The mournful and reverent crowd which gathered for one last look at his beloved countenance told, better than words could tell, of the tireless services, long continued, which had won for him the heart of the community. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

I first heard of Theodore Parker as the author of the sermon on The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity. At the time of its publication I was still within the fold of the Episcopal Church, and, judging by hearsay, was prepared to find the discourse a tissue of impious and sacrilegious statements. Yet I ventured to peruse a copy of it which fell into my hands. I was surprised to find it reverent and appreciative in spirit, although somewhat startling in its conclusions. At that time the remembrance of Mr. Emerson's Phi Beta address was fresh in my mind. This discourse of Parker's was a second glimpse of a system of thought very different from that in which I had been reared. Not long after my marriage, being in Rome with my husband, I was interested to hear of Parker's arrival there. As Dr. Howe had some slight acquaintance with him, we soon invited him to dine with us. He was already quite bald, and this untimely blemish appeared in strange contradiction of the youthful energy of his facial expression. He was accompanied by his wife, whose mild countenance, compared with his, suggested even more than the usual contrast between husband and wife. One might have said of her that she came near being very handsome. Her complexion was fair, her features were regular, and the expression of her face was naïf and gentle. A certain want of physical maturity seemed to have prevented her from blossoming into full beauty. It was a great grief both to her and to her husband that their union was childless.

Theodore Parker's reputation had already reached Rome, and there as elsewhere brought him many attentions from scholars, and even from dignitaries of the Catholic Church. He remained in the Eternal City, as we did, through the winter, and we saw him frequently.

In the spring our eldest child was born, and I desired that she should be christened by Parker. This caused some uneasiness to my sisters, who were with me at the time. One of them took occasion to call upon Parker at his lodgings, and to inquire how the infant was to be christened, in what name. Our friend replied that he had never heard of any baptismal formula other than the usual one: "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." My sister was much relieved, and the baptism was altogether satisfactory.

This was the beginning of a family

intimacy which lasted many years, ending only with Parker's life. After our return to America my husband went often to the Melodeon, where Parker preached until he took possession of the Music Hall. The interest which my husband showed in these services led me in time to attend them, and I remember with deep gratitude the years in which I listened to Theodore Parker.

Those who knew Parker only in the pulpit did not half know him. Apart from the field of theological controversy, he was one of the most sympathetic and delightful of men. I have rarely met any one whose conversation had such a ready and varied charm. His idea of culture was encyclopædic, and his reading, as might have been inferred from the size of his library, was enormous. The purchase of books was his single extravagance. One whole floor was given up to them, and in spite of this they overflowed into hall and drawing room. He was generous in lending them, and I often profited by his kindness in this respect.

His affection for his wife was very great. From a natural love of paradox, he was accustomed to style this mild creature "Bear," and he delighted to carry out this pleasantry by adorning his étagère with miniature bears, in wood-carving, porcelain, and so on. His gold shirt stud bore the impress of a bear. At one Christmas time he showed me a breakfast cup upon which a bear had been painted, by his express order, as a gift for his wife. At another he granted me a view of a fine silver candlestick in the shape of a bear and staff, which was also intended for her. He even confided to me the first clauses of a little catechism, which ran as follows: —

"What creature is this?"

"A bear."

"What sort of bear is it?"

"The very best sort of bear."

"What shall it do to be saved?"

"Have cubs."

Which, alas! the poor Bear did never accomplish.

To my husband Parker often spoke of the excellence of his wife's discernment of character. He would say: "My quiet little wife, with her simple intuition, understands people more readily than I do. I sometimes invite a stranger to my house, and tell her that she will find him as pleasant as I have found him. It may turn out so; but if my wife says, 'Theodore, I don't like that man; there 's something wrong about him,' I always find, in the end, that I have been mistaken, — that her judgment was correct."

Parker's ideal of culture included a knowledge of music. His endeavors to attain this were praiseworthy, but unsuccessful. I have heard the late John S. Dwight say that when he was a student in Harvard Divinity School, Parker, who was then his fellow student, desired to be taught to sing the notes of the musical scale. Dwight volunteered to give him lessons, and began, as is usual, by striking the dominant *do* and directing the pupil to imitate the sound. Parker responded, and found himself able to sing this one note; but when Dwight passed on to the second and the third, Parker could only repeat the note already sung. He had no ear for music, and his friend advised him to give up the hopeless attempt to cultivate his voice. In like manner, at an earlier date, Dr. Howe and Charles Sumner joined a singing class, but both evincing the same defect were dismissed as impossible cases. Parker attended sedulously the concerts of classical music given in Boston, and no doubt enjoyed them after a fashion. I once tried to explain to him the difference between having an ear for music and not having one. I failed, however, to convince him of any difference.

The years during which I heard him most frequently were momentous in the history of our country and of our race.

They presaged and preceded grave crises on both sides of the Atlantic. In Europe was going on the ferment of ideas and theories which led to the revolutions of 1848, and the temporary upturning of states and of governments. In the United States, the seed of thought sown by prophetic minds was ripening in the great field of public opinion. Slavery and all that it involved became not only hateful, but intolerable to men of right mind, and the policy which aimed at its indefinite extension was judged and condemned.

Parker at this time had need in truth of the two-edged sword of the Spirit. On the one hand he encountered the foes of religious freedom, on the other the advocates and instruments of political oppression. His sermons on theism belonged to one of these domains, those which treated of public men and measures to the other. Among the latter, I remember best that on Daniel Webster, and the terrible Lesson for the Day which denounced Judge Loring for the part which he had taken in the rendition of Anthony Burns.

The discourse which treated of Webster was indeed a memorable one. I recall well the solemnity of its opening sentences, and the earnest desire shown throughout to do justice to the great gifts of the great man, while no one of his public misdeeds was allowed to escape notice. The whole performance, painful as it was in parts, was very uplifting, as the exhibition of true mastery must always be. Its unusual length caused me to miss the omnibus which should have brought me to South Boston in good time for our Sunday dinner. As I entered the house and found the family somewhat impatient of the unwonted delay, I cried, "Let no one find fault! I have heard the greatest thing that I shall ever hear!"

At the time of the attempted rendition of the fugitive slave Shadrach a meeting was held in the Melodeon, at which various speakers gave utterance to the indignation which aroused the whole community. Parker had been the prime mover in calling this meeting. He had written for it some verses to be sung to the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and he made the closing and most important address. It was on this occasion that I first saw Colonel Higginson, who was then known as the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, pastor of a Unitarian society in Worcester, Massachusetts. The part assigned to him in the exercises was to read portions of Scripture appropriate to the day. This he did with excellent effect. Parker, in the course of his address, held up a torn coat, and said, "This is the coat of our brother Shadrach," reverting in his mind to the Bible story of the torn coat of Joseph over which his father grieved so sorely. As I left the hall I heard some mischievous urchins commenting upon this. "Nonsense!" cried one of them, "that was n't Shadrach's coat at all. That was Theodore's old coat." Parker was amused when I told him of this.

From time to time Parker would speak in his sermons of the position which woman should hold in a civilized community. The question of suffrage had not then been brought into prominence, and, as I remember, he insisted most upon the claim of the sex to equality of education and of opportunity. On one occasion he invited Lucretia Mott to his pulpit. On another its privileges were accorded to Mrs. Seba Smith. I was present one Sunday when he announced to his congregation that the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown would address them on the Sunday following. As he pronounced the word "Reverend," I detected an unmistakable and probably unconscious curl of his lip. The lady was, I believe, the first woman minister regularly ordained in the United States. She was a graduate of Oberlin, in that day the only college in our

country which received among its pupils women and negroes. She was ordained by an Orthodox Congregational society, and has since become better known as Antoinette Brown Blackwell, a strenuous advocate of the rights of her sex, an earnest student of religious philosophy, and the author of some valuable work on this and kindred topics.

I am almost certain that Parker was the first minister who in public prayer to God addressed him as "Father and Mother of us all." I can truly say that no rite of public worship, not even the splendid Easter service in St. Peter's at Rome, ever impressed me as deeply as did Theodore Parker's prayers. The volume of them which has been published preserves many of his sentences, but cannot convey any sense of the sublime attitude of humility with which he rose and stood, his arms extended, his features lit up with the glory of his high office. Truly, he talked with God, and took us with him into the divine presence.

I cannot remember that the interest of his sermons ever varied for me. It was all one intense delight. The luminous clearness of his mind, his admirable talent for popularizing the procedures and conclusions of philosophy, his keen wit and poetic sense of beauty, — all these combined to make him appear to me one of the oracles of God. Added to these were his fearlessness and power of denunciation, exercised in a community a great part of which seemed bound in a moral sleep. His voice was like the archangel's trump, summoning the wicked to repentance, and bidding the just take heart. It was hard to go out from his presence, all aglow with the enthusiasm which he felt and inspired, and to hear him spoken of as a teacher of irreligion, a pest to the community.

As all know, this glorious career came too soon to an end. While still in the fullness of his powers, and at the moment when he was most needed, the taint of hereditary disease penetrated his pure and blameless life. He came to my husband's office one day, and said, "Howe, that venomous cat which has destroyed so many of my people has fixed her claws here," pointing to his chest. The progress of the fatal disease was slow, but sure. He had agreed with Dr. Howe that they should visit South America together in 1860, when he should have attained his fiftieth year. But, alas! in place of that adventurous voyage and journey, a sad exodus to the West, and thence to Europe, was appointed, — an exile from which he never returned.

Many years after this time I visited the public cemetery in Florence, and stood before the simple granite cross which marks the resting place of this great apostle of freedom. I found it adorned with plants and vines which had evidently been brought from his native land. A dear friend of his, Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell, had said to me of this spot, "It looks like a piece of New England." And I thought how this piece of New England belonged to the world.

One of the most imposing figures in my gallery of remembrance is that of Charles Sumner, Senator and martyr. When I first saw him I was still a girl in my father's house, from which the father had then but recently passed. My eldest brother, Samuel Ward, had made Mr. Sumner's acquaintance through a letter of introduction given to the latter by Mr. Longfellow. At his suggestion we invited Mr. Sumner to pass a quiet evening at our house, promising him a little music. Our guest was newly returned from England, where letters from Chief Justice Story had given him access both to literary and to aristocratic circles. His appearance at that time was rather singular. He was very tall and erect, and the full suit of black which he wore added to the effect of his height and slenderness of figure. Of

his conversation, I remember chiefly that he held the novels of Walter Scott in light esteem, and that he quoted with approbation Sir Adam Ferguson as having said that Manzoni's Promessi Sposi was worth more than all of Sir Walter's romances put together.

Mr. Sumner was at this time one of a little group of friends which an ironical lady had christened the Mutual Admiration Society. The other members were the poet Longfellow, George S. Hillard, Cornelius Felton, professor of Greek at Harvard College, of which at a later day he became president, and Dr. Howe. These gentlemen were indeed bound together by ties of intimate friendship, but the humorous designation just quoted was not fairly applicable to them. They rejoiced in one another's successes, and Sumner on one occasion wrote to Dr. Howe, apropos of a new poem of Mr. Longfellow's, "What a club we are! I like to indulge in a little *mutual.*" The developments of later years made some changes in these relations. When the Boston public became strongly divided on the slavery question, Hillard and Felton were less pronounced in their views than the others, while Longfellow, Sumner, and Dr. Howe remained united in opinion and in feeling. Hillard, who possessed more scholarship and literary taste than Sumner, could never understand the reason of the high position which the latter in time attained. He remained a Webster Whig, to use the language of those days, while Sumner was elected to Webster's seat in the Senate. Felton was a man of very genial temperament, devoted to the duties of his Greek professorship and to kindred studies. He was by nature averse to strife, and the encounters of the political arena had little attraction for him. The five always remained friends and well-wishers. They became much absorbed in the cares and business of public and private life, and the club as such ceased to be spoken of.

In the days of their great intimacy, a certain grotesqueness of taste in Sumner made him the object of some good-natured banter on the part of the other "Mutuals." It was related that on a certain Fourth of July he had given his office boy, Ben, a small gratuity, and had advised him to pass the day at Mount Auburn, where he would be able to enjoy quiet and profitable meditation. Felton was especially merry over this incident; but he, in turn, furnished occasion for laughter when on a visit to New York, in company with the same friends. A man servant whom they had brought with them was ordered to carry Felton's valise to the Astor House. This was before the days of the baggage express. The man arrived late in the day, breathless with fatigue, and when questioned replied, "Faith! I went to all the *oyster* houses in Broadway before I could find you."

Charles Sumner was a man of great qualities and of small defects. His blemishes, which were easily discerned, were temperamental rather than moral. He had not the sort of imagination which enables a man to enter easily into the feelings of others, and this deficiency on his part sometimes resulted in unnecessary rudeness.

His father, Sheriff Sumner, had been accounted the most polite Bostonian of his day. It was related of him that once, being present at the execution of a criminal, and having trodden upon the foot of the condemned man, the sheriff took off his hat and apologized for the accident. Whereupon the criminal exclaimed, "Sheriff Sumner, you are the politest man I ever knew, and if I am to be hanged, I had rather be hanged by you than by any one else!" It was sometimes remarked that the sheriff's mantle did not seem to have fallen upon his son.

Charles Sumner's appearance was curiously metamorphosed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which he suffered, I think, in 1843 or 1844. After his

recovery he gained much in flesh, and entirely lost that ungainliness of aspect which once led a friend to compare him to a geometrical line, "length without breadth or thickness." He now became a man of strikingly fine presence, his great height being offset by a corresponding fullness of figure. His countenance was strongly marked and individual, — the features not handsome in themselves, but the whole effect very pleasingly impressive.

He had but little sense of humor, and was not at home in the small cut-and-thrust skirmishes of general society. He was made for serious issues and for great contests, which then lay unguessed before him. Of his literalness some amusing anecdotes have been told. At an official ball in Washington, he remarked to a young lady who stood beside him, "We are fortunate in having these places; for, standing here, we shall see the first entrance of the new English and French ministers into Washington society."

"I am glad to hear it," she replied. "I like to see lions break the ice."

Sumner was silent for a few minutes, but presently said, "Miss ——, in the country where lions live there is no ice."

I once invited Mr. Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at my house. He replied, "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." In my diary of the day I recorded the somewhat ungracious utterance, with this comment: "God Almighty, by the latest accounts, had not got so far as this." Mr. Sumner was told of this, in my presence, though not by me. He said at once, "What a strange sort of book your diary must be! You ought to strike that out immediately."

Sumner was often robbed in the street or at a railroad station; his tall figure attracting attention, and his mind, occupied with things far away, giving little heed to what went on around him. Members of his family were wont to say, "It is about time for Charles to have his pocket picked again." The fact often followed the prediction.

Mr. Sumner's eloquence differed much in character from that of Wendell Phillips. The two men, although workers in a common cause, were very dissimilar in their natural endowments. Phillips had a temperament of fire, while that of Sumner was cold and sluggish. Phillips had a great gift of simplicity, and always made a bee line for the central point of interest in the theme which he undertook to present. Sumner was recondite in language and elaborate in style. He was much of a student, and abounded in quotations. A satirical lady once mentioned him as "the moral flummery member from Massachusetts, quoting Tibullus!"

The first political speech which I heard from Mr. Sumner was delivered, if I mistake not, at a schoolhouse in the neighborhood of Boston. I found his oratory somewhat overloud and emphatic for the small hall and limited attendance. He had not at that time found his proper audience. When he was heard, later on, in Faneuil Hall or Tremont Temple, the ringing roll of his voice was very effective. His gestures were forcible rather than graceful. In argument, he would go over the same ground several times, always with new amplifications and illustrations of his subject. There was a dead weight of honesty and conviction in what he said, and it was this, perhaps, that chiefly gave him his command over an audience. He had also in a remarkable degree the trait of mastery, and the ability to present his topic in a large way.

I am not sure whether Sumner's idea of culture was as encyclopædic as that of Theodore Parker, but he certainly aspired to be what is now called "an all round man," and especially desired to attain connoisseurship in art. He had not the many-sided power of appreciation which distinguished Parker, yet a rever-

ence for the beautiful, rather moral than æsthetic, led him to study with interest the works of the great masters. In his later years, he never went abroad without bringing back pictures, engravings, or rare missals. He had little natural apprehension of music, but used to express his admiration of some favorite operas, among them Mozart's Don Giovanni and Rossini's Barbiere di Seviglia.

In the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which he was chairman for many years, his acquaintance with foreign languages was much valued. I remember a line of Tasso which he sometimes quoted when beautiful hands were spoken of: —

"Dove ne nodo appar, ne vena eccede."

On the other hand, I have heard him say that mathematics always remained a sealed book to him; that his professor at Harvard once exclaimed, "Sumner, I can't whittle a mathematical idea small enough to get it into your brain."

The period between 1851 and the beginning of the civil war found Mr. Sumner at his post in the Senate of the United States. From the outset his position was a difficult one. His election had displaced a popular idol. His views regarding the heated question of the time, the extension of slavery to the territories, were far in advance of those held by the majority of the senatorial body or by the community at large. His uncompromising method of attack, his fiery utterances, contrasting strangely with the unusual mildness of his disposition, exasperated the defenders of slavery. These, perhaps, seeing that he was no fighting man, may have supposed him deficient in personal courage. He, however, knew very well the risks to which he exposed himself. His friends advised him to carry arms, and my husband once told Madam Sumner, his mother, that Charles ought to be provided with a pistol. "Oh, doctor," she replied, "he would only shoot himself with it."

In the most trying days of the civil war, this same old lady came to Dr. Howe's office, anxious to learn his opinion concerning the progress of the contest. Dr. Howe referred her to her own son for the desired information, saying, "Dear Madam Sumner, Charles knows more about public affairs than I do. Why don't you ask him about them?"

"Oh, if I ask Charles, he only says, 'Mother, don't trouble yourself about such things.'"

I was in Washington with Dr. Howe early in the spring of 1856. I remember being present in the Senate Chamber when a rather stormy debate took place between Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. Charles Sumner looked up, and, seeing me in the gallery, greeted me with a smile of recognition. I shall never forget the beauty of that smile. It seemed to me to illuminate the whole precinct with a silvery radiance. There was in it all the innocence of his pure and noble nature.

I asked my husband to invite Sumner to dine with us at Willard's Hotel, where we were staying. "No, no," he said. "Sumner would consider it *infra dig.* to dine with us at the hotel." He did call upon us, however. In the course of conversation he said to me, "I shall soon deliver a speech in the Senate which will occasion a good deal of excitement. It will not surprise me if people leave their seats and show signs of unusual disturbance."

The promised speech soon followed. It was a direct and forcible arraignment of the slave power, which was then endeavoring to change the free territory of Kansas into a slave state. The disturbance which Mr. Sumner had foreseen did not fail to follow, but in a manner which neither he nor any of his friends had anticipated.

At the hotel I had remarked a handsome man, evidently a Southerner, with what appeared to me an evil expression

of countenance. This was Brooks, of South Carolina, the man who, not long after this time, attacked Charles Sumner in his seat in the Senate Chamber, choosing a moment when the personal friends of his victim were not present, and inflicting upon him injuries which endangered his life and destroyed his health. I will not enlarge here upon the pain and distress which this event caused to us and to the community at large. For several weeks our Senator's life hung in the balance. For a very much longer time his vacant seat in the Senate Chamber told of the severe suffering which incapacitated him for public work. This time of great trial had some compensation in the general sympathy which it called forth. Sumner had won the crown of martyrdom, and his person thenceforth became sacred, even to his enemies.

It was after a residence of many years in Washington that Mr. Sumner decided to build and occupy a house of his own. The spot chosen was next to the Arlington Hotel. The house was handsome and well appointed, adorned also with pictures and fine bronzes, in both of which he took great delight. Dr. Howe and I were invited to visit him there, one evening, with other guests. Among these was Caleb Cushing, with whom Mr. Sumner soon became engaged in an animated discussion, probably regarding some question of the day. So absorbed were the two gentlemen in their argument that each frequently interrupted the other. The one who was interrupted would expostulate, "I have not finished what I have to say;" at which the other would bow and apologize, but would presently offend again.

The last important act of Mr. Sumner's public life was the elaborate argument by which he defeated the proposed annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States. This question presented itself during the first term of General Grant's administration. The proposal for annexation was made by the President of the Dominican Republic. General Grant, with the forethought of a military commander, desired that the United States should possess a foothold in the West Indies. A commission of three was accordingly appointed to investigate and report upon the condition of the island. These were Mr. Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio; Andrew D. White, at that time president of Cornell University; and Dr. Howe. A thorough visitation of the territory was made by these gentlemen, and a report favorable to the scheme of annexation was presented by them on their return. Dr. Howe was greatly interested for the Dominicans, who had achieved political independence and separation from Haiti by a severe struggle, which was always liable to be renewed by the aggression of their former masters. Mr. Sumner, on the other hand, espoused the cause of the Haitian government so warmly that he would not wait for the report of the commission to be presented, but hastened to forestall public opinion by a speech in which he displayed all his powers of oratory, but showed something less than his usual acquaintance with facts. His eloquence carried the day, and the plan of annexation was defeated and abandoned, to the great regret of the commissioners and of the Dominicans themselves.

I had the great pleasure of twice visiting Santo Domingo in company with Dr. Howe. Our second visit there was made in the spring of the year 1874. I had gone, one day, to inspect a school high on the mountains of Samaná, when a messenger came after me in haste, bearing this written message from my husband: "Please come home at once. Our dear, noble Sumner is no more."

The monthly steamer, at that time the only one that ran to Santo Domingo, had just brought the news, deplored by many, to my husband inexpressibly sad.

Julia Ward Howe.

COMIDA: AN EXPERIENCE IN FAMINE.

By grace of our guide, our phrase book, and our Salvá-Webster Dictionary, we managed to pick up a good deal of Spanish during the Santiago campaign, but the one word our guide did not tell us, the one expression we did not look up in the Diccionario, was the very one we understood most quickly: its meaning was apparent the instant we heard it uttered. We shall never forget *comida* and all that it stands for.

It means "food;" not breakfast, dinner, or supper, not food in dishes and served by a waiter in the hotel, not a polite knife-and-fork affair in any sense of the word. Comida is downright nourishment, sordid, vulgar nutriment, of the kind that fills empty stomachs after a three days' abstinence, — the kind that we ladled out of camp kettles to six thousand starving refugee children at Caney during the second day's truce. This is comida. But to get the full effect of the word you must separate it into syllables, pronouncing the *i* like double *e*, and drawing it out into a pitiful, quavering whine. Better still, you must hear the word cried from six thousand shriveled mouths, with appropriate gestures in the direction of the lips and the pit of the stomach.

"Co-mee-dah! Co-*mee-e*-dah!"

We rode into Caney late in the afternoon, at about what ought to have been supper time. For forty-eight hours the refugees from Santiago had been coming in. The civil governor of the city had told the non-combatants that they would not be out of Santiago more than twenty-four hours, and had forbidden them the use of any vehicles; what they carried they must carry on their backs.

At the end of the first day the refugees had eaten such little food as they took with them on their exodus. The better class had missed three consecutive meals, some of the poorer had not eaten in two days, and for a week previous they had all been slowly starving in the beleaguered city.

The town of Caney is built around the plaza; a grove of trees runs down the middle of this plaza; the church, used as a barracks on the day of the battle, is at one end, the public buildings are at the other. When we rode into this square, we found it a veritable bedlam. American and European crowds are brown. A Cuban crowd is white, and looks larger for that reason. Thousands upon thousands of men in white linen suits, women in white skirts, and children in white loin-cloths — when they wore any clothes at all — came and went, up and down, back and forth, in and out, weaving a maze, a bewildering, shifting web, where warp and woof alike were white. Each figure seemed to have a particular definite destination, quite distinct from his neighbor's, — a destination which it was imperative he should reach at once; and for that reason, he, or more often she, squirmed and pushed and writhed through the press, using elbow and shoulder with all the strength of the emaciated body. But others there were who sat in rows, double and triple rows, on the edge of the square, prone and inert amidst the white bundles of their household effects, exhausted, listless, stunned and stupefied by the terrific clamor.

For, from all these struggling, boiling thousands, from all this seething mass of white, from the strained and shrunken throats of all these starvelings, one word — a cry, a monotonous deafening plaint — rose into the air, knocking at one's ears, assaulting one's attention, persistent, raucous, a piercing wail: "Comida! Comida!"

In our haversacks we had hard-bread,

bacon, and a handful of ground coffee, — our rations for two days. I reached for the hard-bread and drew it out. In an instant my horse was literally lifted from his feet, and hands, hands, hands, outstretched, lean, white, black, and brown, small and large, a thicket growth of hands grew instantly from the crowd. I gave till my sack was empty, a hard-bread for each hand, — now to a white hand and now to a black, so as to keep from repeating as far as possible. The bacon and coffee went even more quickly, and were eaten as they were, raw and uncooked. But it was only baiting the crowd; what were two days' rations!

"Comida! Comida!"

We pushed our horses across the plaza to the church. The red cross had just been established on a terrace adjoining. A negro trooper was on guard, and inside the wall, on the terrace itself, kettles were being set out and bags of corn meal opened. Here, alone, with no one to help him but a couple of utterly inefficient Cubans, we met an old friend, Dr. Bangs, of the hospital ship State of Texas.

Let us pause to make a note of Dr. Bangs, for he was at last the right man in the right place. He was a stout man, with a very red face and a voice like the exhaust of a locomotive. He wore an absurd pith helmet battered out of all shape, and his beard was a fortnight old. But there was the right stuff in Dr. Bangs. Early and late, hot or cold, rain or shine, the doctor toiled and toiled and toiled; feeding the thousands, building fires, sending this man for wood and that man for water, perspiring, gesticulating, bellowing, but in the end "getting the thing into shape," directing and dividing the stream of supplies till the last refugee was fed. But that was not until afterward. It was a two days' labor, and on that particular evening everybody was still hungry, — hungry to starvation point.

At once he impressed us — willing enough we were — into the service. "Now, fellows," he shouted, — he always shouted, did the doctor, — "we want to get at the children first! Tell 'em to send up the children first!" With a crowd's instinct, a hungry crowd's instinct, for food, the refugees had divined that the terrace by the church was to be the distributing point. We went back to the edge of the terrace, and with the full strength of our lungs shouted for the space of five minutes (after consulting our phrase book): "Niños primero! Niños primero!" "Comida!" shouted the crowd in answer. "Comida! Comida!" deaf to everything but the clamor of empty stomachs. But somehow at last they understood; somehow at last wood was found, three huge fires were built, and camp kettles (borrowed from Mr. Ramsden, the British consul) filled with corn-meal mush set a-cooking. It was six o'clock when we began. The terrace was just high enough to shut out the view of the plaza, but at every fresh suggestion that the distribution was to begin, a waving forest of hands topped the terrace wall, and the lamentable wail broke out afresh, "Comida! Comida!"

By seven o'clock this cry changed in volume. It was no longer deep-toned; it began to be shrill and piping, and there were no more hands above the terrace wall. We did not like to look over the wall; it was not a pleasant sight, and our appearance only awakened false hopes, but we knew that the children were assembling. "Tell 'em," roared the doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of the hand that held the ladle, "tell 'em it 's 'most done, — tell 'em pretty soon now."

I went to the edge of the terrace, and leaned over. It was yet light enough to see, to see about three thousand children, half of them naked, the other half ragged beyond words. What a mass! Close to the gate the jam was terrific; they were packed as sand is packed, so that they moved, not as individuals, but

as groups and masses, swaying forward and back, and from side to side, without knowing why. I could see but a pavement of faces, crushed together cheek to cheek, upturned, pinched and agonized, shrill-voiced with the little rat that nipped and gnawed at their poor starved stomachs. Further on, where the press was not so great, the children reached toward me empty cans, pots, pails, tin cups, vessels of all sizes and descriptions, and they put their hands (not their fingers) to their mouths with always the same cry of unutterable distress, "Comida! Comida!"

"Poco tiempo!" I called to them. "Poquito tiempo!" And at last they understood, and were quiet for nearly a minute. When I went back the doctor took me aside.

"Now," he shouted, "there 's something I want you to look after personally. There 's an old woman" — he pointed her out, sitting in a pathetic round heap on the chapel steps — "who has n't had anything to eat in three days. When we 're ready to distribute, I want you to see to it yourself that she gets something. Understand? She 's been waiting here two hours."

I told him that I understood, and we went back to work. Ten minutes later the corn meal was ready. One of us was to stand at each of the kettles with a tin army cup in hand. The children were to be let in in groups of twenty; and of these twenty, five at a time were to come up to the kettles to have us ladle out the meal into their tin pails or cups, or whatever they should bring.

"Now do you catch on to that?" roared the doctor.

"Perfectly. Are we all ready?"

"Yes."

"Where 's the old woman?"

She had gone. Tired out with waiting, she had quietly gone away. For nearly three hours she had sat patiently on the chapel steps, waiting, waiting, confused, dazed, and misconstruing the broken Spanish that was spoken to her. Then at last, at the end of hope, she had gone away. I could see her plainly in the imagination, can see her now, her back bent, weak, worn out, going away meekly almost at the very moment that the food was being brought to her. I had that old woman on my conscience for a long time.

The doctor went to the gate and let in twenty children. But twenty more instantly crowded in, then thirty, then fifty, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand. The whole rout of starving little wretches invaded the terrace, took it by assault, and huddled in one corner, dazzled by the light of the fires, bewildered, a little frightened, but insistent still, goaded on by their hunger, and muttering under their breath, "Comida! Comida!"

Well, we had to drive them back into their corner, — drive them back brutally and by main strength. But even as I pushed and thrust, a little hand — ever so little a hand — took hold of my wrist. It was that of a tiny girl, almost too weak to stand, but she held a pitiful empty sardine can toward me, and whispered confidentially, with a great attempt at cheerfulness, "Comida, eh? Comida por me?" and put her hand, not to her lips, but to her stomach. We came to know this gesture afterward. So long as they pointed to their mouths we could allow the applicants to wait their turn, but when they pointed to their stomachs we knew that we must be quick and that it was almost time for the restoratives.

We began the distribution. We drew a line in the dust in front of the crowd, and announced that any who crossed that line should have no comida: that kept them in hand fairly well. They came up in groups of five, and we gave to each three quarters of a cupful of corn-meal porridge, and caused each one to pass out through the door of the chapel so soon as his or her measure was full. They were docile enough then, and watched us

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gravely and quietly as we filled their cups. None of them, so far as I could see, ate any of their corn meal upon the spot.

The worst of it was that the meal gave out before all were fed, and we had to tell some twenty of them that there was "no más esta noche" (no more to-night), and they were to come back "mañana á ocho hora." I do not like to think of this part of the business. To have been so hungry, to have waited so long, to have come so near and seen so many others fed, and then — No, one had better pass this over, — this and the old woman.

The last child had gone supperless to such bed as he could find, and we were thinking of our own beds, when a girl of perhaps sixteen presented herself. "No more," we told her, — "no más comida; come back mañana." But it was not comida that this one wanted.

"Enfermo," she answered. I wish you could have heard the pitiful quaver of the voice. "Enfermo," — a little, a very little more, and it would have been a sob. She was very frail and a nice-looking girl, taking her altogether; sick and absolutely alone amongst all those thousands. "Enfermo," she said again, looking fixedly at the embers of the expiring fires. We had her taken over to Mr. Ramsden's house, with a note giving directions as to what should be done for her. Poor, frail, weak-voiced creature! We never saw her again.

Making our own camp that night was no trivial affair. We had had no supper, but we were far too tired to think of cooking one. The horses had been picketed behind the church, but for their better security we broke in the doors at the rear and led them through the chapel and out upon the terrace. We off-saddled in the chapel itself, and, I am rather ashamed to add, used the communion rail as a saddle rack. But there was little of the sacerdotal left to the chapel at that time. It was extremely and intensely profaned, was that chapel, loopholed for Mausers, with Mauser ammunition pouches and bayonet scabbards, cartridges and empty Spanish haversacks, strewing the floor and littering the altar itself. Three huge, half-empty boxes of clothing from Waltham, Massachusetts, stood about, and there were some Red Cross flour, sugar, and meal sacks. While we were off-saddling, my horse — a broncho pony from Southern California — elected to become frightened at the torn altar cloth that trailed and flapped in the draught between two loopholes, and for a moment had the whole place by the ears. And all this while, over the altar, Mary the mother of God, in the flaring light of the commissary candles, looked down upon us and the disordered chapel as calmly as ever she had looked upon the kneeling peasants in the light of burning tapers. It was a strange, incongruous scene, — the shattered chapel, the bayonet scabbards, the Mauser cartridges clinking underfoot, the prim stiff calicoes and ginghams from Waltham, and the cow-puncher's pony shying from an altar cloth woven by fingers that were dust two hundred years ago.

We were tired enough, Heaven knows, and keyed up to the highest tension, so that one of the incidents that closed that eventful day affected us more deeply and keenly than otherwise it might have done. We were all standing by the fire just before turning in, listening to the starving thousands settling themselves to sleep close at hand, when the doctor suddenly exclaimed, in that thunderous trumpet voice of his, "Well, fellows, here 's something I do every night that you can't do at all!" and with the words he took out his left eye and polished it on a leg of his trousers. I was faint in an instant, the thing was so unexpected, so positively ghastly. Not even the sight of the division hospital, a week before, had so upset me.

When we woke in the morning, —

very early, — we found that we ourselves had been sleeping under strange conditions. The main body of the church had been used as a hospital. An amputated arm had been buried in the dirt of the terrace close to where we had spread our blankets, — half buried, as we were able to judge in the morning. This grisly relic had flanked us on one side all night, two yellow-fever cases occupied another side, a thousand starving refugees were on the third, while the desecrated chapel with all its incongruities confronted us upon the fourth. But this was not all. For fear of the rain we had roofed ourselves in with boards that we had found lying in and about the chapel. In the light of the morning we saw that one of these was the signboard of the church, but also that it was coated thick with a glaze of dull red.

"Comida! Comida!"

Even army bacon, coffee, and hard-bread lose their flavor when this cry comes between you and your tin mess kit. We were not long at breakfast, and by the time I had come back from watering the horses the doctor had the kettles going. We promptly ran short of wood, and announced over the parapet of the terrace that all those who should bring us wood for the fires should be fed first. To those who offered themselves for this service we gave tickets, made by breaking pasteboard ammunition boxes into squares, and writing thereon the name of Dr. Bangs. For two hours the crowd around the terrace grew, and grew, and grew, until I veritably believe half of Santiago was there, stretching toward us innumerable empty pots, pans, and tin pails, and with thousands of voices wailing, "Comida! Comida!"

We let the starvelings into the inclosure of the parapet when the corn meal was ready, and ladled to them by the hour, as we had done to the children the night before. The children who had missed their food in the evening came back now and received double rations; but they fought on the steps of the terrace, — men, women, and children, — and gashed one another with the sharp edges of their tins, as they struggled for first place in a way that was sickening to see.

Yet in spite of these things it was not always easy to believe that *all* of these people were in actual need of food, — as they indubitably were. You almost perforce associate starvation with rags. It is difficult to imagine a well-dressed person as hungry; you cannot but believe that clean linen and smart gowns cover well-fed bodies. Or even though you know hunger to exist in such a case, you can scarcely bring yourself to take it seriously. You refuse to consider it as anything more terrible than an exaggerated appetite.

There were plenty of such cases at Caney on that day. We met with one of them, and made a mistake which we shall always remember. We had been down in the plaza and around the outskirts of the crowd, taking pictures and snapshots, and were working our way slowly back to the steps of the terrace, when we came upon two very pretty and very neatly dressed girls of perhaps eighteen and nineteen.

"Comida?" they asked, both in a breath.

We told them that we would ourselves get them comida, and at once; they should not wait for the regular distribution. Ah, that was kind, they answered, and they thanked us very prettily. With that the idea of corn-meal porridge vanished entirely from our thick, stupid Anglo-Saxon minds, and we fell a-talking to them. Both would have passed for pretty girls anywhere, and one of them carried a pink silk parasol. Of course we were idiots, but it is hard to reconcile a pink silk parasol with famine; and though we knew that they were hungry, we forgot, and passed it over as the hunger of a girl at an evening dance, — for-

got, I say, and went on talking to them in our halting, broken-backed Spanish, until one of them gave a little tremulous gasp and broke into tears. We remembered quickly enough then, and it was with the feeling of assassins that we hurried them off through the crowd and around to the back door of the church. We had both of us "got a girl something to eat" before, at teas and functions at home, when we had fought our way through the press, but this was a strange variation on the old theme. Now the stuffed olives and lettuce sandwiches were corn-meal porridge and commissary canned beans, and the girls had not eaten in two and a half days.

We stayed at Caney nearly all the next day, helping the doctor, who but for us was entirely alone. As for the relief committees composed of Cubans, the less said of them the better. They were supposed to coöperate with the doctor, and might have been of immense service during those terrible three days of famine. They were there, these committees, for we saw them as they came to offer congratulations and to be presented. But beyond this their activity did not go. They did absolutely nothing, — lit never a fire, gathered never a stick of wood, drew never a quart of water.

"I don't want your congratulations!" the harassed, overworked doctor bellowed. "I don't want your presentations! I want *wood*, I want *water*, and oh, I want those fifty cases of *condensed milk!*"

The loss of this condensed milk was a grievance which the doctor could not forget. To the Cubans had been intrusted the duty of transporting fifty cases from Siboney to Caney. The milk never arrived, and I know of one little baby who died in its mother's arms for lack of it. How many more died, unknown and unnoted? Twenty? a dozen? six? Hard to say. That one, at least, was not saved is laid to the account of that Cuban relief committee.

Food and workers were alike insufficient to meet the demands of thirty thousand starving people on those first two days. We stayed and worked as long as we could, and a little after noon we rode away in a drenching rain. But for nearly half a mile down the road, as our steaming horses toiled through mud, fetlock-deep, the vague murmur of the crowd in the plaza came back to us, prolonged, lamentable, pitiful beyond expression, — the cry of people dying for lack of food.

Comida! Comida!

Frank Norris.

PRESIDENT ELIOT AS AN EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

Considered merely as a literary product, the collected educational addresses of President Eliot, recently published in book form, are in no wise remarkable. The unit of his style is the word; that is always exact, always weighty. Hence in inscriptions and characterizations where heroic achievements are cast into a sentence or a scholarly career is coined into a phrase, he is incomparable. In Educational Reform there is an occasional gem like this: "Two kinds of men make good teachers, — young men and men who never grow old." For the most part, however, we get plain truths plainly stated, with little of that magic power to light up present facts with glowing reminiscences of kindred facts and fancies drawn from far-off lands and days, and to set the sentences to throbbing in rhythmic sympathy with the pulsations of the thought, which makes literary

form as precious as the substance it conveys. Nor is the sum total of ideas set forth so very great. One who undertakes to read the collection through consecutively is soon reminded of the jury lawyer's remark, — "Reiteration is the only effective figure of speech."

Nevertheless, this book marks with absolute precision our one great educational epoch. For the author is no mere essayist or orator. As we flock to hear Nansen's lectures, not for their literary charm or the range of new information they convey, but because we want to see the man who flung his ideas in the face of incredulous geographical societies, and built them into the Fram, and froze them into the ice floe, and drifted on them month after month, and drove them into his dogs in that last desperate dash for the pole: so here we see the man who for thirty critical years, as prime minister of our educational realm, has defied prejudice, conquered obstacles, lived down opposition, and reorganized our entire educational system from top to bottom. As Wordsworth said of his French revolutionary friend, Beaupuis, we feel that our educational institutions are

> "standing on the brink
> Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
> Of one devoted, one whom circumstance
> Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
> In action, give it outwardly a shape,
> And that of benediction, to the world."

The one supremely eloquent feature of these essays and addresses is the dates they bear. To appreciate their significance, it is necessary to recall briefly the educational history of the last thirty years. Our first witness shall be the Harvard Catalogue for the year 1869–70. There is a single set of requirements for admission: the traditional Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with so much ancient history as, in the words of the President, "a clever boy could commit to memory in three or four days." Though some dozen electives are offered in each of the last three years, yet the backbone of the curriculum consists of prescribed studies supposed to be equally essential and profitable for all. Among the many things required of Freshmen are Champlin's First Principles of Ethics and Bulfinch's Evidences of Christianity. "The Student's Gibbon, about twenty selected chapters," "Stewart's Philosophy of the Mind, about 350 pages," and "Cooke's Chemical Philosophy, about 180 pages," are among the half dozen things all Sophomores are compelled to learn. "Bowen's Logic, 313 pages, Reid's Essays (selections), Hamilton's Metaphysics, 300 pages, and Lardner's Optics, Chapters I.–VII., XIII., and portions of Chapter XIV.," are required of all Juniors. In the first term of Senior year the requirements are, "Philosophy, Bowen's Ethics and Metaphysics, Bowen's Political Economy, Modern History, Guizot's and Arnold's Lectures, Story's Abridged Commentaries on the Constitution;" and in the second term, "History, Hallam's Middle Ages, one volume, Religious Instruction, Political Economy, Bowen's finished." It is not so much the extent as the nature of these requirements — the large place given to metaphysics, and that of a single school in dogmatic form, finally narrowed down to the single learned author in charge of the department; the specification of the precise number of pages and fractions of a chapter; the fact that instruction in science is primarily concerned with pages and chapters anyway; and the notion that whether in one book or many a subject like political economy can be "finished" — that makes us rub our eyes and look twice at the title-page, to see if this indeed can be a catalogue of Harvard under President Eliot.

Against this hide-bound uniformity, this dead prescription, this dogmatism of second-rate minds, this heterogeneous aggregate of unrelated fragments of instruction, elementary from beginning to end, by which, as he says, "the man-

agers of American colleges have made it impossible for the student to get a thorough knowledge of any subject whatever," the young President hurled his ideas of liberty in the choice of studies; absolute freedom of investigation in teacher and taught; science by first-hand observation and fresh experiment and careful induction; philosophy and religion by candid criticism of all proposed solutions of the problems of the spiritual life; the supreme worth of the differences of individuals from one another in aptitude for acquisition and capacity for service. This, which has been one of his greatest contributions to education, was not so hard a task to accomplish at Harvard as it would have been elsewhere; for a respectable beginning had already been made, and the needed funds for its development were forthcoming; yet it was not without hard and steady fighting for each inch of ground that the principle was finally established throughout the college, when the Freshman work became largely elective in 1884. The triumph of the principle in the matter of requirements for admission, with all the added reality and life that it brings to secondary instruction, did not find complete acceptance with the faculty until a year ago, and is still affording food for protracted discussion in the Board of Overseers.

In the meantime President Eliot was fighting the same battle in behalf of the colleges of the country at large. Though wielding the enormous power and resources of Harvard with tremendous vigor, and making every move redound to her glory and advantage, he has ever had the most generous desire that others should share in whatever good thing Harvard has wrought out. Doubtless his mode of tendering his assistance has been open to misunderstanding on the part of those who did not know the man. Year after year, from 1870 down to 1888, he went into the Association of New England Colleges, pointing out to the representatives of sister institutions the defects of prescription and the blessings of freedom. A single specimen of the frankness he was wont to exercise in the presentation of this theme is preserved in an essay now reprinted from the Century Magazine for 1884, in which he says: "No knowledge of either French or German is required for admission to Yale College, and no instruction is provided in either language before the beginning of the Junior year. In other words, Yale College does not suggest that the preparatory schools ought to teach either French or German, does not give its students the opportunity of acquiring these languages in season to use them in other studies, and does not offer them any adequate opportunity of becoming acquainted with the literature of either language before they take the Bachelor's degree. Could we have stronger evidence than this of the degraded condition of French and German in the mass of our schools and colleges?" Inasmuch as men like President Porter and President Seelye were not always able to appreciate the disinterested devotion to the true welfare of their respective institutions which President Eliot was wont thus to manifest on all occasions, the meetings of the Association of New England Colleges were often quite animated, in the days when this reform was being extended from Harvard to her sister institutions. To these meetings he has always come early, and he has stayed late; bringing with him definite topics for discussion, and urging his associates to some positive educational advance. In 1894 he urged in the Association, and later repeatedly elsewhere, the establishment of a common board of examiners which should hold examinations at two or three hundred points throughout the United States, and whose certificates should be accepted by all the coöperating institutions. Although a large number is desirable for such coöperation, he proposed to start with five colleges besides his own.

And yet not five institutions could be found sufficiently ready to coöperate in such a vital and far-reaching scheme for elevating secondary education throughout the country, and saving us from the Dead Sea of superficiality. So very rare, even in educational institutions, is the disposition to put the interests of the community first, and to find the true interest of a particular college in generous devotion to these objective ends, that even the disinterestedness of this measure was suspected in quarters which ought to have been above the capacity for such suspicion.

At the very first President Eliot took in hand the improvement of professional training. In 1869 he found the Medical School little more than an irresponsible commercial venture. There were no requirements for admission; attendance was required for two courses of lectures only, brief in themselves, and still farther abbreviated by the failure of the great majority of students to attend during the summer term. A student who passed successfully five out of nine oral examinations, of five minutes' duration each, received a diploma; although, as came out in the discussion of this matter in the Board of Overseers, he might not know the limit of safety in the administration of morphine, and one had actually killed two early patients in consequence. As the President says, "Under this system young men might receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine who had had no academic training whatever, and who were ignorant of four out of nine fundamental subjects." At his suggestion, the financial administration of the school was placed at once in the hands of the treasurer of the university; the course of instruction was extended to three years of two equal terms at which attendance was required; the course was made progressive throughout the three years; laboratory work was added to the didactic lectures; and written examinations were distributed through the three years, all of which each student was required to pass. By 1874 the students were divided into three classes, with rigid requirements for promotion. In 1877 physics and Latin were required for admission. To these requirements additions have repeatedly been made; so that now the school is able to announce that in and after June, 1901, candidates must present a degree from a reputable college or scientific school, unless admitted by special vote of the faculty in each case. In 1892 the course was extended to four years. Since 1888 the elective principle has been recognized in the latter part of the course. President Eliot's influence has done much to raise the profession of medicine from the refuge of "uncultivated men, with scanty knowledge of medicine or of surgery," to a position in which it is fully worthy of his high tribute when he says, "It offers to young men the largest opportunities for disinterested, devoted, and heroic service."

The Harvard Law School in 1869 was another illustration of the remark which President Eliot made in an address at the inauguration of President Gilman: "During the past forty years the rules which governed admission to the honorable and learned professions of law and medicine have been carelessly relaxed, and we are now suffering great losses and injuries, both material and moral, in consequence." Dean Langdell describes the condition as follows: "In respect to instruction there was no division of the school into classes, but with a single exception all the instruction given was intended for the whole school. There never had been any attempt by means of legislation to raise the standard of education at the school, nor to discriminate between the capable and the incapable, the diligent and the idle. It had always been deemed a prime object to attract students to the school, and with that view as little as possible was required of them. Students were admitted without any evidence of *academic*

acquirements; and they were sent out from it, with a degree, without any evidence of *legal* acquirements. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred solely upon evidence that the student had been nominally a member of the school for a certain length of time and had paid his tuition fees, the longest time being one and a half years." At once a new course was established, and an examination was held for the degree. Early in the next academic year the first recorded faculty meeting was held; and of the 198 meetings regularly held during the succeeding twenty-four years, the President of the university presided at all but five. In 1877 the course of study was extended to three years, and the tuition fee was raised to $150. Since 1896 only graduates of approved colleges have been admitted as candidates for the degree. Of 546 students attending the school the current year, 514 are college graduates.

The Divinity School in 1869 was a feeble institution, to which only six pages were assigned in the university catalogue; requiring no academic preparation beyond "a knowledge of the branches of education commonly taught in the best academies and high schools." Only five of the thirty-six students had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Master of Arts, whereas six needy persons who were recipients of such degrees could have $350 apiece each year for the asking; and a fund yielding from $150 to $200 apiece was divided among all applicants in the regular or partial course, regardless of ability or scholarship. The five professors were all adherents of a single sect. President Eliot from the first contended that "the gratuitous character of the ordinary theological training supplied by denominational seminaries is an injury to the Protestant ministry. It would be better for the profession, on the whole, if no young men could get into it except those whose parents are able to support them, and those who have capacity and energy enough to earn their own way. These tests constitute a natural method of selection, which has long been applied in the other learned professions to their great advantage. Exceptions should be made in favor of needy young men of decided merit and promise, to whom scholarships should be awarded on satisfactory tests of ability and character." Accordingly, in the year 1872–73 the promiscuous distribution of aid to all applicants in equal parts was stopped, and scholarships were established in its place. In order that "the mendicant element in theological education might be completely eliminated, and the Protestant ministry put on a thoroughly respectable footing in modern society," the President recommended in 1890 that the tuition fee be raised to the same amount as in other departments of the university. After much doubt and misgiving on the part of the friends of the school, this bold step was taken in 1897. Since 1882 a college education or its equivalent has been required of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

The President has always been the earnest advocate of absolute freedom in theological study. In his essay On the Education of Ministers, he commends the scientific spirit in these terms: "This spirit seeks only the fact, without the slightest regard to consequences; any twisting or obscuring of the fact to accommodate it to a preconceived theory, hope, or wish, any tampering with the actual result of investigation, is the unpardonable sin. It is a spirit at once humble and dauntless, patient of details, passionless but energetic, venturing into pathless wastes to bring back a fact, caring only for truth, candid as a still lake, expectant, unfettered, and tireless." All this, and much more to the same effect, is admirable, and highly needed as a prophylactic against what he calls "the terrible stress of temptation to intellectual dishonesty" which besets the cleri-

cal profession. Yet when, as in his report for 1877–78, he went so far as to say, "The various philosophical theories and religious beliefs should be studied before, and not after, any of them are embraced," he fell into a one-sided intellectualism which gave some occasion for the widespread distrust of Harvard's religious leadership that prevailed twenty years ago. Intimate acquaintance with him, however, is pretty sure to convince one of the truth of the remark which President Tucker once made, speaking of persons engaged in college work: "President Eliot is the most religious man among us." His earnest efforts in establishing the present system of religious worship at Harvard, together with the influence of the philosophical professors in their doctrines of the glory of the imperfect, the world of description and the world of appreciation, and the will to believe, have done much to correct the earlier tendency, and to reëstablish Harvard in the confidence of the community, as a centre of virtue and piety as well as of learning and research.

President Eliot is a Unitarian, and glories in the critical candor and intellectual honesty of which, until quite recently, that denomination had held too nearly a monopoly. Yet he is too broad and fair-minded to think for an instant of leaving the theological department or the religious life of a great national university in the hands of a single sect, least of all in the hands of a sect which represents but one tenth of one per cent of the nation's population. Under his administration the Divinity School has become unsectarian in reality, as it always was in name. The faculty to-day consists of nine professors, of whom one is a Baptist, three are Orthodox Congregationalists, and five are Unitarians, and one instructor, who is an Episcopalian. The twenty-six students now in the school are distributed among the denominations as follows: Baptist, two; Disciples, one; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, three; Christian, one; Orthodox Congregational, four; Presbyterian, three; Swedenborgian, one; Unitarian, ten. Of the students who have gone from the school during the past four years, seventy-four are pastors of churches as follows: Baptist, three; Disciples, four; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, five; Methodist, six; Orthodox Congregational, seventeen; Presbyterian, six; Unitarian, thirty-one; Universalist, one; and one is a missionary of the American Board. Of the eighteen men who have held the Williams Fellowships since their foundation in 1886, one became professor of philosophy in a state university, one a professor in a theological seminary, and the remaining sixteen pastors of churches as follows: Disciples, one; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, one; Methodist, one; Orthodox Congregational, six; Presbyterian, five; Unitarian, one. The five preachers to the university for the current year include one Baptist, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, and two Orthodox Congregationalists.

The condition of graduate work at Harvard in 1869 can be inferred from the fact that the degree of Master of Arts was given to all graduates of three years' standing and of good moral character on payment of five dollars; and no other degree beyond the Bachelor's was offered. The new President at once gave notice that the granting of Master's degrees on these easy terms would cease in 1872. After a year or two of fruitless experimentation with "university lectures," in 1872 the degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Philosophy were offered on definite and exacting terms. In his report for 1876–77 we find the President quietly dropping the remark that, "for a few years to come, it is to the improvement of this department of the university that the attention of the governing boards may be most profitably directed." As a result of that profitably directed at-

tention, Harvard performed successfully the arduous and delicate task of rearing a great graduate school on the broad foundation of undergraduate work, without injury, but with positive inspiration and elevation to the latter. It was the surplus intellectual resources accumulated under the elective system which made possible that unprecedented educational feat. The graduate school has never resorted to the expedient of hiring its students by guarantees of large pecuniary assistance. President Eliot was among the first to perceive the danger of repeating the error which has resulted in overcrowding the clerical profession with weaklings of all sorts, and thus lowering the tone of manliness and self-respect in the men who are to be college professors. There has been no disposition to turn out doctors as a matter of course after three years of mechanical work at some trivial task devised for the express purpose of grinding a thesis out of it. The school has planted itself firmly and haughtily on the Harvard degree of Bachelor of Arts, or its equivalent, and has steadfastly refused to confer the degree of Doctor on any man who has not grasped the subject as a whole, as well as developed some special aspect of it sufficiently to render him a competent, and, so far as training can contribute to it, an inspiring teacher. Not every one of the hundred and ninety Doctors of Philosophy and twenty-two Doctors of Science it has turned out will make a successful professor; but the system is not one which, by concentrating half-trained men almost exclusively on the narrowest of technical investigations, makes failure the rule, and success the miraculous exception.

Having thus started every department of the university upon the pathway of reform, President Eliot next turned his attention to the secondary schools. As far back as his report for the year 1873–74, he had called attention to "the great importance to the colleges and to the community that the way be kept wide open from the primary school to the professional school, for the poor as well as for the rich," and had said, "The desired connection between the secondary schools and the colleges might be secured by effecting certain changes in the requisitions for admission to college on the one hand, and in the studies of the existing high schools on the other. But this is not the place to discuss these changes at length."

Seventeen years later he found the place for such discussion at the meeting of the National Educational Association, in a speech which led to the formation of the famous Committee of Ten, of which he was appointed chairman. By his prodigious labors on that committee he secured national sanction for his long-cherished views as to the worthlessness of short, scrappy information courses; the earlier beginning in the elementary schools of such subjects as algebra, geometry, natural science, and modern languages; "the correlation and association of subjects with one another by the programmes and by the actual teaching;" emphasis on the supreme importance of thorough training in English; the doctrine that secondary schools supported at public expense should be primarily for the many who do not pursue their education farther, and only incidentally for the few who are going to college; the doctrine of the equal rank, for purposes of admission to college, of all subjects taught by proper methods with sufficient concentration, time allotment, and consecutiveness; and the corollary thereof, that college requirements for admission should coincide with high-school requirements for graduation. At the same time he secured the working out in detail of the practical application of these measures by representative experts in all the departments involved; thus giving to secondary education the greatest impulse in the direction of efficiency, variety, serviceableness, and vitality it has ever received, and winning

the grandest victory ever achieved in the field of American education.

Nor did he stop there. Finding by actual experiment with schoolboys brought to his own study that the entire reading matter included in a grammar-school course covering six years could be read aloud in forty-six hours, and that the work in arithmetic done during two years by giving one fifth of all the time of the school to it could be done by a bright boy fresh from the high school in fifteen hours; finding by actual reading of everything used in that grammar school that the entire course was dull and destitute of human interest, consisting chiefly in the exercise of mere memory on such relatively useless matters as the capitals and boundaries of distant states; finding that the children and the community alike were suffering irreparable harm because the peculiar natural aptitudes of individual children were not appealed to, and consequently not developed: in 1891, after considerable discussion, and in spite of some opposition directed from the headquarters of conservatism, he secured from the Association of New England Colleges, at its annual meeting at Brown University, an indorsement of his plan for "shortening and enriching the grammar-school course." The recommendations then made covered five points: elementary natural history in the earlier years, to be taught by demonstrations and practical exercises, with suitable apparatus, rather than from books; elementary physics in the later years, to be taught by the laboratory method; algebra and geometry at the age of twelve or thirteen; and French, German, or Latin, or any two of these languages, from and after the age of ten. During the years immediately following he was busy advocating these reforms in primary and secondary education; always resting his argument on the supreme importance, both for the children and for the community, that each individual's peculiar powers should be trained to the highest degree, as a means to that equality of opportunity which is the glory of a true democracy, and that diversity of talent and function which is essential to happy and useful social life; and pointing out that these reforms were quite as much in the interest of the many whose education ends at the grammar school or high school as for those who go to college.

In psychological analyses of the process of "apperception" and the related realm of "child study" President Eliot has had but scanty interest. He has rather taken it for granted that if the table is spread with a feast of sufficient freshness and variety, and presided over by a tactful and generous host or hostess, the children can be counted on to get enough to eat; even if no prepared food is provided in powdered form, and although the hostess herself may be unable to delineate the precise details of the physiological processes of mastication, swallowing, digestion, and assimilation. His emphasis has always been upon the substance of the truth presented, not on the form of its apprehension by the receiving mind.

There have been men in our colleges more gifted than President Eliot in supplementing scanty resources and meagre equipment by the power of direct personal inspiration; though in recent years he has made great gains in this respect, and his addresses on enlistment at the outbreak of the recent war, and on a memorial for those who died, rank among the most influential and uplifting counsels ever given by college officers to college students. And while other presidents may have been more expeditious in creating culture out of cash, he has never forgotten that "a quarter of one per cent means a new professorship;" has never been backward either in creating financial demands or in searching for fresh sources of supply. Yet he has never been in the least degree servile toward rich benefactors, but rather in-

clined to err in the direction complained of by an early benefactor whom Professor Dunbar reports as saying of the President, "He comes to me for my money and my advice; and, like the women in the Scripture, the one is taken and the other left."

Even in the brief sketch of reforms given above, the reader must have noticed the long lapse of time between the first prophecy of a reform and its fulfillment. When President Eliot was elected, George S. Hillard, meeting him on the street, said to him, "Do you know what qualities you will need most out there at Harvard?" President Eliot replied that he supposed he would need industry, courage, and the like. "No," said Mr. Hillard. "What you will need is patience — patience — patience." So it has proved. All these reforms have required ten, twenty, or thirty years for their accomplishment. The two reforms now pending are by no means new. The extension of the franchise to graduates of the professional schools was proposed eighteen years ago; and the definition of requirements for admission which is now before the Board of Overseers is the working out of principles announced twenty-four years ago, and contained in germ in the inaugural address. Yet this marvelous patience has been no idle waiting for the lapse of time, but the steady pressure of one who was confident that he was right, and sure that, if urged at every opportunity, the right would gain adherents and ultimately prevail.

President Eliot's reforms have all been rooted in principles and purposes which at bottom are moral and religious. He has gone up and down the whole length of our educational line, condemning every defect, denouncing every abuse, exposing every sham, rebuking every form of incompetence and inefficiency, as treason to the truth, an injury to the community, a crime against the individual. To his mind, intent on making God's richest gifts available for the blessing of mankind, a dull grammar school is an instrument of intellectual abortion; uniformity in secondary schools is a slow starvation process; paternalism and prescription in college is a dwarfing and stunting of the powers on which the prosperity of a democratic society must rest; superficial legal training is partnership in robbery; inadequate medical education is wholesale murder; dishonest theological instruction is an occasion of stumbling more to be dreaded than "that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be cast into the depths of the sea."

Such has been the work of this educational reformer. What, then, has been his reward? For the first twenty-five years he was misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned, hated with and without cause. It may be that it is an essential element of the reformer's make-up that, in order to hold firmly and tenaciously his own views against a hostile world, he should be somewhat lacking in sensitiveness, and at times seem to take a hostile attitude toward those who differ from him. This, at any rate, seems to have been characteristic of President Eliot during the early years of his long fight for educational reform. In later years, now that most of his favorite reforms are well launched, and his services in their behalf are acknowledged with gratitude on all sides, there has been manifest a great change, amounting to the kindliest appreciation of temperaments widely different from his own. Even in the days of his apparent hardness he was never known to cherish personal animosity on account of difference of views. At the time when the fight was hottest in his own faculty, meeting an assistant professor, most outspoken in antagonism to all his favorite measures, who had received a call to go elsewhere, he said to him, "I suppose you understand that your opposition to my policy will not in the slightest degree interfere with your promo-

tion here." Partly owing to the triumph of his views even in the minds of most of his old opponents who survive, partly owing to the change which the years with their increasing cares and sorrows have wrought in the man himself, he has come to be universally trusted, admired, and loved by all who know him well. Yet his chief reward has been that which he commended to another, "the great happiness of devoting one's self for life to a noble work without reserve, or stint, or thought of self, looking for no advancement, hoping for nothing again."

No one can begin to measure the gain to civilization and human happiness his services have wrought. As compared with what would have been accomplished by a series of conservative clergymen, or ornate figureheads, or narrow specialists, or even mere business men such as by the uninformed he has most erroneously sometimes been supposed to be, his leadership has doubled the rate of educational advance not in Harvard alone, but throughout the United States. He has sought to extend the helping hand of sympathy and appreciation to every struggling capacity in the humblest grammar grade; to stimulate it into joyous blossoming under the sunshine of congenial studies throughout the secondary years; to bring it to a sturdy and sound maturity in the atmosphere of liberty in college life; and finally, by stern selection and thorough specialization, to gather a harvest of experts in all the higher walks of life, on whose skill, knowledge, integrity, and self-sacrifice their less trained fellows can implicitly rely for higher instruction, professional counsel, and public leadership. In consequence of these comprehensive reforms, we see the first beginnings of a rational and universal church, not separate from existing sects, but permeating all; property rights in all their subtle forms are more secure and well defined; hundreds of persons are alive to-day who under physicians of inferior training would have died long ago; thousands of college students have had quickened within them a keen intellectual interest, an earnest spiritual purpose, a "personal power in action under responsibility," who under the old régime would have remained listless and indifferent; tens of thousands of boys and girls in secondary schools can expand their hearts and minds with science and history and the languages of other lands, who but for President Eliot would have been doomed to the monotonous treadmill of formal studies for which they have no aptitude or taste; and, as the years go by, hundreds of thousands of the children of the poor, in the precious tender years before their early drafting into lives of drudgery and toil, in place of the dry husks of superfluous arithmetic, the thrice-threshed straw of unessential grammar, and the innutritious shells of unrememberable geographical details, will get some brief glimpse of the wondrous loveliness of nature and her laws, some slight touch of inspiration from the words and deeds of the world's wisest and bravest men, to carry with them as a heritage to brighten their future humble homes and gladden all their after-lives. In such "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over," has there been given to this great educational reformer, in return for thirty years of generous and steadfast service of his university, his fellow men, his country, and his God, what, in true Puritan simplicity, he calls "that finest luxury, to do some perpetual good in this world."

William DeWitt Hyde.

THE KINDERGARTEN CHILD — AFTER THE KINDERGARTEN.

THERE was a day when we primary school-teachers all believed — ineradicably and eternally, we thought then — that by means of joy and sport and merry games the little children at their play would banish the arid drudgery of the old schoolroom routine; would laugh their way through reading and writing, sing their way through geography and history, dance their way through algebra and geometry, and progress in one beautiful, unbroken line of "continuous development" from the kindergarten, through the most difficult college examinations, on and on into a roseate futurity. Fifteen years ago, when free kindergartens were hardly more than starting in some of the large cities, we dreamed of the glorious era opening before both the children and the overworked schoolteacher.

Perhaps we expected too much. As we waited impatiently in the primary school for that first class of kindergarten-trained children who were to work without urging, and relieve us of all the responsibility of school government, we looked forward to a pedagogical millennium. The children came. In one day we discovered that they, as well as we, had expectations. They came expecting to find in us lovely ladies who would call them "Freddie dear" and "my little Agnes;" they came expecting to be praised for every trivial act or piece of work; they came expecting to do exactly as they pleased at any hour of the day, and to be entertained at every hour of the day. They came expecting all these good things, — and they were disappointed; so were we. They were not as happy in the school as they had been when they were in the kindergarten; neither were we. In a few days they made up their minds that we did not know how to teach, and at about the same time we made up our minds that they did not know how to learn.

We clung to our dream, for we were loath to let it go; but the chilly morning of experience dawned upon us, and we awoke to find that our problems in school government had increased tenfold, and that the actual wear and tear in teaching had increased beyond what we could accurately compute. We have never denied that the kindergarten children could do a great many things, — in fact they could do about twenty-two times as many things as we had any use for; and we have never denied that they meant to be, and thought that they were, very good and "helpful" children indeed, for they had one and all come to the "Little Jack Horner" stage of self-appreciation.

Had our sympathies congealed with age, or were we merely lacking in the social graces? We found ourselves unable to pour forth a copious stream of praise and adulation every time the little "Jack" pulled out a plum. And we were made to suffer for it. Up to that time we had thought that we loved children, but we proved unequal to the continued drain upon our "dears" and "darlings;" and since we could not always call all the children "dear" and "darling," we were misunderstood in the matter of our affection.

Our lessons met with even less approbation than our affection. It had been a preconceived idea of ours that when an object was set for drawing, some attempt, at least, should be made to draw it. We found ourselves in error. Many of our kindergarten-trained children, upon seeing what we intended for a lesson, remembered a similar but more interesting object, which they forthwith drew. An apple would be replaced by a peach, an orange, or a pear. It was

trying to the nerves, to say the least, after giving the apple, with directions for careful study, to find that the lesson time had been spent upon the illustration of an apple tree with our young artist picking apples.

In clay modeling, also, we were equally old-fashioned in our prejudices. When the apple was again given as the lesson, we found ourselves unwilling to accept as an equivalent a bird's nest with eggs, a sled, or a man on horseback. The apple we had given, and the apple we intended to have modeled, or at least faithfully attempted, during the time assigned. On account of this attitude we were stigmatized as "cranky."

We thought it but natural that when the children reached the primary school they should receive instruction in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Accordingly, we began our lessons upon them. The children went to the blackboards to copy certain letters. For three days this was a great success. Then Freddie asked, "Ain't this work?"

We replied that it was intended to be, whereupon he laid down his crayon, remarking, "Then I don't want to do it any more. In kindergarten we don't *work;* we *play.*"

He was prevailed upon to continue his lesson; but the following day we were met with a like opposition from Agnes and Ethel and Harold. We insisted on the completion of the work in hand, but we discovered that public opinion was totally against our practices in this direction.

Our reading lessons were somewhat better liked, but the day came all too soon when we were asked why we did not make it more interesting.

"In what way?" we meekly inquired.

"Oh! tell us stories 'bout all the letters, the way Miss Bessie used to do in kindergarten," said Freddie. "There 's a C with his mouth open like a big fish, an' he 's swimming to catch a little fish. An' there 's an A that 's the door of a tent with soldiers inside. An' there 's a T, an' that 's a boy with his arms out, running to see the soldiers. An' there 's a cat waiting by a hole to catch a mouse; an' the mouse has little young children mice at home, an' she 's coming out to get them something to eat, an' I hope the cat won't catch her." All this was very entertaining, but we estimated that by such a method the children would master forty words a year; which was hardly the progress required by the school.

Our arithmetic met with much less success than our reading and writing lessons. We were expected to conceal the dry arithmetical operations in entertaining tales of sticks of candy, cakes, oranges, and the like, in some such way as the following: —

"Freddie had been a good boy all day long. He had not cried or whined. When he went to school next morning his mamma said, 'You were such a good boy yesterday, Freddie, that you may buy yourself two sticks of candy to eat at recess,' and she gave him two pennies. Agnes did some sewing for grandma, and grandma gave her three pennies. Agnes bought sticks of candy, too, and carried them to school. Now, how many sticks of candy did Freddie and Agnes have together?"

After a trial of this method for several weeks, we were unable to trace any development of the idea of number to the introduction of ethical considerations into the examples; and as a knowledge of arithmetic was gained in inverse ratio to the story-telling, we abandoned it without delay, and devoted our energies to simple number work. We had always been of the opinion that a modicum of attention was necessary in order to add and subtract, or to multiply and divide; but without story-telling the lessons ceased to be "interesting," and the children declined to give us any attention at all.

It had seemed to Miss Bessie advisable that the "children should know something of the world on which they live," and for purposes of instruction she had selected a geyser and a volcano as important — not to say interesting — features of land structure. By means of a rubber ball with a hole in it, artfully concealed in a pile of sand, she had created a geyser, and with a bit of cotton soaked in alcohol and lighted she had simulated a volcano.

We began our work with geography in ignorance of these facts. After a few lessons on hills, mountains, islands, capes, and bays, the children informed us that they "did n't like those old things." "Please, won't you give us the fireworks?" asked Freddie. "Or the squirt?" added Agnes eagerly.

Our school superintendent had become deeply interested in "carrying on the kindergarten methods in the primary school." To him this meant the wholesale importation of kindergarten materials in all their variety of form, color, design, usefulness and uselessness. The first thing he urged upon us was the ubiquitous sewing card. "This is something practical," he said; "especially for the girls. They will learn to sew while working on these little cards."

Wishing to know more about sewing cards, we bought a few, and operated upon them according to directions. In our youth we had taken pride in our sewing, and reminiscences of former years — and tears — expended over buttonholes, patchwork quilts, and "samplers" floated before us as we diligently stuck our needles into the little holes of the cards, already prepared, and pulled them out again. We stuck our needles in, we pulled our needles out, — and that was all there was to it. Buttons are attached to garments by this method of procedure, but how the principles of the sewing card can be applicable to sewing of the plain household variety, except in that particular, has been a mystery to us from that day to this. We have come to the conclusion that the value of sewing cards as a foundation for later domestic uses is a pedagogical myth. In this matter, however, we were unable to convince our superintendent, because he was a man, and because he was our superintendent, and cards were ordered for the children by the boxful.

We started out with cards of the ordinary kindergarten kind; but one day there visited our superintendent the canny agent of a kindergarten supply firm, who sought to show him how we could combine the joys of art with industry. He produced for inspection sewing cards of impossible drawing and delicate, unutterable tints, — an old hat, a head (back view, cheek just visible), a cradle in a room, a bunch of Christmas bells hung awry in a tower, and Santa Claus going down a chimney. These were intended to be outlined in thread, — preferably in white silk, — thus making a "dainty little picture that could be carried home as a present," and of which any aunt, or even parent, would be glad to become the possessor. The young man talked blandly; the cards were bought; and we were obliged to waste a precious hour a week "sewing" pictures to appreciate which would have implied an elevated taste in a Hottentot only.

Clay modeling and drawing we had always believed in, and it needed no kindergarten arguments to induce us to continue them both. But after we had formed our opinion of the sewing card, we looked askance at the weaving, the parquetry, the paper cutting, and the paper folding. So far as the weaving went, our superintendent himself could not show us any "practical application" of it to anything on the wide earth, and we were allowed to use our own judgment in excluding it from our schools. Still, feeling strongly the necessity of "carrying on the kindergarten ideas without break," he refused to listen to us in the matter of the other exercises.

He advised us to "read up on the subject of the kindergarten occupations and get some new ideas," and he placed in our hands the current kindergarten literature. The following reprinted selection, having met with the approval of two editors of educational magazines, must be authoritative in the matter with which it deals: —

"Paper folding gives to the child a love for the beautiful, and love for the beautiful is the beginning of love for the good. By using tints and shades of different colors, we teach them to love pretty but not gaudy colors, and also to make pretty designs and life forms which call their attention to art and nature.

"They are also taught to be neat by the use of paper folding. They must also have clean hands, and be careful not to get the paper crumpled or torn.

"The papers are first placed on the table, giving a look of neatness and accuracy not only to their own work, but to the whole table. The folding must be accurate, leaving no little uneven places or crooked lines.

"While teaching carefulness, neatness, accuracy, etc., we give them the key to patience. If they do their work with care, they learn patience without knowing they are doing so.

"They are made responsible for their own work. If they tear or injure it through carelessness or inattention, they are not given any more. If it is too badly torn to use, they are made to do without any for that lesson.

"They are allowed to take their work home, on condition that it is brought back, thus teaching responsibility in another way. We awaken their sense of manhood by trusting them to take care not to harm their own or the other children's papers.

"It teaches them to be useful and helpful to others. If one child does his work nicely and quietly, he is encouraged to help some one else who is not so competent; or if a paper is handed to one child, he is asked, 'Would you like to give that piece of paper to some one else, and get another piece for yourself?'

"In this way he is made both useful and generous. If we give careful attention to these things at school, the children will gradually attain the same habits at home.

"Thus paper folding teaches: 1. Love for the beautiful, therefore love for the good. 2. Neatness. 3. Accuracy. 4. Carefulness. 5. Patience. 6. Honesty. 7. Industry. 8. Usefulness. 9. Helpfulness. 10. Generosity."

But why stop at ten? Two more would have made an even dozen. Why not add: "11. Stenography. 12. Cooking"?

We knew that in the kindergarten the children had learned many songs, and it occurred to us that we might enliven our day with music. When requested to sing, they favored us with this selection: —

"My chickie's name is Cuddle,
Just see him wink his eyes;
He 's only three days old now,
And yet he 's very wise;
I think him very clever,
The cunning little Peep.
The way he says he loves me
Is 'Yeep! yeep! yeep!'"

It was sung to the following melody: "Ka jinky, jinky, jinky; Ka jinky, jinky, jink," and so on.

This was matched by a song called The Old Black Cat: —

"Who so full of fun and glee,
Happy as a cat can be?
Polished sides so nice and fat,
Oh, how I love the old black cat!

Refrain.

"Poor kitty,
Oh, poor kitty,
Sitting so cosy
Close by the fire!

"Pleasant, purring, pretty pussy,
Frisky, full of fun, and fussy,
Mortal foe of mouse and rat, —
Oh, I love the old black cat,
Yes, I do!"

The melody of this is simply, "Tum, tum, *tum;* Te-*tum*, tum, *tum;* Tum, tum, *tum;* Te-*tum*, tum, *tum.*"

The children requested us to join them in some games played by holding hands in a ring and singing the while. These are two we participated in : —

ROUND THE VILLAGE.

Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
As we have done before.
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
As we have done before.

LOOBY LOO.

Here we dance looby, looby, looby,
Here we dance looby, looby light,
Here we dance looby, looby, looby loo,
Every Saturday night.

Put your right hands in,
Put your right hands out,
Give yourselves a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.

Here we dance looby, looby, looby,
Here we dance looby, looby light,
Here we dance looby, looby, looby loo,
Every Saturday night.

We found our enjoyment of the second of these in inverse ratio to the number of its stanzas, of which there were twelve. By the time we had reached the fifth stanza, Looby Loo had palled upon us, and at the tenth we were fain to retire ingloriously from the scene of action. After a few more of these experiences, we discovered that our enthusiasm over "kindergarten games in the schoolroom" was much less than we had anticipated. In fact, to express it in simple language, we were bored, — very much bored indeed ; and as we did not feel dissimulation in the matter particularly incumbent on us, and practiced only the mild concealment of holding aloof at times when Looby Loo and kindred games were played, we were considered lacking in musical and poetical taste.

On Friday afternoons our pupils spoke pieces for half an hour. The kindergarten children informed us that they knew enough pieces to "fill a whole day." Agnes volunteered to entertain us with a poem called Spring Flowers. She prefaced her recitation by a few impromptu remarks of kindergarten origin : —

"Little children are buttercups an' daisies when they 're good. An' when things happen to you that you don't like, if you keep on being good and singing, then it 's just like the buttercups an' daisies that come up in the cold before all the other flowers, to make people happy."

After this moral sentiment we listened to the following verses : —

"Ere the pearly snowdrop,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright ;
Somewhere 'neath the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

"Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the springtime
To tell of sunny hours !
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies fine
Spring up here and there."

Not able to believe our ears, we asked Agnes if she had not made some mistake in the recitation. She assured us that it was "just the way Miss Bessie taught it to the children in kindergarten." On the following day she brought us a collection of poems arranged for the use of the tender young, and proved beyond dispute that her rendering had been correct. After thinking the matter over very carefully, we decided that this effusion was not intended for a statement of botanical facts concerning the life histories of the spring plants, but merely as an exercise in mental gymnastics in the forming of a visual image of daisies "'neath the frozen grass," and of bare

fields surrounded by leafless trees with the cold March wind whistling through their branches, and "here and there" over the hard brown earth "buttercups and daisies fine" blooming away as gayly as in June. As a matter of fact, this is so superlative a test of our faculties that few of us have ever succeeded in creating a mental picture which tallies in every particular with the requirements of the poem; but perhaps it may be easier for the young, less hampered as they are with a knowledge of the plain facts of the case.

Freddie followed Agnes with this stanza: —

"After dandelions, buttercups;
After buttercups, clover:
One blossom follows another one,
Over and over and over."

We copied it at once, in order to ponder on it at our leisure, and we have never ceased to wonder how "one blossom follows another one, over and over and over."

These poems formed part of a fairly extensive repertoire whose statements were frequently erroneous, and whose versification schemes belonged to the "singing-ringing," "boy-joy," "love-dove" kind, the following being a sample: —

"See the fair blue sky is brighter,
And our hearts with hope are lighter;
All the bells of joy are ringing,
And our grateful voices singing.
What is this the flowers say?
The flowers say 't is lovely May."

The children had a habit of bringing us stories which they thought might edify us. This was one of their favorites: —

"The dear cow is in the field eating grass. I love the dear cow because she gives me milk to drink and cream for my porridge. She gives me butter for my bread. She gives me leather for my shoes. Thank you, thank you, dear cow, for all these good things!"

Agnes supplied us with a book which Miss Bessie had valued highly in her kindergarten work, labeled Stories for the Kindergartens and Primary Schools, and she recommended its contents to our careful attention. One story, A Legend of the Cowslip, recounts the method by which the cowslip originally obtained her yellow blossoms: —

"Then she heard a robin sing; but as the earth still covered her, the song was but half understood, and to hear better, she lifted her head high enough for a yellow sunbeam, who had been looking everywhere for her, to see her.

"She remembered both the sunbeam and the robin, and so glad was she to see them both that she laughed a low sweet 'Ha, ha, ha, ha!' and there she stood in full bloom, every ha, ha! having become a smiling, sunny-hearted blossom.

"Of course she was amazed, and hung her head in a sweetly modest fashion, as do cowslips to this day; for since that happy springtime not one of the family has forgotten to laugh itself into golden bloom, when it hears the robin and sees the yellow sunbeam of merry May."

Another story, entitled The Man Who Wanted to Chain the Sea, gives an account of Xerxes and his bridge of boats. After describing the wrecking of the bridge, the narrative continues: —

"When Xerxes saw this, he turned very white in the face, but not like the waves of the sea, for his paleness was from wicked anger, and not from great sorrow.

"Why do I think the sea was sorry?

"Did you ever stand by the ocean, and look away, away to where the sky seems bending over the water, and the water rising up to the sky, until their faces are both hidden in a misty veil? Then did you turn your back to the sorry sea, and look at the hills covered with trees, and grass, and merry little flowers that laugh when the rain patters, and smile when the sun sifts its gold

down upon them, and the great earth laughs everywhere before you, while behind you the greater sea moans and is sorry?

"I think the sea is sorry for the foolish little children who make themselves unhappy with disagreements when they might be joyous; I think the sea is sorry because men and women are so often selfish, refusing to be like One who always went about doing good; I think every child could give some reason for the sorrow of the sea; but we must see what Xerxes did about his bridge," etc.

Agnes requested us to entertain the other children with readings from this book; but in view of the foregoing selections, which are fair samples of them all, we felt obliged to decline.

It was in the nature work and object lessons that our enthusiasm over the kindergarten-trained child received the blow from which it never recovered, though it continued to drag out a precarious existence until a second installment of Miss Bessie's kindergarten pupils destroyed the ray of hope which had kept it alive. Our curriculum included lessons on plants and minerals. We gave out three leaves to each child for a comparison of shapes.

"Children, what have you on your desks?" we asked.

"I have three little boats!" cried Freddie.

"I have three fans," said Agnes.

"I have a papa, and a mamma, and a baby," said Ethel.

"I have three plates for the 'Three Bears,'" said Harold.

"I ain't got nothin' but three ole leaves!" announced Pat.

Derision from the kindergarten children. Pat subsided in dismay.

Another time we gave out pieces of flint for a lesson on minerals.

"Children, what have you on your desks?" we asked pleasantly.

"I have a snowball," said Freddie.

"I have a little white mouse!" cried Agnes.

"I have a lump of salt," said Harold.

"I have a lump of sugar," declared Ethel.

"I 'ist got a ole stone!" cried Pat.

"How many of you have lumps of sugar?" asked we.

At the suggestion all of them had, except Pat.

"Taste it!" we commanded; and then, "Is it sugar?" we asked severely.

"No, ma'am," replied the kindergarten children feebly.

"Ye ort uv knowed it wa'n't sugar!" retaliated Pat; and in our estimation Pat stepped to the head of the class.

Flowers were called fairy cradles, chairs, houses, hats, dresses, or simply fairies, — "fairy daisy," "fairy violet," etc. Seeds were called baby plants, marbles (when round), fairy cakes and pies, fairy boats, little mice, dogs, rabbits, pigs. Stems were sticks, canes, broom-handles. Roots were worms, snakes, horses, or cows. Sometimes we were able to trace a vague resemblance to these objects, usually we were not; but Freddie and Agnes were satisfied if they could use any name but the right one, when asked to tell what a thing was.

Nor was this all. Every flower or plant enjoyed ethical characteristics. Some were "good," some "bad;" most were "pure" or "noble." All except the bad ones had been especially created for the use and delectation of mankind in general, and good little children in particular.

As these performances continued week after week, certain recrudescences of primeval man — or his better half — took place in us, and at last the day came when his spirit prevailed over our ordinary mild and gentle practices.

Laying a leaf on each child's desk, we said, "Take your leaves in your hands, children, and give us your whole

attention," and there was that in our tone which caused us to be obeyed. Holding a leaf ourselves, we said, "Children, this is a leaf. [Pause.] This is *a leaf.* [Pause.] Children, *this is* A LEAF! What is in your hands?"

"This is a leaf," they replied.

"Children, this leaf is *green.* What color is this leaf?"

"This leaf is green."

"Children, this is the stem of the leaf. What is this?"

"This is the stem of the leaf."

"Children, this leaf grew on a tree. Where did this leaf grow?"

"This leaf grew on a tree."

When our rage was spent and we rested from our labors, it was with the consciousness that for once in their lives, at least, the kindergarten children had called an object by its right name, and had made three plain, cold statements concerning it. But it was appalling to realize that it would be necessary to pursue this course of treatment with unflinching diligence for several years if we had any hope of bringing the kindergarten children down — or up — to the level of Pat in the matter of the simple statements of every-day facts.

During three years of kindergarten Miss Bessie had been devoting her energies to what she called "training the children's imaginations," with the foregoing result. We therefore set ourselves to work to discover to what extent this training had been accomplished. After much patient observation we came to the conclusion that their imaginations had not been trained at all, but that their suggestibility had been developed to such a pitch that most of the kindergarten children were in a state of half hallucination all the time; that in trying to reach the imagination Miss Bessie had been merely injuring the ability to have clear and precise sense impressions; and that when the "training" had reached the stage where, given one thing, the children saw another, she felt she had done her duty, and might send them to the primary school for us to build whatever we could on the "foundation" she had laid. These opinions were not, of course, shared by Miss Bessie, to whom the misnaming of objects according to remote resemblances constituted her stock in trade of the pedagogics of the imagination. With the same method by which Miss Bessie "trained the imagination" she "developed the powers of observation," "because the children were obliged to look at an object carefully in order to see its resemblance to another object." She argued that to call a white stone a "little white mouse" betokened more observation than to call it a "lump of sugar," while to call it a "stone" betokened no observation at all. So far as training the "reasoning powers" was concerned, Miss Bessie had not, intentionally, done anything. In her scheme of individual evolution there were certain "ages" corresponding to "stages in the evolution of man;" and since she supposed that the "age of reason" had set in with the advent of steam locomotion, about the middle of the nineteenth century, she felt that reasoning must therefore be the "crowning glory of the whole course of the education of the individual," and refrained from all attempts to "develop prematurely" in this direction the infants confided to her care.

There was no denying that the kindergarten child had ideas. His little mind was no *tabula rasa* upon which we were expected to begin the laborious inscription of the facts of life. We soon found that we could not mention any subject under the sun without bringing down from Freddie and Agnes an avalanche of inaccurate or incorrect information concerning it. Indeed, we finally discovered that we were not expected to impart instruction at all, but that our function as teachers was to set interesting topics for discussion, and listen quietly to the "facts already in the child's

mind," remarking at frequent intervals, "Really?" "How very interesting!" "You astonish me!"

We were not long left in ignorance as to the wide extent of Freddie's acquisitions, since he informed us with each subject brought up for study that he had "learned all about that in kindergarten." If we intended to give a lesson on the bat, he told us that he had "learned all about birds in kindergarten." We were led to discuss the whale: he told us that he had "learned lots and lots about fishes in kindergarten." Miss Bessie had devoted three years of her young life to "laying the foundations of all future knowledge" in him. True, it was in the condition of the stones on a New England farm, — scattered over the whole place, and of no use to anybody, — but it was there. With every lesson that we ever tried to give Freddie we were informed that he had "learned all about it in kindergarten."

The time came when we felt that our most fruitful teaching was expended on Laura Francesca Fredoni, heiress to the banana vender at the corner of the street. In our inmost heart we knew that the Lady Laura understood no word of English, but she fixed her liquid eyes upon us as we talked, and through all our acquaintance she never once informed us that she had learned all about anything in the kindergarten. From this we concluded that she profited by our instruction, and our heart was comforted. Day by day the appalling magnitude of Freddie's erudition grew upon us. We had set some store by our own attainments. We were college-trained, and labored in the proud conceit that we knew something; but we did not know enough to teach Freddie. We had learned in our tender years that

> "'T is we ourselves who are at fault
> When others seem most wrong,"

and we were forced to conclude that we were very greatly at fault indeed. Our ideas seemed all old-fashioned. We had been brought up to believe that obedience was due from children to their elders, who were responsible for them, — Freddie did not share this view with us; that a certain definite attainment should be the result of each year's work, — attainment was not valued by Freddie; that industry and perseverance and the ability to do the work in hand, whether pleasant or unpleasant, were at the foundations of character and success, — Freddie scorned such considerations, and openly scoffed at perfection.

Our relations became more and more strained. We felt that we had mistaken our vocation. We believed that our attainments might have fitted us to shine in many spheres, but not as Freddie's teachers; and in the course of time it was borne in upon us that our abilities were not such as to enable us successfully to develop in the primary school the flabby kindergarten intellect of the kindergarten child.

Marion Hamilton Carter.

AN EVICTED SPIRIT.

I WAS an only child. In tradition, station, circumstance, my people, by all acknowledgment, were among the leaders of the small provincial town which for generations had fostered our respected family tree, and I, being the only green arboreal shoot from that venerable growth, was the leader of my family. Nature had done much for me: I was good looking, though not unpleasantly aware of it; clever, and strove to value myself only to myself, for my ability,

though the very imputation of an effort may point to a not unvarying success. Accordingly, I was looked up to, admired, envied generally, occasionally criticised, though never to my face; in short, I led. Happy I was not wholly, for never in my own life, nor in the lives of those with whom my lot was cast, had I found the illusive ideal quality for which I yearned; but still I lived, vitally always, at times buoyant with the mere ecstasy of being alive; and then one day I died.

The nurse had told me I would recover; the doctor had told my parents I would not. After the first brief agony, when sensation and consciousness met halfway, for myself I did not care; nature has her own fashion of announcing bad tidings to her children.

The watchers stood or knelt about my bed while physical life was ebbing away from me like the sound of a distant bell. Now and again, as those far-away vibrations take on a stronger tone before they fade to nothingness, so for brief moments my strength revived, but it was the rally that precedes the end. A little accelerated breathing as if something in me were in haste to break away for a long journey, a little trickle in the throat, and then a large, firm hand, unseen and inescapable, was laid upon my features, pressing them gently back from the heightened lines of suffering to the smooth contours of infancy. Among the watchers life seemed to be suspended, and the silence to become not merely a negation of sound, but a fearful and growing entity that at any minute might take bodily form, seizing the living and engulfing them in some terrible abyss made up of unfathomable spaces full of silence. Then the human interruption came in the person of the nurse. Lifting the curtain of the alcove, to which she had withdrawn discreetly, she noiselessly approached the doctor as he stood at the foot of the bed, watch in hand, with his eyes upon my face, and in a matter-of-fact whisper asked him a question which he answered with a slight nod, and which formulated my exit from this life.

"Is she dead?" The words struck with a jarring note upon the tense chord to which the listeners' hearts were strung. My cousin Ophia shuddered and fell to stifled sobbing; my mother moved to throw her arms about my frame, but fell forward with hidden face and aimless outstretched hands; while my father, with an impatient exclamation, strode noisily from the room, as if death had done him a personal injury, without offering him a decent opportunity for the reprisals due a gentleman. Then Ophia, after kissing my rapidly stiffening lips and hands, led my mother from the room, and I was left with those to whom death was a professional necessity.

"Is she dead?" For weeks, unwittingly, I had been casting aside, one by one, the toys with which my consciousness habitually played in the game I had fancied to be life; for weeks I had been wearing out the little body that at once had clothed and realized me; and somewhere about the moment when the doctor had affirmed the nurse's question as he closed his watch, the last of the old familiar ties had ceased to bind me, the dear hands of my people were powerless to stay me, and, shaking itself clear of sensation and the encumbrance of the flesh, my consciousness went marching on alone. There was no break, there was no subversion; it went marching on, as it always had been marching, from unremembered time; on and on to some as yet unapprehended end, inevitable and foreordained; on and on, and ever on; and as it marched the clouds that hitherto had blurred my vision were dispelled, and I began to see.

"She is dead!" The news sped abroad on wings, and hurrying grief's andante came the activity of preparation. All lives are but a series of preliminaries and preparations: for birth,

for adolescence, for position, for pleasure, to understand, to make one's self understood, to prolong one's days with honor or enjoyment; in short, all life is but a preparation to live, until we die. But of all the paraphernalia of preparation with which we deck events, none carries more grotesqueness to the disembodied consciousness than our preparations to entertain the great, unwelcome visitor. All other events are relative, having a position in a universal series; for all other catastrophes we have a comparison, an explanation, or a remedy. So long as there is a flicker of life in the newborn child, we can incubate it into fuller life; we lose our money, — there is more money in the world to be scrambled for; our friends are unsuccessful, — we can give them good advice; our neighbor is unhappy in his marriage, — we can say that after all it is his own business, if not indeed his fault; our ideals are shattered, — we become saints or cynics; our nerves are wrecked, — we take to golf or mental therapeutics. But death alone is absolute, — the one situation our little wisdom cannot explain away, the one unquestioned and unanswerable fact in life!

And so at death's coming we hasten to affect external differences, pitifully shrouding ourselves in the dark negations of the colors of life, putting the mottled blackness of crape between our faces and the sky; and is there not also a pathetic expression of remorse in this ceremonial for the dead, a belated payment that Love grudgingly owed life, and, heartbroken, lavishes too prodigally on a memory?

Downstairs, my mother, meek and apathetic, her tears exhausted, was standing as a lay figure to the dressmaker, while my cousin Ophia, being of all least fitted for the task, was composing my obituary notices. "To-day, at her late residence," she wrote. Horrible! I had inherited my father's critical love of language; careless English at all times set my subjective teeth on edge, and now, by the irony of fate, I was made to die "at my late residence." Psychically speaking, I paced the floor. Would no one come to my rescue and snatch the pen from Ophia's hand?

"There, Mis' Stanleymain," said Miss McNulty, the dressmaker, her mouth full of adroitly controlled pins, as she pulled the skirted folds into a stiff flare, "I guess that 'll do for now. I 'll baste it good and strong for the ceremony, and any little alterations you want I 'll fix up for you later on. All you want now is to look prepared, but not conspicuous, so that the first thing people say as you come up the aisle is, 'My! what a genteel, simple frock!'"

"I don't care! I don't care!" moaned my mother.

"Of course you don't, dear," rejoined Miss McNulty, dropping the skirt in a dark nimbus about her subject's feet. "I 've known trouble myself. Step over it. 'T ain't to be expected you should care at such a time, — not but what that kind is often the fussiest when they commence to take notice again!" she added to herself, as with the dexterity of a juggler she debouched the pins.

The milliner had entered. "I 've made you up a Marie Stuart shape, Mis' Stanleymain," she said in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper. "It goes with the deepest bereavement, yet it always looks real dressy." At my mother's protesting little moan, "There, there, my dear, I know just how it strikes you; I can enter into a mourner's feelings, for I come of a burying family," she proudly proclaimed. "Seven years, week in an' week out, I never was a day out of blacks, heavy and lightened, and — Come, Mis' Stanleymain, you can't go bareheaded, you know. Think of *her!* She would have been the first to want you to look your best, and — There, there, dear heart, let me just run down into the kitchen and draw you a cup o' tea!"

Ophia now held out her ridiculous

announcements, smudged with tears. "Will you please look at these, cousin Sarah? I never can quite trust my own composition," she explained, with excellent reason. "Our dear one was always so particular; and the young man from the newspaper is waiting, — and newspaper gentlemen are always in such a hurry, — and I don't know whether to say 'taken,' or 'passed away,' or 'called home,' or just" — a sob took the place of the ill-omened word.

But my mother, never critical, was beyond detail, and I certainly should have "passed away" in print, had not my father come whistling down the stairs. "Ask him," said my father's wife, with the nearest approach to sarcasm I ever had heard her gentle voice attain.

With a light laugh, half jocular, half sneering, the head of the family drew the pen through Ophia's delicately illegible tracery, and in his firm hand set forth how on that day, at her father's house, Gillian Stanleymain had died. Then, making the women wince with a joke about its still being his house till the mortgage was foreclosed, he let himself out into the street. At the gate, my old Gordon setter, long banished from my sickroom, came whimpering to him with the pathos of unanswered question in its faithful eyes; but my father only gave the creature an impatient push out of his path, yet did not drive it back, as his wont was, when it followed him.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Piper, was the first caller of condolence admitted to the darkened house. Mrs. Piper was a large, unwieldy woman, whose habit was to "run in," as she phrased it, in neighborly fashion, by the servants' door. To-day she slowly and asthmatically climbed the front steps, announcing herself by what I never had suspected her of owning, — a card. Her attire also showed an unusual formality. Long carnelian pendants swung bobbing from her ears, while from her best bonnet she had removed the too gaudy cherries, hitherto its crowning glory, and in their place had pinned at a precarious angle a dingy velvet bow. An old cashmere shawl, that as a child I had been permitted to gaze on at rare and royal intervals, hung from her shoulders, exhaling the conflicting aromas of sandalwood and camphor, its folds adjusted so as skillfully to conceal the strained relations between hooks and eyes at her imaginary waist-line, and as skillfully displaying the bit of old thread lace, pinned with a platter-like cameo, about her neck. Then a remembrance of old laughter came to me as I recalled a saying of Mrs. Piper's, made in all good faith, that a "true gentlewoman might always feel well dressed if she only dressed her neck." And there she sat, dear soul, doing my departure homage with her clothes; saying little, but sighing heavily and mopping her broad face, while her chin drew in and out like the pleats of an accordion, as with neighborliness and comfort written in her every line she held my mother's hand.

In contrast to Mrs. Piper, the Misses Jenkins, with whom we were on formal terms, now came, with an assumption of intimacy, by the servants' way. "She 'll see *us!*" they said, only to find themselves denied; for a day or so before, when my illness was taking a hopeful turn, they had teased my mother's ears and torn her heart by personally conducting her, as it were, through several death-bed scenes, in a study of whose details lay their gruesome dissipation; and thereafter my mother, illogically enough, in her secret heart, held these estimable ladies in part responsible for my demise. Of course they asked permission to "view" my mortal residuum, but again being peremptorily denied, on their way home they at first agreed to mark their displeasure by not coming to my funeral. For such abstention, however, the mortuary habit was too strong with them, so they decided that it really would be too hard upon my memory,

since I was not responsible for the slight, — though I would have been quite capable of it, they added, which was true.

"How old do you suppose she was, anyway?" asked Miss Jane of Miss Luella. "She owned to twenty-seven."

"That 's what the evening paper said," answered Miss Luella. "I read it over a gentleman's shoulder in the car."

"Pouf! Don't talk to me of the paper!" cried Miss Jane. "You know I won't allow one in the house, — except the Weekly Christian, which never has any news."

"Well, but, sister," rejoined Miss Luella, "I think the paper is right. I dropped into Townley's this afternoon just to see what sort of a casket they were giving the poor child; you know that sort of thing has always had an attraction for me since the dear lieutenant was taken. It 's quite an elegant affair, — rosewood trimmed with silver; and the dates were on the plates — and silver wears so well people would never dare engrave a falsehood on it, for fear of being confronted with it on the Judgment Day!"

The "dear lieutenant" was a familiar if unsubstantial figure in our town. A naval officer to whom Miss Luella had been plighted in her youth, he had perished in the civil war; but as the taking of Richmond receded into history he grew more and more shadowy, and for a time was nearly blotted out. Then, lo and behold! all of a sudden his melancholy ghost reappeared, stalking through Miss Luella's conversation, but reconstructed and newly painted with such neat allusions to the "recent war" as to make him quite a jaunty, fin-de-siècle ghost.

Then the acerb sisters agreed that some people had called me good-looking, though for their own part they never could see it. Stylish, ye-es, but that was my clothes. And stuck up! Well, poor thing, one must speak only charitably of the dead, and so saying they stopped at the florist's to punctuate my passing with what they termed a floral piece.

"Should id be an emplem, or should id be chust cud flowers?" Mr. Dunkel asked.

"Oh no," cried the ladies with one voice, "*not* cut flowers!" They wanted something superior. It was for one of the first families, — a dear and intimate friend.

"Should de vrend yung or olt be?" was the question.

The ladies looked at each other. "Well," said Miss Jane, with happy tact, "she was young to die."

"I tells you vy. I gif you points. I am an ardist," said the florist. "It should abbrobriate be. To egsamble, for de yung a great variedy of floral emplems is: a wreathe, a gross, an angor" —

"Oh, not an anchor," Miss Luella interposed, "except in the case of a naval officer!"

"Vell, an angor shands on its own endt and a goot shew makes," they were told, "but it gives oder tings abbrobriate for de yung. For de mittel-aged," he continued, "I favors oder emplems; to egsamble, a harbp, or golten gades, or gades achar; but yunger as five or older as fifdy is de same, de grossmutter as de babpy, — a leedle billow done in efferlasdings mit de vun vord — Resdt!"

My case being presented more explicitly, the artist in floral emblems advised a cross, a wreath, or "Vait!" he said, with sudden inspiration. "I haf id. You vant a pasket mit a tuv berching on de handel like id chust alighted vos, — a tuv mit oudtshpred vinks!" But Miss Jane, being a member of the Audubon Society, objected to the use of a bird in decoration, so the sisters sent the basket, but spared me the dove.

Other visitors came to the house; also written attempts at consolation for the loss of me, most of them sincere, some few perfunctory, some simply idiotic.

There were those who told my mother, with curious irrelevance, that a dead sorrow was better than a living one; others assured her — as if they knew! — that I was at peace. Some bade her regard it, not as death, but sleep, which was nonsense, seeing I was just plain dead. And some there were who took upon themselves to answer for the Deity with a smug complacence which I then and there should have denounced, could I but have found a voice or stirred my frozen hand. What came nearest to my consciousness with an approach to pleasure were the offerings from the children I had cared for in the ragged quarter of the town, — not because these were more genuine than the others in their sympathy (most of them spelled it *smypathy*), but because they made my mother smile through her tears. She never will destroy those poor little thumb-marked compositions from the children, full of the sympathy they could not spell.

An old friend came, and begged to take his turn in the night-watches by my side. A success only in extraordinary failure, with poetic talent that persistently refused to fructify, I always had gibed at him — and this was his revenge! It was the nobler in him because he had a physical fear of mortality, this poor lad who tried, but failed, to make himself immortal. I too had had that same fear once, but now it seemed to me fantastic beyond words to find a supernatural horror in the poor little piece of white stillness that had been I, now only asking to be put out of sight! So as he sat beside me in the night I tried to encompass my friend with my psychic presence to his strength and comfort, though the immediate material result to him was only a poem which all the magazines refused.

The nurse and the undertaker were making me ready for the grave. "It 's a gloomy profession, yours, Mr. Townley," said the nurse.

"No, no, Miss Carr, you must n't think that," protested Mr. Townley. "It has its ups and downs, but it 's a nice trade; it 's an artistic trade," — here he bent one of my arms stiffly across my breast, and straightened the other stiffly by my side; "and then, you see, it 's steady, — it 's steady."

"That 's so," said the nurse, gazing at him thoughtfully, for the doctor had family ties, but the undertaker was a bachelor. "It don't affect your spirits in private life, Mr. Townley?" she suggested.

"Now, now, Miss Carr, I would n't like you to think that of me," she was assured. "In my own home I like my little sing; I like my little joke with the best of 'em. Outside my profession I have the keenest sense of the ridiculous. Why, I don't mind telling you, as between friends, that I take in two of the comic papers! But once I cross the threshold of a house where I 've put crape upon the door, I 'm a different man. Shoes that don't creak, a face that looks as if it did n't know the shape of a smile, the feelings of the family to be respected — why, though I say it who should not say it, I may go so far as to say I ain't a human being so much as part of an occasion." And indeed the unobtrusive demeanor of the little man suggested that he might be Death's valet, by whom, with all submission, the dread king must not expect to be regarded as a hero.

Skipping back a few paces, he eyed me with a critical approval, which changed quickly to reproach. "Oh, them mourners, them mourners, you never know what they 'll do next!" he exclaimed, shaking his head and sighing heavily as one whose patience with humanity had been taxed too far.

"What 's the matter?" asked the nurse.

"I 'm not disposed to be hard upon mourners," he defended his position. "I make allowance for their feelings;

I give 'em all the leeway I can; any little trinket, letters, or flowers they may wish to put in I make no objection to; but — that hair!" and he shook his head at me severely.

Ophia had arranged my hair. Dear heart! she always had longed to do small personal offices for me which I, in my proud isolation, never had suffered from her; but now at the last with loving hands she had dressed my hair as I generally wore it, characteristically putting in the hairpins criss-cross in a way that would have annoyed me greatly, had feeling stayed by me.

"What 's the matter with the hair?" asked the nurse. "It looks just as natural."

"That 's all very well," the undertaker answered; "but how can I be expected to get the lid down with a pompadour in front and a bun behind?"

"Oh, if that 's all," said the nurse, "here, I 'll fix it," and with apt hands she loosened and laid flat the coils above my neck, so as to lower my offending head.

And that in part symbolized my life. I had come into the world a naked, round-eyed child, ready to view the world with instinctive truth, but by the imperfect processes of education and the unconscious distortions of the social machine I had become what those about me were, — little better than a frontage on life, a mere façade.

Mr. Townley again skipped back a few paces, and, his head on one side like cock robin's, he now surveyed me with entire approbation. "Lovely!" he commented. "Lovely!"

"She does look nice," agreed the nurse.

"Not that I would have had this happen for the world," said the undertaker with a burst of genuine feeling. "I 've watched her grow up, child and woman, and it goes to my heart to handle her professionally before her time." And as he took up his hat he added, "I only wish there was some little extra thing I could do that need n't go down upon the bill."

"I 'm sure you have done everything in the nicest way," replied the nurse. "But what 's your hurry? Stay and talk a bit."

But Mr. Townley excused himself with a mournful pleasantness, saying that he had an appointment out of town to "ice a party."

The church services over me came to my consciousness not as an empty form. They did not matter much to me, but for the living they held a timely message of dignified submission to the inevitable, with a hope of better things beyond the objective world. Of course there was no collection taken up, but while the choir was singing, and the congregation trying to sing, Lead, Kindly Light, I, who in life had been proud of my unostentatious charities, now went about the church, a poor little Psyche evicted from the flesh, begging for charity to my memory. And as I looked at the people recalling the intellectual estimates I had formed of them on whose justice I had prided myself, it came to me that after all, while it is a good thing to be invariably just, a day comes when there may be more comfort in remembering that one has been occasionally kind.

Then there was the long drive to the cemetery. I had always liked to lead, and in this my last social function I led; but those who followed me were erect, while I alone lay, — leading, but not of my own volition; the cast-off garment of a woman! Behind me came a long diminuendo line of grief in carriages: the handkerchiefs of those nearest me were wet hard balls with excess of tears, the handkerchiefs in the middle of the procession were wispy rags with modified regret, while some poor relations at the end were almost dry-eyed and actually enjoyed the ride.

At the grave happened one unexpected thing. When "Ashes to ashes"

and "dust to dust" was read, Mr. Townley stepped neatly forth with a handful of gravel for his accustomed illustration of the rubric; but my father, who was damned by the Weekly Christian as an atheist, put the undertaker on one side, and himself dropped the symbolic earth upon my coffin-lid. Then later he seized a spade from one of the men and helped to fill in the grave, the action bringing out strong lines on his inert good-lookingness. Some of the flowers they put beneath the little mound, and some they laid outside it, and all perished before the sun went down.

That night, for the last time, my consciousness revisited the places that had held the most vital part of my existence. One house, one room, in particular I sought, — the home of a man who had professed himself my most patient and devoted lover. I always had said that I never would allow myself to be married, unless to a great statesman or a genius, yet into my life this man had come with an insistence not lightly to be gainsaid. An average man on a decidedly material plane I thought him; indeed, that very evening, in a curious emotional reaction, he had taken the train to the nearest city to see a popular and silly vaudeville. Yet in my developing consciousness there dawned a question that demanded light. A faint moon ray slid between the bowed shutters of his room, and I saw that everything about the man was clean, from his surroundings to his heart. As he lay there, ruddy, of gigantic strength and stature, he looked, for all his vigorous manhood, like an overgrown child, for he had cried himself to sleep. The salt rheum of sorrow glued his eyelids fast, his nostrils and the corners of his well-shaped mouth were wet, and in his relaxed grasp lay a ridiculous little tintype that he had been clasping so close as to cut the flesh. On his dressing-table I noticed the portrait of his mother, — an eagle-faced woman, imperial in her maternity, — and I recalled how it was said that this man had been a good son to her no less than a father to a brood of younger brothers; then, as I looked at him again, I had a curious apprehension of what manner of child he must have been, and of the child a woman might bear to him, and by degrees illumination came to me. Once, in my wish to lead, almost as much as through my love for the flower, on a wet autumn day, I had made a passionate pilgrimage for the first fringed gentian of the year. On the wet hilltops I had hunted it, in hidden nooks, through bog and bracken, even to the heart of the low-lying valleys; but in vain. And as I returned home, wet, weary, and discouraged, there on a common wayside bank, there at my very door, grew my blue-eyed treasure-trove, awaiting my return. The quest had been worth while for aspiration's sake, but the flower had been growing at my door! So it came to me that this man, had I lived, would have been my husband. He had ridiculed my tenuous studies, burlesquing my psuché, as I called my psychism, into my "sukey," and I had despised his material views of life; but meanwhile a bond had been strengthening between us, for I had touched the spiritual part of him, and he had reached the human quality in me. Yes, had I lived I should have come to love this man well enough even to black his boots — though I might never have told him that, in just so many words. I knew it now — and humanly speaking I was dead. So the little sukey that he had laughed at, but truly loved, bent over him as he lay asleep and gave him a butterfly kiss that he would never feel, — a kiss of revelation and good-by. Then I went home.

In his study my father sat, though the night was well advanced; but it was not the clever, bad French novel in his hand that kept him from his bed, for he turned no page. The years seemed suddenly to have set their seal upon his frame, and his face was creased,

like an insomniac's pillow. I waited by him, my consciousness of the subjective life becoming every moment more distinct. Finally he threw aside his book, and together we went into my mother's room. Her bed was untouched: she was not there. We mounted to my room: she was not there. We looked for her by Ophia: she was not there. We sought her over the house, my father, with growing anxiety, calling her by her name, "Sarah," as he had not done for years, and then by foolish loving names that must have belonged to their courtship days, "Sarahkins" and "Sally." There was no answer. At last we found her in the garret, too enwrapped in an old grief to hear my father's step, as she sat by an open drawer filled with the long-put-away daintiness of a baby's clothes. These never had belonged to me, for, with my abhorrence of sentiment, I had caused the swathings of my infancy to be bestowed on the deserving poor; these had been intended for a child that had come to my parents in their early wedded life, hardly to live an hour, — a loss for which my mother had grieved so over-long that my father had grown impatient; and thus had they drifted apart. Then I had come, the child of psychic unrest, too late to bring them together; nor had I tried, — not as I should have tried, — as now I saw. Nor, as I saw now, had they made me fully understand; for after all, age is so much nearer to youth than is youth to age! So in my lifetime we three had missed one another, but now to-night, though the mortal part of me was lying in a new-made grave, my subjective presence held my parents in a close embrace. Tenderly my father led my mother down to my deserted room, where they sat awhile and talked of me. Their lives had grown too far apart for perfect understanding, but at any rate their childless old age would be sweet with mutual kindliness, like the winter sunshine that melts the snow. And so I left them, while the night wore away in peace.

Marguerite Merington.

CHIEF.

The hotel porter who came to the railroad station wore a very big brass watch-chain with many seals; he was pompous in his manner and dress, and he bore a great name; for he called himself "Chief Justice John Marshall." He was commonly known as "Chief." He had belonged to the Marshall family in Virginia. That he had taken the name of the most illustrious member of the family caused no wonder. He went regularly to the station, seeking patrons for the hotel that he served. The train was late on this particular day, and I was interested in noticing that Chief seemed especially impatient and was scolding about the delay. He was expecting some one in whom he was deeply concerned, and I was amused at his impatience.

"Dey calls her de limited," he said, turning to me, "but what she 's limited fer I doan' know, 'thout'n hit 's ter git in behin' time. Sho' 's yer 'speck her, she 's boun' ter be late, jes' ter fool yer; yaas, fool yer ev'y blessed time. En dat boy 'll git year arfter dark, en I 'bleeged ter git back ter dat hotel ter look arfter dem trunks. I sutt'nly is dis'p'inted, dat I is; en dat chile 'speck'n me ter meet 'im, en he doan' know no mo' 'bout dis city ner er coon. Dey sutt'nly ought ter look out 'bout dese trains; hit 's too discomposin' fer ter be hendered dis er way."

"Who are you looking for, Chief?" I asked.

"Why, de young marster, o' co'se; who you think I *could* be lookin' fer, 'sep'n him?" he replied, seeming to think I could see the perplexed state of his mind by looking at his face; "de young marster Ben, he comin' f'm Lynchbug, en he start on de train dis mawnin', en I knows de chile 's hongry en tie'd, too, travelin' all dat er way by hisse'f. Yaas, suh, he tuck de train at Lynchbug dis mawnin', en he come all de way f'm Amhust Cote House ter teck it at dat."

"Does he live here?" I inquired.

"Who? him? Ain' I jes' tell yer he live in Amhust, en dat 's way down in Verginia, where I wuz borned en raise'. Yaas, suh, down in Amhust, en er good place hit is w'en you gits dar. Lemme see: dat boy 'll be sixteen year ole dis summer comin', dat he will, en I ain' seed him dis two year. Yaas, suh, hit 'ill be nigher two year dan one sence I sot eyes on 'im. I 'speck he grow so I sca'cely knows 'im; but I bet I does, fer he got he daddy eye, en he daddy walk too. Yaas, jes' lemme see he eye en I knows 'im right off. He got er eye jes' like de marster w'at fit 'long in de wah, right 'long side Gen'l Stuart, w'at wuz killed down at de Yaller Tavern, nigh Richmun'. He die game, so de say, en dat boy 's gamer 'n his daddy. He ain' feard de debbil hisse'f."

"Is he coming here to school?" I asked, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"He? Lawd, nor, suh! He got no call ter go ter school. He smart 'nuff 'thout 'n gwine ter school. Leastways de miss's ain' gwine trus' 'im dis fur 'way ter no school. She teach him herse'f, she do, en dat boy knows ez much ez de miss's. Nor, suh, he ain' got no need ter go ter no school in dis place. He jes' comin' on ter see ole Chief, dat 's all. He come 'bout onct er year, anyway, en de miss's come wid 'im sometimes. Dey ain' fergit Chief, not dey. I gits dis fer him," he added confidentially, "gits hit lars' night, en I gwine gin her to 'im soon 's he gits off'n de train en I gits nigh 'nuff ter han' her to 'im." And as he spoke he took from his pocket a really handsome silver watch with a gold chain.

"Where did you get that?" I said.

"Who? me? Ain' I jes' tell you I git hit fer de boy? Bought hit wi' my own earnin's, too; did n' s'pose I stole her, did you?"

He was evidently indignant, and I apologized.

"Yaas, suh! bought her wi' my own money, fer dat boy."

"And his father was your master, was he?" Chief's story was getting interesting. I wished to hear more of it.

"Yaas, suh, dat he wuz, en er good marster he wuz, fer sho' en suttin. You see my mammy she 'longed ter nuther estate f'm ourn, en long 'fo' de wah de man w'at owned her he broke up 'n wuz gwine ter de Wes'. En he say he gwine ter sell all he people ter de Georgia traders; en de marster say 't wuz er shame, en he gwine ter buy me an' my mammy anyway, fer he know'd her pussonally. So he goes to de sale, he does, en he bids her in, her 'n me, fer er thousan' dollars. En w'en he come ter pay de money he foun' he did n' have 'nuff, en de man w'at sells us he say 't warn' no matter 'bout de cash, dat de marster could gin 'im er deed er trus' on de plantation; en so de marster he done dat, en de deed jes' run on. De miss's she wuz orneasy 'bout it, but de marster say 't wuz all right long ez he pay de intrus' but she keep tellin' 'im he better git dat deed fix'; but he wuz er keerless sort o' man, en jes' let her run. He say he done pay de intrus', en dat wuz 'nuff."

"I suppose you left Virginia when the war came on," I remarked.

"Me? Nor, suh! I been 'way f'm dar er long time 'fo' dat. De marster he had er cousin in dis city, en he let him have me fer so much er year, —

kind o' hire me out ter him, you know. Yaas, I wuz hayar two year befo' de wah."

"Then the war brought you your freedom," I suggested.

"Well, suh, fur 's dat," he replied, "Chief ain' wantin' no better freedom en I gits right at home. I 's had ter scuffle thu some tough places sence de wah, but 't wuz easy times fer er lazy nigger at home. De warn' no boss hurryin' you up all day; nor, suh, dat de warn'. De han's on de plantation teck de time, yaas, plenty time, time fer eatin' en sleepin', en holidays 'nuff fer anybody. De marster wuz easy man wi' easy ways, en he did n' hurry nobody, en de did n' hurry dese'ves 'sep'n in de harves', en de 'bleeged ter hurry den ter git de crap in.

"Cap'n Jack dey calls 'im, he keeps dis hotel, en I wuz de porter, jes' like I is now, 'fo' de wah. En w'en de wah comed on he slips away Souf, en he plans ter teck me wi' 'im. But de blockade runners dey would n' teck me, so I had ter stay. But 't wuz mightily 'ginst de grain fer me ter stay, en de marster en dat boy er hiz'n en de miss's all yander in Amhust. But de warn' no he'p fer it, so de tells me. En w'en Cap'n Jack he goes away he leaves de bisness in he partner's han's, en he say he thought de right thing ter do wuz ter pay me de same ez w'at he 'd pay any oder porter, seein' I wuz wuckin' studdy en de warn' no way ter sen' de wages ter de marster. So he pays me de fus' monf forty dollars in gol', en say, 'Chief, you 'll be rich.' But I looks at de money en I say ter myse'f, 'Chief, you know dat money 'longs ter de marster, doan' you now?' En hit seem ter me de money mos' speak back, 'Dat I does, — I ain' yourn, but de marster's, sho'!' Co'se I knows ef de marster wuz right here en see me teck de money he 'd say he did n' keer, fer I yearns hit myse'f, en he got 'nuff. But ev'y time I looks at dat money, en dat money looks at me, it say, en I say, 'We bofe 'longs ter de marster, me en de money, en de money en me, — sho' 's def, hit do.' So I puts her away in er box; but I feard ter let her stay dar, fer I gwine in en out, en who knows but some o' dem ornery free nigger waiters at dat hotel steals hit? So I axes de cluck at de hotel, en he tecks me down ter de bank en interjuses me ter de head man, en de tecks de money en gins me a little book, en says w'en I got any mo' I mus' come right down. Yaas, suh, de treats me jes' like I wuz er gent'mun. So de nex' monf I had forty dollars mo', en I puts dat erway too. I had n' no call fer money myse'f, fer I gits my boa'd at de hotel, en I had plenty clo'es.

"But all dat time I 's stud'in' 'bout de marster 'n dat boy 'n de miss's. En I say ter myse'f, I does, de marster 's yander in Amhust, er mebbe he gone inter de ahmy, en dat boy 'n de miss's all by dese'ves, en I *knows* hit 's hard times down datter way, fur I hayarn de hotel cluck say so. En den de blockade runners comed thu de lines wi' er letter ter de boss, en de tells me 'bout hit. So I says ter de blockade runner, — he wuz stayin' at de hotel, pertendin' he wuz f'm some furrin country er other, — I says ter him, I wants him ter teck de money thu de lines so de marster 'll git it. Well, suh, he mos' fall down, he larf so, en he say I 's de bigges' fool nigger dis side o' fool-town; dat de money 's mine ter spen' er keep, jes' 's I choose; en ez fer teckin' dat ter Amhust, he got ter go by Richmun', en like ez not he git sunk in de bottom o' de Potomac 'fore he gits 'cross; dat hit wuz dange'ser 'n er battle, crossin' de river wi' all dem gunboats in de way. Den I speaks ter 'nudder man, en he say, oh yaas, he teck her. But he mos' too ready, en I ax de hotel cluck, en he say doan' trus' 'im; he wuz er mean Jew w'at wuz carry'n' counterban' goods, en ef he tuck de money I mout never see her no mo'. So I gin hit up. But hit hu't me ter think dat

de marster wuz mos' likely 'way f'm home, fer I done hayar he gone ter fight de Yankees wi' Gen'l Stuart, en wuz one o' his leadin' men too, fust in de fight en larst ter leave off. He 'way f'm de miss's en dat boy, en dey by dese'ves on dat plantation. But de warn' no way ter he'p it. So I goes 'long, I does, en I saves ev'y cent o' de wages, en by en by de boss raise her ter sixty dollar en er good suit er clo'es, kaze de house wuz full er people all de time, en de did n' seem ter keer w'at de pays. De jes' ez leave han' Chief er dollar fer totin' er valise ter de station ez ten cents in de ole times. En one day er man — I thinks he wuz er general, er some sich — he gin me er five dollar gol' piece fer he'pin' him 'cross de street. He wuz er little bit lame, en he say he fightin' ter set us all free. I doan' keer fer dat, so I gits de money.

"So dis sort o' doin's gwine on fer nigh fo' year, en I wuz layin' up er right good pile o' money. Good deal o' hit wuz in gol'. En one day I wuz gittin' de cluck ter add her up fer me in de little book de bank gin me, en he say, 'Chief, you gittin' rich; you got mo' 'n nine hun'ed dollars in gol'.' 'Well,' I say, 'gol' 's money, en money 's gol'.' But he say gol' 's wuff two twenty-five. 'Well,' I say, 'w'at good dat do me?' 'Good!' he say; 'why, you kin teck dat gol' en sell her fer mo' 'n two thousand dollars in greenbacks. En dey 's ez good ez' gol' fer you er me eider.' En den he say, 'Chief, why doan' you spen' you' money?' But I up 'n tell him dat de money warn' mine; dat I savin' her fer de marster. Hit 'long ter him. Den he look at me er little while, en he say, 'Chief, you too hones' fer dis worl': de quicker you gits out'n it de better!' En den he say he did n' want to hu't my feelin's, but he thinks he better tell me dat he hearn day before yistuday dat de marster he done got killed some time befo', down at de Yaller Tavern, nigh Richmun', fightin' wi' Gen'l Stuart. He doan' like much ter tell me befo', but 't wuz sutt'nly so. Den I ax 'im 'bout de miss's 'n dat boy, en he say he doan' know much erbout 'em, but dat he hearn de all mighty po', sence de wah done 'flicted 'em so. De warn' nobody ter wuck de craps, en he 'specks de all starve mos' 'fo' de een o' things come. De niggers all lef' soon 's dey could, en he 'specks de warn' er han' lef' 'bout de place. Ez fer all de money I done save, he say ef de marster wuz livin' he got no claim on de money; dat I wuz free ez er no'thwes' win' now, en fer de matter o' dat, had been sence de proclamation; dat de warn' nobody ownin' me no more 'n de king er Cuba. But I tells 'im ez fer dat, I doan' know so much 'bout dat, but I knows w'en de marster done bought my mammy 'n me he tuck he own money ter do it, en w'en I tecks dat money fer mine, I wants hit straight f'm home fust. W'en de miss's say so, hit mought be all right, but I mus' see her fust.

"En dat night I had er dream en I see de marster. He wuz ridin' he hoss, 'n gwine out de front gate, ter jine de ahmy. En he call me en say jes' 's plain ez kin be: 'Chief, I doan' know w'en dis wah 's gwine ter be over, ner what 's ter be de een o' all dis; but ef I dies, I dies er fightin', en I looks ter you ter see dat de miss's en dat boy 's tooken keer o'.' I see dat, en hayar dat, — hayar 'im en see 'im, jes' 's plain ez daylight. En den I knows jes' w'at ter do.

"So I goes to de cluck en I say I gwine home, — I *'bleeged* ter go. But he say de warn' no way ter git home; dat de railroads warn' runnin', en not even de bridges put up. So de warn' nuttin' ter do 'sep'n ter wait.

"Den t'wards de fall he tells me dey done fix de railroad en de trains runnin' thu some sort o' way, en I seed some people w'at comed thu f'm Lynchbug, at de hotel. Dey did n' know nuttin' 'bout de folks at home, do'. Den I gits ready ter start. I hear 't wuz aw-

ful hard times down dat way, en how de people w'ars de commones' sort o' clo'es, en how de warn' 'nuff money in Amhust ter buy er poun' er coffee; en ez fer sugar, dey done los' de tas' o' dat. So I gits er nice little bun'le o' sugar 'n coffee, en some tea, fer I knows de miss's love dat, en I gits de cluck at de hotel (he sutt'nly wuz good ter me en I ain' gwine fergit 'im nuther) fer ter fix all de papers at de bank, so dat money all straight.

"Den I thinks 'bout dat boy en I stud'in' 'bout some clo'es fer 'im. I 'specks he grow right smart, so I gits er suit, de nices' one in de sto', en er nice paar er shoes, de fines' dey had in de sto', en er bag er candy, en I wuz 'bout ready. I wuz mighty 'tic'l'r 'bout dat money, kaze I knows de miss's wuz 'tic'l'r, en she uster say dat *somebody* had ter be 'tic'l'r, else dey all be in de po'house, de marster wuz so keerless en easy-goin'. So I gits de papers fix so ef anythin' happ'n ter me 't would be all right fer de miss's. I know'd de miss's, do', mighty well, en I mistrus' ef she teck dat money. She mighty quaar sometimes 'bout w'at 's hern, but I gits er stifficut f'm de bank sayin' de money wuz all right, all 'sep' some change I tucken out ter trabbel wi'.

"En now I wuz ready ter start. I kep' thinkin' 'bout dat dream, en seem jes' like de marster wuz jes' overhead o' me all de time, sayin', 'Chief, teck cayar o' dat boy an' de miss's.'

"I wuz stud'in' 'bout home all de time, mos', fer I ain' fergit 'em, ef 't wuz er long time. I know'd dat de marster wuz killed in de wah, en I know'd all de han's lef' de place. I seed one er two o' em endurin' o' de wah, comin' thu dis very depot, en de say de gwine ter Boston. En I ax 'em 'bout de place en de people, en de tells me suttin'. But I ax 'em ain' de shame ter run off en leave de miss's now dat de marster wuz gone; en de looks right sheepish 'bout hit. But de say all de niggers in de county done gone. I doan' b'l'eve dat, fer I know *I* ain' runnin' erway, but I stud'in' how ter git back. En I know one thing fer suttin': ef dem niggers git ter Boston, en furder 'n dat, de won' fin' no home ez good ez Amhust, en no frien' ez good ez de miss's. Nor, suh, dat de won'. En de axes me w'at I doin' all dis time; w'en I tells 'em how much I meck, en how I done save it fer de miss's en dat boy, de jes' larfs at me en say I 's er bigger fool 'n w'en I lef' home, — dat I wuz free en dat de money wuz mine — all de niggers wuz free. Den I up 'n tells 'em dat de ain' got sense ter meck money fer dese'ves, let 'lone de miss's. Yaas, suh, I know dem niggers ain' gwine fin' no quarters en hick'y logs on de fire en 'taters roastin' in de ashes, let 'lone 'possums en coons ready fer ketchin' 'n cookin'. En I tells 'em de ain' no dodgin' wuck up datter way, ner meckin' b'l'eve you got er chill, en havin' de miss's sen' you er dram ter keep hit off. Nor, suh, home 's good 'nuff fer dis nigger, 'n I wuz gittin' mo' 'n mo' longiner fer it.

"I wuz sayin' 't wuz t'wards fall, but I b'l'eves hit wuz nigher Chris'mus, en I wuz thinkin' 'bout hawg-killin', en I gits er mighty longin' fer some o' dat sossige dat de miss's meck, she en Jane de cook. Hit jes' melt in you' mouf. En dar wuz de hasslets en tripe, en — why, my Lawd, suh, dat wuz livin'! En hominy! De good ole hominy de meck in de mortar hollered out'n er log, en Big Sam ter beat her wi' er pestle! Meck my mouf water dis minnit!

"I tecks de kayars at dis ve'y depot, en I starts fer Amhust. I gits so busy thinkin' dat I draps off ter sleep, en ef de corndoctor hed n' wake' me up I 'specks I sleep all de way ter No'th C'liner. Ez it wuz de kayars carry me pas' de Amhust station en clean ter Lynchbug. So I gits off at Lynchbug, en it wuz way in de night. De warn' nuttin' ter do 'sep'n ter wait tell daylight, so I sot by de fire in de station en doze twell

mawnin'. En I looks out'n de winder, en de wuz right smart fall er snow, en I feels mighty like stickin' by dat fire. But dat warn' right, so I picks up my bun'le 'n starts mos' 'fo' day. En all de way I 's thinkin' 'bout home en I gits longiner en longiner ter see 'em.

"'T warn' so ve'y fur ter de Cote House, en de ole place wuz jes' beyan', 'bout er mile er so. So I gits dar in time fer breakfus,' en tries ter hunt up somebody I knows; but de warn' nobody 'bout dat know'd me. I done been gone so long, dey done fergitted me clean out en out. Well, I say, de miss's en dat boy ain' fergit me, I sho' o' dat, — de know me de fus' sight. I sot by de fire in de Cote House warmin' myse'f, en ef I did 'n git ter nappin' ergin! Yaas, suh, fer er fac'; en w'en I wakes up de bell wuz ringin', en de judge wuz comin' in, en de sheriff wuz hollerin', 'Oh yes, oh yes;' en when I hears dat I says I 's home now fer sho'. Fer de marster uster be de sheriff in de ole times, en many 's de time I heard 'im holler 'Oh yes,' jes' dat way. But w'en I looks at dat man w'at wuz hollerin' I say ter myse'f, 'Dat man ain' no Marshall; no, ner none er de stock 'bout hayar.' I liss'n, en he talk thu he nose like dem Yankee fellers in de wah. You cayrn't fool me 'bout you' speechifyin'; I knows de Ole Verginia speech ev'y time. So I sot dar, en de did n' nobody say nuttin' ter me, ner I say nuttin' ter none er dem.

"Putty soon de journs de cote, en de say de gwine ter have a sale. So de man what hollers 'Oh yes,' he gits on de Cote House steps en reads some papers 'bout 't wuz 'cordin' de deed o' trus', en say de gwine sell de ole Marshall place. When I hayars dat I wakes up fer good, fer when he calls de Marshall name you know I *boun'* ter liss'n. So I gits up clost, en he say how de place wuz one er de fines' in de county, er Ole Verginia homestead, 'bout fo' hun'ed acres mo' o' less, wi' timber en house en outbuildin's.

"En I say ter myse'f, 'Name er Gord! de gwine ter sell my ole miss's home!' I tell you, suh, I wuz so tecken erback I mos' fergit my own brudder. So I sez ter myse'f, 'I gwine ter speak ter de jedge, so I is,' — I see 'im stan'in' clost by. So I aidge over his way en ax if 't wuz er fac', de sellin' de ole Marshall place. En he say 't wuz so, dat wuz de place. Well, suh, it fayar meck me grunt. En I ax 'im warn' de no way ter stop hit? 'Nor,' he say, 'not 'less'n you buys it,' en he larf when he say dat. 'Dat 's er fac', suh,' sez I, 'en I 's mightily 'bleeged ter you. I had n' thought o' that.' En all of a suddent hit come over me all 'bout de marster hirin' me out in Baltimo', at de hotel, en how good he wuz ter me, he en de miss's, en how de good Lawd hed prospered me en he'p me pick up all dat money, en how I had dat honin' ter come home, en I gits dar jes' in de nick er time wi' de money I 'specks rightly 'longs ter de miss's, — mos' o' hit, anyway; en please Gord, I gwine ter buy de place dis day ef de money hol' out!

"I 's er 'lig'us man, suh, en sometimes in de meetin' I gits kinder happy, en feels like shoutin'. But de Lawd knows I feels mo' like shoutin' jes' den dan in all de meetin's put togeder; I b'l'eves I did holler jes' er little. But de auctioneer wuz cryin' de sale, en sayin' dat de deed o' trus' wuz er thousan' dollar, en how de wuz fo' year intrus' on it, but dat de cote had 'cided dat de could n' 'lect de intrus' w'at had growed endurin' o' de wah, en de place wuz fer sale, en, gentermuns, how much you give? Did n' nobody seem like de want ter bid, en one man say de warn' er thousan' dollars in de county, en warn' sho' de wuz in de state. En one feller he start her at a hun'ed dollars, en de auctioneer larf 'n say 't teck dat much fer buy er graveyard; en de oder man say de wuz plenty er men like him git graveyards down hayar fer nuttin' not so ve'y

long ergo, 'sep'n fer de bullit hit took fer fetch 'em. So dat start a larf, en de auctioneer say, 'Gentermuns, dis place is boun' ter be sol', even ef she doan' sell fer mo' 'n 'nuff ter pay de deed er trus'. Dis place wuz wuth fo' thousan' dollars ef hit wuz wuth er cent.'

"Den I steps up clost en I ax 'im, 'How much you say is owin' on de place?'

"'One thousan' dollars,' he say.

"Den hit all come over me like er streak er lightnin' 'bout dat deed er trus' de marster put on de place ter buy me 'n my mammy ter keep us f'm bein' sol' ter Georgia; en now I knows how de good Lawd he done sont me down hayar dis day, jes' in de nick er time. 'T wuz Providence, sho'; so I knows now jes' what ter' do. I mecks up my min', en I steps up ter de front en I say, '*I* buy de place myse'f.'

"Well, suh, you ought ter hayar de people larf, en somebody say de bottom rail gittin' on top, sho', w'en de Marshall place 'longs ter er nigger. De hung one, so he say, lars' week, fer sheep-stealin', en he ax me whar I f'm. En I tells 'im, en he ax my name; en w'en I tells 'im dat, he bus' out, 'Why, I know de man! I seed him in Baltimo' many er time w'en I wuz blockade runnin'.'

"En sho' 'nuff, 't wuz de ve'y blockade runner I seed at de hotel dar, — not de Jew one, but de one w'at brung de letter f'm Amhust. So I tecks him one side, fer I did n' want ev'ybody meddlin' in my business, en I shows him de stifficut f'm de bank. En he say he know de bank well; en de judge step up, en he say *he* knows her too, dat 't wuz good ez gol'. So dey bofe 'grees ter go on de bon' er condemnation, en de auctioneer say, 'All right, ole man, de place is yourn.'

"I steps erecross inter de cluck's office wi' 'im, en gits de deed er release, as de calls hit; anyway de fix it all right so 't wuz my place.

"But 't warn' my place, suh! Nor, suh! 't wuz de miss's', en so I say he mus' fix her so she 'long ter de miss's. So he fix some mo' papers, en he git me ter meck my cross in de right place, en he gits 'nudder gent'mun ter witness ter it, en he say, 'You done sign hit over ter de Widow Marshall.'

"'Dat 's right,' I say; 'dat 's jes' what I want.'

"Den he larf er little at me, en I hearn one o' de gent'muns say my heart wuz bigger 'n my haid. But I ain keerin' now, en I gits ready ter start fer home ergin.

"'T warn' so fur, 'bout er mile er so 'cross de fiel', en de day wuz Chris'mus Eve. Lawd, how many Chris'musses I had on dat ole place! en good ones too. 'T warn' none o' your one day Chris'mus, en gwine ter chutch harf de time at dat. Nor, suh! 't wuz er good solid week, en mo' 'n dat. Ef Chris'mus wuz er Friday, de han's stop wuck Thu'sday, en de wuck no mo' 'ntwell arfter de New Year. No, not twell de Monday arfter de New Year. En den de done jes' ez de please. De warn' no overseer on dat place. De marster say w'en his han's 'bleeged ter have er overseer, he doan' want 'em no mo'. He de boss hisse'f, en he boss good part o' de time wi' he eyes shet. Ef 't warn' fer de miss's, I doan' know what 'd come ter de place. She '*bleeged* ter boss er leetle.

"So all de ole times gone, en de marster killed at de Yaller Tavern, fightin' wi' Gen'l Stuart, en de miss's en dat boy wi' Chris'mus 'mos' hayar, en dey thinkin' de place sol' over de haids. I pulls out right lively when I thinks o' dat, en jes' 'fo' sundown I sighted de ole place. I 'specks hit wuz de sunshine on de snow, kinder blindin' my eyes, er somehow de water kep' comin' in my eyes anyway. So I walks up ter de kitchen do', en ef dar warn' dat ole setter dawg o' de marster's layin' on de steps like he been dar all he days! I notice' he did n' bark nor look at me, en w'en I gits

clost ter 'im I see he stone blin', en I b'l'eves he deef too. Dawgs gits ole farster 'n people. But I feels kinder shy o' 'im fer all dat, so I goes up ter de do' mighty cautious en try de latch, en 't wuz locked. 'T wuz de fust time Chief ever foun' dat do' locked agin him! So I goes 'roun' ter de po'ch, at de front do', en I peeps in de winder, en I sees de miss's en dat boy! She wuz settin' by de fire in er big cheer, — de same one she sot in 'fo' I went erway, — 't wuz her gran'mother's, so de say, en brung f'm 'cross de water, — en dat boy wuz settin' 'longside o' her, on de flo', wi' he haid in her lap. Lawd, suh! I ain' seed nuttin' like dat fer I doan' know how long. Dar de set, jes' like 'fo' de wah, en she wuz pushin' he hayar back f'm he forrerd. En dat boy he had he arm roun' her; en doan' you know, suh, he wuz mos' er man.

"Well, suh, I bus' out larfin', en I say ter myse'f, 'Name er de Lawd, how dat boy gwine ter git hisse'f inter dem clo'es en dem shoes? He big 'nuff fer two suits er clo'es.' En I larf so dey bofe jump up en looks 'roun', en den I see he daddy over agin, eyes en mouf en hayar en all. En when he step, he step proud like he daddy. So he come ter de do' en opens hit, en he ax me w'at I wan', jes' 's perlite ez de marster hese'f, fer he wuz er gentermun ter ev'ybody. En jes' den er sudden notion tuk me, en I say I wuz beggar man f'm Lynchbug. He say he sorry fer me, but dat I come beggin' ter er beggar house; dat de wuz sca'cely er man er woman in de state po'er 'n dem.

"En while he wuz talkin', de miss's git up f'm de cheer, en ez she tu'n roun', I see her hayar all tu'n white dat wuz black ez er crow w'en I went erway, en de wrinkles done come in her face. But she wuz putty yet, spite o' dat. En she come ter de do', en she say, 'Ole man, I 's sorry fer yo, en wish I could he'p yo.' En w'en I gin ter look at her, her clo'es wuz meaner dan de meanes' han' on de place in de ole times; en I look at her shoes, en de wuz all wored out en ragged, en de warn' bofe erlike. Dat 's er fac'! But de hel' de haids up all de same, do' hit wuz plain de 'flictions drag 'em down.

"I see de miss's lookin' at dat boy, en den I see de tears in her eyes. I could n' stan' dat, en I draps de bun'les on de po'ch, en I bus' right out er cryin', en I say: —

"'Miss's, doan' you know me? doan' you know Chief?'

"Well, suh, you oughter seed her face light up like de sun risin' on hit.

"'Why, so 't is!' she say, 't is Chief come back. You been gone so long we thought you 'd forgetted us, or wuz daid. You mus' come in, Chief, and I 'll try to git you somethin' to eat.'

"En you know, suh, she retched out bofe o' her han's ter me, en shuck han's wi' me same 's I wuz er white gentermun! She did fer er fac'. En dat boy he keep he eye on me, like he feard hit warn' all right, fer you know, suh, he 'd growed out'n all 'membunce er *me*. So I goes in, I did, en sot down, at home en thankful fer it.

"En den de miss's ax me whar I cum f'm lars', en I tells her f'm de Cote House. En she start ter ax me 'bout de sale, but she kin' o' choke en stop. En den I fumbles wi' my bun'les, en I say 'I bring you all some Chris'mus, sence I ain' been home fer so long.' En I showed 'em de coffee en sugar en de oder little things, en I say I hope she 'll 'cept 'em f'm Chief, fer I 'members 'em all de time I wuz erway.

"She smile her ole way, like she smile befo' de wah, en she say she sutt'nly is thankful, en hit wuz real kind ter 'member 'em 'bove all times at Chris'mus. En den I pull out de suit er clo'es en de shoes, en I say I feard I meck er mistake 'bout dat boy; I fergits he growin' so. 'T wuz er nice suit, do', en bofe of 'em larf right hearty; fer de pants wuz mos' up ter de boy's knees, en ez fer de

coat, hit warn' much mo' 'n big 'nuff fer one side o' 'im. But de miss's say she do b'l'eve she kin w'ar de shoes herse'f. En doan' you know, suh, de fits her fus' rate. De wuz nice shoes, wi' low quarters en buckles.

"So de all sets down, en I stan's up by de fireplace, en I see by de miss's face she thinkin' 'bout de marster. She look at dat boy, en den she look at me, en she say, 'Chief, I s'pose you know de cunnel 's daid?'

"I say, 'Yaas, 'm; I hayars dat 'fo' de wah close.'

"'He wuz er brave man,' she say, 'en de bring 'im home en bury 'im in de fambly buryin'-groun' out dar.'

"Den arter er while dey tole me 'bout de sellin' er de ole place. Well, suh, I could n' stan' no mo', en I say ter de miss's, 'I done buy de place myse'f.'

"'What!' she say. 'I doan' un'erstan'!' En she look kin' o' white in de face.

"'Yaas, 'm,' I say, 'I done buy de place. Hit my place; dat is, hit you all's place. I tell you I done buy de place dis day at de Cote House. Hayar de deed.' En I pulls de paper out'n my pocket, en shoves hit inter her han', en say, 'De marster, he done hire me out up yander in Baltimo', en I saves de money when de wah comes on same 's 't wuz his'n. Yaas, 'm, dat I did. En I fotches de money wi' me, en I bid in de place, en gits de cluck ter 'lease de deed er trus', en meck de whole place over ter you all, en hayar 't is. Hit 's all yourn, you 'n dat boy. Yaas, 'm.'

"Well, suh, I thought she 'd er drapt, she looked so white. But in er minnit she comed ter herse'f, en de color comed back in her face, mo' 'n I seed all de time I 'd been dar. En she tu'n ter dat boy, en she say, 'Han' me dat Bible, son,' en she open hit en read dat saarm commencin' 'Bless de Lawd, O my soul,' en it soun' like de voice er de angels comin'."

With grinding, screeching brakes and clang of bells the Southern train wound into the station. As Chief stepped forward, I saw alight from the car a tall, bright-faced youth, with a keen eye and an elastic step, and running up to Chief he put his arm through his, and the two disappeared in the crowd.

James B. Hodgkin.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

I.

EARLY in the autumn of 1867 my brother and I, with his family, were settled at St. Petersburg. I entered the university, and sat on the benches among young men, almost boys, much younger than myself. What I so longed for five years before was accomplished, — I could study; and, acting upon the idea that a thorough training in mathematics must be at the foundation of all subsequently gained knowledge, I joined the physico-mathematical faculty in its mathematical section. My brother entered the military academy for jurisprudence, whilst I left military service altogether, to the great dissatisfaction of my father, who hated the very sight of a civilian dress. We both had now to rely entirely upon ourselves.

Study at the university and scientific work absorbed all my time for the next five years. A student of the mathemati-

cal faculty has, of course, very much to do, but my previous studies in higher mathematics permitted me to devote part of my time to geography; and, moreover, I had not lost in Siberia the habit of hard work.

The report of my last expedition was in print; but in the meantime a vast new problem rose before me. The journeys that I had made in Siberia had convinced me that the mountains which at that time were drawn on the maps of Northern Asia were simply fantastic, and gave no idea whatever of the structure of the country. The great plateaus which are so prominent a feature of Asia were not even suspected by those who drew the maps. Instead of them, several great ridges, such as, for instance, the eastern portion of the Stanovói, which used to be drawn on the maps as a black worm creeping eastward, had grown up in the topographic bureaus, contrary to the indications and even to the sketches of such explorers as L. Schwartz. They have no existence in nature. The heads of the rivers which flow toward the Arctic Ocean on the one side, and toward the Pacific on the other, lie intermingled on the surface of a vast plateau; they rise in the same marshes. But, in the European topographer's imagination, the highest mountain ridges must run along the chief water-partings, and the topographers had drawn there the highest Alps, of which there is no trace in reality. Many such imaginary mountains were made to intersect the maps of Northern Asia in all possible directions. To discover the true leading principles in the disposition of the mountains of Asia — the harmony of mountain formation — now became a question which for years absorbed my attention. For a considerable time the old maps, and still more the generalizations of Alexander von Humboldt, who, after a long study of Chinese sources, had covered Asia with a network of mountains running along the meridians and parallels, hampered me in my researches, until at last I saw that even Humboldt's generalizations would not agree with the facts. Beginning then with the beginning, in a purely inductive way, I collected all the barometrical observations of previous travelers, and from them calculated hundreds of altitudes; I marked on a large scale map all geological and physical observations that had been made by different travelers, — the facts, not the hypotheses; and I tried to find out what structural lines would answer best to the observed realities. This preparatory work took me more than two years, and then followed months of intense thought, in order to find out what all the bewildering chaos of scattered observations meant, until one day, all of a sudden, the whole became clear and comprehensible, as if it were illuminated with a flash of light. The main structural lines of Asia are *not* north and south, or west and east; they are from the southwest to the northeast, — just as, in the Rocky Mountains and the plateaus of America, the lines are southeast to northwest; only secondary ridges shoot out northwest. Moreover, the mountains of Asia are not bundles of independent ridges, like the Alps, but are subordinated to an immense plateau, an old continent which once pointed toward Behring Strait. High border ridges have been towered up along its fringes, and in the course of ages, terraces, formed by later sediments, have emerged from the sea, thus adding on both sides to the width of that primitive backbone of Asia.

There are not many joys in human life equal to the joy of the sudden birth of a generalization, illuminating the mind after a long period of patient research. What has seemed for years so chaotic, so contradictory, and so problematic takes at once its proper position in an harmonious whole. Out of a wild confusion of facts and from behind the fog of guesses, — contradicted almost as

soon as they are born, — a stately picture makes its appearance, like an Alpine chain suddenly emerging in all its grandeur from the mists which concealed it the moment before, glittering in the sun in all its simplicity and variety, in all its mightiness and beauty. And when the generalization is put to a test, by applying to it hundreds of separate facts which had been hopelessly contradictory before, each of them assumes its due position, increasing the impressiveness of the picture, accentuating some characteristic outline, or adding an unsuspected detail full of meaning. The generalization gains in strength and extent; its foundations grow in width and solidity; while at a distance, in the far-off mist on the horizon, the eye detects the outlines of new and still wider generalizations.

He who has once in his life experienced this joy of scientific creation will never forget it; he will long to renew it; and he cannot but feel with pain that this sort of happiness is the lot of so few of us, while it could be lived through by so many, — on a small or on a grand scale, — if scientific methods and leisure were not limited to a handful of men.

This work I consider my chief contribution to science. My first intention was to produce a bulky volume, in which the new ideas about the mountains and plateaus of Northern Asia should be supported by a detailed examination of each separate region; but in 1873, when I saw that I should soon be arrested, I prepared only a map which embodied my views, with an explanatory paper. Both were published by the Geographical Society, under the supervision of my brother, while I was already in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Petermann, who was then preparing a map of Asia, and knew my preliminary work, adopted my scheme for his map, and it has been adopted since by most cartographers. The map of Asia, as it is now understood, explains, I believe, the main physical features of the great continent, as well as the distribution of its climates, faunas, and floras, and even its history. It reveals, also, as I was able to see during my last journey to America, striking analogies between the structure and the geological growth of the two continents of the northern hemisphere. Very few cartographers could say now whence all these changes have come; but in science it is better that new ideas should make their way independently of any name attached to them. The errors, which are unavoidable in a first generalization, are easier to rectify.

II.

At the same time I worked a great deal for the Russian Geographical Society in my capacity of secretary to its section of physical geography. In the years 1869–71, the bold Norwegian sea-hunters had quite unexpectedly opened the Kara Sea to navigation. To our extreme astonishment, we learned one day at the society that that sea, which lies between the island of Nóvaya Zemlyá and the Siberian coast, and which we used confidently to describe in our writings as "an ice cellar permanently stocked with ice," had been entered by a number of small Norwegian schooners and crossed by them in all directions. Even the wintering place of the famous Dutchman Barentz, which we believed to be concealed forever from the eyes of man by ice fields hundreds of years old, had been visited by these adventurous Norsemen.

"Exceptional seasons and an exceptional state of the ice" was what our old navigators said. But to a few of us it was quite evident that, with their small schooners and their small crews, these bold men, who feel at home amidst the ice, had ventured to pierce the floating ice which usually bars the way to the Kara Sea, while the commanders of government ships, hampered by the responsibilities of the naval service, had never risked doing so.

A general interest in arctic exploration was awakened by these discoveries of the Norwegians. In fact, it was the sea-hunters who opened the new era of arctic enthusiasm which culminated in Nordenskjöld's circumnavigation of Asia, in the permanent establishment of the northeastern passage to Siberia, in Peary's discovery of North Greenland, and in Nansen's Fram expedition. Our Russian Geographical Society also began to move, and a committee was appointed to prepare the scheme of a Russian arctic expedition, and to indicate the scientific work that could be done by it. Specialists undertook to write each of the special scientific chapters of this report; but, as often happens, a few chapters only — botany, geology, and meteorology — were ready in time, and the secretary of the committee (that is, myself) had to write the remainder. Several subjects, such as marine zoölogy, the tides, pendulum observations, and terrestrial magnetism, were quite new to me; but the amount of work which a healthy man can accomplish in a short time, if he strains all his forces and goes straight to the root of the subject, no one would suppose beforehand, — and so my report was ready.

It concluded by advocating a great arctic expedition, which would awaken in Russia a permanent interest in arctic questions and arctic navigation, and in the meantime a reconnoitring expedition on board a schooner chartered in Norway with its captain, pushing north or northeast of Nóvaya Zemlyá. This expedition, we suggested, might also try to reach, or at least to sight, an unknown land which must be situated at no great distance from Nóvaya Zemlyá. The probable existence of such a land had been indicated by an officer of the Russian navy, Baron Schilling, in an excellent but little known paper on the currents in the Arctic Ocean. When I read this paper, as also Lütke's journey to Nóvaya Zemlyá, and made myself acquainted with the general conditions of this part of the Arctic Ocean, I saw at once that the supposition must be correct. There must be a land to the northwest of Nóvaya Zemlyá, and it must reach a higher latitude than Spitzbergen. The steady position of the ice at the west of Nóvaya Zemlyá, the mud and stones on it, and various other smaller indications confirmed the hypothesis; besides, if such a land were not located there, the ice current which flows westward from the meridian of Behring Strait to Greenland (the current of the Fram's drift) would, as Baron Schilling had truly remarked, reach the North Cape and cover the coasts of Laponia with masses of ice, just as it covers the northern extremity of Greenland. The warm current alone — a feeble continuation of the Gulf Stream — could not have prevented the accumulation of ice on the coasts of Northern Europe. This land, as is known, was discovered a couple of years later by the Austrian expedition, and named Franz Josef Land.

The arctic report had a quite unexpected result for me. I was offered the leadership of the reconnoitring expedition, on board a Norwegian schooner chartered for the purpose. I replied, of course, that I had never been to sea; but I was told that by combining the experience of a Carlsen or a Johansen with the initiative of a man of science, something valuable could be done; and I would have accepted, had not the ministry of finance at this juncture interposed with its veto. It replied that the exchequer could not grant the four or five thousand pounds which would be required for the expedition. Since that time Russia has taken no part in the exploration of the arctic seas. The land which we distinguished through the subpolar mists was discovered by Payer and Weyprecht, and the archipelagoes which must exist to the northeast of Nóvaya Zemlyá — I am even more firmly persuaded of it now than I was then — remain undiscovered.

Instead of joining an arctic expedition, I was sent out by the Geographical Society for a modest tour in Finland and Sweden, to explore the glacial deposits; and that journey drifted me in a quite different direction.

All sorts of valuable materials relative to the geography of Russia passed through my hands in the Geographical Society, and the idea gradually came to me of writing an exhaustive physical geography of Russia; of giving a thorough geographical description of that immense part of the world, basing it upon the main lines of the surface structure which I began to disentangle for European Russia; and of attending, in that description, to the different forms of economic life which ought to prevail in different physical regions. Take, for instance, the wide prairies of Southern Russia, so often visited by droughts and failure of crops. These droughts and famines must not be treated as accidental calamities: they are as much a natural feature of that region as its position on a southern slope, its fertility, and the rest; and the whole of the economic life of the southern prairies ought to be organized in prevision of the unavoidable recurrence of periodical droughts. Each region of the Russian Empire ought to be treated in the same scientific way, just as Karl Ritter treated parts of Asia in his beautiful monographs.

But such a work would have required plenty of time and full freedom for the writer, and I often thought how helpful to this end it would be were I to occupy some day the position of secretary to the Geographical Society. Now, in the autumn of 1871, as I was working in Finland, slowly moving on foot toward the seacoast along the newly built railway, and closely watching the spot where the first unmistakable traces of the former extension of the post-glacial sea would appear, — when I received a telegram from the Geographical Society: "The council begs you to accept the position of secretary to the Society." At the same time the outgoing secretary strongly urged me to accept the proposal.

My hopes were realized. But in the meantime other thoughts and other longings had pervaded my mind. I seriously thought over the reply, and wired, "Most cordial thanks, but cannot accept."

III.

It often happens that men pull in a certain political, social, or familiar harness, simply because they never have time to ask themselves whether the position they stand in and the work they accomplish are right; whether their occupations really suit their inner desires and capacities, and give them the satisfaction which every one has the right to expect from his work. Active men are especially liable to find themselves in such a position. Every day brings with it a fresh batch of work, and a man throws himself into his bed late at night without having completed what he expected to do, while in the morning he hurries to the unfinished task of the previous day. Life goes, and there is no time left to think, no time to consider the direction that one's life is taking. So it was with me.

But now, during my journey in Finland, I had leisure. When I was crossing in a Finnish two-wheeled *karria* some plain which offered no interest to the geologist, or when I was walking, hammer on shoulder, from one gravel-pit to another, I could think; and amidst the undoubtedly interesting geological work I was carrying on, one idea, which appealed far more strongly to my inner self than geology, persistently worked in my mind.

I saw what an immense amount of labor the Finnish peasant spends in clearing the land and in breaking up the hard boulder-clay, and I said to myself: "I will write the physical geography of this part of Russia, and tell the peasant the best means of cultivating this soil. Here

an American stump-extractor would be invaluable; there certain methods of manuring would be indicated by science. . . . But what is the use of talking to this peasant about American machines, when he has barely enough bread to live upon from one crop to the next; when the rent which he has to pay for that boulder-clay grows heavier and heavier in proportion to his success in improving the soil? He gnaws at his hard-as-a-stone rye-flour cake which he bakes twice a year; he has with it a morsel of fearfully salted cod and a drink of skimmed milk. How dare I talk to him of American machines, when all that he can sell must be sold to pay rent and taxes? He needs me to live with him, to help him to become the owner or the free occupier of that land. Then he will read books with profit, but not now."

And my thoughts wandered from Finland to our Nikólskoye peasants whom I had seen lately. Now they are free, and they value freedom very much. But they have no meadows. In one way or another, the landlords have got all the meadows for themselves. When I was a child, the Savókhins used to send out six horses for night pasture, the Tolkachoffs had seven. Now, these families have only three horses each; other families, that formerly had three horses, have only one, or none. What can be done with one miserable horse? No meadows, no horses, no manure! How can I talk to them of grass-sowing? They are already ruined, — poor as Lazarus, — and in a few years they will be made still poorer by a foolish taxation. How happy they were when I told them that my father gave them permission to mow the grass in the small open spaces in his Kóstino forest! "Your Nikólskoye peasants are *ferocious* for work," — that is the common saying about them in our neighborhood; but the arable land, which our stepmother has taken out of their allotments in virtue of the "law of minimum" — that diabolic clause introduced by the serfowners when they were allowed to revise the emancipation law — is now a forest of thistles, and the "ferocious" workers are not allowed to till it. And the same sort of thing goes on throughout all Russia. (Even at that time it was evident, and official commissioners stated it, that the first serious failure of crops in Middle Russia would result in a terrible famine, — and famine came, in 1876, in 1884, in 1891, in 1895, and again in 1898.)

Science is an excellent thing. I knew its joys and valued them, — perhaps more than many of my colleagues did. Even now, as I was looking on the lakes and the hillocks of Finland, new beautiful generalizations arose before my eyes. I saw in a remote past, at the very dawn of mankind, the ice accumulating from year to year in the northern archipelagoes, over Scandinavia and Finland. An immense growth of ice invaded the north of Europe and slowly spread as far as its middle portions. Life dwindled in that part of the northern hemisphere, and, wretchedly poor, uncertain, it fled further and further south before the icy breath which came from that immense frozen mass. Man — miserable, weak, ignorant — had every difficulty in maintaining a precarious existence. Ages passed away, till the melting of the ice began, and with it came the lake period, when countless lakes were formed in the cavities, and a wretched subpolar vegetation began timidly to invade the unfathomable marshes with which every lake was surrounded. Another series of ages passed before an extremely slow process of drying up set in, and vegetation began its slow invasion from the south. And now we are fully in the period of a rapid desiccation, accompanied by the formation of dry prairies and steppes, and man has to find out the means to put a check to that desiccation to which Central Asia already has fallen a victim, and which menaces Eastern Europe.

Belief in an ice-cap reaching Middle Europe was at that time rank heresy; but before my eyes a grand picture was rising, and I wanted to draw it, with the thousands of details I saw in it; to use it as a key to the present distribution of floras and faunas; to open new horizons for geology and physical geography.

But what right had I to these highest joys, when all round me was nothing but misery and struggle for a mouldy bit of bread; when whatsoever I should spend to enable me to live in that world of higher emotions must needs be taken from the very mouths of those who grew the wheat and had not bread enough for their children? From somebody's mouth it must be taken, because the aggregate production of mankind remains still so low.

Knowledge is an immense power. Man must know. But we already know much! What if that knowledge — and only that — should become the possession of all? Would not science itself progress in leaps, and cause mankind to make strides in production of which we are hardly in a condition now to measure the speed?

The masses want to know: they are willing to learn; they *can* learn. There, on the crest of that immense moraine which runs between the lakes, as if giants had heaped it up in a hurry to connect the two shores, there stands a Finnish peasant plunged in contemplation of the beautiful lakes, studded with islands, which lie before him. Not one of these peasants, poor and downtrodden though they may be, will pass this spot without stopping to admire the scene. Or there, on the shore of a lake, stands another peasant, and sings something so beautiful that the best musician would envy him his melody, for its feeling and its meditative power. Both deeply feel, both meditate, both think; they are ready to widen their knowledge, — only give it to them, only give them the means of getting leisure. This is the direction in which, and these are the kind of people for whom, I must work. All those sonorous phrases about making mankind progress, while at the same time the progress-makers stand aloof from those whom they pretend to push onwards, are mere sophisms made up by minds anxious to shake off a fretting contradiction.

So I sent my negative reply to the Geographical Society.

IV.

St. Petersburg had changed greatly from what it was when I left it in 1862. "Oh yes, you knew the St. Petersburg of Chernyshévsky," the poet Máikoff remarked to me once. True, I knew the St. Petersburg of which Chernyshévsky was the favorite. But how shall I describe the city which I found on my return? Perhaps as the St. Petersburg of the *cafés chantants*, of the music halls, if the words "all St. Petersburg" ought really to mean the upper circles of society which took their keynote from the court.

At the court, and in its circles, liberal ideas were in sorely bad repute. All prominent men of the sixties, even such moderates as Count Nicholas Muravióff and Nicholas Milútin, were treated as suspects. Only Dmitri Milútin, the minister of war, was kept by Alexander II. at his post, because the reform which he had to accomplish in the army required many years for its realization. All other active men of the reform period had been brushed aside.

I spoke once with a high dignitary of the ministry for foreign affairs. He sharply criticised another high functionary, and I remarked in the latter's defense, "Still, there is this to be said for him, that he never accepted service under Nicholas I." "And now he is in service under the reign of Shuváloff and Trépoff!" was the reply, which so correctly described the situation that I could say nothing more.

General Shuváloff, the chief of the state police, and General Trépoff, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, were indeed the real rulers of Russia. Alexander II. was their executive, their tool. And they ruled by fear. Trépoff had so frightened Alexander by the spectre of a revolution which was going to break out at St. Petersburg. that if the omnipotent chief of the police was a few minutes late in appearing with his daily report at the palace, the Emperor would ask, "Is everything quiet at St. Petersburg?"

Shortly after Alexander had given an "entire dismissal" to Princess X. he conceived a warm friendship for General Fleury, the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III., that sinister man who was the soul of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1852. They were continually seen together, and Fleury once informed the Parisians of the great honor which was bestowed upon him by the Russian Tsar. As the latter was riding along the Nevsky Perspective, he saw Fleury, and asked him to mount into his carriage, an *égoiste* which had a seat only twelve inches wide, for a single person; and the French general recounted at length how the Tsar and he, holding fast to each other, had to leave half of their bodies hanging in the air on account of the narrowness of the seat.

Shuváloff took every advantage of the present state of mind of his master. He prepared one reactionary measure after another, and when Alexander showed reluctance to sign any one of them, Shuváloff would speak of the coming revolution and the fate of Louis XVI., and, "for the salvation of the dynasty," would implore him to sign the new additions to the laws of repression. For all that, sadness and remorse would from time to time besiege Alexander. He would fall into a gloomy melancholy, and speak in a sad tone of the brilliant beginning of his reign, and of the reactionary character which it was taking. Then Shuváloff would organize a bear hunt. Hunters, merry courtiers, and carriages full of ballet girls would go to the forests of Nóvgorod. A couple of bears would be killed by the Emperor, who was a good shot, and used to let the animal approach within a few yards of his rifle; and there, in the excitement of the hunting festivities, Shuváloff would obtain his master's signature to any scheme of repression or of robbery in the interest of his clients, which he had concocted.

Alexander II. certainly was not a rank-and-file man, but two different men lived in him, both strongly developed, struggling with each other; and this inner struggle became more and more violent as he advanced in age. He could be charming in his behavior, and the next moment display sheer brutality. He was possessed of a calm, reasoned courage in the face of a real danger, but he lived in terrible fear of the dangers which he conceived in his brain only. He assuredly was not a coward; he would meet a bear face to face; on one occasion, when the animal was not killed outright by his first bullet, and the man who stood behind him with a lance, rushing forward, was knocked down by the bear, the Tsar came to his rescue, and killed the bear close to the muzzle of his gun (I know this from the man himself); yet he was haunted all his life by the fears of his own imagination and of an uneasy conscience. He was very kind-hearted toward his friends, but that kind-heartedness existed side by side with the terrible cold-blooded cruelty — a seventeenth-century cruelty — which he displayed in crushing the Polish insurrection, and later on in 1880, and of which no one would have thought him capable. He thus lived a double life, and at the period I am speaking of he merrily signed the most reactionary decrees, and afterward became despondent and actually cried about them. Toward the end of his life this inner struggle became still stronger, and assumed an almost tragical character.

In 1872 Shuváloff was nominated ambassador, but his friend General Potápoff continued the same policy till the beginning of the Turkish war in 1877. During all this time, the most scandalous plundering of the state's exchequer, as also of the crown lands, the estates confiscated in Lithuania after the insurrection, the Bashkir lands in Orenbúrg, and so on, was going on, on a grand scale. Several such affairs were subsequently brought to light and judged publicly by the Senate acting as a high court of justice, after Potápoff, who became insane, and Trépoff had been dismissed, and their rivals at the palace wanted to show them to Alexander II. in their true light. In one of these judicial inquiries it came out that a friend of Potápoff had most shamelessly robbed the peasants of a Lithuanian estate of their lands, and afterward, empowered by his friends at the ministry of the interior, he had caused the peasants, who sought redress, to be imprisoned, subjected to wholesale flogging, and shot down by the troops. This was one of the most revolting stories of the kind even in the annals of Russia, which teem with similar robberies up to the present time. It was only after Véra Zasúlich had shot at Trépoff and wounded him (to avenge his having ordered one of the political prisoners to be flogged in prison) that the thefts of Trépoff and his clients became widely known and he was dismissed. Thinking that he was going to die, Trépoff wrote his will, from which it became known that this man, who had made the Tsar believe that he was poor, even though he had occupied for years the lucrative post of chief of the St. Petersburg police, left in reality to his heirs a colossal fortune. Some courtiers carried the report to Alexander II. Trépoff lost his credit, and it was then that a few of the robberies of the Shuváloff-Potápoff-Trépoff party were brought before the Senate.

The pillage which went on in all the ministries, especially in connection with the railways and all sorts of industrial enterprises, was really enormous. Immense fortunes were made at that time. The navy, as Alexander II. himself said to one of his sons, was "in the pockets of So-and-So." The cost of the railways, guaranteed by the state, was simply fabulous. As to commercial enterprises, it was openly known that none could be launched unless a specified percentage of the dividends was promised to different functionaries in the several ministries. A friend of mine, who intended to start some enterprise at St. Petersburg, was frankly told at the ministry of the interior that he would have to pay twenty-five per cent of the net profits to a certain person, fifteen per cent to one man at the ministry of finances, ten per cent to another man in the same ministry, and five per cent to a fourth person. The bargains were made without concealment, and Alexander II. knew it. His own remarks, written on the reports of the comptroller-general, bear testimony to this. But he saw in the thieves his protectors from the revolution, and kept them until their robberies became an open scandal.

The young grand dukes, with the exception of the heir apparent, afterward Alexander III., who always was a good and thrifty *paterfamilias*, followed the example of the head of the family. The orgies which one of them used to arrange in a small restaurant on the Nevsky Perspective were so degradingly notorious that one night the chief of the police had to interfere, and warned the owner of the restaurant that he would be marched to Siberia if he ever again let his "grand duke's room" to the grand duke. "Imagine my perplexity," the owner said to me, on one occasion, when he was showing me that room, the walls and ceiling of which were upholstered with thick satin cushions. "On the one side I had to offend a member of the imperial family, who could do with me what

he liked, and on the other side General Trépoff menaced me with Siberia! Of course, I obeyed the general; he is, as you know, omnipotent now." Another grand duke became conspicuous for ways belonging to the domain of psychopathy; and a third was exiled to Turkestan, after he had stolen the diamonds of his mother.

The Empress Marie Alexándrovna, abandoned by her husband, and probably horrified at the turn which court life was taking, became more and more a devotee, and soon she was entirely in the hands of the palace priest, a representative of a quite new type in the Russian Church, — the Jesuitic. This new genus of well-combed, depraved, and Jesuitic clergy made rapid progress at that time; already they were working hard and with success to become a power in the state and to lay hands on the schools.

It has been proved over and over again that the village clergy in Russia are so much taken up by their functions — performing baptisms and marriages, administering communion to the dying, and so on — that they cannot pay due attention to the schools; even when the priest is paid for giving the Scripture lesson at a village school, he usually passes that lesson to some one else, as he has no time to attend to it himself. Nevertheless, the higher clergy, exploiting the hatred of Alexander II. toward the so-called revolutionary spirit, began their campaign for laying their hands upon the schools. "No schools unless clerical ones" became their motto. All Russia wanted education, but even the ridiculously small sum of four million dollars included every year in the state budget for primary schools used *not* to be spent by the ministry of public instruction, while twice as much was given to the Synod as an aid for establishing schools under the village clergy, — schools most of which existed, and now exist, on paper only.

All Russia wanted technical education, but the ministry opened only classical gymnasia, because formidable courses of Latin and Greek were considered the best means of preventing the pupils from reading and thinking. In these gymnasia, only two or three per cent of the pupils succeeded in completing an eight years' course, — all boys promising to become something being carefully sifted out before they could reach the last form. At the same time, the ministry of education was engaged in a continuous, passionate struggle against all private persons and all institutions — district and county councils, municipalities, and the like — that endeavored to open teachers' seminaries or technical schools, or even simple primary schools. Technical education — in a country which was so much in want of engineers, educated agriculturists, and geologists — was treated as equivalent to revolutionism. It was prohibited, prosecuted; so that up to the present time, every autumn, something like two or three thousand young men are refused admission to the higher technical schools from mere lack of vacancies. The universities were filled with boys unable to follow the higher education, and even in the classical gymnasia all sorts of measures were taken to *reduce* the number of pupils. A feeling of despair took possession of all those who wished to do anything useful in public life; while the peasantry were ruined at an appalling rate by over-taxation, and by "beating out" of them the arrears of the taxes by means of semi-military executions.

Such was the official St. Petersburg. Such was the influence it exercised upon Russia.

V.

When we were leaving Siberia, we often talked, my brother and I, of the intellectual life which we should find at St. Petersburg, and of the interesting acquaintances we should make in the literary circles. We made such acquaintances, indeed, both among the radicals

and among the moderate Slavophiles; but I must confess that they were rather disappointing. We found plenty of excellent men, — Russia is full of excellent men, — but they did not quite correspond to our ideal of political writers. The best writers — Chernyshévsky, Mikháiloff, Lavróff — were in exile, or were kept in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, like Písareff. Others, taking a gloomy view of the situation, had changed their ideas, and were now leaning toward a sort of paternal absolutism; while the greater number, though holding still to their beliefs, had become so cautious in expressing them that their prudence was almost equal to desertion.

At the height of the reform period nearly every one in the advanced literary circles had had some relations either with Hérzen or with Turguéneff and his friends, or with the Great Russian or the Land and Freedom secret societies which had had at that period an ephemeral existence. Now, these same men were only the more anxious to bury their former sympathies as deep as possible, so as to appear above political suspicion.

One or two of the liberal reviews which were tolerated at that time, owing chiefly to the superior diplomatic talents of their editors, contained excellent material, showing the ever growing misery and the desperate conditions of the great mass of the peasants, and making clear enough the obstacles that were put in the way of every progressive worker. The amount of such facts was enough to drive one to despair. But no one dared to suggest any remedy, or to hint at any field of action, at any outcome from a position which was represented as hopeless. Some writers still cherished the hope that Alexander II. would once more assume the character of reformer; but with the majority the fear of seeing their reviews suppressed, and both editors and contributors marched "to some more or less remote part of the empire," dominated all other feelings. Fear and hope equally paralyzed them.

The more radical they had been ten years before, the greater were their fears. My brother and I were very well received in one or two literary circles, and we went occasionally to their friendly gatherings; but the moment the conversation began to lose its frivolous character, or my brother, who had a great talent for raising serious questions, directed it toward home affairs, or toward the state of France, where Napoleon III. was hastening to his fall in 1870, some sort of interruption was sure to occur. "What do you think, gentlemen, of the latest performance of La Belle Hélène?" or "What are you going to say of that cured fish?" was loudly asked by one of the elder guests — and the conversation was brought to an end.

Outside the literary circles, things were even worse. In the sixties, Russia, and especially St. Petersburg, was full of men of advanced opinions, who seemed ready at that time to make any sacrifices for their ideas. "What has become of them?" I asked myself. I looked up some of them; but, "Prudence, young man!" was all they had to say. "Iron is stronger than straw," or "One cannot break a stone wall with his forehead," and like proverbs, so numerous, alas, in the Russian language, constituted now their code of practical philosophy. "We have done something in our life: ask no more from us;" or "Have patience: that sort of thing will not last," they told us, while we, the youth, were ready to resume the struggle, to act, to risk, to sacrifice everything, if necessary, and only asked them to give us advice, some guidance and some intellectual support.

Turguéneff has depicted in Smoke some of these ex-reformers from the upper layers of society, and his picture is disheartening. But it is especially in the heart-rending novels and sketches of

Madame Kohanóvsky, who wrote under the pen name of "V. Krestóvskiy" (she must not be confounded with another novel-writer, Vsévolod Krestóvskiy), that one can follow the many aspects which the degradation of the "liberals of the sixties" took at that time. "The joy of living" — perhaps the joy of having survived — became their goddess, as soon as the nameless crowd which ten years before made the force of the reform movement refused to hear any more of "all that sentimentalism." They hastened to enjoy the riches which poured into the hands of "practical" men.

Many new ways to fortune had been opened since serfdom had been abolished, and the crowd rushed with eagerness into these channels. Railways were feverishly built in Russia; to the lately opened private banks the landlords went in numbers to mortgage their estates; the newly established private notaries and lawyers at the courts were in possession of large incomes; the shareholders' companies multiplied with an appalling rapidity and the promoters flourished. A class of men who formerly would have lived in the country on the modest income of a small estate cultivated by a hundred serfs, or on the still more modest salary of a functionary in a law court, now made fortunes, or had such yearly incomes as in serfdom times were possible only for the land magnates.

The very tastes of "society" sunk lower and lower. The Italian opera, formerly a forum for radical demonstrations each time that Wilhelm Tell was played (under the name of Charles le Téméraire) or the duet of the Puritans was sung, was now deserted; the Russian opera, timidly asserting the rights of its great composers, was frequented by a few enthusiasts only. Both were found "tedious," and the cream of St. Petersburg society crowded to a vulgar theatre where the second-rate stars of the Paris small theatres won easy laurels from their Horse Guard admirers, or went to see La Belle Hélène, which was played on the Russian stage, while our great dramatists were forgotten. Offenbach's music reigned supreme.

It must be said that the political atmosphere was such that the best men had reasons, or had at least weighty excuses, for keeping quiet. After Karakózoff had shot at Alexander II. in April, 1866, the state police had become omnipotent. Every one suspected of "radicalism," no matter what he had done or what he had not done, had to live under the fear of being arrested any night, for the sympathy he might have shown to some one involved in this or that political affair, or for an innocent letter intercepted in a midnight search, or simply for his "dangerous" opinions; and arrest for political reasons might mean anything: years of seclusion in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, transportation to Siberia, or even torture in the casemates of the fortress.

This movement of the circles of Karakózoff remains up to this date very imperfectly known, even in Russia. I was at that time in Siberia, and know of it only by hearsay. It appears, however, that two different currents combined in it. One of them was the beginning of that great movement "toward the people," which later became so important and extended; while the other current was mainly political. Groups of young men, some of whom were on the road to become brilliant university professors, or men of mark as historians and ethnographers, had come together about 1864, with the intention of carrying to the people education and knowledge in spite of the opposition of the government. They went as mere artisans to great industrial towns, and started there coöperative associations, as well as informal schools, hoping that by the exercise of much tact and patience they might be able to educate the people, and thus to create the first centres from which better and

higher conceptions would gradually radiate amongst the masses. Their zeal was great; considerable fortunes were brought into the service of the cause; and I am inclined to think that compared with all similar movements which took place later on, this one stood perhaps on the most practical basis. Its initiators certainly stood very near to the working people.

On the other side, with some of the members of these circles — Karakózoff, Ishútin, and their nearest friends — the movement took a political direction. During the years from 1862 to 1866 the policy of Alexander II. had assumed a decidedly reactionary character; he had surrounded himself with men of the most reactionary type, taking them as his nearest advisers; the very reforms which made the glory of the beginning of his reign were now wrecked wholesale by means of by-laws and ministerial circulars: a return to manorial justice and serfdom in a disguised form was openly expected in the old camp; while no one could hope at that time that the main reform — the abolition of serfdom — could withstand the assaults directed against it from the winter palace itself. All this must have brought Karakózoff and his friends to the idea that a further continuance of Alexander II.'s reign would be a menace even to the little that had been won; that Russia would have to return to the horrors of Nicholas I. if Alexander continued to reign. Great hopes were felt at the same time — this is "an often repeated story, but always new" — as to the liberal inclinations of the heir to the throne and his uncle Constantine. I must also say that before 1866 such fears and such considerations were not unfrequently expressed in much higher circles than those with which Karakózoff seems to have been in contact. At any rate, Karakózoff shot at Alexander II. one day, as he was coming out of the summer garden to take his carriage. The shot missed, and Karakózoff was arrested on the spot.

Katkóff, the leader of the Moscow reactionary party, and a great master in extracting pecuniary profits from every political disturbance, at once accused of complicity with Karakózoff all radicals and liberals, — which was certainly untrue, — and insinuated in his paper, making all Moscow believe it, that Karakózoff was a mere instrument in the hands of the Grand Duke Constantine, the leader of the reform party in the highest spheres. One can imagine how much money the two rulers, Shuváloff and Trépoff, made out of these accusations and of the consequent fears of Alexander II.

Mikhael Muravióff, who had won during the Polish insurrection his nickname "the Hangman," received orders to make a most searching inquiry, and to discover by every possible means the plot which was supposed to exist. He made arrests in all classes of society, ordered hundreds of searches, and boasted that he "would find the means to render the prisoners more talkative." He certainly was not the man to recoil even before torture, — and public opinion in St. Petersburg was almost unanimous in saying that Karakózoff was tortured to obtain avowals, but made none.

State secrets are well kept in fortresses, especially in that huge mass of stone opposite the winter palace, which has seen so many horrors, only in recent times disclosed by historians. It still keeps Muravióff's secrets. However, the following may perhaps throw some light on this matter.

In 1866 I was in Siberia. One of our Siberian officers, who traveled from Russia to Irkútsk toward the end of that year, met at a post station two gendarmes. They had accompanied to Siberia a functionary exiled for theft, and were now returning home. Our Irkútsk officer, who was a very amiable man, finding the gendarmes at the tea table

on a cold winter night, joined them and chatted with them, while the horses were being changed. One of the men knew Karakózoff.

"He was cunning, he was," he said. "When he was in the fortress we were ordered, two of us, — we were relieved every two hours, — not to let him sleep. So we kept him sitting on a small stool, and as soon as he began to doze we shook him to keep him awake. . . . What will you? — we were ordered to do so! . . . Well, see how cunning he was: he would sit with crossed legs, swinging one of his legs to make us believe that he was awake, and himself, in the meantime, would get a nap, continuing to swing his leg. But we soon made it out and told those who relieved us, so that he was shaken and waked up every few minutes, whether he swung his legs or not." "And how long did that last?" my friend asked. "Oh, many days, — more than one week."

The naïve character of this description is in itself a proof of veracity: it could not have been invented; and that Karakózoff was tortured to this degree may be taken for granted.

When Karakózoff was hanged, one of my comrades from the corps of pages was present at the execution with his regiment of cuirassiers. "When he was taken out of the fortress," my comrade told me, "sitting on the high platform of the cart which was jolting on the rough glacis of the fortress, my first impression was that they were bringing out an india-rubber doll to be hanged; that Karakózoff was already dead. Imagine that the head, the hands, the whole body were absolutely loose, as if there were no bones in the body, or as if the bones had all been broken. It was a terrible thing to see, and to think what it meant. However, when two soldiers took him down from the cart, I saw that he moved his legs and made strenuous endeavors to walk by himself and to ascend the steps of the scaffold. So it was not a doll, nor could he have been in a swoon. All the officers were very much puzzled at the circumstance and could not explain it." When, however, I suggested to my comrade that perhaps Karakózoff had been tortured, the color came into his face and he replied, "So we all thought."

Absence of sleep for weeks would alone be sufficient to explain the state in which that morally very strong man was during the execution. I may add that I have the absolute certitude that — at least in one case — drugs were administered to a prisoner in the fortress, namely, Adrián Mikháiloff, in 1880. Did Muravióff limit the torture to this only? Was he prevented from going any further, or not? I do not know. But this much I know: that I often heard from high officials at St. Petersburg that torture had been resorted to in this case.

Muravióff had promised to root out all radical elements in St. Petersburg, and all those who had had in any degree a radical past now lived under the fear of falling into the despot's clutches. Above all, they kept aloof from the younger people, from fear of being involved with them in some perilous political associations. In this way a chasm was opened not only between the "fathers" and the "sons," as Turguéneff described it in his novel, — not only between the two generations, but also between all men who had passed the age of thirty and those who were in their early twenties. Russian youth stood consequently in the position not only of having to fight in their fathers the defenders of serfdom, but of being left entirely to themselves by their elder brothers, who were unwilling to join them in their leanings toward Socialism, and were afraid to give them support even in their struggle for more political freedom. Was there ever before in history, I ask myself, a youthful band engaging in a

fight against so formidable a foe, left in so complete an isolation by fathers and even by elder brothers, although those young men had merely taken to heart, and had tried to realize in life, the intellectual inheritance of these same fathers and brothers? Was there ever a struggle undertaken in more tragical conditions than these?

VI.

The only bright point which I saw in the life of St. Petersburg was the movement which was going on amongst the youth of both sexes. Various currents joined to produce the mighty agitation which soon took an underground and revolutionary character, and engrossed the attention of Russia for the next fifteen years. I shall speak of it in a subsequent chapter; but I must mention in this place the movement which was carried on, quite openly, by our women for obtaining access to higher education. St. Petersburg was at that time its main centre.

Every afternoon the young wife of my brother, on her return from the women's pedagogical courses which she followed, had something new to tell us about the animation which prevailed there. Schemes were laid for opening a medical academy and universities for women; debates upon schools or upon different methods of education were organized in connection with the courses, and hundreds of women took a passionate interest in these questions, discussing them over and over again in private. Societies of translators, publishers, printers, and bookbinders were started in order that work might be provided for the poorest members of the sisterhood who flocked to St. Petersburg, ready to do any sort of work, only to live in the hope that they, too, would some day have their share of higher education. A vigorous, exuberant life reigned in those feminine centres, in striking contrast to what I met elsewhere.

Since the government had shown its determined intention not to admit women to the existing universities, they had directed all their efforts toward opening universities of their own. They were told at the ministry of education that the girls who had passed through the girls' gymnasia (the high schools) were not prepared to follow university lectures. "Very well," was their reply, "permit us to open intermediate courses, preparatory to the university, and impose upon us any programme you like. We ask no grants from the state. Only give us the permission, and it will be done." Of course, the permission was not given. Then they started private courses and drawing-room lectures in all parts of St. Petersburg. Many university professors, in sympathy with the new movement, volunteered to give lectures. Poor men themselves, they warned the organizers that any mention of remuneration would be taken as a personal offense. Natural science excursions used to be made every summer in the neighborhoods of St. Petersburg, under the guidance of university professors, and women constituted the bulk of the excursionists. In the courses for midwives they forced the professors to treat each subject in a far more exhaustive way than was required by the programme, or to open additional courses. They took advantage of every possibility, of every breach in the fortress, to storm it. They gained admission to the anatomical laboratory of old Dr. Gruber, and by their admirable work they won this enthusiast of anatomy entirely to their side. If they learned that a professor had no objection to letting them work in his laboratory on Sundays and at night on week days, they took advantage of the opening, working late and earnestly. At last, notwithstanding all the opposition of the ministry, they opened the intermediate courses, only giving them the name of pedagogical courses. Was it possible, indeed, to forbid future

mothers studying the methods of education? But as the methods of teaching botany or mathematics could not be taught in the abstract, botany, mathematics, and the rest were soon introduced into the curriculum of the pedagogical courses.

Step by step they thus widened their rights. As soon as it became known that at some German university a certain professor might open his lecture room to a few women, they knocked at his door and were admitted. They studied law and history at Heidelberg, and mathematics at Berlin; while at Zürich more than a hundred girls and women worked at the university and the polytechnicum. There they won something more valuable than the degree of Doctor of Medicine; they won the esteem of the most learned professors, who expressed it publicly several times. When I came to Zürich in 1872, and became acquainted with some of the students, I was astonished to see quite young girls, who were studying at the polytechnicum, solving intricate problems of the theory of heat, with the aid of the differential calculus, as easily as if they had had years of mathematical training. One of the Russian girls who studied mathematics under Weierstrass at Berlin, Sophie Kovalévsky, became a mathematician of high repute, and was invited to a professorship at Stockholm; she was the first woman in our century to hold a professorship in a university for men. She was so young that in Sweden no one wanted to call her anything but Sophie; she went in the country by her diminutive name of Sónia.

In spite of the open hatred of Alexander II. for educated women, — when he met in his walks a girl wearing spectacles and a round Garibaldian cap, he began to tremble, thinking that she must be a nihilist bent on shooting at him; in spite of the bitter opposition of the state police, who represented every woman student as a revolutionist; in spite of the thunders and the vile accusations which Katkóff directed against the whole of the movement in almost every number of his venomous gazette, the women succeeded, in the teeth of the government, in opening a series of educational institutions. When several of them had obtained medical degrees abroad, they forced the government, in 1872, to let them open a medical academy with their own private means. And when the Russian women were recalled by their government from Zürich, to prevent their intercourse with the revolutionist refugees, they forced the government to let them open in Russia four universities of their own, which soon had nearly a thousand pupils. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that notwithstanding all the prosecutions which the Woman's Medical Academy had to live through, and its temporary closure, there are now in Russia more than six hundred and seventy women in possession of the degree of M. D.

It was certainly a grand movement, astounding in its success and instructive in a high degree. Above all, it was through the unlimited devotion of a mass of women in all possible capacities that they gained their successes. They had already worked as sisters of charity during the Crimean war; as organizers of schools later on; as the most devoted schoolmistresses in the villages; as educated midwives and doctors' assistants amongst the peasants. They went afterward as nurses and doctors in the fever-stricken hospitals during the Turkish war of 1878, and won the admiration of the military commanders and of Alexander II. himself. I know two ladies, both very eagerly "wanted" by the state police, who served as nurses during the war, under assumed names which were guaranteed by false passports; one of them, the greater "criminal" of the two, was even appointed head nurse of a large hospital for wounded soldiers, while her friend nearly died from typhoid fever.

In short, women took any position, no matter how low in the social scale, and no matter what privations it involved, if only they could be in any way useful to the people; not a few of them, but hundreds and thousands. They have *conquered* their rights in the true sense of the word.

Another feature of this movement was that in it the chasm between the two generations — the older and the younger sisters — did not exist; or, at least, it was bridged over to a great extent. Those who were the leaders of the movement from its origin never broke the link which connected them with their younger sisters, even though the latter were far more advanced in their ideals than the older women were.

They pursued their aims in the higher spheres; they kept strictly aloof from any political agitation; but they never committed the fault of forgetting that their true force was in the masses of younger women, of whom a great number finally joined the radical or revolutionary circles. These leaders were correctness itself, — I considered them too correct; but they did not break with those younger students who went about as typical nihilists, with short-cropped hair, disdaining crinoline, and betraying their democratic spirit in all their behavior. The leaders did not mix with them, and occasionally there was friction, but they never repudiated them, — a great thing, I believe, in those times of madly raging prosecutions.

They seemed to say to the younger and more democratic people: "We shall wear our velvet dresses and chignons, because we have to deal with fools who see in a velvet dress and a chignon the tokens of 'political reliability;' but you, girls, remain free in your tastes and inclinations." When the women who studied at Zürich were ordered by the Russian government to return, these correct ladies did not turn against the rebels. They simply said to the government: "You don't like it? Well, then, open women's universities at home; otherwise our girls will go abroad in still greater numbers, and of course will enter into relations with the political refugees." When they were reproached with breeding revolutionists, and were menaced with the closing of their academy and universities, they retorted, "Yes, many students become revolutionists; but is that a reason for closing all universities?" How few political leaders have the moral courage not to turn against the more advanced wing of their own party!

The real secret of their wise and fully successful attitude was that none of the women who were the soul of that movement were mere "feminists," desirous to get their share of the privileged positions in society and the state. Far from that. The sympathies of most of them went with the masses. I remember the lively part which Miss Stásova, the veteran leader of the agitation, took in the Sunday schools in 1861, the friendships she and her friends made among the factory girls, the interest they manifested in the hard life of these girls outside the school, the fights they fought against their greedy employers. I recall the keen interest which the women showed, at their pedagogical courses, in the village schools, and in the work of those few who, like Baron Korff, were permitted for some time to do something in that direction, and the social spirit which permeated those courses. The rights they strove for — both the leaders and the great bulk of the women — were not only the individual right to higher instruction, but much more, far more, the right to be useful workers among the people, the masses. This is why they succeeded to such an extent.

P. Kropotkin.

THE VITAL TOUCH IN LITERATURE.

I.

Is it not true that, in literature proper, our interest is always in the writer himself, — his quality, his personality, his point of view? We may fancy that we care only for the subject matter; but the born writer makes any subject interesting to us by his treatment of it or by the personal element he infuses into it. When our concern is primarily with the subject matter, in the fact or the argument, or with the information conveyed, then we are not dealing with literature in the strict sense. It is not what the writer tells us that makes literature; it is the way he tells it; or rather, it is the degree in which he imparts to it some rare personal quality or charm that is the gift of his own spirit, something which cannot be detached from the work itself, and which is as vital as the sheen of a bird's plumage, as the texture of a flower's petal. In other words, that which makes literature in all its forms — poetry, fiction, history, oratory — is personal and subjective, in a sense and to a degree that that which makes science, erudition, and the like is not. There is this analogy in nature. The hive bee does not get honey from the flowers; honey is a product of the bee. What she gets from the flowers is mainly sweet water or nectar; this she puts through a process of her own, and to it adds a minute drop of her own secretion, formic acid. It is her special personal contribution that converts the nectar into honey.

In the work of the literary artist, common facts and experiences are changed and heightened in the same way. Sainte-Beuve, speaking of certain parts of Rousseau's Confessions, says, "Such pages were, in French literature, the discovery of a new world, a world of sunshine and of freshness, which men had near them without having perceived it." They had not perceived it because they had not had Rousseau's mind to mirror it for them. The sunshine and the freshness were a gift of his spirit. The new world was the old world in a new light. What charmed them was a quality personal to Rousseau. Nature they had always had, but not the Rousseau sensibility to nature. The same may be said of more recent writers upon outdoor themes. Readers fancy that in the works of Thoreau or Jefferies some new charm or quality of nature is disclosed, that something hidden in field or wood is brought to light. They do not see that what they are in love with is the mind or spirit of the writer himself. Thoreau does not interpret nature, but nature interprets him. The new thing disclosed in bird and flower is simply a new sensibility to these objects in the beholder. In morals and ethics the same thing is true. Let an essayist like John Foster or Dr. Johnson state a principle or an idea, and it has a certain value; let an essayist like Ruskin or Emerson or Carlyle state the same principle, and it has an entirely different value, makes an entirely different impression, the qualities of mind and character of these writers are so different. The reader's relation with them is much more intimate and personal.

This intimate personal quality is no doubt one of the secrets of what is called style, perhaps the most important one. If the essay, poem, novel, has not this personal quality or flavor, it falls short of being good literature. If it has this, and has not common sense, it still has a good lease of life. It is quality of mind which makes the writings of Burke rank above those of Gladstone, Ruskin's criticism rank above that of Hamerton, Froude's histories above Freeman's, Renan's Life of Jesus above that of Strauss;

which makes the pages of Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, literature in a sense that the works of many able minds are not. These men impart something personal and distinctive to the language they use. They make the words their own. The literary quality is not something put on or superadded. It is not of the hand, it is of the mind; it is not of the mind, but of the soul; it is of whatever is most vital and characteristic in the writer. It is confined to no particular manner and to no particular matter. It may be the gift of writers of widely different manners, — of Carlyle as well as of Arnold; and in men of similar manners, one may have it, and the other may not. It is as subtle as the tone of the voice or the glance of the eye. Quality is the one thing in life that cannot be analyzed, and it is the one thing in art that cannot be imitated. A man's manner may be copied, but his style, his charm, his real value, can only be parodied. In the conscious or unconscious imitations of the major poets by the minor, we get only a suggestion of the manner of the former; their essential quality cannot be reproduced.

English literature is full of imitations of the Greek poets, but that which the Greek poets did not and could not borrow they cannot lend; their quality stays with them. The charm of spoken discourse is largely in the personal quality of the speaker, — something intangible to print. When we see the thing in print, we wonder how it could so have charmed or moved us. To convey this charm, this aroma of the man to the written discourse is the triumph of style. A recent French critic says of Madame de Staël that she has no style: she writes just as she thinks, but without being able to impart to her writing the living quality of her speech. It is not importance of subject matter that makes a work great, but importance of the subjectivity of the writer, — a great mind, a great soul, a great personality. A work that bears the imprint of these, that is charged with the life and power of these, which it gives forth again under pressure, is alone entitled to high rank.

All pure literature is the revelation of a man. In a work of true literary art, the subject matter has been so interpenetrated and vitalized by the spirit or personality of the writer, has become so thoroughly identified with it, that the two are one and inseparable, and the style *is* the man. Works in which this blending and identification, through emotion or imagination, of the author with his subject has not taken place, or has taken place imperfectly, do not belong to pure literature. They may serve a useful purpose; but all *useful* purposes, in the strict sense, are foreign to those of art, which means foreign to the spirit that would live in the whole, that would live in the years and not in the days, in time and not in the hour. The true literary artist gives you of the substance of his mind; not merely his thought or his philosophy, but something more intimate and personal than that. It is not a tangible object passed from his hand to yours; it is much more like a transfusion of blood from his veins to yours. Montaigne gives us Montaigne, — the most delightfully garrulous man in literature. "Cut these sentences," says Emerson, "and they bleed." Matthew Arnold denied that Emerson was a great writer; but we cannot account for the charm and influence of his works, it seems to me, on any other theory than that he has at least this mark of the great writer: he gives his reader of his own substance, he saturates his page with the high and rare quality of his own spirit. Arnold himself does this, too; else we should not care much for him. It is a particular and interesting type of man that speaks and breathes in every sentence; his style is vital in his matter, and is no more separable from it than the style of silver or of gold is separable from the metal.

In such a writer as Lecky, on the other hand, or as Mill or Spencer, one does not get this same subtle individual flavor; the work is more external, more the product of certain special faculties, as the reason, memory, understanding; and the personality of the author is not so intimately involved. But in the writer with the creative touch, whether he be poet, novelist, historian, critic, essayist, the chief factor in the product is always his own personality.

Style, then, in the sense in which I am here using the term, implies that vital, intimate, personal relation of the man to his language by which he makes the words his own, fills them with his own quality, and gives the reader that lively sense of being in direct communication with a living, breathing mental and spiritual force. The writer who appears to wield his language as an instrument or tool, something exterior to himself; who makes you conscious of his vocabulary, or whose words are the garments, and not the tissue, of his thought, has not style in this sense. "Style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face." This definition is as good as any, and better than most, because it implies that identification of words with thoughts, of the man with his subject, which is the secret of a living style. Hence the man who imitates another wears a mask, as does the man who writes in a language to which he was not born.

II.

The more artistic aspect of style, or style considered as a special verbal grace and charm, a certain magic in the use of words which heightens and transforms whatever a man touches, and which gives to his work a value quite apart from its subject matter, is the aspect in which we most frequently meet the question in current literature. The critics use the word in this sense when they speak of that indescribable something called style which the few attain to, and the many miss. In this sense style is only one of many literary values. Great writers have been without it.

Arnold denied style to Wordsworth, and yet looked upon his poetry as the most important contribution in verse to English literature of our century; he denied it to Emerson, and yet regarded his as the most valuable prose of the century. One would not read Zola or Victor Hugo for his style as he would read Voltaire or Flaubert, or Carlyle or Emerson as he would read Lamb or Landor, or Browning as he might read Swinburne. Scott had not style in the sense in which Stevenson had it; Thackeray, Dickens, Richardson, Fielding, had it not in the sense or in the measure that Flaubert or Feuillet or Mr. Howells has it. We cannot ascribe style to Shakespeare as we can ascribe it to Milton, or to Burns as we can ascribe it to Gray, or perhaps to Keats and Arnold. We read the modern French writers and certain essayists and novelists of our own for their delicate art and verbal felicities. Our interest in them is literary rather than human. Our æsthetic perceptions, and not our sympathies, are touched. Our pleasure in art is one thing, our pleasure in life and reality quite another. Both are legitimate. My point is that some writers give us more of the first, and others more of the second. Whitman, for instance, gives us little of the pleasure of pure art, but much more of the stimulus of real life and things. We do not admire the art of Wordsworth as we do that of Tennyson, but we are more impressed by the simplicity and moral grandeur of his genius. There is a finer art in Poe than in Bryant or Longfellow, but less of sane human interest and helpfulness.

Mr. Howells has said that novel-writing is a much finer art in our day than it was in the time of Scott, or of Dickens and Thackeray, — finer, I think, because it is in the hands of finer-strung, more

daintily equipped men, but would one dare say it is a greater art? One may admit all Mr. Howells says about Scott's want of style, his diffuseness and cumbrousness, and his tedious descriptions, and still justly claim for him the highest literary honors. He was a great nature, as Goethe said, and we come into vital contact with that great nature in his romances. He was not deficient in the larger art that knows how to make a bygone age live again to the imagination. He himself seems to have deprecated his "big bow-wow" style in comparison with the exquisite touches of Jane Austen, but we need not take him at his word. No fineness of workmanship, no deftness of handling, can make up for the want of a large, rich, copious human endowment. I think we need to remember this when we compare unfavorably such men as Dickens and Thackeray with the cleverer artists of our own day. Scott makes up to us for his deficiencies in the matter of style by the surpassing human interest of his characters and incidents, their relations to the major currents of human life. His scenes fill the stage of history, his personages seem adequate to great events, and the whole story has a certain historic grandeur and impressiveness. There is no mistaking a great force, a great body, in literature any more than there is in the physical world; in Scott we have come upon a great river, a great lake, a great mountain, and we are more impressed by it than by the lesser bodies, though they have many more graces and prettinesses.

III.

Frederic Harrison, in a recent address on style, is cautious in recommending the young writer to take thought of his style. It is giving too much thought to style in the more external and verbal aspects of it, which I am here considering, that gives rise to the "stylist." The stylist shows you what can be done with mere words. He is the foliage plant of the literary flower garden. When I meet him, with his straining for verbal effects, I love to recall this passage from Whitman. The great poet, he says, "swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome. I will not have in my writing any elegance or effect or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or soothe; I will have purpose, as health or heat or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

This is the same as saying that the great success in writing is to get language out of the way, and put your mind directly to the reader's, so that there be no screen or veil of words between you. If the reader is preoccupied with your words, if they court his attention or cloud his vision, to that extent is the communication imperfect. To darken counsel with words is a common occurrence. Words are like lenses: they must be arranged in just such a way, or they hinder rather than help the vision. When the adjustment is as it should be the lens itself is invisible, and language in the hands of the master is perfectly transparent. Some of the more recent British poets affect the archaic, the quaint, the eccentric, in language, so that one's attention is almost entirely occupied with their words. Reading them is like trying to look through a pair of spectacles too old or too young for you, or with lenses of different focus.

But has not style a value in and of itself? As in the case of light, its value is the revelation it makes. Its value is to conceal itself, to lose itself in the matter. If humility, or self-denial, or any of the virtues becomes itself conscious of and claims credit for its own sake, does

it not that moment fall from grace? What incomparable style in the passage I have quoted from Whitman, when we come to think of it, but how it effaces itself and is of no account for the sake of the idea it serves! The more a writer's style humbles itself, the more it is exalted. There is nothing true in religion that is not equally true in art. Give yourself entirely. All selfish and secondary ends are of the devil. Our Calvinistic grandfathers, who fancied themselves willing to be damned for the glory of God, illustrate the devotion of the true artist to his ideal. "Consider the lilies of the field, . . . they toil not, neither do they spin." The style of the born poet or artist takes as little thought of itself, and is the spontaneous expression of the same indwelling grace and necessity.

IV.

I once overheard a lady say to a popular author, "What I most admire about your books is their fine style." "But I never think about my style," was his reply. "I know you don't," said his admirer, "and that is why I like it so much." But there can be no doubt that he did think about his style, though he fancied himself thinking only about his matter. In his case the style and the subject matter were one. When he was consciously occupied only with the substance and texture of his thought, he was occupied with his style. Every effort to make the idea flow clear and pure, to give it freshness and fillip, or to seize and embody in words a mental or emotional impression in all its integrity, without blur or confusion, is an effort in style. It is like taking the alloys and impurities out of a metal; the style or beauty of it is improved. The making of iron into steel is a process of purification. When Froude was questioned about his style, he confessed that he had never given any thought to the subject; his aim had been to say what he had to say in the most direct and simple way possible. He was conscious only of trying to see clearly and to speak truly. I suppose this is the case with all first-class minds, in our day at least: the main endeavor is directed toward the matter, and not toward the manner; or rather, it is to make the one identical with the other. In no page of Froude's, nor in any writer of equal range and seriousness, are we conscious of the style as something apart and that claims our admiration on its own account, as we are in the case of certain lesser men. The lesser men are enamored of style itself, and cultivate it for its own sake. They conceive of it as an independent grace and charm that may be imparted to any subject matter by dint of an effort directed to verbal arrangement and sequence alone.

V.

There is a good deal of wisdom in Voltaire's saying that "all styles are good that are not tiresome." The saying of course needs qualifying a little. We tire of anything, of the most exquisite music, if we get too much of it; and we tire more quickly when we are old than when we are young. The wit of the comic paper, of the circus clown, of the colored minstrels, that afforded us so much amusement when we were boys, becomes a bore by the time we reach middle life. But, other things being equal, the style that does not tire us is better than the style that does. Thus Arnold's style is better than Walter Pater's, because it is easier to follow; it is not so conscious of itself; it is not so obviously studied. Pater studied words, Arnold studied ideas. Pater sacrificed the more familiar democratic traits of language — ease, simplicity, flexibility, transparency — to his passion for the more choice aristocratic features, — the perfumed, the academic, the highly wrought. Again, I find Arnold's style less fatiguing than Lowell's, because it has more current, more continuity of thought, and is freer from *concetti* and mere surface

sparkle. I find Swinburne's prose more tiresome than that of any contemporary British critic, because of its inflated polysyllabic character, and his poetry more cloying than that of any other poet, because of its almost abnormal lilt and facility; it has a pathological fluidity; it seems as if, when he began to write verse, his whole mental structure was in danger of melting down and running away in mere words. His heat is that of fever; his inspiration borders on delirium.

We never tire of Addison or Swift or Lamb by reason of his style, or of our own Hawthorne or Warner or Howells. It is probably as rare to find a French writer whose style tires the reader as it is to find a German whose style does not. As M. Brunetière well says, French literature is a social literature, German is philosophic, and English individualistic. It is the business of the first to be agreeable, of the second to be profound, of the third to be original. Who does not tire of Strauss sooner than of Renan, of Macaulay sooner than of Sainte-Beuve?

To contrast Browning with Tennyson in this respect is to contrast a choppy sea with a smooth or gently rolling one. Which is the larger or deeper sea is not the question here; but over which has the voyager the more agreeable passage? Readers who want their poetry in sudden jets and spurts, with a sense of muscular vigor and bounce, will prefer Browning; those who want it in more flowing and equable currents, with a sense of ease and contemplation, will go to Tennyson. A writer with a pronounced, individualistic style — one full of mere mechanical difficulties, like Browning's or Carlyle's — runs great risk of wearying the reader and of being left behind. So far as his style degenerates into mannerism, so far is he handicapped in the race. Smoothness is not beauty, neither is roughness power, yet without a certain harmony and continuity there is neither beauty nor power. Herbert Spencer, in his essay on the Philosophy of Style, would have a writer avoid this danger of wearying his reader, by writing alternately in different styles: now in the style of Lamb, now in the style of Carlyle, now in the style of De Quincey, as the moods of these different types possess him. Did a philosopher ever express a more ridiculous notion? A man who should try to follow this advice would be pretty sure to be Jack of all styles, and master of none. What a piece of patchwork his composition would be! A "specific style" is not to be avoided: it is to be cultivated, and practiced till every false note, every trace of crudeness and insincerity, is purged out of it.

The secret of good prose is a subtle quality or flavor, hard to define, like that of a good apple or a good melon, and it is as intimately bound up in the very substance and texture in the one case as in the other, and, we may add, is of as many varieties. We are sure always to get good prose from Mr. Howells and Colonel Higginson, but we are not always so sure of getting it from certain of our younger novelists. Here is a sample from the last book of Mr. James Lane Allen: —

"The whole woods emerged from the divine bath of nature with the coolness, the freshness, the immortal purity of Diana united to the roseate glow and mortal tenderness of Venus; and haunted by two spirits: the chaste, unfading youth of Endymion and the dust-born warmth and eagerness of Dionysus."

Yet the writer who could permit himself to fall into such bathos as that was capable of turning off such a passage as this: —

"Some women, in marrying, demand all and give all: with good men they are happy; with base men they are the broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little: with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little and give all: with congenial souls they

are already in heaven; with uncongenial they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little: they are the heartless, and they bring neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

That is sound prose; it is like a passage from a great classic.

VI.

I have often asked myself why it is that the interviewer will sometimes get so much more wisdom out of a man, and so many more fresh and entertaining statements, — in short, so much better literature, — than the man can get out of himself. Is it because one's best and ripest thoughts rise to the surface, like the cream on the milk, and does the interviewer simply skim them off? Maybe, in writing, we often dip too deep, make too great an effort. Interviews are nearly always interesting, — much more so than a formal studied statement by the interviewed himself. Many a piece of sound excellent literature has been got out of a man who had no skill at all with the pen. His spoken word is vital and real; but in a conscious literary effort the fire is quenched at once. Hence the charm of letters, of diaries, of the simple narrations and recitals of pioneers, farmers, workers, or persons who have no conscious literary equipment. As Sainte-Beuve discovered, "every peasant has style," because he has reality. Who would not rather read a bit of real experience of a soldier in battle, such as a clever interviewer could draw out of him, than to read his general's studied account of the same engagement? "To elaborate is of no avail," says our poet. "Learned and unlearned feel that it is so." Only the great artist can rival or surpass the sense of reality we often find in common speech. Set a man to writing out his views or his experience, and the danger is that he will be too formal; he will get himself up for the occasion; there will be no ease or indifference in his manner: he will go to delving in his mind, and we shall miss that simple, direct self-expression we are after.

In Dr. Johnson's talk, as reported by Boswell, we touch the real man; in the Rambler you touch only his clothes or periwig. His more formal writing seems the product of some kind of artificial put-on faculty, like the Sunday sermons one hears or the newspaper editorials one reads. The sermon is in what may be called the surpliced style, the Rambler in the periwigged style. Emerson said of Alcott that his conversation was wonderful, but that when he sat down to write his inspiration left him. Most men are wiser in company than in the study. What is interesting in a man is what he himself has felt or seen or experienced. If you can tell us that, we shall listen eagerly. The uncultured man does not know this, but seeks the far off or the deep down.

Our thoughts, our opinions, are like apples on the tree: they must take time to ripen; and when they are ripe, how easily they fall! A mere nudge brings them down. How easily the old man talks, how full he is of wisdom! Time was when his tongue was tied; he could not express himself; his thoughts were half formed and unripe; they clung tightly to the bough. Set him to writing, and with great labor he produced some crude, half-formed notions of his own, mixed with the riper opinions of the authors he had read. But now his fruit has matured and it has mellowed; it has color and flavor, and his conversation abounds in wisdom.

VII.

The standard of style of the last century was more aristocratic than the standard of to-day. The important words with Hume, Blair, Johnson, Bolingbroke, as applied to style, were elegance, harmony, ornament, and the chief of these was elegance; the composition must make the impression of elegance, as to-day we demand the impression of the

vital and the real. Even the homely is more suited to the genius of democracy than the elegant. Perhaps the word is distasteful to modern ears from its conventional associations or its appropriation by milliners and dressmakers. One would not care to write *in*elegantly, but would rather his page did not suggest the word at all, as he would have his home or his dress suggest the quieter, humbler, more serviceable virtues. In the old story of Bruce's saying the style may be said to be homely. "I doubt I have killed the comyn." "Ye doubt," replies Kirkpatrick; "I mak siccar." Hume puts this into elegant language in this wise: "Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, one of Bruce's friends, asking him soon after if the traitor was slain, I believe so, replied Bruce. And is that a matter, cried Kirkpatrick, to be left to conjecture? I will secure him." This is polite prose, dressed-up prose, but its charm for us is gone.

VIII.

There are as many styles as there are moods and tempers in men. Every work of genius has its own physiognomy — sad, cheerful, frowning, yearning, determined, meditative. This book has the face of a saint; that, of a scholar or a seer. Here is the feminine, there the masculine face. One has the clerical face, one the judicial. Each appeals to us according to our temperament and mental predilections. Who shall say which style is the best? What can be better than the style of Huxley for his purpose, — sentences level and straight like a hurled lance; or than Emerson's for his purpose, — electric sparks, the sudden unexpected epithet, or tense audacious phrase, that gives the mind a wholesome shock; or than Gibbon's for his purpose, — a style like solid masonry, every sentence cut four square, and his work, as Carlyle said to Emerson, a splendid bridge, connecting the ancient world with the modern; or than De Quincey's for his purpose, — a discursive, roundabout style, herding his thoughts as a collie dog herds sheep; or than Arnold's for his academic spirit, — a style like cut glass; or than Whitman's for his continental spirit, — the processional, panoramic style that gives the sense of mass and multitude? Certain things we may demand of every man's style, — that it shall do its work, that it shall touch the quick. To be colorless like Arnold is good, and to have color like Ruskin is good; to be lofty and austere like the old Latin and Greek authors is good, and to be playful and discursive like Dr. Holmes is good; to be condensed and epigrammatic like Bacon pleases, and to be flowing and copious like Macaulay pleases. Within certain limits, the manner that is native to the man, the style that is a part of himself, is what wears best. What we do not want in any style is hardness, glitter, tumidity, superfetation, unreality.

In treating of nature or outdoor themes, let the style have limpidness, sweetness, freshness; in criticism, let it have dignity, lucidity, penetration; in history, let it have mass, sweep, comprehension; in all things, let it have vitality, sincerity, and genuineness.

John Burroughs.

WRITERS THAT ARE QUOTABLE.

THERE is a kind of writing by which the reader is led along, perhaps hurried along, if it be a narrative, without pause from beginning to end. Everything follows directly from what has gone before; the mind is held upon the same level of interest; and the impression produced is, as it were, a single impression. There is another kind of writing, which brings the reader now and then to a halt. He looks up from the page, perhaps, fixing his eyes upon vacancy, and turning the thought, or the expression of it, over in his mind; or he betakes himself to a book of extracts and conveys a sentence or two into its keeping; or, possibly, if he is one of the rare ones who buy books and read with pencil in hand, he may indite a note on the margin of the leaf, or at least set a mark there, — as one blazes a tree at the foot of which treasure is buried. The author has said something, — something in particular, fresh, surprising, original; something that seems to have come from his own mind; a thing to be pondered over and returned upon. For the moment there is no going further; the reader has turned thinker, or is lost in a dream. It is as if a man had been walking down a pleasant road bordered with hedges and fields, one much like another, and now of a sudden has rounded a corner, and sees before him a lake or a waterfall, something new, different, unexpected, at the sight of which he stops as by instinct. Or you may say, it is as if a man had been traveling steadily forward, thinking only of his journey's end, and all at once catches the shine of a gold piece in the path, or sees by the wayside a flower so novel and beautiful that it must be stepped aside for and looked at.

We have had in America three writers, living in the same country village at the same time, who exemplified in a really striking manner these two styles of writing: Hawthorne on the one hand, and Emerson and Thoreau on the other.

Hawthorne's work you may read from end to end without the temptation to transfer so much as a line to the commonplace book. The road has taken you through many interesting scenes, and past many a beautiful landscape; you may have felt much and learned much; you might be glad to turn back straightway and travel the course over again; but you will have picked up no coin or jewel to put away in a cabinet. This characteristic of Hawthorne is the more noteworthy because of the moral quality of his work. A mere story-teller may naturally keep his narrative on the go, as we say, — that is one of the chief secrets of his art; but Hawthorne was not a mere story-teller. He was a moralist, — Emerson himself hardly more so; yet he has never a moral sentence. The fact is, he did not make sentences; he made books. The story, not the sentence, nor even the paragraph or the chapter, was the unit. The general truth — the moral — informed the work. Not only was it not affixed as a label; it was not given anywhere a direct and separable verbal expression. If the story does not convey it to you, you will never get it. Hawthorne, in short, was what, for lack of a better word, we may call a literary artist.

Emerson and Thoreau, on the other hand, were journalizers. Their life was not to create, but to think, to see, to read, and to set down the results of it all, day by day. When Emerson would make a piece of literature, — a lecture, or an essay, or even a book, — he sought out related paragraphs from his diary, dovetailed them together, disguising the joints more or less successfully, as it might happen, — it was no great matter,

—added collateral ideas as they occurred to him, and the job was done. It was done the more easily because the journal was not a receptacle for impressions hastily noted. Sentence and paragraph had been assiduously finished to a word, turned this way and that and settled finally into shape, before they went into it; for a journal, with him, was not a collection of rough jewels, but a drawer full of pearls and precious stones, each carefully cut and polished, ready for the setting or the string.

And what was true of Emerson was true in a good degree of Thoreau, who followed the same general method, but with a less pronounced and continuous effect of discontinuity: partly, it would appear, because of a difference in the turn of his mind (more given to reason, and less to intuition), and partly because of the narrative form into which his natural historical bent almost of necessity carried him, — a form by which pages and whole chapters of his work are held pretty closely together.

If with Hawthorne we put Irving, — who was like him so far as the point now under consideration is concerned, fluidity of style and an absence of "passages," — we have four of our American classics in well-contrasted pairs. One, we may say, did work that was like tapestry, woven throughout; the other's product was rather like patchwork, — composed of rare and valuable stuff, but still patchwork.

This comparison, be it understood, is not to be taken as an attempt to settle a question of comparative rank. A contrast is not of itself an appraisal, nor a figure of speech an end of the argument. And after all, if figures of speech are to be regarded, a floor of tiles may be as beautiful, and even as "artistic," as the finest of woven carpets. Let comparisons go. We may study differences without exalting one or depreciating another. Of the four writers now named, we are not to say that any one was greater than all the rest. Each had his superiorities and his inferiorities, the second necessary concomitants of the first; for every virtue casts its shadow.

Emerson, for his part, seems to have been keenly aware of the disconnectedness of his work, — his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style," he terms it, — and even to have accepted it as a defect. "I dot evermore in my endless journal, a line on every knowable in nature," he writes to Carlyle; "but the arrangement loiters long, and I get a brick-kiln instead of a house." That was one face of the medal; but his "bricks" are now of more value than many another man's streetful of buildings.

Thoreau, though he too had his humble moods, was in general more self-reliant — or at least more self-assertive — than his older friend and master. He *believed* in the "lapidary style," or in some wholesome approach to it; and what he believed in he would stand up for. "We hear it complained of some works of genius," he says, "that they have fine thoughts, but are irregular and have no flow. But even the mountain peaks on the horizon are, to the eye of science, parts of one range." He is defending Emerson, — though he does not name him, — and, indirectly, himself; and with the same end in view he goes on to praise Sir Walter Raleigh, whose style, he says, has a natural emphasis, like a man's tread, "and a breathing space between the sentences." And he declares, correctly enough, that what the ignorant applaud as a "flow" of style is much of it nothing but a "rapid trot."

One thing is certain: a man must work according to his own method. For him that is the best method, and indeed the only one. Carlyle entreated Emerson to "become concrete, and write in prose the straightest way." "I wish you would take an American Hero, one whom you really love; and give us a History of him, — make an artistic bronze statue (in good *words*) of his Life and

him. I do indeed." Thoreau's appeal to Emerson is for exactly the opposite: less art, if need be, and less concreteness, but more "far-off heats," more "star-dust and undissolvable nebulæ." To that end he turns Emerson's own verse against him. "From *his*

> 'lips of cunning fell
> The thrilling Delphic oracle.'

And yet, sometimes,

> We should not mind if on our ear there fell
> Some less of cunning, more of oracle."

Clever critics, both of them, the Scotchman and the Yankee; but meanwhile, between the two fires, Emerson kept on polishing pearls and cutting cameos, with hardly so much as an attempt at an "artistic bronze statue." The author of the essay on Self-Reliance knew that a man must work with his own mind, as he must wear his own face; that no method is so good or so bad but that it may be damaged by an attempt to make it as good as another's.

And admirable as artistic perfection and absolute unity are, there remains a place, and a high place, for works of another order. All the world, even the stickler for classical perfection, loves a good sentence. Blessed is the writer who now and then says something. We forgive him for carelessness of construction, and, almost, for every other literary fault, if once in a while — not *too* infrequently — he packs wit or wisdom into a score of memorable words.

In speaking of a quotable style, we are not thinking of works like the Wisdom of Solomon, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and the Thoughts of Pascal and Joubert, books that are nothing but collections of maxims and aphorisms; nor even of books like Bacon's Essays or Amiel's Journal, that come near to falling under the same head. To find a happy and pregnant sentence in such a place is like taking an apple out of a dish and eating it at the table; to run upon one in the reading of a *book* is like plucking an apple from a wayside tree in the midst of a half-day ramble and munching it on the road. The fruit may be as fair and well-flavored in the first case as in the second, but what a difference in the relish of it! It is one thing to receive a coin over the banker's counter, and another to pick a nugget out of the gravel. In reading, as well as anywhere else, a man enjoys the thrill of discovery.

Here, in great part, lies the enduring charm of an author like Montaigne, who wrote without plan, rambling at his own sweet will, never sticking to his text, and never so much as dreaming of unity or anything else that could be called "artistic," yet making a book to live forever. As Sainte-Beuve says, you may open it at what page you will, and be in what mood you may, and you are sure to find a wise thought expressed in lively and durable phrase, a beautiful meaning set in a single strong line. And the best of it all is that these fine sentences, so detachable and memorable, are written like all the rest of the essay, and are part and parcel of it. No attention is called to them; they call no attention to themselves. They drop on the page, and the pen runs on. Seemingly, it was as easy for the writer to set down a "durable" phrase — done once for all and past all bettering — as to mention the kind of fish he preferred or any other trivial every-day matter. His good things are never tainted with smartness, the besetting vice of sentence-makers in general, nor have they at all the appearance of things designed to nudge the reader, to keep him awake, as if the writer had said to himself, "Go to, let us brighten up the discussion a bit."

A gift of this sort comes mostly by nature, but no one ever wrote much and well without arriving at some pretty definite notions as to the art of writing; and so it was with Montaigne. If his style was discursive, formless, highly sententious, and yet to an extraordinary degree familiar, he was not only aware of the

fact, but gloried in it. He loved a natural and plain way of speaking, he tells us; the same on paper as in the mouth; juicy and sinewy (*succulent et nerveux*), irregular, incontinuous and bold, every piece a body by itself, — "a soldier-like style." Fine words he had no place for. "May I never use any other language than what is used in the markets of Paris!" he exclaims. As for mere rhetoric, he held it cheap, as every good writer does. Word painting, no matter how well done, is "easily obscured by the lustre of a simple truth." But a good sentence, a thing worth saying and well said, he believed to be always in order. "If it is not good for what went before nor for what comes after, it is good in itself." He praises Tacitus for being "full of sentences." And therein, perhaps, as in Thoreau's eulogy of Sir Walter Raleigh, we may see the author defending his own practice. There is no neater way of speaking well of ourselves than by complimenting our own special virtues in the person of another. In truth, however, Montaigne had no need to apologize, even with indirectness. His "good sentences" are not only good in themselves, but good for what precedes and follows. They are never stuck on nor thrust in. On the contrary, as has been already observed, they are sure to be part of the very substance of the essay itself. You will never find Montaigne writing or retaining a paragraph for the sake of its snapper, like those authors of whom he said that they would "go a mile out of their way to run after a fine word."

There is a natural relation, it would seem, between a quotable style and a fondness for quoting. If a man's own thought falls easily into well-minted, separable phrases, he will almost of course be appreciative of similar aphoristic turns of speech in the works of others. So we find Montaigne's pages bespattered from top to bottom with extracts from the philosophers and poets of an older time. As years passed, and successive editions of the book were published, the quotations grew steadily more and more numerous, till some of the essays seemed in danger of losing their identity and becoming hardly more than leaves out of a commonplace book.

And as it was with the Frenchman, so was it with our two Concord philosophers, Emerson and Thoreau. They were almost as fond of others' bright things as of their own. And the same may be said of their contemporary and critic, Lowell, who, like them, was also a master of the phrase, a putter forth of "stamped sentences," like gold and silver coins, as one of his admirers has called them. He too is always offering us a nugget out of another man's pack. All three of these men, be it added, borrowed not only with freedom, but with great advantage to their own work. They had a right to borrow, being in good measure original in their very quotations, because, as has been remarked of Montaigne, "they employed them only when they found in them an idea of their own, or had been struck by them in a new and singular manner."

But what a change when we turn to Hawthorne! His work is all of a piece, woven in his own loom. As nobody quotes him, so he quotes nobody. Inverted commas are as scarce on his pages as November violets are in the Concord meadows. You will find them, but you will have to search for them. On Thoreau's page they are thick as violets in May.

We were not undertaking to determine rank or to appraise values, we said, but so much as this we will venture upon suggesting: that a piece of pure art — The Scarlet Letter, if you will — is not, on that ground alone, to be considered as worthier in itself, or better assured of lasting honor, than some work less perfectly constructed, but, it may be, more nobly inspired. In the final result of things, literary merit and literary fame

are not portioned out by any critical yardstick. Lowell complained of Thoreau that "he had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness." True enough. It is the same criticism which Carlyle, and Arnold after him, brought against Emerson; in whose case, also, we need not dispute the point. But Lowell said further of Thoreau, "His work gives me the feeling of a sky full of stars;" and again: "As we read him, it seems as if all-out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne. . . . Compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's Selborne, seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac." In other words, Thoreau was not an artist, but he did something new, and something grandly worth doing. Emerson, likewise, was not an artist; but the critic who tells us so tells us in the same breath that Emerson's essays are the most important work done in English prose during the present century.

Whether Emerson will outlive Hawthorne, or Hawthorne outlive Emerson, who can say? It would be rash guessing to attempt a prophecy. As for Thoreau, there are some who would bid higher for his chance of immortality than for that of either of his two famous townsmen.

Let such things turn out as they may, Emerson and Thoreau have each given to American literature, and better still to American life, something that can never be lost, even though their works and their names together should be forgotten; and they have done this partly by reason of their very limitations, their making of sentences and paragraphs — portable wisdom — instead of "artistic bronze statues." "Wisdom is the principal thing," said an ancient writer; and an English critic and statesman of our own day has uttered the same truth in more modern fashion. "Aphorism or maxim," says Mr. John Morley, "let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the main objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books."

Yes, and it is one of the objects that men do seek; for the history of literature proves abundantly that the world keeps a relish for that which feeds the soul as well as for that which ministers to the passion for beauty; if it crowns the literary artist, it has a wreath also for his humbler brother — if he *is* humbler — the originator and disseminator of thought. For it is to be considered that a man with a genius for writing is not therefore a man of original ideas, or indeed, so far as the necessity of the case goes, of any ideas at all. His gift may be — nay, perhaps is likely to be — purely artistic and literary, a faculty for seeing and describing. Thus we read of Sterne that he was a great author, "not because of great thoughts, for there is scarcely a sentence in his writings which can be called a thought, . . . but because of his wonderful sympathy with and wonderful power of representing simple human nature." Obviously, it is not to such as he that we are to go in search of wisdom. The man who furnishes us with that commodity, the quotable man, be his rank higher or lower, is one who thinks, or, lacking that, has an instinct for the discovery and expression of thought, — a man under the friction of whose pen ideas crystallize into handy and final shape, and so become current coin.

Bradford Torrey.

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

TO T. B. M.

In the crowd that thronged the pierhead, come to see their friends take ship
For new ventures in seafaring, when the hawsers were let slip
And we swung out in the current, with good-bys on every lip,

'Midst the waving caps and kisses, as we dropped down with the tide
And the faces blurred and faded, last of all your hand I spied
Signaling, Farewell! Good fortune! Then my heart rose up and cried:

"While the world holds one such comrade, whose sweet durable regard
Would so speed my safe departure, lest home-leaving should be hard,
What care I who keeps the ferry, whether Charon or Cunard!"

Then we cleared the bar, and laid her on the course, the thousand miles
From the Hook to the Bahamas, from midwinter to the isles
Where frost never laid a finger, and eternal summer smiles.

Three days through the surly storm-beat, while the surf-heads threshed and flew,
And the rolling mountains thundered to the trample of the screw,
The black liner heaved and scuffled and strained on, as if she knew.

On the fourth, the round blue morning sparkled there, all light and breeze,
Clean and tenuous as a bubble blown from two immensities,
Shot and colored with sheer sunlight and the magic of those seas.

In that bright new world of wonder, it was life enough to laze
All day underneath the awnings, and through half-shut eyes to gaze
At the marvel of the sea blue; and I faltered for a phrase

Should half give you the impression, tell you how the very tint
Justified your finest daring, as if Nature gave the hint,
"Plodders, see Imagination set his pallet without stint!"

Cobalt, gobelin, and azure, turquoise, sapphire, indigo,
Changing from the spectral bluish of a shadow upon snow
To the deep of Canton china, — one unfathomable glow.

And the flying fish, — to see them in a scurry lift and flee,
Silvery as the foam they sprang from, fragile people of the sea,
Whom their heart's great aspiration for a moment had set free.

From the dim and cloudy ocean, thunder-centred, rosy-verged,
At the lord sun's Sursum Corda, as implicit impulse urged,
Frail as vapor, fine as music, these bright spirit things emerged;

Like those flocks of small white snowbirds we have seen start up before
Our brisk walk in winter weather by the snowy Scituate shore;
And the tiny shining sea folk brought you back to me once more.

So we ran down Abaco; and passing that tall sentinel
Black against the sundown, sighted, as the sudden twilight fell,
Nassau light; and the warm darkness breathed on us from breeze and swell.

Stand-by bell and stop of engine, clank of anchor going down,
And we 're riding in the roadstead off a twinkling-lighted town,
Low dark shore with boom of breakers and white beach the palm trees crown.

In the soft wash of the sea air, on the long swing of the tide,
Just for once, the voyage ended, dream come true, to have descried
The Hesperides in moonlight on mid-ocean where they ride!

Surely those Hesperidean islands lived for you and me.
Just beyond the lost horizon, every time we looked to sea
From Testudo, there they floated, looming plain as plain could be.

Who believed us? "Myth and fable are a science in our time."
"Never saw the sea that color." "Never heard of such a rhyme."
Well, we 've proved it, prince of idlers, — knowledge wrong and faith sublime.

Right were you to follow fancy, give the vaguer instinct room
In a heaven of clear color, where the spirit might assume
All her elemental beauty, past the fact of sky or bloom.

Paint the vision, not the view, — the touch that bids the sense good-by,
Lifting spirit at a bound beyond the frontiers of the eye,
To superb unguessed dominions of the soul's credulity.

Never yet was painter, poet, born content with things that are, —
Must divine from every beauty other beauties greater far,
Till the arc of truth be circled, and her lantern blaze, a star.

This alone is art's ambition, to arrest with form and hue
Dominant ungrasped ideals, known to credence, hid from view,
In a mimic of creation, — to the life, yet fairer too, —

Where the soul may take her pleasure, contemplate perfection's plan,
And returning bring the tidings of his heritage to man, —
News of continents uncharted she has stood tiptoe to scan.

So she fires his gorgeous fancy with a cadence, with a line,
Till the artist wakes within him, and the toiler grows divine,
Shaping the rough world about him nearer to some fair design.

Every heart must have its Indies, — an inheritance unclaimed
In the unsubstantial treasure of a province never named,
Loved and longed for through a lifetime, dull, laborious, and unfamed,

Never wholly disillusioned. *Spiritus*, read, *hæres sit*
Patriæ quæ tristia nescit. This alone the great king writ
O'er the tomb of her he cherished in this fair world she must quit.

Love in one farewell forever, taking counsel to implore
Best of human benedictions on its dead, could ask no more.
The heart's country for a dwelling, this at last is all our lore.

But the fairies at your cradle gave you craft to build a home
In the wide bright world of color, with the cunning of a gnome;
Blessed you so above your fellows of the tribe that still must roam.

Still across the world they go, tormented by a strange unrest,
And the unabiding spirit knocks forever at their breast,
Bidding them away to fortune in some undiscovered West;

While at home you sit and call the Orient up at your command,
Master of the iris seas and Prospero of the purple land.
Listen: here was one world corner matched the cunning of your hand.

Not, my friend, since we were children, and all wonder tales were true, —
Jason, Hengist, Hiawatha, fairy prince or pirate crew, —
Was there ever such a landing in a country strange and new.

Up the harbor where there gathered, fought and reveled many a year,
Swarthy Spaniard, lost Lucayan, Loyalist, and Buccaneer,
"Once upon a time" was now, and "far across the sea" was here.

Tropic moonlight, in great floods and fathoms, pouring through the trees,
On a ground as white as sea froth, its fantastic traceries,
While the poincianas, rustling like the rain, moved in the breeze,

Showed a city, coral-streeted, melting in the mellow shine,
Built of creamstone and enchantment, fairy work in every line,
In a velvet atmosphere that bids the heart her haste resign.

Thanks to Julian Hospitator, saint of travelers by sea,
Roving minstrels and all boatmen, — just such vagabonds as we, —
On the shaded wharf we landed, rich in leisure, hale and free.

What more would you for God's creatures, but the little tide of sleep?
In a clean white room I wakened, saw the careless sunlight peep
Through the roses at the window, lay and listened to the creep

Of the soft wind in the shutters, heard the palm tops stirring high,
And that strange mysterious shuffle of the slipshod foot go by.
In a world all glad with color, gladdest of all things was I:

In a quiet convent garden, tranquil as the day is long,
Here to sit without intrusion of the world, or strife, or wrong, —
Watch the lizards chase each other, and the green bird make his song;

Warmed and freshened, lulled yet quickened in that paradisal air,
Motherly and uncapricious, healing every hurt or care,
Wooing body, mind, and spirit firmly back to strong and fair;

By the Angelus reminded, silence waits the touch of sound,
As the soul waits her awaking to some Gloria profound;
Till the mighty Southern Cross is lighted at the day's last bound.

And if ever your fair fortune make you good St. Vincent's guest,
At his door take leave of trouble, welcomed to his decent rest,
Of his ordered peace partaker, by his solace healed and blessed;

Where this flowered cloister garden, hidden from the passing view,
Lies behind its yellow walls in prayer the holy hours through;
And beyond, that fairy harbor, floored in malachite and blue.

In that old white-streeted city gladness has her way at last;
Under burdens finely poised, and with a freedom unsurpassed,
Move the naked-footed bearers in the blue day deep and vast.

This is Bay Street, broad and low-built, basking in its quiet trade;
Here the sponging fleet is anchored; here shell trinkets are displayed;
Here the cable news is posted daily; here the market 's made,

With its oranges from Andros, heaps of yam and tamarind,
Red-juiced shaddocks from the Current, ripened in the long trade wind,
Gaudy fish from their sea gardens, yellow-tailed and azure-finned.

Here a group of diving boys in bronze and ivory, bright and slim,
Sparkling copper in the high noon, dripping loin-cloth, polished limb,
Poised a moment, and then plunged in that deep daylight green and dim.

Here the great rich Spanish laurels spread across the public square
Their dense solemn shade; and near by, half within the open glare,
Mannerly in their clean cottons, knots of blacks are waiting there

By the courthouse, where a magistrate is hearing cases through,
Dealing justice prompt and level, as the sturdy English do, —
One more tent-peg of the Empire, holding that great shelter true.

Last the picture from the town's end, palmed and foam-fringed through the cane,
Where the gorgeous sunset yellows pour aloft, and spill, and stain
The pure amethystine sea and far faint islands of the main.

Loveliest of the Lucayas, peace be yours till time be done!
In the gray North I shall see you, with your white streets in the sun,
Old pink walls and purple gateways, where the lizards bask and run;

Where the great hibiscus blossoms in their scarlet loll and glow,
And the idling gay bandannas through the hot noons come and go,
While the ever stirring sea wind sways the palm tops to and fro.

Far from stress and storm forever, dream behind your jalousies,
While the long white lines of breakers crumble on your reefs and keys,
And the crimson oleanders burn against the peacock seas.

Bliss Carman.

Nassau, N. P.

THE LARGEST LIFE.

I lie upon my bed and hear and see.
The moon is rising through the glistening trees;
And momently a great and sombre breeze,
With a vast voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me,
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness, and its part
In the dark march of human destiny.
What am I, then, and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love and laugh, and mourn and weep?
What shall they know of me, or I, alas!
Of them? Little. At times, as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies;
To make the smile on other lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes;
To breathe without a doubt the limpid air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain;
To say, I love you, only, and not care
Whether the love come back to us again, —
Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need;
To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wound to bleed:
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,

That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

Archibald Lampman.

BENEDICTUS.

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!
Our tide of fortune was at flood;
We were content to live for gains;
Our flesh was flaccid, and our blood
But tamely tinctured in our veins.
Thou sawest, and didst lift thy rod:
Stern was thy face.
For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!
Such soul of pity for thine own,
Suffering worse than only death,
As made the heart in us to groan
As groaneth one who travaileth.
Not peace thou gavest, but a sword
To us, thy ranks.
For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!
Our bullets buttoning the bond
'Twixt us and ours across the sea;
Our armor all unhalting donned
By South and North, from ranch to quay;
Our common love of flag and sod,
Leveling race.
For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!
Thy meat of mercy and thy cup
Of bitter weeping for our slain,
Whereby we may be lifted up,
And not cast down nor broke in twain;

The holy hope wherefor we warred,
In one phalanx.
For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!

We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
O Lord our God,
For all thy measure of success,
Thy light, thy strength, thy guiding hand!
And now we call on thee to bless
Our tested and triumphant land.
Meek make our hearts, lest thou shouldst trace
There "Ichabod."
We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
O Lord our God!

Julie M. Lippmann.

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES.

Such is the death the soldier dies: —
He falls, — the column speeds away;
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees,
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din:
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground: —
Such is the death the soldier dies.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE UPBUILDING OF THE THEATRE.

Of the few great plays seen in the United States most are given in foreign tongues. In New York, last season, but six of the classics were presented in English, and many more in German and Italian. Our theatres are devoted to the play of the year, and, as but one drama out of a thousand is great in any age, our regular "rounder" may be privileged, after some years of first nights, to behold one work of art, while the frequenter of the subsidized homes of the drama in Germany and France continually sees the selected masterpieces of centuries. Unless theatres can be conducted partly in the love of art, instead of wholly in the worship of mammon, the regeneration of our drama will be slow. Since our traditions are against government subvention, our main hope lies in generous individuals, who freely support institutions of learning and orchestras which could not exist without assistance. The ragged Italians on the Bowery in New York give their mites to a theatre in which Shakespeare is played as often as two evenings a week, and the Jews on that thoroughfare listen to the modern classics in Hebrew. On Irving Place, in the same city, Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing, with their worthiest successors, are interspersed with French and English dramatic literature. Meanwhile, in English, one prominent theatre in this whole nation has a few of the classics in its repertory.

"Unless," said George Henry Lewes in 1867, writing of the drift of our plays toward cheap diversion, "unless a frank recognition of this inevitable tendency cause a decided separation of the drama which aims at art from those theatrical performances which only aim at amusement of a lower kind (just as classic music keeps aloof from all contact and all rivalry with comic songs and sentimental ballads), and unless this separation takes place in a decisive restriction of one or more theatres to the special performance of comedy and the poetic drama, the final disappearance of the art is near at hand." Aid to the sinking art would not benefit exclusively the scholarly few, for the people would receive not only the indirect advantage which they have in any advance in education, but also a direct influence. In Europe the poor flock to the best plays, especially on Sundays and holidays, and the effect of the theatre is often strong. An elevated drama makes them talk and think. The older Germans in New York go home to discuss the play. Their children, already Americanized, demand farce. To stir up thought is the essence of education. Nothing moves vicious spectators to keener emotion than stage morality, but the melodramatic virtue is a debauch without lasting traces on character, — wherein it differs from sound art, the results of which are substantial.

A few actors would find in a theatre wisely endowed a haven of content. They could not be the majority, — only a handful who care less for display, conspicuousness, and money than they care for good plays, ensemble performances, and critical audiences. Such a company would be small and permanent, housed in a building which should allow rapid speaking and easy hearing. The task of forming the company would require patience, since most desirable actors would be wary until they saw success already accomplished. Once thoroughly organized, the troupe would know few changes except from death, age, and the occasional defection of some players who, like Rachel, Bernhardt, and Coquelin, might prefer to star with bad companies and lower their methods to a coarser audience. In England and America most

actors have no training in playing neatly into one another's parts; and when they are finished and well proportioned in their art, it is in spite of their environment. To get together a company in which the actors could do "team" work in classic drama would require years, even if the comparison were, not with the subsidized theatres of Europe, but with the disciplined playing which may be seen in the German theatre in New York.

Another difficulty is the dearth of playwrights. Although masterpieces of other times would furnish part of the repertory, one blessing of an endowed theatre should be the proper production of contemporary dramas not written wholly for money. No such sudden fortunes could be made as spring up from "runs" in the present system. The Little Minister might have lived longer had it been acted at an endowed theatre, but Mr. Barrie could not possibly in so short a time have earned so much in royalties. Perhaps a theatre conducted for art would for many years have to take mainly those plays which had already spent their first vogue, and those which were somewhat beside the taste of our managers and their audiences. It might receive help from dramatists who shrank from the compromises — the alterations in the text, the uneven casts — of the commercial companies. As soon as the performances were recognized as the most artistic in the country, support from leading playwrights would not be lacking; and, on the other hand, the mere existence of such a theatre, with its traditions and its patrons, would do much to stimulate dramatic production among literary men who now feel alienated from the stage. Some of the foreign plays of the day should be given, but the best success would not be reached until the theatre became primarily American. "Out on the good-humored notion of procuring for the Germans a national theatre," cried Lessing, "when they are not yet a nation! I speak, not of our political constitution, but of our social character, which might almost be said to consist in not desiring to have any social individuality." Bad art would not be favored, whatever its birthplace, nor would any American institution have the exclusiveness of the French, but rather the catholicity of the German theatres; yet certainly the keenest satisfaction to the supporters of such a theatre would come when the work of art which it nourished sprang from our own conditions.

Attempts to maintain a theatre on a proper basis have hitherto failed, but they have been few, feeble, and mistaken. Only last year, an independent theatre company, organized in New York to advertise a cheap periodical, gave two of the best performances of the year, John Gabriel Borkmann and El Gran Galeato, at slight cost. The actor-manager theatres, which flourish in England, have failed here in the hands of Booth and Mansfield, — not the worst misfortune, since in such houses dramas old and new are cut to the measure of the actor, but yet regrettable, for, in spite of this distortion, these theatres are the best in Great Britain, inferior as they are to the subsidized companies of the Continent. There is no road to the best but endowment. Our millionaires are generous. The task is to touch motives in them which shall divert some fortune from hospitals and colleges to the drama. Once established, the theatre would find supporters; but first must come the man who believes in plays as Mr. Higginson in Boston believes in music. In Chicago it is a distinction to be a guarantor of the Thomas concerts. Honor and fame lie before the founder of our first permanent and independent theatre. But he will need wealth, discretion, and patience. He must not expect everything in a year, and he must not measure success by receipts. To advance serenely, slowly, to be content with a small building, winning every

month the confidence of a few more persons, acquiring better actors, losing less money every year than the year before, — this task would require a man of settled conviction. Yet were he the right man his millions might be as fertile in benefits as the millions of any man who has established a university.

It is easier to see that the English-speaking stage, especially the American, is degenerate, than to find the reason. Literary talent seldom goes into the drama; the managers are not artists, and the audience is untutored. Causes have been suggested, from farcical to philosophic. One scientific mind finds the germ in the tendency of people to dine too late, another in the influence of the music halls, a third in the price of seats, and a Frenchman in the excitement on the stage of the world. When streets and newspapers are crowded with gigantic farces and melodramas, why pay to see puny plays by make-believe actors in tiny theatres? Why waste substance on a poor imitation? asks the frivolous Gaul. "Shakespeare and Balzac are no longer with us, but reality, as it is to-day, made more clear and more dramatic, tortured and illuminated as it is, would discourage even them, and what they saw would force them to renounce what they were able to imagine." A merchant of Paris explains the loosening grasp of the theatre by the reflective pessimism of all disinterested persons capable of observation and judgment. In many of our accomplished dramatists there is a tone of sadness and disquiet. "The expression of this pessimism differs with the temperaments of men, but under the hard logic of one, under the melancholy of another, under the subtle and bitter philosophy of a third, there is always the same disapprobation, either expressed or suggested, of all that they observe. At the theatre, whether the piece be of M. Hervieu, of M. Henri Lavedan, of M. Maurice Donnay, of M. Brieux, it leaves the heart pinched and dry, after having laughed or cried. The droller the piece, the more bitter it is." It is not merely satire, but "ensemble condemnation, ironical or terrible, of the whole social system. To find a parallel we must revert to the time of Voltaire and of Beaumarchais. But then they demolished with joy, with a wonderful plan for ideal reconstruction before their eyes. Now we swing the destructive axe with a tired hand, with a resigned nihilism, which says, all is bad, and all will be worse." The Figaro tried to console the discouraged frequenter of the theatre by telling him not to think so much, to dine oftener and to be happy, adding that everybody has not the privilege of dining.

Really he is worthy of notice, because he represents, in one form, the dislike of the middle class, more in this country than in his, to any reflection not obviously cheerful or sentimental, — a taste which guides comedy toward farce, and tragedy into the path of melodrama.

The degeneration of the drama is probably to be sought in the audience even more than the deterioration of the audience can be traced to the drama. The more ignorant spectators, who formerly followed the lead of the educated, now read, have opinions and enforce them. Caliban is in power and sits in judgment at the theatre. Other forms of art can survive for the few, but plays must reach the heart of all, or managers will none of them. A comedy must suit the gentleman who says, in one of our farces, "I hate to talk about myself, but I know more about art than any man as raises hogs in these United States." In deferring to this expert the manager argues that he gives the public what it wants, — which is incompletely true. He guesses at what the majority prefer; but if he misses, far from taking off his play, he uses modern devices to escape loss by foisting his goods on his victims. He manufactures long runs by filling up the theatre with "paper," or by continuing

when the houses are small; and he sends the plays on the road with the record of a "metropolitan run" to make up their losses by fooling the public. It would be as fair to say that a clever advertiser who sold bad shoes gave the public what it wanted. In this system of making every play pay what it cost, the managers are helped by the critics, most of whom have written plays. A powerful manager can get a drama produced in London which has already failed in America, because an English manager contemplates an American tour.

Some things which the public wants are good for it, and some are not. Certain books which the public keenly desires are forbidden by law. It is not a reasonable standard of judging character that would expect a man to starve for an ideal, but there are men who prefer an ideal with a moderate income to vulgarity and commonplace for the sake of a few thousand dollars more a year. Our managers are, on the whole, an evil influence, because they make no effort to encourage the finer possibilities of the people. In former times the author was everything, except in the case of great actors, and the manager was anonymous; but if the present rate of progress continue, the author will soon be anonymous, and the players will be prominent only in proportion to their familiarity in the manager's shop. If you are a maker of bicycles, you call them by your name, so that finally the public may know that whatever proceeds from your shop is excellent. What does it care who the workmen are that made the saddles and the tires? The head of the house is responsible. So, in the drama, why should not the manager concentrate attention on himself, assume credit for whatever his servants, the actors and the playwrights, do, and work up an individual fame for his drama-shop?

The founder of a theatre devoted to art must refrain from competition with these business men whose brilliant talents are expended for popular and financial success. The men who once spent their nights in the playhouse now gather in clubs, remain with their wives and children, or, on their occasional visits to the theatre, demand pieces suitable to those invaluable ornaments of society, so that even the domestic virtues seem arrayed against the reformer. His only hope of victory lies in a sagacious choice of his battleground. Competition in pecuniary gain spells disaster. Record-breaking runs, sensationally crowded houses, a large theatre and company, fancy prices, would lead him to ruin. It is in art only that he must compete, satisfied with virtuous progress. Mr. Gladstone, dogmatic theologian though he was, said that the menace to spiritual life to-day lay, not in the scientific spirit, but in the love of money. No improvement in any art need be expected while the dollar is the test of worth.

The reasonable economy of such an enterprise would consist almost wholly in this rigid limitation of the objects sought. The play and the acting should be everything. Rivalry in scenery and stage-setting would be unintelligent and wasteful. Dramas to-day are advertised for what they cost. Mr. Charles Frohman's highest praise of The White Heather is that thirty thousand dollars were needed to produce it, — a sum which went into numberless paper trees, bilious heather, horses, sheep, dogs, and mechanical diving arrangements. Another manager, recently discussing the attitude of the public toward the dramas of our greatest poet, remarked that his plays require the same attention to realism in stage furnishings, the same elegance of appointments, as a modern play, and these things are more difficult and more expensive in a Shakespearean production. Nothing does more to kill drama than extravagance in accessories. Scenery is expensive, plays are judged by the mounting, and it is necessary to run one drama continuously to pay for its dress. We

cannot have several plays a week when each must be decked out like a Hebrew belle. The tragic quality of Macbeth is smothered in Sir Henry's magnificent adornments. High drama is degraded, and tawdry concoctions like A Lady of Quality ride to glory on the richness of their trappings. The worship of stage moonlight, glass dewdrops, revolving forests of Arden, and mahogany doors deepens every year, so that there is now a hope that the evil may die of its own excess. Perhaps the invention of the great American biograph will relieve the pressure, diverting the spectacle-loving audiences to separate houses, limiting the others to mere drama and acting.

The stage depends upon the eye as well as the ear, else it would add nothing to the reading drama, and all great playwrights have written much of which the value is appreciated only in representation. The expression of the actor likewise should be as much in outward motion as in delivery. One famous critic, carrying the words in his memory, used to stop his ears, to judge the pantomime, — the acting, in the strictest sense. A play is something more than dramatic literature, but what we need to remember is that it is something more than spectacle. Twelfth Night is corrupted to enable an actress to wear good clothes, and I was puzzled for some time by the phrase "costume plays" among stage people, until I discovered that it included all historical drama. The Greeks paid little attention to costume. The acting and the play were the centres of their attention. "Scenery, indeed," says Aristotle briefly, "has an emotional attraction of its own, but of all the parts [of a play] it is the least artistic and connected least with the art of poetry." "Some have insinuated," records Colley Cibber, two centuries ago, "that fine scenes proved the ruin of acting."

In the expenses of an endowed theatre, the two greatest savings would be in the small size and moderate salaries of the company, and in frugal setting, but it would be remembered that acting is far more intimately connected with the drama than are any accessories. Even Lessing, strict as he was from the intellectual point of view, favored, in his experiment with the Hamburg Theatre, the retention of some plays merely because of the opportunities they gave certain actors. On the other hand, no attempt to maintain a theatre for intelligent people is likely to succeed without a sharp rejection of the whole tendency away from simplicity in production. Scenery should be a background, hardly noticed, to take the place of stage directions and explanatory dialogue, not an independent attraction. A fair amount of money is spent on scenery at some of the best theatres in Europe, but it is kept in its place.

Dramatists write with an eye to this drift toward undramatic elements, and study real gondolas and boot-trees, giving pages of directions about the flowers and candelabra in a room or the dresses on a woman. Modjeska speaks of "these times of encroaching realism, when modern imagination needs material help to transport itself into another sphere." While a great dramatist says one thing, he sees twenty. What gives his metaphors their illuminating value and great strength is in part their distance from the object. A man of the largest imagination does not stop to say that there are sixteen flowers in a bouquet, or how his hero is dressed from head to foot.

Why has the novel never given us the greatest literature? Because most of it is paltry and of little relevance. It may be a play with every possible stage direction put in. The play is the novel reduced to its elements. The scene in a novel is described at length; the motions of the actors are given; that part of the dialogue is included which ought to be omitted. In two hours the drama gives

us the essentials of what the novel dilutes into three volumes. There is a novel in every drama, but not a play in every novel. It is small art that leaves nothing to the imagination. The playwright whose mind is occupied with how high the lamp is turned is adopting the baggage of the novelist, loading himself with fetters for his own imagination and the imagination of readers or actors. "This showing of everything," says Lamb, "levels all things; it makes bows and courtesies of importance. . . . By actors and judges of acting all these non-essentials are raised into an importance injurious to the play." Where the interest is not in the irrelevant skill of the actor, which Lamb objected to, but in his shoes and the curtains in his room, the harm is infinitely greater. In this respect our metropolitan theatres are the worst. An audience in New York goes to the theatre and talks, not about the essential elements of Pinero and his art, but about the appearance of a local favorite in his new rôle. It applauds, not when the pauses in the dramatic story invite a relaxation of attention, but when a popular actor makes his entrance or a stage waterfall is revealed. Perhaps no Anglo-Saxon public will ever enter into the drama with such whole-souled reality as the French and Italians do, but in smaller cities in the United States there is much more ingenuousness and direct feeling than in the large centres. A play therefore often has on the road a fairer test of its merits. In New York it is personal flavor, the something that lends a kind of piquancy to the idea of the player, which makes a favorite, and, curious as it may seem, art has a better chance, in proportion to personal idiosyncrasy, in Cincinnati or in Cleveland. The overemphasis of scenery, costumes, and properties is made in New York for the same reasons. If you are self-conscious at the theatre, if you go there neither to lose yourself in the play nor to get the idea of it, but to gossip about persons on the stage, you will desire a setting which is not barely what is needed for background and suggestion, but which gives you a lot of little points to notice and chat about. You like to see a pretty lake in the middle distance or a "taking" gown on Miss So-and-So. It is a lack of true, vital love of the drama, a jaded palate and a desire to be amused. Any art is in a period of decay when it runs into meaningless elaboration. An ideal theatre should seek to bring back the public to creation, away both from frivolous amusement and from imitation of the insignificant. I believe Goethe called such art pathological reality. At any rate, he reminded us of the ape, at large in a library, who made his dinner from a bound volume of beetles, and of the sparrows who pecked at the cherries of a great master.

"Does not that show that the cherries were admirably painted?"

"By no means. It convinces me that some of our connoisseurs are true sparrows. Does not the uncultivated amateur, like the ape, desire work to be natural, that he may enjoy it in a natural, which is often a vulgar way?"

Most of our playwrights to-day are mediocrities, yet we must have so many new dramas a year. The demand makes the supply. What a supply! Whether it be that nineteenth-century life is not conducive to dramatic expression, or whether the cause be less fundamental, the greater number of plays are manufactured by small persons who know nothing but the market. They are dramatists by effort, without genius, with a painstaking knowledge of what will "go" on the stage. Lacking creative genius, illuminating wit, large originality of any kind, they set about to bolster themselves up with something else. They "adapt" very largely, but their adaptations are not re-creations, only patchwork. When they make a new play, it is so rickety that it can run only in one direction; it is spoiled if a man

does not sit down in a particular way on a special kind of sofa. The only things they aim at are little things, and these little things must be done precisely so. The characters tell you nothing, the dialogue nothing, the situations nothing; all must be explained literally by the poor playwright, who therefore becomes the stage manager, as nobody else knows what fine effects he is driving at.

If it were clearly and steadfastly believed that at least one theatre in each great city is to exist for plays of imagination and acting of sustained and even excellence, and not for extravagant competition for effects which are decadent, the endowment required would not be large, compared with American gifts to other institutions. The public and the actors would understand that an intellectual theatre does not mean Browning and Tennyson, but that the greatest literary drama is the greatest acting drama. The smallness of the theatre would be accepted, and a rational scale of salaries — not parsimonious, and yet not an alluring bait — would be the more satisfactory because the employment would be constant. While the practical direction of such a theatre ought to be largely in the hands of a manager, who should combine intimacy with the stage and familiarity with ideal modes of thought, the safest seat of final control would be a committee, in which various points of view should be represented, all agreeing on the fundamentals. Were I forming such a body, I should let the managerial element be represented by the director of the theatre, the actors by two or three of the most scholarly and disinterested, and I should fill out the committee with unprofessional lovers of the theatre. The dream may never become substantial, for few of us care to live quietly and continuously for a distant good, or to seek our happiness in the service of art. But if a millionaire, devoted to the drama and its larger bearings, should come forward, he would be a benefactor at once to the forsaken few and to the misguided many. A playhouse with a repertory of great plays, kept alive by a body of trained actors, would stand as a reproach to the degraded aims of its companion theatres, it would be a refuge for the worthiest actors, and in widespread and profound public service it would be a worthy rival of any university.

Norman Hapgood.

EXPERIENCES OF A WAR CENSOR.

On April 25, 1898, by direction of the President, the cable telegraph systems, seven in number, having their termini in New York city, were constructively taken into possession of the chief signal officer of the army, who is charged by law with the control of all telegraph and cable lines in the United States, in time of war. The first weeks of the censorship were chiefly employed in keeping from the press information regarding the projected movements of bodies of troops, naval vessels, and transports, and to that end I was directed to assume control of the cables at New York city in the name of the government.

With the cutting of the cables both east and west of Santiago, and the establishment of censorship at Santiago, Key West, and New York, the efforts of the enemy to procure and to transmit information and orders between their home government and their officers in Cuba became most energetic. After July 10 no line was open by which messages from Spain could reach Cuba except by pass-

ing through American territory. Then the Spanish government resorted to various subterfuges. I frequently stopped messages coming from Madrid addressed to private individuals in Havana, so worded as to be apparently harmless. But we soon learned that certain words were not always intended to convey their ordinary meaning. Such messages as excited the slightest suspicion were stopped in New York. On some days their number would exceed fifty, and in the storeroom of one telegraph company the stack of "stopped" or delayed dispatches during the war made a pile more than three feet high.

My most important duty was to edit or to hold back from publication the press dispatches from the seat of war; and there are many keener pleasures than to edit the sensational, if not always truthful narratives of the alert newspaper correspondents, written from their perilous positions. The day after a battle on land or on sea always brought between ten thousand and fifteen thousand words over the Haiti cable, or the land lines which connected at Halifax with the cable that ran to Kingston, Jamaica, via Bermuda. The volume of messages offered for transmission over the Haiti cable, from the day when hostilities began and the dispatch of fleets to Haitian waters was decided upon, became so large that the cable was in use continuously throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, and at no time did it seem safe to the government that the censor should be absent from his office.

A brief account of my daily routine may be interesting. The important task of forwarding the hundreds of messages sent by our own government made it necessary that its official representative should be at the Haitian cable office. Thither, at all hours of the day and night, in an almost endless procession, came the messenger boys of the various companies, each bearing a bundle of telegrams, specially stamped and sealed, and addressed to the "United States Military Censor."

Official messages of neutral governments, when signed by cabinet ministers or diplomatic or consular representatives, were passed unscrutinized, whether they were written in a code or not; but it required a good memory to keep pace with the changes that were occurring among cabinet officers and others entitled to this privilege. Dispatches in Dutch from the Hague to the governor at Curaçoa, and occasionally a message from a Japanese merchant to a fellow countryman in one of the smaller West Indian islands, indicate the range of languages used, among which were Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German of course. Indeed, we never knew what language we should be called upon to read the next minute. There was no hour of the day or of the night when dispatches, political or commercial, newspaper or private, were not passing to and from every corner of the earth; and despite the large commercial interests of London, not even that city's cable business exceeds New York's. There were often on my desk between twenty and thirty government messages from the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of State, or some one of the bureau chiefs of the two military departments, all waiting to be forwarded and all of the greatest importance. Especially great was the rush between the hours of two and five every afternoon, when the day's orders had been made ready.

Government business took precedence of all press dispatches and every other kind of message awaiting transmission in either direction. As between the various government messages, those of the Navy Department were given the preference until our forces had landed in Cuba; and thereafter those of the War Department, followed by the business of the Navy, the State, and the Post Office Departments, in the order named. But at

all times right of way was given to any government message that plainly called for prompt transmission, regardless of the department whence it came. Occasionally the President issued an order or sent a dispatch in his capacity as commander in chief of all the military and naval forces of the United States; but these were rare occurrences, and their importance always gave them priority. When, toward the end of July, the capture of the province of Santiago was complete, the President issued a proclamation to the people of this newly acquired territory. That message was nearly a thousand words long; and so essential was its accurate transmission that every period, every comma, and every other mark of punctuation was telegraphed to Santiago, and the people of that city, the next morning, had as accurate a copy as was furnished by our own newspapers.

The readers of the daily papers must have become familiar with many names of hitherto unknown telegraph stations, from which many a startling piece of news was dated. Mole St. Nicholas, Caimanera, and Playa del Este are places of which neither the school geographies nor the commercial world, in times of peace, could give us much information; but they became suddenly important, for they were connected with us more or less directly by cable, and many messages were dated from them.

In this short war, not only did the submarine cable, the telegraph, and the telephone play a more prominent part than ever before in any war, but the daring work of the men of the Signal Corps, in their perilous labors of grappling, cutting, and afterward repairing these necessary means of the enemy's communications, deserves a separate recital. The great value of their work was everywhere recognized, but I was often obliged to suppress the accounts of their successes, so that confidential dispatches to and from the enemy might continue to follow the old route, and thus fall into our hands. It was not by telegraph only that the most important messages came from our armies in Cuba and Porto Rico. Telephone lines supplemented the cable, and land lines extended to the very outposts of our forces and ran to the headquarters of the generals, who were of course in direct communication with the War Department at Washington; and the admiral from his flagship, by the use of his signal flags or "wig-wagging," as the practice is termed, communicated with his representative on shore, who in turn telegraphed what he had signaled.

On the 3d of July, when the situation of our forces before the city of Santiago looked so discouraging, the first intelligence of the destruction of Cervera's fleet was received at the cable office six hours before it was given either to the press or to the public. At half past seven on the evening of that day, a message from Colonel Allen, the signal officer in charge of the cable communications in the vicinity of Santiago, was read from the recording tape of the Haiti cable. It gave the first news of the flight of the Spanish fleet out of the harbor, and told how the vessels, one by one, were either burned or beached. The message was brief, — scarcely twenty-five words in length, — but it was read with joy in the cable office, and hurried by telephone to General Greely, to whom it was addressed, and who chanced to be in New York city that night on government business. At the same time, the message was repeated to the White House and to the Secretary of the Navy over the private wire which ran from the same desk which held the cable instrument.

It was Sunday evening; the following day was to be a holiday, and the newspapers were making up their usual uninteresting Monday edition. What an opportunity for the issue of an extra! But the news was not mine to

give out. The President and his Cabinet received it within five minutes after its receipt in New York, and it was for them to determine the use to be made of it. Swiftly the wires ticked back the wish of the President that the news be guarded until it could be verified, and then at eight o'clock began the effort to confirm, in the shortest possible time, this most startling and gratifying news. General Greely had hurried to the cable office, and messages of inquiry for confirmation of the news and for details were hastily dispatched. The news itself seemed too good to be true, but the signature to the message almost precluded any possibility of a mistake; for Colonel Allen was one of the most careful of officers, and he had probably himself obtained confirmation of the report before he transmitted it. But the President's order was peremptory, — "Hold the news until confirmed." Then followed the anxious hours of waiting by the administration for the details which we were striving to get for them. The time passed slowly, as when one watches by the bedside of a sick person; we bent over the tiny tape of paper, slowly unwinding its coil as it passed beneath the needlelike point of the recorder, making no sign for minutes or for hours of the news so eagerly desired. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, midnight, and still no answer; but in the meantime the line between New York and Washington had not been silent, for the officials at the capital were as impatient as we were. We were obliged to explain to them at frequent intervals the difficulties of cable communication over these lines and through the country from which we were seeking information. When we were about to give up hope of more news, slowly, at nine minutes past midnight, the glass needle of the recorder began to trace in the wavy, threadlike line of deep blue characters which told us that the good news was true. This message also was from Colonel Allen, and it confirmed his earlier dispatch, and gave the additional information that the whole Spanish fleet had been overtaken and destroyed, and that Admiral Cervera and the survivors of his crew were our prisoners. In one minute this message was in the President's hands at Washington. Then the doors of the cable office, which had been locked during the evening, were opened, and a sigh of grateful relief and congratulation went up from all present.

A supplement to this news, which was one of the most impressive and interesting incidents of my censorship, was the receipt of Admiral Cervera's historic message to General Blanco. I inquired at Washington whether a message from Admiral Cervera, then a prisoner on one of our warships, addressed to Captain-General Blanco, should be allowed to pass New York on its way from Santiago to Havana. The consent of the military authorities was given, and at a later hour I read the surprising message which began with the words: "On the morning of the 3d of July, in accordance with your express orders, I sailed my fleet through the channel of Santiago harbor, meeting the enemy outside, by whom my vessels were engaged, and in succession each burned and destroyed, with the loss of the lives of many of my brave officers and crews. I myself am a prisoner with the survivors." I at once transmitted it to Washington.

During the following days, it was a touching and pathetic part of my duty to read the brief but expressive messages which were sent and received by the officers and men of Cervera's fleet. Some contented themselves, in the first tidings to their families, with the one word that they knew would carry most joy, "Buenos." Others sent longer messages, expressing both comfort and grief: "Well. Am carefully cared for. Pepe dead." But the one idea which seemed to possess them all, indicative of their surprise as well as their happiness, was

in the words "Well cared for," which they knew, by their own preconceived estimates of the Americans, would give the greatest surprise and happiness to those at home. Equally pathetic were the answers which came from many a little hamlet and town in Spain, bringing the first news to the prisoners that their safety was known to their friends, and asking if money or any delicacy or article of clothing were needed which the parent or the wife or the friend could send to lessen the terrors of imprisonment. These messages also it was my fixed policy to hasten to their destinations without loss of time; and great was the delight both of the officers and of their families at the ease of communication between them, in contrast with the difficulties and restrictions of a few days previous.

But the censor's office had other kinds of service to perform than the receiving of news from the front. One day there came a dispatch from a cable ship engaged in cutting or repairing cables off Santiago, saying that the vessel was out of coal. A telegram had been sent by the captain of the vessel to the representative of his company on the island of Martinique, a distance of one thousand miles eastward of Santiago. The need of coal was pressing. The immensely important work of cable cutting and repairing, which was hardly appreciated by the public at that time, was then most active. The fate of the Santiago campaign, if we could but cut Blanco off from Madrid, might depend on the promptness with which a fresh supply of coal could be hurried to this cable vessel. The company's manager at Martinique cabled to the manager in New York a brief cipher message repeating the cable-ship captain's wants. In spite of the hour, — it was midnight, — the New York manager repeated the message by telephone to me at my house up town. I immediately understood the importance of the request; but how could the needs of the vessel be attended to at that hour of the night? No hours, however, were sacred to the sleep of either cabinet minister or bureau chief in Washington, and a dispatch was sent, to be delivered without delay to the Secretary of the Navy. About two o'clock came a reply from the Secretary, addressed to Admiral Sampson, directing that a collier be sent at once to the relief of the cable vessel. Thus, in three hours this call from a helpless vessel had traveled four thousand miles, had passed through the hands of no fewer than half a dozen officials, and had given another striking proof of the promptness with which the various departments of the government met the demands upon them.

While our government was thus active, Spain was not idle. Many evidences of Spanish activity came under my notice. Many communications were allowed to pass, the messages and answers being carefully copied, so that a decisive move might be made by our government at the right moment, if the Spanish plans were carried out. One Sunday evening, toward the end of July, a harmless-looking dispatch in plain Spanish, between twenty and thirty words long, without signature, addressed to a firm of bankers in New York from a place in the West Indies, attracted my attention. There was nothing in the fact that the message was unsigned to excite my suspicion. Indeed, in ordinary communications between persons well known to one another the signature is usually omitted, as unnecessary and expensive. Nor did the fact that the message was in Spanish make it improper to forward it. But this dispatch was peculiarly frank. It requested that the correspondent in New York hire a steamer of about four hundred tons burden for thirty days; that she be fitted out with a cargo of flour, potatoes, butter, lard, hams and bacon, and other food; that she then be cleared for a port in the neutral island of Jamaica; but that her captain be notified

that his vessel would be met long before she came in sight of British territory, and that he must seek a landing for his cargo at the first convenient point in Cuba where he could evade the blockading fleet. This was delicious, but the sender must not have his fear aroused that his dispatch had been read. The message, therefore, was promptly delivered. Within two or three hours, a dispatch clearly in answer to this message was filed in the office of a different cable company. It acknowledged the receipt of the order to charter the vessel, and named two or three vessels that could be hired. A copy of the message was retained, and further developments were awaited. The following day came the reply in Spanish, naming the vessel to be engaged, and urging the utmost haste in the purchase of her cargo and in her departure for West Indian waters. In this way was accumulated the necessary evidence to connect this firm of bankers with Spain's agent in Jamaica. The custom-house authorities in New York were notified of the vessel's proposed departure, and Secret Service men were sent from Washington by the Secretary of the Treasury to aid in ferreting out the blockade runner. In less than a week fifteen telegrams had passed between the conspirators without a suspicion that their plans were known to the government. The day before the vessel sailed, and while she was yet loading her valuable cargo intended to relieve the Spaniards in Cuba, I strolled, in citizen's dress, to the dock where she lay, and went aboard her unsuspected. I had been ordered to report information about her appearance and cargo, that it might be cabled to Admiral Sampson, who in turn would pass the information to the commanders of the various vessels of his blockading fleet. The camera also was brought into play; early in the morning of the day when the steamer was to sail a photographer passed unnoticed to a little tug anchored off the same pier, and, on the plea that he wanted to get a view of some adjacent buildings, he took a picture of the trim, rakish little craft with steam up ready to sail. By noon the cable carried to Admiral Sampson the information regarding the vessel and her departure, and a government transport sailing the same day took in its mail bag a little bundle of photographic prints of what proved to be the blockading fleet's next capture.

Hardly had my interest in the fate of this vessel subsided when a new plot was brought to my attention, as ingenious and as daring as any chronicled in fiction. It was nothing more nor less than the capture of an American vessel laden with gold, on her return from the Klondike! That was the bold proposition of some adventurers in British Columbia. At this time the papers were full of reports that several gold-laden vessels were on their way from the Yukon to San Francisco. I read the suggestion when it came, addressed to certain Spanish sympathizers in New York city. They cabled to Spain, but I could not believe that any attempt to capture one of these rich prizes on the far Pacific would be seriously contemplated by the enemy. It was a surprise, therefore, a day or two later, to receive two dispatches from a Spanish cabinet minister in Madrid, one addressed to the Spanish consul at Vancouver, the other to a firm of shipowners in the same place. Only the day before, the newspapers had been spreading the report of the arrival in San Francisco of a vessel with millions of dollars' worth of ore, and announcing that others were coming. I quietly pigeonholed the two messages to Vancouver, and neither the Spanish consul nor the firm of shipowners had a chance to try their skill in capturing a defenseless American vessel in that part of the Pacific. The importance of the telegrams may be guessed when it is recalled that for a week the Spanish consul in Vancouver and his government in Madrid made numerous

and frantic efforts to communicate with each other, but their messages seemed, for some reason, to stop in New York.

Much has been said and written about the "luck" of the navy during the war, and perhaps the following incident will illustrate the good fortune that followed us. Late one night two messages came in cipher from the Minister of Marine in Madrid, one addressed to the captain of a Spanish warship then cruising off the island of Haiti, the other to the military commander of Spanish forces at San Juan de Porto Rico. The messages were intercepted on their arrival in New York en route to their destinations. They might be harmless, or they might be of the greatest importance to us. The words of the cipher conveyed no meaning, but I knew that the sender and his correspondents were at least not friendly to the United States. By a strange happening, at almost the same moment that they were handed to me I received a message from Santiago, saying that one of our naval officers, while inspecting the hulk of one of the Spanish vessels, had found in her captain's cabin a copy of the cipher code book used by the Spanish naval officers. Could there have been a more startling coincidence? Could any information have come more pat? Here were two messages stopped in the nick of time, and here was the news that the means to decipher them had curiously come into our possession. I telegraphed to the President and the War Department of the interception of the two code messages, told who had sent them and their destinations, and repeated the news of the finding, only a few hours before, of the Spanish naval code book. I suggested that the two messages be cabled to Admiral Sampson. Swiftly the wires brought back the congratulations of the President and the Cabinet, who chanced to be in conference. Orders were given that the messages be transmitted to Admiral Sampson, to be deciphered. It is almost needless to say that after these messages were translated they were still detained; but the story they told shortened not a little the period of our Porto Rican campaign.

Two examples will suffice to show the diversity of the inquiries which came to the censor's office. An officer in charge of cable repair work off Santiago, who held the end of a cut cable which he wished to carry ashore to connect with an existing land line of wire, telegraphed to ask how many yards from the harbor entrance was the spot where the land line approached the shore. He did not wish needlessly to expose his party to attack by trying to force a landing at any other than the proper place. The enterprise that he had in hand was an important one. The cable would connect Washington with General Shafter's headquarters in the field, if he could find the line on shore. I learned that there was only one man who could give this information. He was the builder of the land line of wire, and lived in the island of Martinique. No one else knew exactly where the line came to the shore. The coast was in possession of the enemy, and armed Spanish forces could be seen from the cable boat as they patrolled the beach. When our men took the cable ashore, it must be to the exact spot where it could be connected with the land line, or many lives would be sacrificed. An inquiry was cabled to the constructor at his home in Martinique. He was visiting in the interior, but he soon replied, "Seven hundred and fifty yards to the east of the harbor entrance." This information was telegraphed to our waiting party bobbing up and down in the cable boat. They made a successful landing and, a few hours later, established communication between the headquarters before Santiago and New York.

One day a message came through the cable office at Santiago, from an officer of Admiral Sampson's flagship, asking, "What time is it?" That did not seem a difficult question to answer until it

was made clear that the admiral was adjusting the chronometers of his fleet preparatory to sailing, and that he wished accurate, not to say official time to aid in such adjustment. It was then fifteen minutes before midday, and there was a good opportunity to give to the careful navigator the benefit of the precise noon time of his home meridian at Washington. Accordingly the Naval Observatory was notified by telegraph. The land lines as well as the cable lines and all their connections were cleared, and for the space of one minute preceding noon the line between Santiago and Washington, for the first time in one hundred days, was silent. The signal of one click of the key was agreed upon, and it was awaited eagerly at the various relay stations as well as by the officers of our fleet in Santiago. Precisely at noon the click at Washington was transmitted to New York, thence over the 1450 miles of cable terminating at Cape Haytien, where another cable operator sent it on the last stage of its journey into Santiago, within three seconds of its first transmission nearly 2500 miles away. This is the first instance of chronometer regulation by cable and telegraph lines over so long a distance.

Toward the end of the censorship the government removed the interruption of all forms of commercial business. I was ordered to notify firms in New York which might wish to employ a code or a cipher in the composition of their messages that they might do so, provided they gave me assurance in writing that no matter hurtful to the interests of our country or dealing with its political relations with Spain should lie hidden in any message. No sooner was this announcement made than persons of all ages and nationalities came in crowds. Representatives of houses that imported sugar, tobacco, and fruit, and shippers of cargoes of all kinds, came flocking in, until one doubted whether there could be so many interests in the United States having close relations with Cuba and Porto Rico, and requiring so great a use of the cables. One representative of a steamship line declared that the new order would save him nearly $5000 a month, in the lessened cost of his cable tolls. Another declared that this was the first day that he had been able to do business in more than three months, for the danger that knowledge might leak out to his rivals from messages in plain language had compelled him to suspend all his enterprises. One firm filed fifteen code messages within five minutes after their agent had taken his precipitate departure.

Our government, however, had reckoned without due regard to the conditions existing at the other end of the line. The next day a message came from the Spanish censor at Havana, couched in dignified but haughty Castilian: "By what authority does the military censor in New York dictate to me what messages I shall receive and deliver to their destinations, and how long is it since the same authority has declared to whom I may pass messages with its approval?" This message was provoked by the large volume of code and cipher messages which had come to this Spanish functionary, after I had telegraphed to the censor in Key West the long list of firms which had received the government privilege of sending code dispatches. The censor at Havana never received an answer to his inquiry; for a few days later I was instructed to announce to all the cable companies at once that similar instructions had been telegraphed or cabled to our censors at Key West, Santiago, and Ponce, and that all restrictions in the use of code or cipher in commercial business to Cuba or Porto Rico were raised. Thus ended, after a duration of about one hundred and ten days, the military censorship exercised by the United States.

Grant Squires.

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THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

"Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

Genesis iii. 5.

THE legend in which the serpent is represented as giving this counsel to the mother of mankind occurs at the beginning of the Pentateuch in the form which that collection of writings assumed after the return of the Jews from the captivity at Babylon, and there is good reason for believing that it was first placed there at that time. Allusions to Eden in the Old Testament literature are extremely scarce,[1] and the story of Eve's temptation first assumes prominence in the writings of St. Paul. The marks of Zoroastrian thought in it have often been pointed out. This garden of Eden is a true Persian paradise, situated somewhere in that remote wonderland of Aryana Vaëjo to which all Iranian tradition is so fond of pointing back. The wily serpent is a genuine Parsee serpent, and the spirit which animates him is that of the malicious and tricksome Ahriman, who takes delight in going about after the good creator Ormuzd and spoiling his handiwork. He is not yet identified with the terrible Satan, the accusing angel who finds out men's evil thoughts and deeds. He is simply a mischief-maker, and the punishment meted out to him for his mischief reminds one of many a curious passage in the beast epos of primitive peoples. As in the stories which tell why the mole is blind or why the fox has a bushy tail, the serpent's conduct is made to account for some of his peculiar attributes. As a punishment, he is made to crawl upon his belly, and be forever an object of especial dread and loathing to all the children of Eve.

What, then, is the crime for which the serpent Ahriman thus makes bitter expiation? In what way has he spoiled Ormuzd's last and most wonderful creation? He has introduced the sense of sin: the man and the woman are afraid, and hide themselves from their Lord whom they have offended. Yet he has been not altogether a deceiving serpent. In one respect he has spoken profound truth. The man and the woman have become as gods. In the Hebrew story Jehovah says, "Behold the man is become as one of us;" that is to say, one of the Elohim or heavenly host, who know the good and the evil. Man has apparently become a creature against whom precautions need to be taken. It is hinted that by eating of the other tree and acquiring immortal life he would achieve some result not in accordance with Jehovah's will, yet which it would then be too late to prevent. Accordingly, any such proceedings are forestalled by driving the man and woman from the garden, and placing sentinels there with a fiery sword which turns hither and thither to warn off all who would tread the path that leads to the tree of life. The anthropomorphism of the story is as vivid as in those Homeric scenes in which gods and men contend with one

[1] Isaiah li. 3; Joel ii. 3; Ezekiel xxviii. 13, xxxi. 8, 9.

another in battle. It is plainly indicated that Jehovah's wrath is kindled at man's presumption in meddling with what belongs only to the Elohim; man is punished for his arrogance in the same spirit as when, later on, he gives his daughters in marriage to the sons of the Elohim and brings on a deluge, or when he strives to build a tower that will reach to heaven and is visited with a confusion of tongues. So here in Eden he has come to know too much, and Ahriman's heinous crime has consisted in helping him to this interdicted knowledge.

The serpent's promise to the woman was worthy of the wisest and most astute of animals. But with yet greater subtlety he might have declared, Except ye acquire the knowledge of good and evil, ye cannot come to be as gods; divine life can never be yours. Throughout the Christian world this legend of the lost paradise has figured as the story of the Fall of Man; and naturally, because of the theological use of it made by St. Paul, who first lifted the story into prominence in illustrating his theory of Christ as the second Adam: since by man came death into the world, by man came also the resurrection from death and from sin. That there is truth of the most vital sort in the Pauline theory is undeniable; but there are many things that will bear looking at from opposite points of view, for aspects of truth are often to be found on both sides of the shield, and there is a sense in which we may regard the loss of paradise as in itself the beginning of the Rise of Man. For this, indeed, we have already found some justification in the legend itself. It is in no spirit of paradox that I make this suggestion. The more patiently one scrutinizes the processes whereby things have come to be what they are, the more deeply is one impressed with its profound significance.

But before I can properly elucidate this view, and make clear what is meant by connecting the loss of innocence with the beginning of the Rise of Man, it is necessary to bestow a few words upon a well-worn theme, and recall to mind the helpless and hopeless bewilderment into which all theologies and all philosophies have been thrown by the problem of the existence of evil. From the ancient Greek and Hebrew thinkers who were saddened by the spectacle of wickedness insolent and unpunished, down to the aged Voltaire and the youthful Goethe who felt their theories of God's justice quite baffled by the Lisbon earthquake, or down to the atheistic pessimist of our own time who asserts that the Power which sustains the world is but a blind and terrible force without concern for man's welfare of body or of soul, — from first to last the history of philosophy teems with the mournful instances of this discouragement. In that tale of War and Peace wherein the fervid genius of Tolstoi has depicted scenes and characters of modern life with truthful grandeur like that of the ancient epic poems, when our friend, the genial and thoughtful hero of the story, stands in the public square at Moscow, uncertain of his fate, while the kindly bright-faced peasant and the eager pale young mechanic are shot dead by his side, and all for a silly suspicion on the part of Napoleon's soldiery; as he stands and sees the bodies, still warm and quivering, tossed into a trench and loose earth hastily shoveled over them, his manly heart surges in rebellion against a world in which such things can be, and a voice within him cries out, — not in the mood in which the fool crieth, but with the anguish of a tender soul wrung by the sight of stupendous iniquity, — "There is no God!" It is but the utterance of an old-world feeling, natural enough to hard-pressed and sorely-tried humanity in those moments that have come to it only too often, when triumphant wrong is dreadfully real and close at hand, while anything like compensation seems shadowy and doubtful and far away.

It is this feeling that has created the belief in a devil, an adversary to the good God, an adversary hard to conquer or baffle. The feeling underlies every theological creed, and in every system of philosophy we find it lurking somewhere. In these dark regions of thought, which science has such scanty means for exploring, the statements which make up a creed are apt to be the outgrowth of such an all-pervading sentiment, while their form will be found to vary with the knowledge of nature — meagre enough at all times, and even in our boasted time — which happens to characterize the age in which they are made. Hence, well-nigh universally has philosophy proceeded upon the assumption, whether tacit or avowed, that pain and wrong are things hard to be reconciled with the theory that the world is created and ruled by a Being at once all-powerful and all-benevolent. Why does such a Being permit the misery that we behold encompassing us on every side? When we would fain believe that God is love indeed, and love creation's final law, how comes it that nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, shrieks against our creed? If this question could be fairly answered, does it not seem as if the burden of life, which so often seems intolerable, would forthwith slip from our shoulders, and leave us, like Bunyan's pilgrim, free and bold and light-hearted to contend against all the ills of the world?

Ever since human intelligence became enlightened enough to grope for a meaning and purpose in human life, this problem of the existence of evil has been the burden of man. In the effort to throw it off, leaders of thought have had recourse to almost every imaginable device. It has usually been found necessary to represent the Creator as finite either in power or in goodness, although the limitation is seldom avowed except by writers who have a leaning toward atheism, and take a grim pleasure in pointing out flaws in the constitution of things. Among modern writers, the most conspicuous instance of this temper is afforded by that much too positive philosopher Auguste Comte, who would fain have tipped the earth's axis at a different angle and altered the arrangements of nature in many fanciful ways. He was like Alphonso, the learned king of Castile, who regretted that he had not been present when the world was created; he could have given such excellent advice!

In a very different mood, the great Leibnitz, in his famous theory of optimism, argued that a perfect world is in the nature of things impossible, but that the world in which we live is the best of possible worlds. The limitation of the Creator's power is made somewhat more explicitly by Plato, who regarded the world as the imperfect realization of a Divine Idea that in itself is perfect. It is owing to the intractableness and vileness of matter that the Divine Idea finds itself so imperfectly realized. Thus, the Creator's power is limited by the nature of the material out of which he makes the world. In other words, the world in which we live is the best the Creator could make out of the wretched material at his disposal. This Platonic view is closely akin to that of Leibnitz, but is expressed in such wise as to lend itself more readily to myth-making. Matter is not only considered as what Dr. Martineau would call a "datum objective to God," but it is endowed with a diabolical character of its own.

It is but a step from this to the complicated personifications of Gnosticism, with its Demiurgus, or inferior spirit that created the world. By some of the Gnostics the Creator was held to be merely an inferior emanation from God, a notion which had a powerful indirect effect upon the shaping of Christian doctrine in the second and third centuries of our era. This notion appears in the mournful question asked by Tennyson's Arthur: —

"O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world
And had not force to shape it as he would?"

But some Gnostics went so far as to hold that the world was originally created by the Devil, and is to be gradually purified and redeemed by the beneficent power of God as manifested through Jesus Christ. This notion is just the opposite to that of the Vendidad, which represents the world as coming into existence pure and perfect, only to be forthwith defiled by the trail of the serpent Ahriman. In both these opposing notions the divine power is distinctly and avowedly curtailed by the introduction of a rival power that is diabolical: upon this point Parsee and Gnostic are agreed. Distinct sources are postulated for the evil and the good. The one may be regarded as infinite in goodness, the other as infinite in badness, and the world in which we live is a product of the everlasting conflict between the two. This has been the fundamental idea in all Manichæan systems, and it is needless to say that it has always exerted a mighty influence upon Christian theology. The Christian conception of the Devil, as regards its deeper ethical aspect, has owed much to the Parsee conception of Ahriman. It can hardly be said, however, that there has been any coherent, closely reasoned, and generally accepted Christian theory of the subject. The notions just mentioned are in themselves too shadowy and vague, they bear too plainly the marks of their mythologic pedigree, to admit of being worked into such a coherent and closely reasoned theory. Christian thought has simply played fast and loose with these conceptions, speaking in one breath of divine omnipotence, and in the next alluding to the conflict between good and evil in language fraught with Manichæism.

In recent times Mr. John Stuart Mill has shown a marked preference for the Manichæan view, and has stated it with clearness and consistency, because he is not hampered by the feeling that he ought to reach one conclusion rather than another. Mr. Mill does not urge his view upon the reader, nor even defend it as his own view, but simply suggests it as perhaps the view which is for the theist most free from difficulties and contradictions. Mr. Mill does not, like the Manichæans, imagine a personified principle of evil; nor does he, like Plato, entertain a horror of what is sometimes, with amusing vehemence, stigmatized as "brute matter." He does not undertake to suggest how or why the divine power is limited; but he distinctly prefers the alternative which sacrifices the attribute of omnipotence in order to preserve in our conception of Deity the attribute of goodness. According to Mr. Mill, we may regard the all-wise and holy Deity as a creative energy that is perpetually at work in eliminating evil from the universe. His wisdom is perfect, his goodness is infinite, but his power is limited by some inexplicable viciousness in the original constitution of things, which it must require a long succession of ages to overcome. In such a view Mr. Mill sees much that is ennobling. The humblest human being who resists an impulse to sin, or helps in the slightest degree to leave the world better than he found it, may actually be regarded as a participator in the creative work of God; and thus each act of human life acquires a solemn significance that is almost overwhelming to contemplate.

These suggestions of Mr. Mill are extremely interesting, because he was the last great modern thinker whose early training was not influenced by that prodigious expansion of scientific knowledge which, since the middle of the present century, has taken shape in the doctrine of evolution. This movement began early enough to determine the intellectual careers of eminent thinkers born between 1820 and 1830, such as Spencer and Huxley. Mr. Mill was a dozen years too old for this. He was born at

nearly the same time as Mr. Darwin, but his mental habits were formed too soon for him to profit fully by the new movement of thought; and although his attitude toward the new ideas was hospitable, they never fructified in his mind. While his thinking has been of great value to the world, much of it belongs to an era which we have now left far behind. This was illustrated in the degree to which he was influenced by the speculations of Auguste Comte. Probably no two leaders of thought, whose dates of birth were scarcely a quarter of a century apart, were ever separated by such a stupendous gulf as that which intervenes between Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer; and this fact may serve as an index to the rapidity of movement which has characterized the nineteenth century. Another illustration of the old-fashioned character of Mill's philosophy is to be seen in his use of Paley's argument from design in support of the belief in a beneficent Creator. Mill adopted this argument, and, as a professed freethinker, carried it to the logical conclusion from which Paley, as a churchman, could not but shrink. This was the conclusion which I have already mentioned, — that God's creative power has been limited by some inexplicable viciousness in the original constitution of things.

I feel as if one could not be too grateful to Mr. Mill for having so neatly and sharply stated, in modern language and with modern illustrations, this old conclusion, which after all is substantially that of Plato and the Gnostics. For the shock which such a clear, bold statement gives to our religious feelings is no greater than the shock with which it strikes counter to our modern scientific philosophy. Suppose we could bring back to earth a Calvinist of the seventeenth century and question him. He might well say that the God which Mr. Mill offers us, shorn of the attribute of omnipotence, is no God at all. He would say with the Hebrew prophet that God has created the evil along with the good, and that he has done so for a purpose which human reason, could it once comprehend all the conditions of the case, would most surely approve as infinitely wise and holy. Our Calvinist would ask who is responsible for the original constitution of things, if not the Creator himself; and in supposing anything essentially vicious in that constitution, have not Plato and the Gnostics and the Manichæans and Mr. Mill simply taken counsel of their ignorance? Nay, more, the Calvinist would declare that if we really understood the universe of which humanity is a part, we should find scientific justification for that supreme and victorious faith which cries, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" The man who has acquired such faith as this is the true freeman of the universe, clad in stoutest coat of mail against disaster and sophistry, — the man whom nothing can enslave, and whose guerdon is the serene happiness that can never be taken away.

Now, in these strong assertions, it seems to me that the Calvinist is much more nearly in accord with our modern knowledge than are Plato and Mill. It is not wise to hazard statements as to what the future may bring forth, but I do not see how the dualism implied in all these attempts to refer good and evil to different creative sources can ever be seriously maintained again. The advance of modern science carries us irresistibly to what some German philosophers call monism, but I prefer to call it monotheism. In getting rid of the Devil, and regarding the universe as the multiform manifestation of a single all-pervading Deity, we become for the first time pure and uncompromising monotheists, — believers in the ever living, unchangeable, and all-wise Heavenly Father, in whom we may declare our trust without the faintest trace of mental reservation.

If we can truly take such a position,

and hold it rationally, it is the modern science, so apt to be decried by the bats and owls of orthodoxy, that justifies us in doing so. For what is the philosophic purport of these beautiful and sublime discoveries with which the keen insight and patient diligence of modern students of science are beginning to be rewarded? What is the lesson that is taught alike by the correlation of forces, by spectrum analysis, by the revelations of chemistry as to the subtle behavior of molecules inaccessible to the eye of sense, by the astronomy that is beginning to sketch the physical history of countless suns in the firmament, by the paleontology which is slowly unraveling the wonders of past life upon the earth through millions of ages? What is the grand lesson that is taught by all this? It is the lesson of the unity of nature. To learn it rightly is to learn that all the things that we can see and know, in the course of our life in this world, are so intimately woven together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos. Whatever else may be true, the conviction is brought home to us that in all this endless multifariousness there is one single principle at work; that all is tending toward an end that was involved from the very beginning, if one can speak of beginnings and ends where the process is eternal. The whole universe is animated by a single principle of life; and whatever we see in it, whether to our half-trained understanding and narrow experience it may seem to be good or bad, is an indispensable part of the stupendous scheme. As Aristotle said, so long ago, in one of those characteristic flashes of insight into the heart of things in which no one has ever excelled him, in nature there is nothing that is out of place or interpolated, as in an ill-constructed drama.

To-day we can begin to realize how much was implied in this prophetic hint of Aristotle's; for we are forced to admit that whatever may be the function of evil in this world, it is unquestionably an indispensable function, and not something interpolated from without. Whatever exists is part of the dramatic whole, and this can quickly be proved. The goodness in the world — all that we love and praise and emulate — we are ready enough to admit into our scheme of things, and to rest upon it our belief in God. The misery, the pain, the wickedness, we would fain leave out. But if there were no such thing as evil, how could there be such a thing as goodness? Or to put it somewhat differently, if we had never known anything but goodness, how could we ever distinguish it from evil? How could we recognize it as good? How would its quality of goodness in any wise interest or concern us? This question goes down to the bottom of things, for it appeals to the fundamental conditions according to which conscious intelligence exists at all. Its answer will therefore be likely to help us. It will not enable us to solve the problem of evil, enshrouded as it is in a mystery impenetrable by finite intelligence, but it will help us to state the problem correctly; and surely this is no small help. In the mere work of purifying our intellectual vision there is that which heals and soothes us. To learn to see things without distortion is to prepare one's self for taking the world in the right mood, and in this we find strength and consolation.

To return to our question, how could we have good without evil, we must pause for a moment and inquire into the constitution of the human mind. What we call the soul, the mind, the conscious self, is something strange and wonderful. In our ordinary efforts to conceive it, invisible and impalpable as it is, we are apt to try so strenuously to divorce it from the notion of substance that it seems ethereal, unreal, ghostlike. Yet of all realities the soul is the most solid, sound and undeniable. Thoughts and feelings are the fundamental facts from

which there is no escaping. Our whole universe, from the sands on the seashore to the flaming suns that throng the Milky Way, is built up of sights and sounds, of tastes and odors, of pleasures and pains, of sensations of motion and resistance either felt directly or inferred. This is no ghostly universe, but all intensely real as it exists in that intensest of realities, the human soul! Consciousness, the soul's fundamental fact, is the most fundamental of facts. But a truly marvelous affair is consciousness! The most general truth that we can assert with regard to it is this: that it exists only by virtue of incessant change. A state of consciousness that should continue through an appreciable interval of time without undergoing change would not be a state of consciousness; it would be unconsciousness.

This perpetual change, then, is what makes conscious life. It is only by virtue of this endless procession of fleeting phases of consciousness that the human soul exists at all. It is thus that we are made. Why we should have been made thus is a question aiming so far beyond our ken that it is idle to ask it. We might as well inquire whether Infinite Power could have made twice two equal five. We must rest content with knowing that it is thus we were created; it is thus that the human soul exists. Just as dynamic astronomy rests upon the law of gravitation, just as physics is based upon the properties of waves, so the modern science of mind has been built upon the fundamental truth that consciousness exists only by virtue of unceasing change. Our conscious life is a stream of varying psychical states which quickly follow one another in a perpetual shimmer, with never an instant of rest. The elementary psychical states, indeed, lie below consciousness, or, as we say, they are sub-conscious. We may call these primitive pulsations the psychical molecules out of which are compounded the feelings and thoughts that well up into the full stream of consciousness. Just as in chemistry we explain the qualitative differences among things as due to diversities of arrangement among compounded molecules and atoms, so in psychology we have come to see that thoughts and feelings in all their endless variety are diversely compounded of sub-conscious psychical molecules.

Musical sounds furnish us with a simple and familiar illustration of this. When the sounds of taps or blows impinge upon the ear slowly, at the rate of not more than sixteen in a second, they are cognized as separate and non-musical noises. When they pass beyond that rate of speed, they are cognized as a continuous musical tone of very low pitch, — a state of consciousness which seems simple, but which we now see is really compound. As the speed of the blows increases, further qualitative differences arise; the musical tone rises in pitch until it becomes too acute for the ear to cognize, and thus vanishes from consciousness. But this is far from being the whole story; for the series of blows or pulsations make not only a single vivid fundamental tone, but also a multifarious companion group of fainter overtones, and the diverse blending of these faint harmonics constitutes the whole difference in tone quality between the piano and the flute, the violin and the trumpet, or any other instruments. If you take up a violin and sound the F one octave above the treble staff, there are produced, in the course of a single second, several thousand psychical states which together make up the sensation of pitch, fifty-five times as many psychical states which together make up the sensation of tone quality, and an immense number of other psychical states which together make up the sensation of intensity. These psychical states are not, in any strict sense of the term, states of consciousness; for if they were to rise individually into consciousness, the result would be an immense multitude of sensations, and not

a single apparently homogeneous sensation. There is no alternative but to conclude that in this case a seemingly simple state of consciousness is in reality compounded of an immense multitude of sub-conscious psychical changes.

Now, what is thus true in the case of musical sounds is equally true of all states of consciousness whatever, both those that we call intellectual and those that we call emotional. All are highly compounded aggregates of innumerable minute sub-conscious psychical pulsations, if we may so call them. In every stream of human consciousness that we call a soul each second of time witnesses thousands of infinitely small changes, in which one fleeting group of pulsations in the primordial mind-stuff gives place to another and a different but equally fleeting group. Each group is unlike its immediate predecessor. The absence of difference would be continuance, and continuance means stagnation, blankness, negation, death. That ceaseless flutter, in which the quintessence of conscious life consists, is kept up by the perpetual introduction of the relations of likeness and unlikeness. Each one of the infinitesimal changes is a little act of discrimination, a recognition of a unit of feeling as either like or unlike some other unit of feeling. So in these depths of the soul's life the arrangements and rearrangements of units go on, while on the surface the results appear from moment to moment in sensations keen or dull, in perceptions clear or vague, in judgments wise or foolish, in memories gay or sad, in sordid or lofty trains of thought, in gusts of anger or thrills of love. The whole fabric of human thought and human emotion is built up out of minute sub-conscious discriminations of likenesses and unlikenesses, just as much as the material world in all its beauty is built up out of undulations among invisible molecules.

We may now come up out of these depths, accessible only to the plummet of psychologic analysis, and move with somewhat freer gait in the region of common and familiar experiences. It is an undeniable fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else. The contrast may be bold and sharp, or it may dwindle into a slight discrimination, but it must be there. If the figures on your canvas are indistinguishable from the background, there is surely no picture to be seen. Some element of unlikeness, some germ of antagonism, some chance for discrimination, is essential to every act of knowing. I might have illustrated this point concretely without all the foregoing explanation, but I have aimed at paying it the respect due to its vast importance. I have wished to show how the fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else is a fact that is deeply rooted in the innermost structure of the human mind. It is not a superficial but a fundamental truth, that if there were no color but red, it would be exactly the same thing as if there were no color at all. In a world of unqualified redness our state of mind with regard to color would be precisely like our state of mind in the present world with regard to the pressure of the atmosphere if we were always to stay in one place. We are always bearing up against the burden of this deep aerial ocean, nearly fifteen pounds upon every square inch of our bodies; but until we can get a chance to discriminate, as by climbing a mountain, we are quite unconscious of this heavy pressure. In the same way, if we knew but one color, we should know no color. If our ears were to be filled with one monotonous roar of Niagara, unbroken by alien sounds, the effect upon consciousness would be absolute silence. If our palates had never come in contact with any tasteful thing save sugar, we should know no more of sweetness than of bitterness. If we had never felt physical pain, we could not recognize phy-

sical pleasure. For want of the contrasted background its pleasurableness would be non-existent. And in just the same way, it follows that without knowing that which is morally evil we could not possibly recognize that which is morally good. Of these antagonist correlatives, the one is unthinkable in the absence of the other. In a sinless and painless world, human conduct might possess more outward marks of perfection than any saint ever dreamed of; but the moral element would be lacking; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us.

We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which cannot be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity for this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul. It is part and parcel of the universe. To him who is disposed to cavil at the world which God has in such wise created, we may fairly put the question whether the prospect of escape from its ills would ever induce him to put off this human consciousness, and accept in exchange some form of existence unknown and inconceivable! The alternative is clear: on the one hand a world with sin and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast.

The profound truth of Aristotle's remark is thus more forcibly than ever brought home to us. We do not find that evil has been interpolated into the universe from without; we find that, on the contrary, it is an indispensable part of the dramatic whole. God is the creator of evil, and from the eternal scheme of things diabolism is forever excluded. Ormuzd and Ahriman have had their day and perished, along with the doctrine of special creations and other fancies of the untutored human mind. From our present standpoint we may fairly ask, What would have been the worth of that primitive innocence portrayed in the myth of the garden of Eden, had it ever been realized in the life of men? What would have been the moral value or significance of a race of human beings ignorant of sin, and doing beneficent acts with no more consciousness or volition than the deftly contrived machine that picks up raw material at one end, and turns out some finished product at the other? Clearly, for strong and resolute men and women an Eden would be but a fool's paradise. How could anything fit to be called *character* have ever been produced there? But for tasting the forbidden fruit, in what respect could man have become a being of higher order than the beasts of the field? An interesting question is this, for it leads us to consider the genesis of the idea of moral evil in man.

Before we enter upon this topic a word of caution may be needed. I do not wish the purpose of the foregoing questions to be misunderstood. The serial nature of human thinking and speaking makes it impossible to express one's thought on any great subject in a solid block; one must needs give it forth in consecutive fragments, so that parts of it run the risk of being lost upon the reader or hearer, while other parts are made to assume undue proportions. Moreover, there are many minds that habitually catch at the fragments of a thought, and never seize it in the block; and in such manner do strange misconceptions arise. I never could have dreamed, until taught by droll experience, that the foregoing allusions to the garden of Eden could be understood as a glorification of sin, and an invitation to my fellow men to come forth with me and be wicked! But even so it was, on one occasion when I was trying, somewhat more scantily than here, to state the present case. In the midst of my endeavor to justify the grand spirit

of faith which our fathers showed when from abysmal depths of affliction they never failed to cry that God doeth all things well, I was suddenly interrupted with queries as to just what percentage of sin and crime I regarded as needful for the moral equilibrium of the universe; how much did I propose to commit myself, how much would I advise people in general to commit, and just where would I have them stop? Others deemed it necessary to remind me that there is already too much suffering in the world, and we ought not to seek to increase it; that the difference between right and wrong is of great practical importance; and that if we try to treat evil as good we shall make good no better than evil.

When one has sufficiently recovered one's gravity, it is permissible to reply to such criticisms that the sharp antithesis between good and evil is essential to every step of my argument, which would entirely collapse if the antagonism were for one moment disregarded. The quantity of suffering in the world is unquestionably so great as to prompt us to do all in our power to diminish it; such we shall presently see must be the case in a world that proceeds through stages of evolution. When one reverently assumes that it was through some all-wise and holy purpose that sin was permitted to come into the world, it ought to be quite superfluous to add that the fulfillment of any such purpose demands that sin be, not cherished, but suppressed. If one seeks, as a philosopher, to explain and justify God's wholesale use of death in the general economy of the universe, is one forsooth to be charged with praising murder as a fine art, and with seeking to found a society of Thugs?

The simple-hearted monks of the Middle Ages understood, in their own quaint way, that God's methods of governing this universe are not always fit to be imitated by his finite creatures. In one of the old stories that furnished entertainment and instruction for the cloister it is said that a hermit and an angel once journeyed together. The angel was in human form and garb, but had told his companion the secret of his exalted rank and nature. Coming at nightfall to a humble house by the wayside, the two travelers craved shelter, for the love of God. A dainty supper and a soft, warm bed were given them; and in the middle of the night the angel arose and strangled the kind host's infant son, who was quietly sleeping in his cradle. The good hermit was paralyzed with amazement and horror, but dared not speak a word. The next night the two comrades were entertained at a fine mansion in the city, where the angel stole the superb golden cup from which his host had quaffed wine at dinner. Next day, while crossing the bridge over a deep and rapid stream, a pilgrim met the travelers. "Canst thou show us, good father," said the angel, "the way to the next town?" As the pilgrim turned to point it out, this terrible being caught him by the shoulder and flung him into the river to drown. "Verily," thought the poor hermit, "it is a devil that I have here with me, and all his works are evil;" but fear held his tongue, and the twain fared on their way till the sun had set and snow began to fall, and the howling of wolves was heard in the forest hard by. Presently the bright light coming from a cheerful window gave hope of a welcome refuge; but the surly master of the house turned the travelers away from his door with curses and foul gibes. "Yonder is my pigsty, for dirty vagrants like you." So they passed that night among the swine; and in the morning the angel went to the house and thanked the master for his hospitality, and gave him for a keepsake (thrifty angel!) the stolen goblet. Then did the hermit's wrath and disgust overcome his fears, and he loudly upbraided his companion. "Get thee gone, wretched spirit!" he cried. "I will have no more of thee. Thou pre-

tendest to be a messenger from heaven, yet thou requitest good with evil, and evil with good!" Then did the angel look upon him with infinite compassion in his eyes. "Listen," said he, "short-sighted mortal. The birth of that infant son had made the father covetous, breaking God's commandments in order to heap up treasures which the boy, if he had lived, would have wasted in idle debauchery. By my act, which seemed so cruel, I saved both parent and child. The owner of the goblet had once been abstemious, but was fast becoming a sot; the loss of his cup has set him to thinking, and he will mend his ways. The poor pilgrim, unknown to himself, was about to commit a mortal sin, when I interfered and sent his unsullied soul to heaven. As for the wretch who drove God's children from his door, he is indeed pleased for the moment with the bauble I left in his hands; but hereafter he will burn in hell." So spoke the angel; and when he had heard these words the hermit bowed his venerable head and murmured, "Forgive me, Lord, that, in my ignorance, I misjudged thee."

I suspect that, with all our boasted science, there is still much wisdom for us in the humble, childlike piety of the Gesta Romanorum. To say that the ways of Providence are inscrutable is still something more than an idle platitude; and there still is room for the belief that, could we raise the veil that enshrouds eternal truth, we should see that behind nature's cruelest works there are secret springs of divinest tenderness and love. In this trustful mood we may now return to the question as to the genesis of the idea of moral evil, and its close connection with man's rise from the innocence of beasthood.

We have first to note that, in various ways, the action of natural selection has been profoundly modified, in the course of the development of mankind from a race of inferior creatures. One of the chief factors in the production of man was the change that occurred in the direction of the working of natural selection, whereby, in the line of man's direct ancestry, the variations in intelligence came to be seized upon, cherished, and enhanced, to the comparative neglect of variations in bodily structure. The physical differences between man and ape are less important than the physical differences between African and South American apes. The latter belong to different zoölogical families, but the former do not. Zoölogically, man is simply one genus in the old-world family of apes. Psychologically, he has traveled so far from apes that the distance is scarcely measurable. This transcendent contrast is primarily due to the change in the direction of the working of natural selection. The consequences of this change were numerous and far-reaching. One consequence was that gradual lengthening of the plastic period of infancy which enabled man to become a progressive creature, and organized the primeval human horde into definite family groups. I have elsewhere expounded this point, and it is known as my own especial contribution to the theory of evolution.

Another associated consequence, which here more closely concerns us, was the partial stoppage of the process of natural selection in remedying unfitness. A quotation from Herbert Spencer will help us to understand this partial stoppage: "As fast as the faculties are multiplied, so fast does it become possible for the several members of a species to have various kinds of superiorities over one another. While one saves its life by higher speed, another does the like by clearer vision, another by keener scent, another by quicker hearing, another by greater strength, another by unusual power of enduring cold or hunger, another by special sagacity, another by special timidity, another by special courage. . . . Now . . . each of these attri-

butes, giving its possessor an extra chance of life, is likely to be transmitted to posterity. But " it is not nearly so likely to be increased by natural selection. For " if those members of the species which have but ordinary " or even deficient shares of some valuable attribute " nevertheless survive by virtue of other superiorities which they severally possess, then it is not easy to see how this particular attribute can be " enhanced in subsequent generations by natural selection.[1]

These considerations apply especially to the human race, with its multitudinous capacities ; and I can better explain the case by a crude and imperfect illustration than by a detailed and elaborate statement. If an individual antelope falls below the average of the herd in speed, he is sure to become food for lions ; and thus the high average of speed in the herd is maintained by natural selection. But if an individual man becomes a drunkard, though his capabilities be ever so much curtailed by this vice, yet the variety of human faculty furnishes so many hooks with which to keep one's hold upon life that he may sin long and flagrantly without perishing ; and if the drunkard survives, the action of natural selection in weeding out drunkenness is checked. There is thus a wide interval between the highest and lowest degrees of completeness in living that are compatible with maintenance of life. Mankind has so many other qualities beside the bad ones, which enable it to subsist and achieve progress in spite of them, that natural selection — which always works through death — cannot come into play.

Now, it is because of this *interval* between the highest and lowest degrees of completeness of living that are compatible with the mere maintenance of life that men can be distinguished as morally bad or morally good. In inferior animals, where there is no such interval, there is no developed morality or conscience, though in a few of the higher ones there are the germs of these things. Morality comes upon the scene when there is an alternative offered of leading better lives or worse lives. And just as up to this point the actions of the forefathers of mankind have been determined by the pursuit of pleasure and avoidance of pain, so now they begin to be practically determined by the pursuit of goodness and avoidance of evil. This rise from a bestial to a moral plane of existence involves the acquirement of the knowledge of good and evil. Conscience is generated to play a part analogous to that played by the sense of pain in the lower stages of life, and to keep us from wrongdoing. To the mere love of life, which is the conservative force that keeps the whole animal world in existence, there now comes gradually to be superadded the feeling of religious aspiration, which is nothing more nor less than the yearning after the highest possible completeness of spiritual life. In the lower stages of human development this religious aspiration has as yet but an embryonic existence, and moral obligations are still but imperfectly recognized. It is only after long ages of social discipline, fraught with cruel afflictions and grinding misery, that the moral law becomes dominant and religious aspiration intense and abiding in the soul. When such a stage is reached, we have at last in man a creature different in kind from his predecessors, and fit for an everlasting life of progress, for a closer and closer communion with God in beatitude that shall endure.

As we survey the course of this wonderful evolution, it begins to become manifest that moral evil is simply the characteristic of the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state. Its existence is purely relative, yet it is profoundly real, and in a process of perpetual spiritual evolution its presence in some hideous form throughout a long

[1] Biology, i. 454.

series of upward stages is indispensable. Its absence would mean stagnation, quiescence, unprogressiveness. For the moment we exercise conscious choice between one course of action and another, we recognize the difference between better and worse, we foreshadow the whole grand contrast between good and bad. In the process of spiritual evolution, therefore, evil must needs be present. But the nature of evolution also requires that it should be evanescent. In the higher stages, that which is worse than the best need no longer be positively bad. After the nature of that which the upward-striving soul abhors has been forever impressed upon it, amid the long vicissitudes of its pilgrimage through the dark realms of sin and expiation, it is at length equipped for its final sojourn

"In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

From the general analogies furnished in the process of evolution, we are entitled to hope that, as it approaches its goal and man comes nearer to God, the fact of evil will lapse into a mere memory, in which the shadowed past shall serve as a background for the realized glory of the present.

Thus we have arrived at the goal of my argument. We can at least begin to realize distinctly that unless our eyes had been opened at some time, so that we might come to know the good and the evil, we should never have become fashioned in God's image. We should have been the denizens of a world of puppets, where neither morality nor religion could have found place or meaning. The mystery of evil remains a mystery still, but it is no longer a harsh dissonance, such as greeted the poet's ear when the doors of hell were thrown open; for we see that this mystery belongs among the profound harmonies in God's creation. This reflection may have in it something that is consoling, as we look forth upon the ills of the world. Many are the pains of life, and the struggle with wickedness is hard; its course is marked with sorrow and tears. But assuredly its deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven!

John Fiske.

CROMWELL: A TRICENTENARY STUDY.

Oliver Cromwell was twenty-two years old when James I. wrote indignantly to the Speaker of the House of Commons, commanding "that none therein shall presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government." Four years later Charles I. came to the throne, inheriting this fatal misconception of a supreme and absolute kingship, under the spell of which he attempted to bind England to a despotism like to that which Philip II. had fastened upon Spain in the preceding century.

Yet when Charles became king his accession was hailed with every manifestation of popular joy. He was but twenty-five years old, — just one year younger than Cromwell. Descended from a long line of kings, blessed with health and strength, endowed with dignity of mind and a gentle and affectionate disposition, reared to a due regard for virtue and soberness, and filled with the sweetness of hope that naturally burst from the heart of so fortunate a prince, Charles was hailed as one who would give a new birth of freedom to England. He chose for his wife Henrietta Maria, a girl of fifteen, Catholic daughter of the Protestant champion, Henry IV. of France.

The Duke of Buckingham, accounted the handsomest and courtliest man in Europe, was sent to Paris to bring the queen home, and he appeared there with a retinue adorned in all the magnificence that the wealth of England could afford. Buckingham's manners were so exquisite that even in Paris, where perfect manners were the aim of life, he far surpassed the gay courtiers of Louis XIII. in those airy vanities in which they esteemed themselves unrivaled. In a moment of excessive but not unnatural conceit he dared to entertain a passion for the queen of France, and, mistaking her graciousness for encouragement, returned privately after having taken formal leave and attempted to renew his addresses, but was dismissed with a gentleness showing that majesty itself was not insensible to his charms. At the wedding the French Duke of Chevreuse acted as proxy for Charles; and while Cardinal Richelieu intoned the nuptial mass, the English party, unwilling to behold a Catholic ceremony, withdrew to the house of their ambassador. On arriving at Dover, the queen, when she had composed herself from the discomfort of the voyage, flew to meet the impatient Charles. She dutifully attempted to kiss his hand, but he caught her in his arms and pressed her lips. "Sire," she said, beginning a set speech, "I am come into this your Majesty's country to be at your command." A flood of tears stopped her, and Charles soothed her agitation with many soft words. He playfully expressed surprise that she appeared to be so much taller than he had expected, and looked down at her feet, thinking that she stood on tiptoe. Perceiving his doubt, she said in French, with her head reaching to his shoulder, "Sire, I stand upon my own feet. Thus high am I; neither higher nor lower."

But the shadow of religious prejudice which had arisen at the altar in France pursued the royal pair to the end of their lives, obstructing their duty to each other and alienating the confidence of their subjects. When the coronation was arranged, Henrietta Maria refused to be crowned queen of England, her priestly advisers having forbidden her participation in the ceremonies of the English Church. No entreaty could break down the narrow bigotry of her mind, and on that august occasion Charles walked to Westminster Abbey, clad in a dress of white velvet, emblematic of the purity of his bridal union with the state, and took on the splendors of the kingship in mournful loneliness. The king was shocked at the queen's neglect to learn the language and observe the customs of his country, and exasperated by the meddling impudence of her confessor, until at last he expelled the entire French retinue from England. This act, so plainly in contravention of the marriage contract, was followed by an inglorious war, in the midst of which Buckingham was assassinated by a fanatic who regarded him as the source of all public evil.

The young king called his first Parliament with confident assurance that they would grant him generous supplies, his official necessities, at the moment of his accession, being extraordinary. The ablest men in England were members of that body, including Eliot, Coke, Pym, Hampden, and Wentworth. The proprieties of the situation could not be overlooked by these men; yet, without attempting to explain the cause of their parsimony, they voted him two subsidies, when twelve would not have relieved him of his burdens. It is not difficult now to understand their action. Centuries of monarchal government had produced at last a universal desire to confine within constitutional bounds the powers of the king, and to perform by consent of the people in Parliament a great many of the functions previously exercised only by the sovereign. Swayed partly by their love of liberty, and partly by fear of an unwholesome influence of

the Catholic marriage, the English people had determined, at the commencement of this reign, to use those methods for curbing the royal prerogative which finally drove the refractory house of Stuart out of England, and left the initiative of government fixed in the Parliament.

Charles maintained an admirable patience in this extremity, and endeavored to explain the very reasonable grounds on which he required a grant of money. He condescended to remind Parliament that this was the beginning of his reign, that he was young, and that if he now met with kind and dutiful treatment it would endear him to the use of Parliaments, forever preserving an entire harmony between him and his people. But in an evil moment Charles had secretly undertaken to send an English squadron to help the French king reduce the Huguenots in La Rochelle, and as soon as this was known the public mind throughout England was inflamed against him. The Commons peremptorily refused to give him money, but proceeded to strike at his counselors. This conduct impelled the king to dissolve the Parliament before it had sat two months.

After futile attempts to administer his government through forced loans, the king called a second Parliament, in the hands of which his affairs came to a worse confusion, until its early dissolution followed. A third Parliament was called, with Oliver Cromwell sitting in it for Huntingdon, aged twenty-nine. This was the Parliament that brought forth the Petition of Right. Charles, unable to grasp the theory of just government, looked upon the Petition of Right as an encroachment on his throne. The lord keeper was dispatched to the Parliament with message after message, couched in varying tones of entreaty, abasement, or command, which served only to unmask the agitation of the king's mind. The court party argued, with truth, that Magna Charta contained in substance all that the Commons sought to incorporate in the Petition of Right. The Commons, admitting this, retorted that it had been necessary to secure confirmation of Magna Charta from their kings thirty times; why not secure its confirmation from Charles? The House persisted till they forced the king to give his assent to the measure; but his assent was so ambiguously worded as to rob the instrument of its potency. Enraged at his equivocations, they attacked his favorites with bills of attainder. Instantly came a message from the king forbidding them to cast any aspersion upon his friends. It was a day of desolation. The stern and pious men in that House wept bitter tears. They felt the fabric of their nation tottering. The young member for Huntingdon, in his homespun clothes, — the "sloven" with shambling gait, — beheld it all in big-eyed wonder. A Parliament in tears was a thing he would never forget. The king soon perceived that he had gone too far, and, assuming a gracious air, he assented to the statute in the usual words, "Let it be law as is desired." The Commons, however, pressed their attainders, whereupon the king wrathfully returned to the Parliament with so much haste that the lords had not time to put on their robes; and he prorogued the two Houses for six months. When they assembled for the second session they began at once on grievances, — there was no keeping them still, — and Pym spoke of certain lapses in the Established Worship that were hateful to the Puritan soul, "as angels, saints, altars, and candles burnt in the popish manner." This recital inspired Cromwell to make his maiden speech. He told them that the Bishop of Winchester "did countenance some persons that preached flat popery;" and that Dr. Mainwaring, who was one of them, had been preferred for it. "If these be the steps to Church preferment," cried Oliver, "what may we expect?" What a change from the narrow view of

this speech to the splendid breadth of that one, in the time of tremendous responsibility and power, when he bade Mazarin keep the Pope still, and the Catholics in England should soon have full toleration!

The king, unable longer to endure his undutiful Parliament, dissolved it, and eleven years elapsed before another sat in England. And why was a Parliament necessary? This amiable king seemed to get along very well without one. Lord Clarendon, in his fascinating history, assures us that all his Majesty's dominions "enjoyed the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity that any people in any age, for so long time together, have been blessed with; to the wonder and envy of all the other parts of Christendom." Better such tranquillity than the turmoil of a Parliament, surely! But destiny was walking in the tracks of that purblind monarch. Persuaded of his own rectitude, yet vicious in every public act and opinion, Charles sped on, carrying his life and his kingship to inevitable destruction.

Oliver Cromwell once proudly said that he was "by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." He was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599. His grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and lived at Hinchinbrook in so much magnificence that he was called "the Golden Knight." Sir Henry's son and heir was Sir Oliver Cromwell, a stout Royalist, whose brother Robert was the father of the Protector. Oliver grew up at Huntingdon. I have walked over the yard where he played his games; everything else, alas, is gone. A house that was built in this century stands on the foundation of that in which he was born, and a hundred yards away is the grammar school, in a good state of preservation, where he recited his lessons to Dr. Beard. Across the street is St. John's Church, where seven of his children were baptized. Near it, on the same side, stands All Saints' Church, where his son Henry's taint of original sin was washed away. While studying old church records there, one bright August day, I came upon an entry in the parish book for the year 1616: "In this year Oliver Cromwell did penance in the sight of God before the congregation." What offense was it that this boy of seventeen had committed? Some wayward shift of the mind, doubtless, for which his own conscience reproached him. These church records are open to every inquirer, and I noted with regret that they have been thumbed until their contents are in parts obliterated. It might be wished that these valuable relics should be photographed by the English government, and the originals put away for inspection only on the rarest occasions. About a mile down the road is Hinchinbrook, where Oliver's uncle lived, where he was frequently a visitor, where the fabulous wrestling match with the infant Charles Stuart did *not* occur; and where I, alas, intent on gathering all local color, was refused admittance, because the Earl of Sandwich, its present master, was away, and my pleading to go in as a man of letters was spurned by the too faithful steward, who told me they were repairing the hall, and he could let no one enter in the earl's "habsence." There was no opportunity for telegraphing the earl, who I am sure would gladly have overruled his inexorable servant, and Hinchinbrook was unexplored by me. When Oliver Cromwell was once refused admittance there, however, his front was more indomitable than mine. His uncle was on the king's side, while Oliver led a band of stout Roundheads, and he demanded the family plate for the Parliament's use. The testy Sir Oliver ordered him to go about his business, whereupon he scaled the wall, entered the house, and carried away all the plate and arms, — keeping his hat off, and obsequiously assuring his uncle of his dutiful service.

Oliver was a diligent scholar. From Huntingdon he went to Cambridge, registering there on the day of Shakespeare's death, and acquired a mastery of Greek and Latin which enabled him in later years to discourse in Latin with the ambassadors for hours at a time. His respect for learning led him, when he grew rich, to collect a vast library; and he loved to choose out able young scholars to do the business of the state, John Milton, his Latin secretary, being a type of his officeholders. He encouraged the building of a college at Durham, and was chancellor of Oxford. In the boyhood years at Huntingdon, he would wake up in the night and believe that he was dying. Then Dr. Simcott would come in haste and prescribe for the lad's liver, peradventure, restoring him to peaceful sleep. When twenty-one years old, having left Cambridge, and his father being dead, he married Elizabeth Bouchier, to whom, thirty years later, he wrote, in a letter now in the British Museum which my eyes have tenderly perused, "Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." There came nine children to bless this union.

While rearing his family, while cultivating his farm, while doing works of charity and of public service in his native town, the spiritual life of a pious and fervent soul grew within him, until every aspect was colored by an intense religious enthusiasm. He avowed that he would honor God by declaring what he had done for his soul. "He giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness where no water is." Thus he writes to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, when thirty-nine years old, and standing in the yet unopened morning of his greatness. "Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. . . . The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. . . . Praise Him for me; — pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ."

Just about the time of his election to the 1628 Parliament, Cromwell sold his Huntingdon lands, and moved with his family to St. Ives, five miles away, where he continued his career of farmer and stock raiser. Here at St. Ives he engaged in the oversight of that great work of banking the Ouse River so as to check its overflow, his interest in this project gaining for him the nickname "Lord of the Fens." Here, too, the first keen sorrow came to discipline his life. His firstborn child, Robert, a fine boy of eighteen, was taken ill and died at Felsted school. The anguish of the Puritan father found a partial solace in that religion which was the food of his soul. "I know both how to be abased and how to abound!" he cried, repeating the words of Paul. "Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Twenty years later, while tossing on his deathbed, his thoughts sped back beyond his conquests to this early sorrow, and he repeated the words, assuring the watchers that "this scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, — indeed it did."

It is not hard to picture Cromwell, as a member of the last dissolved Parliament, taking a very lively interest in current affairs, and watching the riotous progress of absolute monarchy as it drew on to its climax. What Cromwell and all other intelligent Englishmen were thinking, what they were saying, as one act of tyranny followed another, can be easily imagined; for it all had its tumultuous expression when the nation at last gained a chance to speak.

Biding their time to act, Cromwell and the rest beheld that the king had

three chief advisers, — Henrietta Maria, his queen, Archbishop Laud, and the Earl of Strafford. The queen, an innocent and beautiful woman, was hated as a limb of popery, and Laud was abhorred for his bigotry and intolerance. Strafford, as the favorite minister, was popularly charged with responsibility for all the odious acts of his sovereign. Charles employed the Star Chamber to take away both the personal liberty and the worldly goods of loyal Englishmen. The king's proclamations were given the force of statutes. Monopolies were created, and soap, leather, salt, and other commodities were put under the control of commercial oligarchies. Ship-money writs brought John Hampden into court as a defendant, where his valiant contest against a hopeless judgment won the love of the nation. Then the king began to cut off the ears of Englishmen for expressing opinions on social topics. William Prynne, a lawyer, could see no godliness in dancing: the queen liked to dance — and Charles cut off Prynne's ears. When the poor pamphleteer came out of prison, mutilated, bleeding, smarting from the lash, and fined to his last farthing, the heedless man repeated his views, whereupon his ears — or what was left of them — were cut off a second time, and he was further lashed, fined, and jailed. Prynne was one of many; and Englishmen were compressing their lips and growing red to the eyes, silent, but thinking, — yea, thinking, — while Lord Clarendon's felicitous calm endured, and all the world envied.

Toward the end of this period of exceptional tranquillity the Liturgy had brought the Scots across the border, with banners flying and swords flashing, protesting that their sole purpose was to enter the king's presence in faith and love, and lay their grievances at his feet. This invasion forced Charles to call the Short Parliament, in order that his subjects might defend his dignity; when he suddenly discovered that tranquillity in a monarchal despotism had not brought national happiness. All the members were talking at once of grievances. There were grievances in England as well as in Scotland, and so loudly were they rehearsed that Charles, unable to shut his ears, dissolved the Parliament when it had sat only three weeks, and sent the members about their business, — Oliver with the rest.

The Scots had drawn back, but now they came again, clearly encouraged in their conduct by the attitude of the English people. These two invasions were called the Bishop's Wars, because Laud and his Liturgy had provoked them. With a Scottish camp in the heart of his kingdom, Charles called the Long Parliament, and the prerogative of dissolution was taken from him by a bill which it coerced him to sign. Oliver was member for Cambridge.

The Long Parliament sent Strafford to the block, and Laud. Charles thought to stop the rising storm by destroying the leaders. The fatuous man attempted to arrest the five members. The House shielded them. There was an explosion of popular wrath, and Charles fled from London with his wife and children, never returning save when discrowned and to his execution.

The Parliament deemed it necessary to its own safety and dignity to enlist a guard. The king did likewise, and set up his standard at Nottingham. His sister's son, Prince Rupert, was there to command the horse, — a youth of twenty-three, tall and strong, and full of grace and dignity. His lovelocks fell over a clean-shaven cheek. His eye was bold like a hawk's, and like the hawk's was his swoop upon the battlefield, audacious, swift, and cruel.

Englishmen were taking sides everywhere. The Parliament gave the Earl of Essex a commission "for king *and* Parliament," with instructions to deliver the person of his sacred Majesty from malignant traitors and evil coun-

selors who had seduced him. Oliver Cromwell, now forty-three years old, followed Essex as a captain of horse, but was soon made colonel. The two armies fought at Edgehill, without a palpable victory to either side. Then the king's men began to win in every encounter. Essex and Fairfax and Hampden and Waller were beaten; and the Cavaliers took Bristol, the second city in the kingdom. Rupert and Hampden fought on Chalgrove Field, and Hampden, the purest patriot of that age, was slain. There was gloom in every Puritan breast.

But Oliver Cromwell had said to his cousin, John Hampden, long ago: "Your troops are most of them old, decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say, — I know you will not, — of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still." Hampden replied that it was a good notion, if it could be executed; and there he dropped it. But Cromwell was quick to act on every thought, and he straightway organized his regiment, and afterward his army, directly on the lines of his suggestion to Hampden. When all were flying before the Cavaliers, Cromwell met a body of the most chivalrous and daring of them at Gainsborough, dispersed them, and slew their leader. The Parliament had tried its favorites, and they had failed. It now turned to Cromwell. From that moment he became the soul of the Puritan revolt, which would have fallen then without him; for Charles declared repeatedly that what he had granted to the Long Parliament by coercion should never stand after he had reëstablished his authority.

When the Scots came over to assist the Parliament, Cromwell was fifth in rank in the allied armies at Marston Moor. Prince Rupert made his overwhelming charge and drove all before him, — Scottish and English, horse and foot, officers and men, except a body of twenty-three hundred riders on the extreme left. These were Cromwell and the God-fearing men whom he had chosen to beat "the younger sons and persons of quality" in the king's army. Oliver charged the Royalist centre, and cut his way through them, until they fell "like stubble," he said, "to our swords." When the prince returned from the pursuit, he renewed the battle with Cromwell, but met a crushing defeat. The result was similar at Naseby, where Charles himself held the chief command, and where his cause was totally ruined.

With the king in prison the Scots came again, — this time to restore him. Cromwell drove them out of the kingdom after one battle. Then there arose all through the Roundhead hosts a cry for retribution, and the king was sent to the block as the "chief delinquent," a large section of the Parliament being forcibly dissolved by the army in order to secure his destruction. Cromwell had made every effort to save the king's life, had connived at his escape from Hampton Court, and had smoothed the way for him to fly from Carisbrooke Castle. There is a grim story describing Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, stopping the king's messenger at the Blue Boar Tavern, filling him with ale, and then ripping open his saddle, where they found Charles's letter telling the queen that Cromwell expected a garter, but he would give the rogue a halter. In many ways the king proved to be so treacherous that Cromwell was at last compelled to join in the execution. Then, on the banishment of the royal family, the sovereignty of England rested in the Long Parliament, or in that part of it which still existed as the Rump.

The Parliament sent Cromwell to Ireland to chastise its people for their barbarous misconduct upon the English settlers. His campaign was severe and his conquest complete. Scotland was then invaded, humbled, and pacified, — a thing which English kings had tried in vain to do for eight hundred years. Young Charles Stuart was beaten at Worcester, and driven out of the country. Then, with his warrior's work done, Cromwell sheathed his sword forever. The chiefs of the army, the members of the Parliament and of the Council of State, together with nearly the whole populace of the country round about, met him on Hounslow Heath and escorted him to London. "What a great crowd comes out to see your lordship's triumph!" said one. "Yes," answered the lord general; "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!" Chaplain Hugh Peters was much impressed by the enthusiasm of the occasion, and declared, "This man will be king of England yet!"

It was not long before Oliver, who now resumed his seat in the House, perceived a purpose among the members to perpetuate their places in Parliament, or even to make them hereditary. Young Sir Harry Vane drew up a bill to accomplish this end, which was hurried through its legislative stages and made ready for passage. Cromwell had used every endeavor to defeat the plan, and he now called the friends of the measure to confer at his lodgings at Whitehall. The discussion was acrimonious, and lasted until after midnight. The Parliament men reproached the army leaders with desiring to assume all the civil as well as the military power. The army men brusquely replied that the members of Parliament would not be permitted to prolong their own power, and they demanded a new election. General Harrison declared that Cromwell merely desired to pave the way for the government of Jesus and his saints; and it was retorted that Jesus ought to come quickly, then, for if he delayed it long he would come too late, — he would find his place occupied! To all of Cromwell's entreaties the others answered that "nothing would do good for this nation but the continuance of this Parliament." Midnight came without any satisfactory concessions on either side. Finally, Vane promised to suspend further proceedings about the bill until after another conference with the military party, and with this understanding they separated.

The next morning (April 20, 1653), shortly after the Parliament met, Colonel Ingoldsby, and afterward a second and a third messenger, came hastily to Cromwell to say that the members were pushing to a final vote the bill for the election of a new Parliament and the continuance of their own seats therein. All the sleeping passion in the general's breast was aroused by this perfidious proceeding. He summoned a reliable body of troops from his own regiment of Ironsides, and walked briskly to the Parliament House. As he entered the Commons' Chamber, he said to St. John that he had come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly and with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon him, — that he would rather be torn to pieces than do it; but there was a necessity in order to the glory of God and good of the nation. He sat down in his accustomed seat, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and listened attentively to the debate on the bill. Then he beckoned to General Harrison, and whispered that he judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution, and thought this was the time for doing it. Harrison replied that the work was very great and dangerous, and asked him to consider seriously before he engaged in it. Whereupon Cromwell sat still for some fifteen minutes. The question for passing the bill was then put, and Cromwell said to Harrison, "This is the time

I must do it," and rose up, put off his hat, and began to speak. There were not more than fifty-three members present. At the start he said much in commendation of the Parliament for their valuable public services, but as the importance of his purpose began to press upon his mind he changed his style, and spoke with a tongue of flame. He loaded them with reproaches, saying that they had no heart to do anything for the public good; that they had espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression. He accused them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, and said that they had brought forward the act of dissolution merely because they had been forced to do so, though he believed they never intended to observe its provisions. He told them — and there was the roar of the lion in his voice now — that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for carrying on his work that were more worthy.

Sir Peter Wentworth was the only man who dared to rise amid that tempest of wrath. He said that this was the first time he had ever heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, — their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged. But when Wentworth had gone thus far, Cromwell clapped on his hat and interrupted him with "Come, come, we have had enough of this!" He walked furiously up and down the floor. "I will put an end to your prating!" he cried in a high voice. He stamped his feet upon the floor, — no man had ever seen the like of such rage in a Parliament before. "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer. You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament!" To an officer he said, "Call them in, call them in;" and the grim companions of his battles entered, with eyes alert and guns ready.

"I say you are no Parliament!" They are on their feet now, their faces blazing with amazement. Sir Harry Vane gravely speaks: "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell is all passion. "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" He glares on Tom Challoner, and says, "Some of you are drunkards!" His eye lights on Harry Marten, and he cries, "Some of you are lewd livers, living in open contempt of God's commandments!" His flashing eyes pass from face to face, and he says, "Some of you are corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the gospel." As the once great Parliament stands cowering before him, he thunders out the final doom: "Depart, I say!" They began to go out. There was no gainsaying the man. They understood then, perhaps, why he had never been defeated in his battles. His eye fell upon the mace, the emblem of authority, but it aroused no respect in his mind. "Take away that bauble," he said to one of his soldiers. Lenthall still sat in the Speaker's chair. His dignity was imperturbable; and when Cromwell ordered him to come down he tarried. Harrison then took him by the hand and helped him down; and he vanished. So did they all; and as young Sir Harry walked sadly away, Cromwell said to him reproachfully, alluding to the broken agreement of the night before, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. The bill which had produced this scene of violence was taken by Cromwell and carried away under his cloak, and was never found afterward. Cromwell was the last to leave that historic Chamber, and as he passed out he locked the door and took the key with him. The state of England was then without King, Lords, or Commons; it was bereft of all legal government whatsoever.

Cromwell's commission from the Long Parliament created him "lord general and commander in chief of all the armies and forces raised and to be raised," and the government thereby naturally fell upon his shoulders. He had an honest yearning for constitutional government in England, and he immediately issued a summons to one hundred and forty Puritan Englishmen — "persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty" — to assemble at Whitehall, to whom was to be committed "the peace, safety, and good government of the Commonwealth." This body was the Little Parliament. Cromwell inaugurated their sitting with a speech, pleading for a broad toleration. "If the poorest Christian," he said, "the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you, — I say if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected!" In the selection of officials he counseled them in words which should live to-day: "If I were to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles."

The performances of the Little Parliament fell far short of Cromwell's expectations; and when, instead of building up the broken fabric of English society, it began to tear down what remained, he sent Colonel White with a body of soldiers to dissolve it. Colonel White entered the Chamber and demanded to know what they did there; to which they answered that they were seeking the Lord. "Then you may go elsewhere," said he, "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years!"

The legal and clerical professions, and in fact nearly all the thinking men in the land, now took alarm lest anarchy should ensue, and the attention of the country was naturally drawn upon Cromwell as one who might preserve order in the state. His formal assumption of authority was a necessity of the times, — the only expedient in an imperative emergency. The army demanded it; the rest of the population of England clearly expected it; and Cromwell consented to it as a public duty. Four days after the dissolution of the Little Parliament, Cromwell was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and installed at Westminster amidst great pageantry. Upon his return to Whitehall, he directed that all the ceremony should be observed with respect to his person that was usual to the kings of England. He was then fifty-four years old.

Cromwell's first business in this exalted situation was to broaden the lines of political and religious toleration. Having risen high above the bigotry of the age, he rebuked its spirit in these words: "Every sect saith, Oh, give me liberty. But give him it, and, to his power, he will not yield it to anybody else. Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it." Even Catholicism was secretly free, and Cromwell longed to make it publicly so. He wrote of this to Mazarin: "Although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you, I cannot?) at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for toleration. I say, I cannot, as to a public declaration of my sense in that point; although I believe that under my government, your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as to rigor upon men's consciences than under the Parliament. For I have of some, and those very many, had compassion; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference; and as Jude speaks, 'plucked many out of the fire,' — the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannize over their consciences, and encroached by an

arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a farther progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminency in relation to that."

Again he says to another: "I desire from my heart, — I have prayed for it, — I have waited for the day to see union and right understanding between the godly people, — Scots, English, Jews, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all." The Jews had been outcast from England since 1290, and this public declaration for them, together with many other marks of his tender regard, won the perpetual and profound gratitude of that people.

His most important political ordinance was that which consolidated the two kingdoms of England and Scotland into a perdurable union. The effect of this measure was to destroy the ancient power of the great nobles, which had survived in Scotland long after its decay in England, and to ease the burdens of the common people.

Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy to build up a great nation. It is true that Queen Elizabeth had repelled and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important manœuvres were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressors of free religion. Spain, still aiming at universal empire, received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion. Holland sent out her fleets, more terrible than the old Spanish Armada; but Cromwell's generals, acting on sealed orders penned by his own hand, beat the Dutch admirals and sent their ships to the bottom.

Contrary to the expectation of his enemies, the manifestations of opposition to Cromwell's government were few and mild. The congregations of saints everywhere assured him of their fealty. The Royalists, while hating the man who had executed their king, enjoyed more lenient treatment from him than they had received from the Parliament, and were contented to bide their time. The Presbyterians were filled with satisfaction to behold the Independents turned out by the man whom they had claimed to own. England began to see the dawn of peace at home, and, in the meantime, the Lord Protector was feeding the pride of his countrymen by his conquests abroad. It was his boast that he would make the name of an Englishman as safe throughout the world as the name of a Roman had ever been. Young Charles Stuart connived at plots for his assassination, which led Cromwell to organize a thorough system of secret service. His agents reported privately to himself alone, and his bureau of information cost him sixty thousand pounds a year. Cromwell quietly assured some of the influential Cavaliers that he did not intend to injure any of the king's party; his design was rather to save them from ruin; but they were apt after their cups, he said, to run into foolish and ill-concerted plots, which would only bring them to disaster. All he desired was to be informed of their conspiracies, so that none might suffer from them; if he cast any of them into prison, it should be only for a short period; and if they were interrogated, it should be about some trifling discourse, but not about the main business. This magnanimous declaration, together with the regularity

of payment, brought him information from those who were close in the king's confidence; and the Royalist party was kept in amazement at the quickness with which Cromwell followed up their plotting.

It was not long before Cromwell's power surpassed that of any other ruler in Europe, and his state was equal to the most magnificent. Ambassadors from every nation crowded the waiting-rooms of his palaces. His family was established at Whitehall in regal luxury. His mother occupied its chief apartments. With him were his wife and three of his daughters: Elizabeth, his favorite; Mary, the handsome likeness of himself; and Frances, fondly called "Frank," who was looked upon by all the gossips of Europe as soon to wed Charles II. But when the Earl of Orrery suggested this match to Cromwell, the Protector answered that Charles could never forgive his father's blood. Orrery urged that Cromwell was but one among many who had brought the king to the block, but with this marriage he would be alone in restoring his son, and he might stipulate to still command the army. The Protector replied: "Charles is so damnably debauched that he would undo us all." And there the matter ended. Mrs. Hutchinson, Cromwell's bitter foe, says of him at this period: "To speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped." Sir Philip Warwick, a stanch Cavalier, writes: "I lived to see him appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." Even Lord Clarendon, the most partial of Royalists, testifies: "As he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed his faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom." John Milton says: "He was a soldier disciplined to perfection in a knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy he was a veteran in arms."

At the very moment when, as Protector, the whole power of the state was in his hands, and he was, theoretically, a dictator, an autocrat, and a despot, he longed most to establish a constitutional government. To this end he issued writs for the election of a Parliament, courageously granting the electoral franchise to all except those who had borne arms against the Commonwealth. To the great majority of Englishmen his yoke was irksome and hateful. The Episcopalians and the Presbyterians despised him. The Republicans had turned from him, suspicious of his integrity. The fanatics — the Fifth Monarchy Men and the Anabaptists — regarded him as one fallen from grace. To give these men the power of calling a Parliament which, under his Instrument of Government, was to hold an authority coördinate with his own, taxed the magnanimity of a man so great as Cromwell. But he cherished a sincere expectation, if he found that the nation would be pliable to his views of general policy, to bestow upon his countrymen a representative government, under which all measures for the public good should receive their consent in Parliament. There were four hundred members chosen, accordingly: three hundred and forty Englishmen, thirty Scots, and thirty Irish. Cromwell opened their session with a wise and eloquent address, in which he described the condition of the nation, and asked them to join him "in bringing the ship of the Commonwealth into a safe harbor," — which, he felt sure, could not be done without their counsel and advice. He assured them that he had not assumed dominion over them, but had resolved to be their fel-

low servant, for the welfare of the people.

Never, in the history of the world, did one holding supreme authority grant to his countrymen a fairer opportunity to win a just measure of the nation's sovereignty. But no sooner had he withdrawn from the House than they began to question his Instrument of Government, forgetful that if they discarded that, they had no right to be there at all. Oliver, watchful and indomitable, came back soon, and required them to sign an acknowledgment of his Protectorship. A hundred who refused to sign were dismissed. The rest engaged in learned disquisitions on religious doctrines, until they had earned the popular name of "Pedant Parliament," when they, too, fell back on the constitutionality of their call. In the midst of a thousand perils they would do nothing; and Cromwell came again, and mournfully dissolved them.

The Protector was now forced to establish what he had earnestly hoped to avert, — a military dictatorship. He parceled out the country among his twelve major-generals, and England was in the clutch of the army. The rule of the major-generals was marked by varying whims and favors. While its character was not cruel, it was naturally odious to the people; and the consequences were particularly severe on the Royalists, who were amerced to the last farthing.

Yet never before nor since has the power of England risen, comparatively, to so great a height. Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, France, and Spain, through their suppliant ambassadors, were literally at the Protector's feet. Humanity found in him a champion who was swift to inflict punishment upon cruelty or intolerance; and he refused to hear the professions of friendship which Louis XIV. implored him to receive until that king had exacted a penalty from the Duke of Savoy for outrages on his dissenting subjects. The Protector desired to mould a Protestant Alliance that would secure religious toleration and domestic tranquillity for the whole of Europe. But in this hope he was destined to meet disappointment. Sweden and Denmark were in open war. Holland was jealous and irritable. The narrow Protestant princes of Germany would not see beyond the borders of their own states. Only the prestige of England and of Oliver was great throughout the world.

As soon as he perceived that his institution of the major-generals was burdensome and unjust, he determined once more to endeavor to meet the wishes of his people for representation, and accordingly called another Parliament. For a time the results seemed to justify his hopes. The members appeared to be profoundly grateful to him for his good spirit in calling them together, and for three months they labored with him to accept the crown. It seems very clear that Cromwell would have acceded to this flattering invitation, and there was every public consideration to induce him to do so. He could not now resign his high office if he would. Yet the laws of England were silent regarding a Protector, while they clearly associated both the people and their institutions with the office of king. But the army leaders would not agree to it, and Oliver put the glittering temptation aside, — with some reluctance, it would appear. He did consent, however, to a second installation as Protector, with much more pomp and circumstance than had been used before. He also erected a House of Lords, which afforded him the opportunity of opening a session with the time-honored form, "My Lords and Gentlemen;" but only two of the ancient peers deigned to sit in it; the Commons contemptuously referred to it as "the Other House," and even Oliver grew to be ashamed of it. The two Houses began to quarrel with each other, then to debate upon constitutionality. They soon fell away from

their professions of patriotism and good will. There was no time to dally with them, for young Charles was peering eagerly across the Channel, waiting for the first encouragement to invade England. Every Royalist in the kingdom was wide awake. Cromwell's secret agents reported the spies of the Cavaliers moving everywhere. The Protector hesitated not a moment, but came to Westminster and dismissed the Parliament with a stinging rebuke. And he resolved then to take the full weight of that mighty empire upon his shoulders alone.

As Protector his industry was astounding. We find him giving direction in every detail of the state's affairs at home, and at the same time administering the American colonies with the closest attention to their requirements. He writes to his commanders in Acadia "to defend and keep the French forts, which Major Sedgwick has laid hold of." To contending officials in Rhode Island he says: "You are to proceed in your government according to the tenor of your charter." To the commissioners of Maryland, explaining the severe terms of a previous letter meant to preserve the peace in needless territorial quarrels, he writes: "Our intention was only to prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the plantations of Virginia or Maryland from one to the other upon the differences concerning their bounds, the said differences being then under the consideration of ourself and council here." And then to the governor of Virginia he writes, requiring him to forbear disturbing Lord Baltimore, or his officers or people in Maryland, and to "permit all things to remain as they were before any disturbance or alterations made by you, or by any other upon pretense of authority from you, till the said differences be determined by us here, and we give further order therein."

Without faltering, he continued to discharge the mission for which he had been chosen, — to keep English Puritanism paramount, with its Open Bible and Drawn Sword. His navy began to strip Spain of her American possessions, commencing with Jamaica, while his army made sure inroads upon the territory of Spain and invested Dunkirk.

With the victorious shouts of the populace ringing in his ears, he was called to the bedside of his daughter Elizabeth, who was ill from a distressing malady. For twenty-four days he sat beside her, ministering to her wants with the most tender compassion, and never leaving her for the public business but once, when he arranged the preliminaries for calling another Parliament. She died, and suddenly it became evident that the Lord Protector himself was seriously ill.

Cromwell was now fifty-nine years old. Eight years before he had written to his wife that he felt the infirmities of age stealing over him. His robust energies had been consumed by the exhausting duties of his career. The gout seemed to leave his leg and retire into his body, and for four or five days he was racked with intolerable pain in his bowels and back, making it impossible for him to sleep. He rode out once at the head of his life guard, and spoke kindly with George Fox, favoring the fullest freedom of worship for the Quakers. "Before I came to him," said Fox, "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him."

While tossing on his bed he repined for the dear Elizabeth; and then his thoughts swept back to Robert, dead at Felsted school nineteen years ago; and he vainly strove to check the tears with the solace of that Scripture which he knew in whole by heart.

The belief that had followed Cromwell all through life, that he was privileged to hold personal communion with the Most High God, was strangely manifested in these last days. He besought the Lord that for the good of His people He would spare his life yet a little longer. He then assured his counselors that this

prayer had been granted, using a manner of such mysterious confidence that his hearers were transported with amazement. Fleetwood sent a quick message to Henry Cromwell in Ireland, that his Highness had made very great discoveries of the Lord, and had received assurances of being restored; to which Henry replied that the communication had given him some relief.

But there came a night when all saw that the end was approaching. They tried to get him to name his successor, and they affected to believe that in his thick death-gasps they heard him say, "Richard." They offered him a drink. "It is not my design to drink or to sleep," he said, "but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." All night he tossed, and all day he drew his heavy suspirations. The wildest storm that England had known was raging without. It was the anniversary of his great victory of Dunbar; the anniversary, too, of his great victory of Worcester. And on this, his "fortunate day," his spirit passed out amid the lightning.

That incomparable army, which the great Puritan had moulded into the finest military machine in Europe, received the intelligence of his death in the lethargy and gloom of hopeless sorrow. They felt that they had "not lost a general and protector only, but a dear and tender father to them all and the Lord's people." Cromwell's body was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. But when the lion was twenty-one months in his grave, and there was no roar in him, Charles Stuart came over and induced a pliant Parliament to attaint Cromwell of treason. His body was digged up, drawn on a sledge to Tyburn, and hanged. It was then dismembered and the trunk thrown into a hole under the gallows, while the head was impaled on a pike and fastened on the roof of Westminster Hall, where it stood against the storms for more than twenty years. The bodies of his old mother, Ireton, Blake, and a hundred other of his friends were ignominiously taken up at the same time.

The malignant hatred of Charles and his party drew upon the memory of the Protector a storm of obloquy that seemed to rage through English opinion for nearly two hundred years. James Heath, a Royalist lawyer, wrote (1662) the first "life" of Cromwell, a book of scurrility, the closing paragraph speaking of "his head set upon Westminster Hall to be the becoming spectacle of his treason, where, on that pinnacle and legal advancement, it is fit to leave this ambitious wretch." Since Heath's book I count thirty-four biographies of Cromwell in my collection. Heath's coarse detraction is the style of most of those published before 1787, although some of them make very fair attempts at a just delineation of the hero. In that year Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell appeared, — a painstaking, comprehensive, and useful compilation. Hume, more polished than Heath, is hardly so reliable, and the subject was a dark one in English historical literature until 1845, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece, — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations and a Connecting Narrative. The research displayed in this book was marvelous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in tones of wisdom, of tenderness, of pathos, of pleading, of thunder, but always with honesty, unselfishness, and patriotism, until his image was left clear and distinct in the mind's eye of his countrymen as that of the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current was turned the other way. Public opinion, always slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood, the cloud of preju-

dice which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

Following the apotheosis of Cromwell, as presented in his own letters and speeches, in Carlyle's book, Macaulay published the first two volumes of his History three years later. Literature, like painting, runs across the field of art from the extreme of realism on the one side to the extreme of idealism on the other side. The biographer is a portrait painter. Lely, Cooper, and Walker painted their portraits of Oliver from the life, which, while very unlike one another, are strong in their likeness to Cromwell. Macaulay's Cromwell is unlike Carlyle's. It is more finished in its parts, but the effect is the same as in a portrait so painted that we lose sight of the character in our admiration of the finish on the buttons and the finger nails. Macaulay's work has much that is truthful of Cromwell, and very little that is not so; yet he sometimes produces an atmosphere that presents Cromwell in an artificial and misleading view. For example, he says: "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." This is so plainly a sacrifice of the eternal verities to rhetorical force that it needs no refutation now; yet it has given a false impression of the Cromwell epoch to thousands of Englishmen. Macaulay's picture of Cromwell is good, but it contains nothing of that bold and rugged soul-painting whereby Carlyle has made it possible to behold the Protector as a compound of the tenderness of a woman and the fierceness of the Numidian lion.

After Carlyle, the most important Cromwellian workman of this century is Professor S. R. Gardiner, — his friend, Mr. Charles H. Firth, being always near him in sympathy and in power. I have read the twenty volumes in which Dr. Gardiner's history of England in the seventeenth century flows so smoothly from the deep fountains of profound knowledge. Cromwell enters in the seventh volume, and the events move in serried phalanx until the obscure stock drover dominates the empire. Dr. Gardiner's work is one of the literary monuments of our time; so well is it done that the story will never have to be written in detail again. It is the authoritative mine of information on that period forever. Yet Dr. Gardiner is human, and he has the fallibility of the race. While his narrative is impregnable, his judgment sometimes grievously errs. I shall point out two instances of this, as they present themselves to me. The first is his treatment of Cromwell's assault at Drogheda. Cromwell had made a breach in the wall, and the garrison refused to surrender. When, in this situation, they continued to slay his men, they were not, under the law of civilized war as it stood up to the time of Wellington, entitled to quarter, and Cromwell gave them none. At this point Dr. Gardiner loses the splendid equipoise of his impartial mind. "The deed of horror was all Cromwell's own," he says. "The stern command to put all to the sword who 'were in arms in the town' leapt lightly from his lips." Surely, the word "lightly" here is a most unfortunate choice. The expressions that follow are these: "the cruel deed," "promiscuous slaughter," "the blackest part of his conduct," "this horrible slaughter," "the butchery," "the perpetrator of the massacre." In his treatment of this difficult episode, the distinguished author seems to forget that paramount entity the spirit of the times, in the clear view of which all historical judgments should be formed. Cromwell and his invading hosts had read May's History of the Parliament, published two years before, or the substance of it, — which was, indeed, public information

long before it was put in book form; and their minds were filled with the frightful stories, none the less overpowering because they were exaggerated, from which they believed that 187,000 English men, women, and children had been killed under circumstances of atrocious cruelty. When the priests called Irishmen to combine against "the common enemy," Cromwell wrathfully defied them. "Who is it," he asked the clergy, "that created this common enemy? I suppose you mean Englishmen. The English! Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England; Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they or their ancestors from many of you and your ancestors. They had good leases from Irishmen for long time to come, great stocks thereupon, houses and plantations erected at their cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you; you had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them, and equal justice from the laws. . . . You broke the union, you unprovoked put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre, without respect of sex or age, that ever the sun beheld, and at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace." This is the point of view, the spirit of the times; and both the law of war and the frailty of human nature, as well as a sound principle of generalship that it would "prevent the effusion of blood for the future," impelled Cromwell to do what every other English commander who has fought in foreign wars since his time has done in greater or less degree. We need look no further than Omdurman or Manila to see that war is not a school for the play of the tender humanities. I have never been able to see why Cromwell's critics have chosen his conduct at Drogheda for their charge of cruelty, when he was equally reprehensible, from their standpoint, in slaying thousands of fugitives, after winning his victories at Marston Moor, Naseby, Preston, Dunbar, and Worcester. As a matter of fact, Cromwell looked on war as conquest by killing. Has war any other signification?

My second point is Dr. Gardiner's insistence upon his declaration that Cromwell was not a constructive statesman, but only a destructive force. He says: "Cromwell's negative work lasted; his positive work vanished away. His constitutions perished with him, his Protectorate descended from the proud position to which he had raised it, his peace with the Dutch was followed by two wars with the United Provinces, his alliance with the French monarchy only led to a succession of wars with France lasting into the nineteenth century. All that lasted was the support given by him to maritime enterprise, and in that he followed the traditions of the governments preceding him." This is the whole burden of Dr. Gardiner's argument in his little book, Cromwell's Place in History, and the effect is similar to that which would be produced upon the trained ear when listening to a fine symphony played with one of the instruments sustaining a false note from the beginning to the end of the performance. What is the meaning of it all? Are we to confine the word "constructive" to that which builds up? Is not the pioneer who hews down the forest, in order that civilization may advance, a constructive workman? Is not he who digs for the foundation in part a builder of the edifice? It would be interesting to know the thought in Dr. Gardiner's mind when he uses the phrase "constructive statesman." If it is, as we would assume, one who constructs the institutions of the state, then Cromwell, in clearing away the political and religious barriers that prevented the national growth of the people of the British Empire, and in enlarging beyond human precedent the whole field of their thought

and action, was the most constructive of all the statesmen that England has produced. Cromwell destroyed nearly all that was bad in both church and state. In the removal of rooted obstacles he prepared the way for the English nation to develop a higher civilization and to acquire a larger happiness. His work up to that point was constructive in the best way. But he went far beyond that, and implanted three fundamental truths imperishably in the heart of the English constitution, whereby it is forever established that men shall not be judged as to life, liberty, or property by arbitrary power; that all men shall be equal before the law; and that none shall be persecuted for religion's sake. What other leader of men has constructed so much? This is the heritage which he left to England, and as time passed it naturally became the firm foundation upon which the American government was builded. Cromwell never cherished a purpose of hereditary power, and his constitutions, his Parliaments, and his Protectorate were designed by him for the hour only, until a permanent and just government might be formed upon the principles which he had established with his sword. The readjustment of conditions following the restoration made it possible for the last two Stuarts to obscure his work with the gloss of the old tyranny. But not for long. His tremendous precedents made the revolution of 1688 an easy task, and the last of his benevolent theories of human rights — that one in which he declared, "The state, in choosing men to serve her, takes no notice of their opinions" — was finally incorporated into the laws of his country in 1832. England's wars with France for two centuries after his death had no more to do with his policy than had England's wars with France for two centuries before his birth. But while many men differ from Dr. Gardiner on questions of judgment, the quality of his narrative is so fine, his labor is so prodigious, his performance is so vast, that all gladly unite to own him first among living English historians.

Yet Cromwell's work must ever be judged in England by party standards, and no book on his life from an English pen can there receive an undivided acknowledgment of authority. When Cromwell is the subject, the opinion is Cavalier or Roundhead, Tory or Whig, to this day. He joined in the execution of the king, — a clear act of expediency; and he put the two Irish garrisons to the sword when they had refused to surrender after he made a breach, — an undisputed right, however rude, granted to him by the laws of war. Time itself can hardly efface the memory of these actions, even when they are set in their proper juxtaposition. But both in England and in Ireland the people are generous in their judgments, and they can forgive even when they cannot forget, as we shall presently see.

The absence of Cromwell's statue from the hero groups of Great Britain had long been a topic of comment in England and in America. In 1875 Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood erected a very handsome and costly monument to Cromwell in Manchester, and this, I believe, is the only statue of him that has ever been set up, except the Bernini bust. In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote an amusing satire on the subject, in which he described how a party of Americans made a statue of the Protector, took it to Westminster Hall at midnight, and placed it on the pedestal of Charles II., shattering Charles in their trepidation, but getting away without having their trick discovered. In 1894, in the book, Oliver Cromwell: A History, I said of the Protector: "He has no monument in England, and he can have none with the sanction of the government, because a monument to Cromwell would be an official acknowledgment of successful rebellion."

Instantly the passage was seized by the English reviewers in a manner that revealed their sensitiveness to a duty unperformed. The book appeared in May. On August 7, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, at that time chief commissioner of works, introduced a bill in Parliament appropriating five hundred pounds for a statue of the Protector, to be erected among England's sovereigns in Westminster Hall. Mr. Gladstone wrote thus to me: "I must, however, remind you that in Manchester there is a very fine statue of Cromwell." I replied that the Manchester statue was well known to me, but that as it had been set up by Mrs. Heywood in a private way, and not with the sanction of government, it hardly came within the scope of my observation; and that I would gladly cancel the passage in a future edition whenever a monument should be erected with the approval of the government. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, then chancellor of the exchequer, told me that the proposal to erect a statue of the Protector in the precincts of the palace of Westminster was with his concurrence and by his wish.

The monument bill seemed to meet with no opposition. The government leaders fully expected it to pass. The weight of public opinion in England, as reflected in the press, in the speeches in Parliament, and in private conversation, was overwhelmingly for it, and in America the project elicited universal expressions of satisfaction. The first vote was taken on Friday, June 14, 1895, and the bill was passed in committee of the whole by a majority of fifteen. On the following Monday night, when the bill was on its second reading, the Parnell section of the Irish party, comprising about eleven votes and seeking a political advantage, denounced Cromwell's military policy at Drogheda and at Wexford, and when the vote was taken they carried the Irish Nationalist party with them. The bill was rejected by one hundred and thirty-seven votes, and the government suffered a virtual defeat. Mr. John Morley, Home Secretary for Ireland, in withdrawing the measure, added pain to the popular disappointment at his retreat by using these words: "I have never been an admirer of the Irish policy of Cromwell. It was not only stained by what I regard as crime, but it was a political blunder, — the greatest blot upon his illustrious name." After a subsidiary vote to reduce the salary of one of the ministers, an appeal was made to the country, and the Liberal party was beaten in the ensuing elections.

Then there occurred one of the strangest episodes that the history of politics has yet revealed. An appeal was made in one of the London newspapers for a public subscription to erect a monument; but in the meantime a gentleman, whose name was not then made public, had offered the retiring government a bust of Cromwell, and the newspaper appeal was withdrawn. The gift was not accepted; but when the new government was established the offer was renewed. Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister of Great Britain, writes to me on January 27, 1899: "The bust of Oliver Cromwell, by Bernini, has been presented to and accepted by her Majesty's government, the donor being Mr. Charles Wertheimer. It has been placed in one of the corridors of the palace of Westminster." Mr. Wertheimer has kindly supplied me with the following particulars in regard to the monument. It was made by Bernini from sittings by Cromwell while Protector. Mr. Wertheimer purchased the bust in 1893, at the sale of the effects of Lord Revelstoke, and it was formerly in the collection of the late Richard Clement Barnett. It was because the House of Commons refused to sanction a vote of money for a statue of Oliver Cromwell that Mr. Wertheimer patriotically came forward and offered this beautiful work of art, which had cost him a large sum of money, as a free gift to the House. The

late government hesitated to accept it, Mr. Wertheimer tells me, "probably fearing to offend the Irish members; one of the ministers promised to call here and see it, but he never came, and for a time the matter dropped. But when the present government, Lord Salisbury's, came into power, the offer was renewed, and they had the courage to accept it in very grateful and gracious terms." Mr. Wertheimer prepared a suitable pedestal for the bust; and his gift, as the work of a contemporary sculptor, he justly thinks, "is more likely to be a true representation of Oliver Cromwell than a modern work would be, and of course it possesses greater interest." The acceptance was embraced in a letter dated February 3, 1898, from Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury, informing Mr. Wertheimer that "her Majesty's government are glad to accept the generous offer which you have made of a contemporary bust of Oliver Cromwell, to be placed in some fitting position in the House of Commons." The statue was set in place, by an odd coincidence, on January 30, 1899, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles I. When a member of the late government inadvertently informed me, in opposition to the narrative just given, that the bust had really been accepted by Lord Rosebery's ministry, not then having Lord Salisbury's letter, I wrote to Mr. Wertheimer to inquire if there could be any mistake. He cabled me that his version was accurate; and this testimony was confirmed in the next mail by a letter from Mr. Akers-Douglas, chief commissioner of works, who has charge of the official record in the case.

Surely a more cruel irony than this was never played in politics! I was told by several of Mr. Morley's party opponents in England that if he had clung to the statue bill, instead of withdrawing it, his party would have been returned with an increased majority which would have enabled them to put up the statue without the Irish votes. But Mr. Wertheimer's gift made it possible for the party that is traditionally hostile to Cromwell, after overthrowing the government on that issue, to erect his statue among England's sovereigns without a vote, — an advantage which, rejected by the Liberals as we have seen, the Conservatives were not slow to seize.

Thus, it has happily come to pass that the three hundredth anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birthday, April 25, 1899, finds his fame cleared from every unjust aspersion, his public acts illuminated by the purest patriotism, his work so well understood as to be full of inspiration for freemen in all ages, and his statue set among the sovereigns of England, of whom he was the greatest. Wherefore the world has reason to rejoice that Oliver has at last, after much tribulation, come into his own.

Samuel Harden Church.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

A NEW law of temperature, that was discovered by me on May 6, 1898, and announced in a lecture before the Lowell Institute in Boston on January 10, 1899, has thrown such an unexpected light upon the theories of creation as held by astronomers that it will not be inappropriate to summarize those conclusions from it which interest the lay reader. This new law may be assumed to regulate the temperature of every gaseous star in space, and is thus almost as general as the law of gravitation. Judging by the inferences already drawn from it, the law of

temperature bids fair to do almost as much to explain the mysterious processes of celestial evolution as the law of Newton did to illuminate the older and more celebrated problem of the heavenly motions. The philosophic view thus opened to the astronomical investigator is one of the most attractive imaginable, nor has it less charm for the larger body of unprofessional readers who merely follow the achievements of physical science.

As it may be supposed that the account of this remarkable law now published will become historic, I must first relate how the law was discovered, and in conclusion I will give a sketch of the previous investigations bearing on the same problem. In this narrative it will appear that Lane, of Washington, came near reaching this law some thirty years ago, and that a German physicist by the name of Ritter actually found a similar result as early as 1881, but failed to recognize the significance of the discovery which was so near. It is proper to say that the details of this early history have just come to light, and are now chronicled for the first time.

I came upon this law of temperature while occupied with some researches on the heat of the sun, intended for the second volume of my Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems; the immediate cause of the inquiry being the necessity of explaining the contrast in brilliancy exhibited by the components of such systems as Sirius and Procyon, where a very bright star is associated physically with a very dark companion. Having lost all manuscript papers by a fire which on September 14, 1897, destroyed my library, I was fortunate enough to secure from Professor Eric Doolittle, of the Flower Observatory, Philadelphia, a set of notes which he took on a course of lectures on the sun's heat given by me at Chicago in the summer of 1895; and in supplying the lost lectures I developed the theory of the heat produced by the condensation of a gaseous sphere of heterogeneous density. I then realized for the first time the full significance of some computations which Professor Doolittle had made in the summer of 1895. He showed that, in the condensation of the solar nebula from infinite expansion, very little energy had been developed by the contracting mass until it reached quite small dimensions. Thus, on the hypothesis of homogeneity it appeared that the heat generated before the solar nebula came within the orbit of Mercury was only one eighty-third part of the total heat produced up to the present time; and as this indicated a rapid increase in the production of heat for a given shrinkage of radius, when the radius is small, I set for myself the problem to determine how the output of heat varies with the radius of the condensing mass. Following the method of Helmholtz, we can easily show that the increase in the total amount of heat generated by the mass in condensing from infinite expansion varies inversely as the square of the radius. When the radius is very small, the output of energy becomes extremely large. From this consideration, it was plain that the production of heat would become a maximum when the radius had attained the smallest value consistent with the laws of gaseous constitution.

The next step was to prove the law of temperature. It will be shown presently how it can be found by the consideration of the most elementary principles. The simplicity of the temperature law thus derived was so great as to excite astonishment even in the minds of cool and incredulous astronomers. On applying it to the heavens, I drew at once the body of the conclusions indicated below. The results were so startling that one might well hesitate to announce the law. Besides, it was deemed desirable to ascertain if any work on similar questions had been done by previous investigators. Accordingly, I referred the question of a law connecting the temperature of a gase-

ous star with its radius to some fifteen of the most prominent astronomers in the United States, without getting much additional light on the subject; and on July 4, 1898, I sent a similar inquiry to an illustrious English friend who has spent his whole life in astro-physics, and who, therefore, of all men, would presumably know of such a law if any had been discovered by earlier workers. In his reply, dated August 12, 1898, this classic authority says: "The only investigation which I can remember which goes mathematically into similar questions — though whether such a law is definitely stated I do not recollect — is the series of papers, at some intervals, by Ritter, about ten years ago, in Wiedemann's Annalen."

As the gentlemen consulted included several members of the distinguished board of editors of the Astro-Physical Journal, all of whom expressed surprise at the simplicity of the result obtained, further search for early work on the law of temperature was deemed useless. Meantime, my English friend, meditating on the announcement of July 4, that I had found a law connecting the temperature of a star with its radius, and that it had great significance for astro-physics, addressed a letter to one of the editors of the Astro-Physical Journal, suggesting that notice be made in that publication of this neglected work of Ritter. In preparing this review, one of the editors found and made known to me on December 7 (when I was visiting the Yerkes Observatory) that Ritter had stated in volume xiii. of Wiedemann's Annalen a result similar to the one recently discovered and already announced to numerous astronomers. The theorem is there derived with a mass of other data, and expressed in words rather than in the usual mathematical symbols; after which the author drops the matter of temperature, and proceeds with other inquiries relative to atmospheres. So far as can be learned, this result remained unknown to astronomers and astro-physicists; and it will be seen from the above narrative that Ritter's papers would have little chance of being known to-day but for my letter of July 4 to the illustrious British authority, which was the means of rescuing those writings from astronomical oblivion. These successive events disclose the origin of the interesting papers now appearing in the Astro-Physical Journal.

In 1869, Mr. J. Homer Lane, of Washington, discussed the theory of the heat of the sun in a mathematical paper which was read to the National Academy of Sciences, and published in the American Journal of Science for July, 1870; and though he implies that the temperature of a gaseous mass may rise by condensation, there is no formula given nor is there any specific statement of a law of temperature. This general result has gone into Young's General Astronomy as Lane's Law. It will be seen that the law of temperature given below is an exact formulation of what has passed as the somewhat indefinite conclusion of Lane.

In order to ascertain whether anything further could be determined regarding unpublished work of this profound but almost unknown author, I inquired recently of Professor Cleveland Abbe, of Washington, only to find that he had already made an unsuccessful search for Lane's manuscripts some years ago. Consultation with Professor Newcomb elicited the information that he and Lane had discussed the heat of the sun in 1876, and that they agreed that the condensing mass could rise in temperature and grow hotter. Newcomb mentioned this matter to Lord Kelvin, in a conversation at the Smithsonian Institution the same year, and it seems that this illustrious physicist afterward recognized the correctness of the conclusions of Lane and Newcomb. It does not appear that any of these gentlemen published the law in a mathematical form, and, so far as can be ascertained, it took that form for the first time in a recent number of the Astro-

nomical Journal. The true historical statement thus seems to be: —

(1.) In stating the great principle of the conservation of energy, in a popular address delivered at Königsberg, February 7, 1854, Helmholtz discussed the contraction of the sun's mass as the source of its heat (Philosophical Magazine, 1856).

(2.) In 1869 Lane went mathematically into the theory of the gaseous constitution of the sun, and implied in his discussion that the temperature may rise; but he never published any law of temperature. Newcomb and Lane conferred about this point in 1876, and the result was made known to Lord Kelvin, who recognized the general conclusion reached by the American astronomers.

(3.) While engaged in researches on atmospheres, about 1881, Ritter obtained independently an exact formulation of the theorem, and published it in a physical journal, where it remained unknown to astronomers and astro-physicists.

(4.) On May 6, 1898, while occupied with the heat of the sun and with the cause of the darkness of the companions of Sirius and Procyon, I discovered the law independently, stated it generally as an exact formula, and derived from it conclusions of a far-reaching character. Sir William Huggins, with whom I communicated, was the means of rescuing Ritter's work from oblivion, and the foregoing history of this remarkable law is at last brought to light. By scientific usage, he is recognized as the discoverer who finds, makes known, and renders useful and effective the products of his labors.

The derivation of the law is comparatively simple, but as numerous equations are out of place in The Atlantic Monthly, I shall state merely the result and the principles on which it depends. According to the kinetic theory of gases, a body of gaseous matter is made up of elastic molecules, which we may think of as small spheres flying hither and thither, colliding with one another and rebounding from the walls of the containing vessel. In the case of the sun and the gaseous stars, these molecules are subject to the attraction of the masses of which they are a part. The action of gravitation keeps such a body in a globular form, and no walls are needed to contain the vibrating spherules. Those molecules in the centre of the sun must sustain the pressure communicated to them by the gravity of other molecules on all sides. As the sun is a body of immense mass, this pressure is tremendous beyond all conceiving, and the result is an enormous density of the gas at the centre of the fiery globe. It is found by the investigations of mathematicians that the density decreases toward the surface according to a given law, and that the temperature also decreases correspondingly. Thus, on the supposition that the sun is gaseous throughout, Lane and Lord Kelvin agree in showing that the central density of the sun is something like thirty-two times that of water, while at the solar surface the density is known to be less than that of the terrestrial atmosphere. Under the force of gravity there is a certain height above which a gaseous atmosphere will not rise, and this accordingly forms the surface of the gaseous globe.

Now, in deriving the law of temperature we consider the globe in equilibrium, so that the pressure of gravity exactly balances the expansive force due to internal heat. For if the internal heat were removed, so that the flying molecules were reduced to quiescence, the mass would collapse; on the other hand, if gravity should suddenly cease to act, the energy of the molecules would cause the mass to explode and rapidly expand into a nebula of infinite extent. Taking the globe of gas to be in equilibrium, we consider how the surface of the condensing mass decreases as the volume diminishes, and how the force exerted upon this surface increases as the diame-

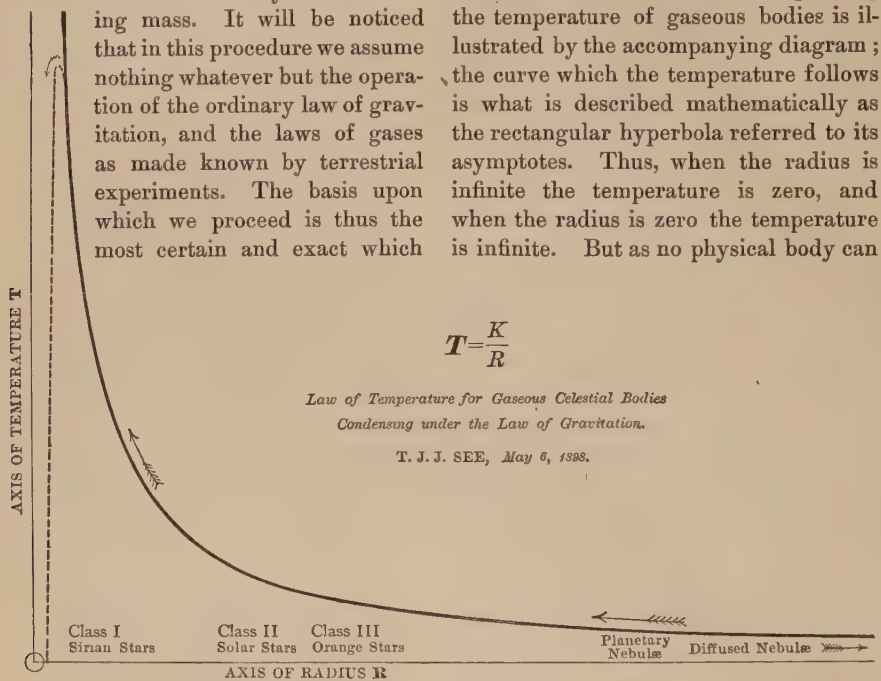
ter shrinks, and compare with the forces tending to produce contraction those which tend to produce expansion. Molecular repulsion is the chief agency of expansion, and this augments rapidly with the increase of density in the shrinking mass. It will be noticed that in this procedure we assume nothing whatever but the operation of the ordinary law of gravitation, and the laws of gases as made known by terrestrial experiments. The basis upon which we proceed is thus the most certain and exact which physical science affords; and if our reasoning is correct, no doubt can attach to our final conclusions. Now, it is found that, in order to keep the mass in equilibrium when it has contracted as here suggested, the temperature would have to rise by an amount proportional to the shrinkage of the sun's radius. The resulting law of temperature is written thus: $T = \frac{K}{R}$. T is the absolute temperature of the mass, K a certain constant different for each body, and R the radius of the condensing globe. This remarkable formula expresses one of the most fundamental of all the laws of nature.

It is one of the glories of modern science that the law of gravitation has been shown to apply alike to all bodies, gaseous, liquid, and solid, and whether intensely cold or heated to enormous temperatures; the above law, of course, applies only to gaseous masses, but as the stars and nebulæ of space in the main are of a gaseous constitution, it has apparently the widest application in the actual universe. The new law regulating the temperature of gaseous bodies is illustrated by the accompanying diagram; the curve which the temperature follows is what is described mathematically as the rectangular hyperbola referred to its asymptotes. Thus, when the radius is infinite the temperature is zero, and when the radius is zero the temperature is infinite. But as no physical body can ever have a radius infinitely small, it follows that for actual bodies the temperature is always finite. For after the star has attained a certain very great density, it ceases to act as a gas, becomes liquid or solid, and the law of temperature thenceforth ceases to hold true. Let us now consider the temperature of the diffused nebulæ which have interested philosophers for two hundred and fifty years.

$$T = \frac{K}{R}$$

Law of Temperature for Gaseous Celestial Bodies Condensing under the Law of Gravitation.

T. J. J. SEE, *May 6, 1898.*



The constant K is always finite and moderately small, and hence we see from the law of temperature that when R is infinite, T is zero; thus, the diffused nebulæ are near the inexpressibly cold temperature of space, the so-called absolute zero, —273° C., where the molecules are reduced to a state of quiescence. This may also be inferred from other

considerations. If such diffused masses were appreciably heated, they would soon cool off; and besides, molecules on the outskirts of these nebulæ, having sensible molecular velocities, would escape into interstellar space. How the light of such masses is maintained is not certainly known, but it is probably due to electric luminescence such as we observe in the tails of comets, which also shine at temperatures approaching the absolute zero. We may therefore suppose the diffused and irregular nebulæ, as well as the milky nebulosity so abundantly scattered over the sky, to be intensely cold. It is an impressive fact that hydrogen and nebulium are the only elements recognized in the nebulæ, and all other elements presumably present are wholly non-luminous.

In view of this conclusion, the theories traditionally handed down from the days of Laplace seem very strange. That great geometer assumed that our system originated from the condensation of a fiery nebula of immense extent which at one time stretched beyond the orbit of the outermost planet. This nebula was supposed to be a gaseous mass, heated to a high temperature, and to have been endowed originally with a slow rotatory motion. When the mass cooled and shrunk, and a certain velocity of rotation had been attained, so that the centrifugal force at its equator overcame gravity, a ring of particles on the periphery was left behind — thrown off, as it were — revolving freely about the contracting mass. This broad zone of heated vapor, it was held, condensed into a planet, which in turn formed satellites; and so on with the other planets nearer the sun. By this sublime mechanical process the great Laplace accounted for the extraordinary symmetry and orderly arrangement of the planetary system. As the finished nebular hypothesis was known to embody the conclusions of the immortal author of the Mécanique Céleste, formed after a profound study of all the phenomena of our system, it has always carried with it the prestige naturally associated with the name of the greatest interpreter of the physical universe since Newton. Brave and audacious, indeed, was the man who could assail or dissent from the theories of Laplace, who, by the majesty of his researches and the sublimity of his conceptions, towered like the Colossus of Rhodes over the other splendid geniuses gathered at Paris a century ago. Yet on a few points a gradual breaking away from the old views was inevitable, and in 1854 my venerated teacher at the University of Berlin, the illustrious Helmholtz, delivered his classic address at the Kant Commemoration, in which he showed that gravitational shrinkage alone fully accounted for all the energy radiated away by our sun, and thus indirectly implied that the falling together of cold matter could produce the solar system. Nevertheless, the old conception of fiery nebulæ seems to have remained in the minds of the main body of scientific and philosophic thinkers in both hemispheres, and indeed is still current. It has thus taken several efforts to upset traditions, and now for the first time we have genuine and incontestable proof that the nebulæ are cold.

The stars of the first spectral type are admitted to be at the highest temperatures known. This is inferred generally from the bluish-white color of the light which they emit, and in the particular case of Sirius is proved by the very great radiation of that body compared to that of our sun. Thus, while the mass of Sirius is only about twice that of our sun, its radiation is shown by measurement to be forty or fifty times the greater of the two bodies. Accordingly, it follows that the Sirian stars are intensely hot. By the above law of temperature, such heat can be developed and such radiation maintained only when the radius of the condensing mass is relatively small. The Sirian stars have there-

fore already shrunk to small volume, and the contention, hitherto current among astro-physicists, that the Sirian stars are greatly expanded and resemble nebulæ, must be relegated to the ever widening domain of abandoned hypotheses. It is evident that such tremendous radiation as we observe could not be kept up by the gravitational shrinkage of the mass, except when the radius is small and the force of gravity correspondingly enormous. As respects volume, therefore, as well as temperature, the Sirian stars are as far removed from the nebular condition as possible; and any spectral parallel between these two classes of objects should be explained in some other way. The diffused nebulæ are cold, infinitely rare, and almost free from pressure; the Sirian stars are intensely hot, dense, and subject to extraordinary gravitational pressure.

We find it somewhat difficult to understand just what is the nature of matter under such tremendous pressure and at such enormous temperature. The heat is so terrific that the elements cannot form into any fixed liquids or solids of a complex molecular nature; and the radiation must be kept up by currents which renew the heat of the external glowing surface as it tends to cool. Thus, the circulation of the mass also retards liquefaction and solidification. In view of the circulation required to maintain the intense heat of the white-hot surface, we may suppose that the mass is very mobile, and that the convective currents are little obstructed by friction; the molecular consistency probably resembles that of quicksilver, and in many cases the glowing incandescent fluid is no doubt equally dense. Unless the surface heat were renewed with the utmost ease, the rapidity of the radiation would cause the outer layers to cool, and the body would fall in temperature. Though we are much in the dark as to the nature of the convective currents, the constancy of the radiation shows that the machinery of circulation works without the least clog or friction.

When we come to consider stars of the second class, of which our sun is an example, we find them at lower temperatures than those of the first class, and the question naturally arises whether their temperatures are rising or falling. The Sirian stars are surrounded by dense hydrogen atmospheres, which produce the heavy absorption observed in their spectra. Now, investigation of the expansive force of gases rising against gravity, by which we determine the theoretical heights of atmospheres, shows that the heights to which gases of different molecular weights ascend under any given condition vary inversely as the molecular weights of the elements. Thus, hydrogen, the lightest of all the elements, ascends sixteen times as high as oxygen; and helium, with a molecular weight of only four, rises four times as high as oxygen, and one fourth as high as hydrogen. From these considerations, we see that when a star is far condensed, so that gravity tends to stratify the atmosphere in layers of different heights, the hydrogen appears on the outside as the uppermost layer. This is what we have in the white-hot stars of the first class, and the great width of the hydrogen lines in the spectra of such stars indicates that the gas is under high pressure. If the radius of the star is large, so that gravity is relatively weak, there is little tendency to stratify the elements of the atmosphere, and all the vapors, the heaviest as well as the lightest, mix freely, and the spectrum shows lines of all the elements present. This is what we have in the stars of the second class, of which the sun and Capella are typical examples; the circumstance that hydrogen is not yet uppermost in their atmospheres may be taken to mean that the radius is still relatively large, and gravity correspondingly weak. This inference is confirmed by the lower temperature of these yellow stars, and in the case of our sun it ad-

mits of direct verification. The prominences are found to contain hydrogen and calcium, about equally mixed, while in the chromosphere vapors of heavy elements, like sodium and iron, float nearly on a level with those of helium. The facts that the elements in our sun are so little stratified, and that its globe has no overlying atmosphere of hydrogen (such as we should expect if it had already been a star of the first class), show that yellow stars of the second class are not cooling, but are yet to become bluish-white objects like Sirius and Vega. The lower temperatures of the solar stars thus indicate an earlier stage of development than that met with in the Sirian stars.

If this view be correct, it follows that the stars of the third class, which usually present an orange or reddish color, are at a still earlier stage of development than the solar stars. Their spectra are characterized by bands as well as by a great number of lines, and the indications point to an atmosphere of slight pressure and comparatively low temperature. There is a very strong suspicion that these stars are the youngest of celestial bodies. It is well known that many of these reddish stars are variable, and this fact doubtless has deep significance; but before we can be certain of its meaning the whole subject of stellar classification must be examined anew. As the orange stars are the coolest, and presumably the most bulky, the solar stars the next in order of rising temperature and of diminution of bulk, while the Sirian stars are the most condensed and the hottest, we may suppose the color to pass from orange to yellow, and from yellow to white and even blue.

Our sun is now a yellow star similar to Capella, and hence it will eventually become bluish-white like Sirius and Vega. The secular shrinkage of the sun's radius will cause a steady rise in its temperature, and when the body has reached the stage of Sirius, where the temperature is perhaps doubled, the light emitted will become intensely blue. The temperature may be expected to go on rising till a small radius is attained, and finally, when the dense mass, intensely hot, becomes incapable of further shrinkage, on account of increase in the molecular forces resisting condensation, a cooling will gradually ensue, after which the body will liquefy, and then rapidly decline in splendor. The sun will thenceforth be wrapped in everlasting darkness, and the chill of death will overtake the planetary system. A condition of darkness thus follows close upon a period of intense brilliancy, and hence the obscurity of such bodies as the companions of Sirius, Procyon, and Algol. The most obscure satellites are associated with some of the brightest and most intensely luminous stars in our sky; and here the smaller of the two masses, as in the case of the planets of the solar system, have developed most rapidly.

In view of this approaching extinction of the sun's activity, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire how long its heat will sustain life upon the earth. Though it is difficult to submit the subject to accurate computation, it is easy to see that the exhaustion of the sun's light and heat certainly will not occur for several hundred thousand years, and perhaps not for several million. The ultimate doom of our system need occasion no anxiety among those now living, but the result is philosophically interesting to those who look several million years into the future.

As experiment has shown that the sun's vertical rays falling continuously upon terrestrial ice would melt a layer three centimetres in thickness per day, it follows that a similar shell of ice would form over the earth in case the sun's light and heat were cut off: thus, in a month the whole earth would be frozen like the polar regions, and only the deeper bodies of water, containing a great amount of heat, would remain in a liquid state. The oceans themselves

would freeze over within a few years at the latest, and the winds and even the tides would cease to agitate the terrestrial globe, which would thenceforth spin in its orbit as a rigid, lifeless mass.

Our sun is an ordinary star, and probably of about the same size as the average of the thousands of stellar objects which stud the firmament. It is well known that it has much the same luminosity as neighboring fixed stars, a similar spectrum, and a proper motion in space, and that it is attended by a system of smaller bodies which we call planets. Its amazing brilliancy is due to its closeness to the earth; measurement shows that if it were removed to the distance of Alpha Centauri, it would shine as a star of the second magnitude. We therefore take the sun as a model star, and, from our better knowledge of it, infer the nature of objects too remote ever to admit of close examination with the optical means known to science. Thus, we are enabled to penetrate the mysteries of stellar temperatures and relative ages, and get a new light upon the problems of cosmical evolution.

After the foundation of the modern theory of the sun's heat had been laid by Helmholtz, a number of astronomers developed or perfected the general theory. From these investigations, it appears that the sun has not radiated at its present rate for more than about twenty million years; but taking account of the heterogeneity of its mass, I have shown that the duration might perhaps be lengthened to thirty million years as a maximum limit.

Though the foregoing law shows that the sun's temperature will steadily rise as its radius shrinks, the area of its disc will diminish in more than corresponding degree. Now, the amount of heat received by a given square metre on the earth's surface depends upon the size of the sun's disc as well as upon its temperature; and since the size of the disc is proportional to the square of the sun's radius, while the temperature is inversely as the radius, it follows that the heat received by the earth will experience a secular diminution proportional to the contraction of the sun's radius. Thus, in geological times the earth was warmer than it is now, which in general accords with known phenomena. May not this conclusion tend to elucidate the cause of the carboniferous era, and of those periods of considerable heat which followed it?

If we adopt the effective temperature of the sun experimentally determined by Wilson and Gray (Philosophical Transactions, 1894), which is about 8000° C., we see that when the sun's diameter was twice as great as at present, the effective temperature, by the above law, was about 4000° C.; and when the diameter of the disc was eight times as large as at present, the temperature was only 1000° C., which would not fuse the more refractory metals. The following table shows the effective temperatures of the solar nebula when it extended to the several planets: —

Extent of solar mass.	Absolute temperature.	Below zero.
Present globe of the sun	8000° C.	—
Orbit of Mercury	92°	181° C.
Orbit of Venus	54°	219°
Orbit of the Earth	40°	233°
Orbit of Mars	24°	239°
Orbit of Jupiter	7°	266°
Orbit of Saturn	4°	269°
Orbit of Uranus	2°	271°
Orbit of Neptune	1°	272°

It is worthy of remark that as the present density of the sun is about 1.4, a contraction to one half its present radius, which would give a temperature of 16,000° C., if the mass still remains gaseous, would make the density about 11.2. It is difficult to see how much further shrinkage under gaseous conditions could take place; and hence, if the highest temperature of our sun is equal to that of the Sirian stars, it is probable that the temperature of the hottest stars is from 10,000° C. to 20,000° C.

As the terrestrial mass was very cold

(—233° C.) when separated from the sun, it follows that what heat we observe in the interior of the globe must have arisen from the shrinkage of its original volume. Unfortunately, we do not know the dimensions of the nebular earth, but it will be reasonable to assume that they did not exceed the dimensions of the lunar orbit; and with this rough approximation, it is difficult to see how the internal temperature of the earth can have exceeded something like 1000° C. Moreover, it probably does not increase after a certain depth has been reached, but then remains essentially uniform throughout the interior of the globe. Contrary as it may seem to old theories like those of Laplace and Poisson, who assigned to the primitive mass a temperature of millions of degrees, there is no evidence that the temperature of the earth ever surpassed the melting point of lava and of the more refractory rocks. The retention of the terrestrial atmosphere is direct evidence that the primitive heat was quite moderate. For if the heat had been very great, the kinetic theory of gases shows that the molecules of our atmosphere would have been driven off into space.

As experiments upon the secular shrinkage of world-masses cannot be made in our laboratories, it is fortunate that the solar system offers to our observation large as well as small planets of approximately the same absolute age. We find the smaller planets, such as Earth, Venus, Mars, and Mercury, already solid, while the large planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are apparently still gaseous, if not actually rising in temperature. The law of temperature shows that if bodies like Jupiter and Saturn are now gaseous, they have not been hot in the past, but may become so hereafter. There is some spectral indication of inherent luminosity in Uranus, and hence it is not improbable that all the large planets are still rising in temperature. As the temperatures of these masses were originally near the absolute zero of space, we are not to think of them as cooling, but rather as having slowly heated up ever since their separation from the solar nebula. The inferences of Kant, Zöllner, and Proctor, as well as the original assumption of Laplace, that the planets were originally very hot, must be wholly abandoned. It is possible, and perhaps even probable, that some of the large planets, especially Jupiter, may eventually become self-luminous.

The excessively low temperatures recorded in the foregoing table show that the matter which formed the planets must have been essentially solid when these bodies were separated from the solar nebula. If, on the one hand, these considerations indicate how little is known of the real process involved in the formation of our planetary system, they point the way, on the other, to lines of inquiry which future investigators should follow.

It is somewhat remarkable that while the law of gravitation causes bodies to describe conic sections, the law of temperature for every gaseous body is represented by a rectangular hyperbola referred to its asymptotes, and thus by a particular curve of the same general species. The law $T = \frac{K}{R}$ certainly has the widest significance, and must be taken account of in all future researches on the temperatures and relative ages of the stars. The interpretation of spectral phenomena should at least conform to the more fundamental laws of gravitation and of temperature. In view of the undoubtedly high temperatures of the Sirian stars, it is not possible to deny that they are shrunk to small volume. Nothing could be more unwarranted than to connect such hot objects with the cold nebulæ which shine by some process of electric luminescence. The temperature curve indicates that the declining stage of a star's life is probably very short, approximately the time required for such a hot

globe to cool, when the source of heat is removed and the mass is allowed to radiate without shrinking, — which is to be reckoned at most in decades or centuries rather than in millions of years.

This remarkable law of temperature directs us as safely as the reappearing star does the mariner when wandering through the fogs of the unknown ocean, and vigorous prosecution of the lines of research suggested by it will assuredly open new vistas in the majestic drama of creation. Proceeding upon certain and exact principles that have been shown to be fundamental laws of the universe, and guided by the same consecration to truth which inspired the mighty investigators of old, it seems probable that at last we may not only penetrate the august processes of world-formation and world-decay, but even throw light upon the problem of the arrangement of the stars in space, and grasp the significance of the stupendous milky arch which spans the heavens as a perpetual inspiration to the mind of man.

T. J. J. See.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

V. BOSTON IN THE FIFTIES; MOVEMENTS AND PUBLIC MEN.

In the winter of 1846–47 I one day heard Dr. Holmes speak of Agassiz, who had then recently arrived in America. He described him as a man of great talent and reputation, who added to his mental gifts the endowment of a superb physique. Soon after this time I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the eminent naturalist, and of hearing the first series of lectures which he gave at the Lowell Institute.

The remarkable personal attraction of Agassiz, joined to his admirable power of presenting the results of scientific investigation in a popular form, made a vivid impression upon the Boston public. All his lecture courses were largely attended. These and his continued presence among us gave a new impetus to the study of natural science. In his hands the record of the bones and fossils became a living language, and the common thought was enriched by the revelation of the wonders of the visible universe. Agassiz's was an expansive nature, and his great delight lay in imparting to others the discoveries in which he had found such intense pleasure. This sympathetic trait relieved his discourse of all dryness and dullness. In his college days, he had employed his hour of intermission at noon in explaining the laws of botany to a class of little children. When required to furnish a thesis, at the close of his university course, he chose for his theme the proper education of women, and insisted that it ought not to be inferior to that given to men.

I need hardly relate how a most happy marriage in later life made him one of us, nor how this opened the way to the establishment in his house of a school, whose girl pupils, in addition to other valuable instruction, enjoyed daily the privilege of listening to his clear and lucid exposition of the facts and laws of his favorite science.

His memory is still bright with us. His children and grandchildren are among our most valued citizens. His son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, inherits his father's devotion to science, while his daughter, Mrs. Quincy Shaw, has shown her public spirit in her great services to the cause of education. An

enduring monument to his fame is the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, while many, myself among the number, still survive who recall with gratitude the enlargement of intellectual interest which he brought to our own and other communities. Women who wish well to their own sex should never forget that, on the occasion of his first lectures delivered in the capital of Brazil, he earnestly requested the Emperor that ladies might be allowed to be present, — a privilege till then denied them on grounds of etiquette. The request was granted, and for the first time the sacred domain of science was thrown open to the women of South America.

I cannot remember just when it was that an English visitor, who brought a letter of introduction to my husband, spoke to me of the Bothie of Tober-na-Fuosich and its author. The gentleman was a graduate of Oxford or of Cambridge. He came to our house several times, and I consulted him with regard to the classic rhythms, in which he was well versed. I had it in mind at this time to write a poem in rhythm. It was printed in my first volume, Passion Flowers; and Mr. Sanborn, in an otherwise very friendly review of my work, characterized as "pitiable hexameters" the lines which were really not hexameters at all, nor intended to pass for such. They were pentameters constructed according to my own ideas; I did not have in view any special school or rule.

I soon had the pleasure of reading the Bothie, which I greatly admired. While it was fresh in my mind Mr. Clough arrived in Boston, furnished with excellent letters of introduction both for that city and for Cambridge. My husband at once invited him to pass some days at our house, and I was very glad to welcome him there. In appearance, I thought him rather striking. He was tall, tending somewhat to stoutness, with a beautifully ruddy complexion and dark eyes which twinkled with suppressed humor. His sweet, cheery manner attracted my young children to him, and I was amused, on passing near the open door of his room, to see him engaged in conversation with my little son, then some five or six years of age. In Dr. Howe's daily absences I tried at times to keep our guest company, but found him very shy. I remember that I said to him, when we had made some acquaintance, that I had often wished to meet Thackeray, and to give him two buffets, saying, "This one is for your Becky Sharp, and this one for Blanche Amory," — regarding both as slanders upon my sex. Mr. Clough suggested that in the great world of London such characters were not out of place. The device of Blanche Amory's book, Mes Larmes, seemed to have afforded him much amusement.

It happened that, while he was our guest, I dined one day with a German friend, who provided for us quite a wonderful repast. The feast had been a merry one, and at the dessert two such sumptuous dishes were presented to us that I, having tasted of one of them, said to a friend across the table, "Anna, this is poetry!" She was occupied with the opposite dish, and, mindful of the old pleasantry to which I alluded, replied, "Julia, this is religion." At breakfast, the following morning, I endeavored to entertain those present with some account of the fine dinner. As I enlarged a little upon the excellence of the details, Mr. Clough said, "Mrs. Howe, you seem to have much appreciation of these matters." I disclaimed this; whereupon he rejoined, "Mrs. Howe, you are modest."

Some months later I met Mr. Clough at a friend's house, where some informal charades were about to be attempted. Being requested to take part in one, I declined; and when urged, I replied, "No, no, I am modest, — Mr. Clough once said so." He looked at me in some

pretended surprise, and said, "It must have been at a very early period in our acquaintance." This "give and take" was all in great good humor, and Mr. Clough was a delightful guest in all societies. Sorry indeed were we when, having become quite at home among us, he returned to England, there to marry and abide. I remember that he told me of one winter which he had passed at his university without fire in his quarters. When I heard of his illness and untimely death, it occurred to me that the seeds of the fatal disease might have been sown during that season of privation.

After a seven years' residence in and near Boston, during which I labored at study and literary composition, I enjoyed an interval of rest and recreation in Europe. With me went Dr. Howe and our two youngest children, one of them an infant in arms. We passed some weeks in London, and thence we went to renew our acquaintance with the Nightingale family, at their summer residence in Derbyshire. Florence Nightingale had been traveling in Egypt, and was still abroad. Her sister, Parthenope, read us some of her letters, which, as may be imagined, were full of interest. Florence and her companions, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, had made some stay in Rome, on their way to Egypt. Margaret Fuller called one day at their lodgings. Florence herself opened the door, and said to the visitor, "Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge are not at home." Margaret replied, "My visit is intended for Miss Florence Nightingale;" and she was admitted to a tête-à-tête of which one would be glad to know something. It was during this visit that I learned the sad news of Margaret's death.

Dr. Howe, with all his energy of body and mind, was something of a valetudinarian. The traces of a severe malarial fever, contracted in the Greek campaign of his youth, went with him through life. He was subject to frightful headaches, and these and other ailments caused him to take great interest in theories of hygiene, and especially in the then new system of hydropathy, as formulated by Priessnitz. At the time spoken of he arranged to pass a week or two at Boppard on the Rhine, where a water cure had recently been established. He became an outside patient of this institution, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly the routine of bathing, douching, packing, etc. Beyond the limits of the water cure the little town presented few features of interest. Wandering about its purlieus one day, I came upon a sort of open cave or recess in the rocks, in which I found two rude cradles, each occupied by a silent and stolid baby. Presently, two rough-looking women, who had been carrying stones from the riverside, came in from their work. The little ones now broke out into dismal wailing. "Why do they cry so?" I asked. "They ought to be glad to see you." "Oh, madam, they cry because they know how soon we must leave them again." Of the water-cure theory Tom Appleton disposed in the following fashion: "Water cure? Oh yes, very fine. Priessnitz forgot one day to wash his face, and so he died."

My husband's leave of absence was for only six months, and we parted company at Heidelberg: he to turn his face homeward; I to proceed with my two sisters to Rome, where it had been arranged that I should pass the winter. Our party occupied two thirds of the diligence in which we made a part of the journey. My sister Louisa had with her two little daughters, my youngest sister had one. These, with my two babies and the respective nurses, filled the rotonde of the vehicle. The three mammas occupied the coupé, while my brother-in-law, Thomas Crawford, took refuge in the banquette. The custom-house officer at one place approached with his lantern, to ascertain the contents of the diligence. Looking into the rotonde,

he remarked, "Baby baggage," and inquired no further.

We reached Rome late in October. A comfortable apartment was found for me in the street named Capo le Case. A donkey brought my winter's supply of firewood, and I made haste to hire a grand piano. Edward Freeman, the artist, occupied the suite of rooms above my own. In the apartment below, Mrs. David Dudley Field and her children were settled for the winter. Our little colony was very harmonious. When Mrs. Field entertained company, she was wont to borrow my large lamp; when I received, she lent me her teacups. Mrs. Freeman was a most friendly little person, partly Italian by birth, but wholly English in education. She willingly became the companion and guide of my walks about Rome, which were long and many.

I had begun the study of Hebrew in America, and was glad to find a learned rabbi from the Ghetto who was willing to give me lessons for a moderate compensation.

My sister, Mrs. Crawford, was at that time established at Villa Negroni, an old-time papal residence. This was surrounded by extensive gardens, and within the inclosure were an artificial fish pond, and a lodge which my brother-in-law converted into a studio. My days in Rome passed very quietly. The time, which flew by rapidly, was divided between study within doors, the care and companionship of my little children, and the exploration of the wonderful old city. I dined regularly at two o'clock, having with me at table my son and my baby secured in her high chair. I shared with my sisters the few dissipations of the season, — an occasional ball, a box at the opera, a drive on the Campagna. On Sunday mornings my youngest sister usually came to breakfast with me, and afterward accompanied me to the Ara Cœli Church, where a military mass was celebrated, the music being supplied by the band of a French regiment. The time, I need scarcely say, was that of the early years of the French occupation of the city, to which France made it her boast that she had brought back the Pope.

As I chronicle these small personal adventures of mine, I am constrained to blush at their insufficiency. I write as if I had forgotten the wonderful series of events which had come to pass between my first visit to Rome and this second tarrying within its walls. In the interval, the days of 1848 had come and gone. France had dismissed her citizen king, and had established a republic in place of the monarchy. The Pope of Rome, for centuries the representative and upholder of absolute rule, had stood before the world as the head of the Christianity which liberalizes both institutions and ideas. In Germany the party of progress was triumphant. Europe had trembled with the birth-pangs of freedom. A new and glorious confederacy of states seemed to be promised in the near future. The tyrannies of the earth were surely about to meet their doom.

My own dear eldest son was given to me in the spring of this terrible and splendid year of 1848. When his father wrote "*Dieu donné*" under the boy's name in the family Bible, he added to the welcome record the new device, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" The first Napoleon had overthrown rulers and dynasties. A greater power than his now came upon the stage, — the power of individual conviction, backed by popular enthusiasm.

My husband, who had fought for Greek freedom in his youth, who had risked and suffered imprisonment in behalf of Poland in his early manhood, and who had devoted his mature life to the service of humanity, welcomed the new state of things with all the earnestness of his generous nature. To him, as to many, the final emancipation and unifi-

cation of the human race, the millennium of universal peace and good will, seemed near at hand. Alas! the great promise brought only a greater failure. The time for its fulfillment had not yet arrived. Freedom could not be attained by striking an attitude, nor secured by the issuing of a document. The prophet could see the plan of the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, but the fact remained that the city of God must be built by patient day's work. Such builders Europe could not bring to the front. The Pope retreated before the logical sequence of his own initiative. France elected for her chief a born despot of the meaner order, whose first act was to overthrow the Roman Republic. Germany had dreamed of freedom, but had not dreamed of the way to secure it. Reaction everywhere asserted itself, and the light of the great hope died down.

Coming to Rome while these events were still fresh in men's minds, I could see no trace of them in the popular life. The waters were as still as death; the wrecks did not appear above the surface. I met occasionally Italians who could talk calmly about what had happened. Of such an one I asked, "Why did Pio Nono so suddenly forsake his liberal policy?" "Oh, the Pope was a puppet, moved from without. He never rightly understood the import of his first departure. When the natural result of this came about, he fled from it in terror." These things were spoken of only in the secrecy of very private interviews. In general intercourse they were not mentioned. Now and then, a servant, lamenting the dearness of necessaries, the paper money, etc., would say, "And this has been brought about by blessed [*benedetto*] Pio Nono!" People of higher condition eulogized thus the pontiff's predecessor: "Gregorio was at least a man of decided views. He knew what he wanted, and how to obtain it." Once only, in a village not far distant from Rome, I heard an Italian peasant woman say to a prince, "We [her family] are Republicans." Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, your time was not yet come.

The French were not beloved in Rome. I was told that the mass of the people would not endure the license of their conquerors in the matter of sex, and that assassinations in consequence were common. In high society it was said that a French officer had endeavored to compel one of the Roman princes to invite to his ball a lady of doubtful reputation, by threatening to send a challenge in case of refusal. The invitation was nevertheless withheld, and the challenge, if sent, was not accepted. In the English and American circles which I frequented, I sometimes felt called upon to fight for the claim of Italy to freedom and self-government. At a dinner party, at which the altercation had been rather lively, I was invited to entertain the company with some music. Seating myself at the piano, I made it ring out the Marseillaise with a will. But I was myself too much disconcerted by the recent failure to find in my thoughts any promise of better things. My friends said, "The Italians are not fit for self-government." I may ask, fifty years later, "Who is?"

The progress of ideas is not, indeed, always visible to superficial observers. I was engaged one day in making a small purchase at a shop, when the proprietor leaned across the counter and asked, almost in a whisper, for the loan of a Bible. He had heard of the book, he said, and wished very much to see a copy of it. Our chargé d'affaires, Mr. Cass, mentioned to me the fact that an entire edition of Deodati's Italian translation of the New Testament had recently been seized and burned by order of the papal government.

But to return to matters purely personal. As the Christmas of 1850 drew near, my sister Louisa, ever intent on hospitality, determined to have a party and

a Christmas tree at Villa Negroni. The tree was then a novelty unheard of in Rome. I was to dine with her, and had offered to furnish the music for an informal dance.

On Christmas Eve I went with a party of friends to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the Pope, according to the custom of those days, was to appear in state, bearing in his arms the cradle supposed to be that of the infant Jesus, which was usually kept at St. Peter's. We were a little late in starting, and were soon obliged to retire from the highway, as the whole papal cortége came sweeping by, — the state coaches of crimson and gold, and the Guardia Nobile with their glittering helmets, white cloaks, and high boots. Their course was illuminated by pans of burning oil, supported by iron staves, the spiked ends of which were stuck in the ground. When the rapid procession had passed on we hastened to overtake it, but arrived too late to witness either the arrival of the Pope or his progress to the high altar with the cradle in his arms.

On Christmas Day I attended high mass at St. Peter's. Although the weather was of the pleasantest, an aguish chill disturbed my enjoyment of the service. This discomfort so increased in the course of the day that, as I sat at dinner, I could with difficulty carry a morsel from my plate to my lips.

"This is a chill," said my sister. "You ought to go to bed at once."

I insisted upon remaining to play for the promised dance, and argued that the fever would presently succeed the chill, and that I should then be warm enough. I passed the evening in great bodily discomfort, but managed to play quadrilles, waltzes, and the endless Virginia reel. When at last I reached home and my bed, the fever did come with a will. I was fortunate enough to recover very quickly from this indisposition, and did not forget the warning which it gave me of the dangers of the Roman climate.

The shivering evening left me a happier recollection. Among my sister's guests was Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, whom I had once met in his own city. He had angered me at that time by his ridicule of Boston society, of which he really knew little or nothing. He was now in a better frame of mind, and this second meeting with him was the beginning of a much-valued friendship. We visited together many points of historic interest in the city, — the Pantheon, the Tarpeian Rock, the bridge of Horatius Cocles. He had some fanciful theories about the traits of character usually found in conjunction with red hair. As he and I were both distinguished by this feature, I was much pleased to hear from him that "the highest effort of nature is to produce a *rosso*." He was a devoted student of the works of Auguste Comte, and had recently held some conversation with that remarkable man. In the course of this, he told me, he asked the great Positivist how he could account for the general religious instinct of the human race, so contrary to the doctrines of his philosophy. Comte replied, "Que voulez-vous, monsieur? Anormalité cérébrale." My new friend was good enough to interest himself in my literary pursuits. He advised me to study the most important of Comte's works, but by no means to become a convert to his doctrines. In due time I availed myself of his counsel, and read with great interest the volumes prescribed by him. Horace Wallace was an exhilarating companion. I have never forgotten the silvery timbre of his rather high voice, nor the glee with which he would sometimes inform me that he had discovered a new and most remarkable rosso. This was sometimes a picture, but oftener a living individual. If he found himself disappointed in the latter case, he would account for it by saying that he had at first sight mistaken the color of the hair, which shaded too much upon the yellow. Despite his vivacity

of temperament, he was subject to fits of severe depression. Some years after thi time, finding himself in Paris, he happened to visit a friend whose mental powers had been impaired by serious illness. He himself had been haunted for some time by the dread of becoming insane, and the sad condition of his friend so impressed him with the fear of suffering a similar disaster that he made haste to avoid that fate by taking his own life.

The husband of my youngest sister, Adolph Mailliard, had been an intimate friend of Joseph Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. My sister was in consequence invited more than once to the Bonaparte palace. The father of the family was Prince Charles Bonaparte, who married his cousin, Princess Zénaïde. She had passed some years at the Bonaparte villa in Bordentown, New Jersey, the American residence of her father, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain. This princess, who was *tant soit peu gourmande*, said one day to my sister, "What good things they have for breakfast in America! I still remember those hot cakes." The conversation was reported to me, and I managed, with the assistance of the helper brought from home, to send the princess a very excellent bannock of Indian meal, of which she afterward said, "It was so good that we ate what was left of it on the second day."

Among the friends of that winter were Sarah and William Clarke, sister and brother of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. It was in their company that Margaret Fuller made the journey recorded in her Summer on the Lakes. Both were devoted to her memory. I afterward learned that William Clarke considered her the good genius of his life, her counsel and encouragement having come to his aid in a season of melancholy depression and self-depreciation. Miss Clarke was characterized by an exquisite refinement of feeling and of manner. She was also an artist of considerable merit. This was the first of many winters passed by her in Rome.

I will further mention only a dinner given by American residents in Rome on Washington's birthday, at which I was present. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the well-known writer, was also one of the guests. She had composed for the occasion a poem, of which I recall the opening line, —

> "We are met in the clime where the wild flowers abound,"

and the closing ones, —

> "To the halo that circles our Washington's head
> Let us pour a libation the gods never knew."

Among many toasts, my sister Annie proposed this one, "Washington's clay in Crawford's hand," which was appropriate, as Thomas Crawford was known at the time to be engaged in modeling the equestrian statue of Washington which crowns his Richmond monument.

My Roman holiday came to an end in the summer of the year 1851, and my return to home and friends became imperative. As the time of departure approached, I felt how deeply the subtle fascination of Roman life had entered into my very being. Pain, amounting almost to anguish, seized me at the thought that I might never again behold those ancient monuments, those stately churches, or take part in the society which had charmed me principally through its unlikeness to any that I had known elsewhere. I have indeed seen Rome and its wonders more than once since that time, but never as I saw them then.

I made the homeward voyage with my sister Annie and her husband in an old-fashioned Havre packet. We were a month at sea, and after the first days of discomfort I managed to fill the hours of the long summer days with systematic occupation. In the morning I perused Swedenborg's Divine Love and Wisdom. In the afternoon I read, for

the first and only time, Eugène Sue's Mystères de Paris, which the ship's surgeon borrowed for me from a steerage passenger. In the evening we played whist; and when others had retired for the night, I often sat alone in the cabin, meditating upon the events and lessons of the last six months. These lucubrations took form in a number of poems, which were written with no thought of publication, but which saw the light a year or two later.

Returning to Boston, I found the division of public sentiment more strongly marked than ever. The Fugitive Slave Law was much in the public mind. The anti-slavery people attacked it with might and main, while the class of wealthy conservatives and their followers strongly deprecated all opposition to its enactments. During my absence Charles Sumner had been elected to the Senate of the United States, in place of Daniel Webster, who had hitherto been the political idol of the Massachusetts aristocracy. Mr. Sumner's course had warmly commended him to a large and ever increasing constituency, but had brought down upon him the anger of Mr. Webster's political supporters. My husband's sympathies were entirely with the class then derided as "a band of disturbers of the public peace, enemies of law and order." I deeply regretted the discords of the time, and would have had all people good friends, however diverse in political persuasion. As this could not be, I felt constrained to cast in my lot with those who protested against the new assumptions of the slave power. The social ostracism which visited Mr. Sumner never fell upon Dr. Howe. This may have been because the active life of the latter lay without the domain of politics, but also, I must think, because the services which he continually rendered to the community compelled from all who knew him respect and cordial good will.

I did not then, nor at any time, make any willful breach with the society to which I was naturally related. It did, however, much annoy me to hear those spoken of with contempt and invective who, I was persuaded, were only far in advance of the conscience of the time. I suppose I sometimes repelled the attacks made upon them with a certain heat of temper, to avoid which I ought to have remembered Talleyrand's famous admonition, "Surtout point de zèle." Better, perhaps, would it have been to rest in the happy prophecy which assures us that "Wisdom is justified of all her children." Ordinary society is apt to class the varieties of individuals under certain stereotyped heads, and I have no doubt that it held me at this time to be a seeker after novelties, and one disposed to offer a premium for heresies of every kind. Yet I must say that I was never made painfully aware of the existence of such a feeling. There was always a leaven of good sense and good sentiment even in the worldly world of Boston, and as time went on I became the recipient of much kindness, and the happy possessor of a circle of substantial friends.

When I came back from Europe, in 1851, my husband spoke to me about a new acquaintance, — a Polish nobleman, Adam Gurowski by name, — concerning whom he related the following circumstances. Count Gurowski had been implicated in one of the later Polish insurrections. In order to keep his large estates from confiscation he had made them over to his younger brother, upon the explicit condition that a remittance should be regularly sent him, sufficient to enable him to live wherever his lot should thenceforth be cast. He came to this country, but the remittance failed to follow him, and he presently found himself without funds in a foreign land. Being a man of much erudition, he had made friends with some of the professors

of Harvard University. They offered him assistance, but he declined it, and applied for work at the gardens of Hovey & Co., in or near Cambridge. His new friends remonstrated with him, pleading that this work was unsuitable for a man of his rank and condition. He replied, "I am Gurowski; labor cannot degrade me." This independence of his position commended him much to the esteem of my husband, and he was more than once invited to our house. He obtained some literary employment, and finally, through influence exerted at Washington, a position as translator was secured for him in the State Department. He was at Newport during a summer that we passed at the Cliff House, and he it was who gave to this the title of Hotel Rambouillet. His proved to be a character of remarkable contradictions, in which really noble and generous impulses contrasted with an undisciplined temper and an insatiable curiosity. While inveighing constantly against the rudeness of American manners, he himself was often guilty of great impoliteness. To give an example: At his boarding-house in Newport a child at table gave a little trouble, upon which the count animadverted with much severity. The mother, waxing impatient, said, "I think, count, that you have no right to say so much about table manners; for yesterday you broke the crust of the chicken pie with your fist, and pulled the meat out with your fingers."

His curiosity, as I have said, was unbounded. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance at her door, and seeing a basket on her arm, he asked, "Where are you going, Mrs. ——, so early, with that basket?" She declined to answer the question, on the ground that the questioner had no concern in her errand. On the evening of the same day he again met the lady, and said to her, "I know now where you were going this morning with that basket." If friends on whom he called were said to be engaged or not at home, he was at great pains to find out how they were engaged, or whether they were really at home in spite of the message to the contrary. One gentleman in Newport, not desiring to receive the count's visit, and knowing that he would not be safe anywhere in his own house, took refuge in the loft of his barn and drew the ladder up after him.

And yet Adam Gurowski was a true-hearted man, loyal to every good cause and devoted to his few friends. His life continued to the last to be a very checkered one. When the civil war broke out, his disapprobation of men and measures took expression in vehement and indignant protest against what appeared to him a willful mismanagement of public business. William H. Seward was then at the head of the Department of State, and against his policy the count fulminated in public and in private. He was warned by friends, and at last officially told that he could not be retained in the department if he persisted in stigmatizing its chief as a fool, a timeserver, no matter what. He persevered, and was dismissed from his place. He had been on friendly terms with Charles Sumner, to whom he probably owed his appointment. He tormented this gentleman to such a degree as to end all relations between the two. Of this breach Mr. Sumner gave the following description: "The count would come to my rooms at all hours. When I left my sleeping-chamber in the morning, I often found him in my study, seated at my table, reading my morning paper and probably any other matter which might excite his curiosity. If he happened to come in while a foreign minister was visiting me, he would stay through the visit. I bore with this for a long time. At last the annoyance became insupportable. One evening, after a long sitting in my room, he took leave, but presently returned for a fresh séance, although it was already very late. I said to him, 'Count, you must go now, and

you must never return.' 'How is this, my dear friend?' exclaimed the count. 'There is no explanation,' said I; 'only you must not come to my room again.' This terminated the acquaintance." After this the count spoke very bitterly of Mr. Sumner, whose procedure did seem to me a little severe. The lesson was quite lost upon Gurowski, and he continued to make enemies of those with whom he had to do, until nearly every door in Washington was closed to him. There was one exception. Mrs. Charles Eames, wife of a well-known lawyer, was one of the notabilities of Washington. Hers was one of those central characters which are able to attract and harmonize the most diverse social elements. Her house had long been a resort of the worthies of the capital. Men of mark and of intelligence gathered about her, regardless of party divisions. No one understood Washington society better than she did, and no one in it was more highly esteemed or less liable to be misrepresented. Mrs. Eames well knew how provoking and tormenting Count Gurowski was apt to be, but she knew, too, the remarkable qualities which went far to redeem his troublesome traits of character. And so, when the count seemed to be entirely discredited, she stood up for him, warning her friends that if they came to her house they would always be likely to meet this unacceptable man. He, on his part, was warmly sensible of the value of her friendship, and showed his gratitude by a sincere interest in all that concerned her. The courageous position which she had assumed in his behalf was not without effect upon the society of the place, and people in general felt obliged to show some respect to a person whom Mrs. Eames honored with her friendship.

I myself have reason to remember with gratitude Mrs. Eames's hospitality. I made more than one visit at her house, and I well recall the distinguished company that I met there. The house was simple in its appointments, for the hosts were not in affluent circumstances, but its atmosphere of cordiality and of good sense was delightful. I remember meeting at one of her parties Hon. Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, Secretary Welles of the Navy, and Senator Grimes of Iowa. I had seen that morning a life-size painting representing President Lincoln surrounded by the members of his Cabinet. Mr. Chase, I believe, asked what I thought of the picture. I replied that I thought Mr. Lincoln's attitude rather awkward, and his legs out of proportion in their length. Mr. Chase laughed, and said, "Mr. Lincoln's legs are so long that it would be difficult to exaggerate them."

I came to Washington soon after the conclusion of the war, and heard that Count Gurowski was seriously ill at the home of his friend. I hastened thither to inquire about him, and learned that his life was almost despaired of. Mr. Eames told me this, and said that his wife and a lady friend of hers were incessant in their care of him. He promised that I should see him as soon as a change for the better should appear. Instead of this I received one day a message from Mrs. Eames, saying that the count was now given up by his physician, and that I might come, if I wished to see him alive once more. I went to the house at once, and found Mrs. Eames and her friend at the bedside of the dying man. He was already unconscious, and soon breathed his last. At Mr. Eames's request, I now gave up my room at the hotel and came to stay with Mrs. Eames, who was prostrated with the fatigue of nursing the sick man and with grief for his loss. While I sat and talked with her Mr. Eames entered the room, and said, "Mrs. Howe, my wife has always had a menagerie here in Washington, and now she has lost her faithful old grizzly."

I was intrusted with some of the ar-

rangements for the funeral. Mrs. Eames said to me that, as the count had been a man of no religious belief, she thought it would be best to invite a Unitarian minister to officiate at his funeral. I accordingly secured the services of the Rev. John Pierpont, who happened to be in Washington at the time. Charles Sumner came to the house before the funeral, and actually shed tears as he looked on the face of his former friend. He remarked upon the beauty of the countenance, saying in his rather oratorical way, "There is a beauty of life, and there is a beauty of death." The count's good looks had been spoiled in early life by the loss of one eye, which had been destroyed, it was said, in a duel. After death this blemish did not appear, and the distinction of the countenance was remarkable.

Among his few effects was a printed volume containing the genealogy of his family, which had thrice intermarried with royal houses, once in the family of Maria Lesczinska, wife of Louis XV. of France. Within this book he had inclosed one or two cast-off trifles belonging to Mrs. Eames, with a few words of deep and grateful affection. So ended this troublous life. The Russian minister at Washington called upon Mrs. Eames soon after the funeral, and spoke with respect of the count, who, he said, could have had a brilliant career in Russia, had it not been for his quarrelsome disposition. Despite his skepticism, and in all his poverty, he caused a mass to be said every year for the soul of his mother, who had been a devout Catholic. To the brother whose want of faith added the distresses of poverty to the woes of exile Gurowski once addressed a letter in the following form: "To John Gurowski, the greatest scoundrel in Europe." A younger brother of his, a man of great beauty of person, enticed one of the infantas of Spain from the school or convent in which she was pursuing her education. This adventure made much noise at the time. Mrs. Eames once read me part of a letter from this lady, in which she spoke of "the fatal Gurowski beauty."

It was in the early years of this decade (1850–60) that I definitively came before the world as an author. My first volume of poems, entitled Passion Flowers, was published by Ticknor and Fields, without my name. In the choice and arrangement of the poems James T. Fields had been very helpful to me. My lack of experience had led me to suppose that my incognito might easily be maintained, but in this my expectations were disappointed. The authorship of the book was at once traced to me. It was much praised, much blamed, and much called in question. From the highest literary authorities of the time it received encouraging commendation. Mr. Emerson acknowledged the copy sent him, in a very kind letter. Mr. Whittier did likewise. He wrote, "I dare say thy volume has faults enough." For all this, he spoke warmly of its merits. Prescott, the beloved historian, made me happy with his good opinion. George Ripley in the New York Tribune, Edwin Whipple and Frank Sanborn in Boston, reviewed the volume in a very genial and appreciative spirit. I think that my joy reached its height when I heard Theodore Parker repeat some of my lines from the pulpit. Miss Catharine Sedgwick, discussing the poems with a mutual friend, quoted with praise a line from my long poem on Rome. Speaking of my first hearing of the nightingale, I had written: —

> A note
> Fell as a star falls, trailing sound for light.

Dr. Francis Lieber quoted the following passage as having a Shakespearean ring: —

> But, as none can tell
> Among the sunbeams which unconscious one
> Comes weaponed with celestial will, to strike
> The stroke of Freedom on the fettered floods,
> Giving the spring his watchword — even so

Rome knew not she had spoke the word of Fate
That should, from out its sluggishness, compel
The frost-bound vastness of barbaric life,
Till, with an ominous sound, the torrent rose
And rushed upon her with terrific brow,
Sweeping her back, through all her haughty ways,
To her own gates, a piteous fugitive.

I make mention of these things because the volume has long been out of print, and perhaps out of date. It was a timid performance upon a slender reed, but the great performers in the noble orchestra of writers answered to its appeal, which won me a seat in their ranks.

The work, such as it was, dealt partly with the stirring questions of the time, partly with things near and familiar. The events of 1848 were still in fresh remembrance: the heroic efforts of Italian patriots to deliver their country from foreign oppression, the struggle of Hungary to maintain her ancient immunities. The most important among my Passion Flowers were devoted to these themes. The wrongs and sufferings of the slave had their part in the volume. A second publication, following two years later, and styled Words for the Hour, was esteemed by some critics better than the first. George William Curtis, at that time editor of Putnam's Magazine, wrote me, "It is a better book than its predecessor, but will probably not meet with the same success." And so, indeed, it proved.

I had always contemplated writing for the stage, and was now emboldened to compose a drama entitled The World's Own, which was produced at Wallack's Theatre, in New York. The principal characters were sustained by Matilda Heron, then in the height of her popularity, and Mr. Sothern, afterward so famous in the rôle of Lord Dundreary. The play was performed several times in New York, and once in Boston. It was pronounced by one critic "full of literary merits and of dramatic defects." It did not "keep the stage," as the saying is.

My next literary venture was a series of papers descriptive of a visit made to the island of Cuba in 1859, under the following circumstances.

Theodore Parker had long intended to make this year one of foreign travel. He had planned a journey in South America, and Dr. Howe had promised to accompany him. The sudden failure of Parker's health at this time was thought to render a change of climate imperative, and in the month of February a voyage to Cuba was prescribed for him. Dr. Howe willingly consented to the change of plan, and decided that I must be of the party.

To our hotel in Havana came, one day, a lovely lady, with pathetic dark eyes and a look of ill health. She was accompanied by her husband and little son. This was Mrs. Frank Hampton, formerly Miss Sally Baxter, a great belle in her time, and much admired by Mr. Thackeray. When we were introduced to each other, I asked, "Are you *the* Mrs. Hampton?" She asked, "Are you *the* Mrs. Howe?" We became friends at once. The Hamptons went with us to Matanzas, where we passed a few pleasant days. Dr. Howe was very helpful to the beautiful invalid. Something in the expression of her face reminded him of a relative known to him in early life, and on inquiry he found that Mrs. Hampton's father was a distant cousin of his own. Mrs. Hampton talked much of Thackeray, who, while in this country, had been a familiar visitor at her father's house. She told me that she recognized bits of her own conversation in some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome, and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble though wayward girl he had in mind something of the aspect and character of the lovely Sally Baxter.

When we left Havana our new friends went with us to Charleston, and invited us to visit them at their home in Columbia, South Carolina. This we were glad

to do. The house at which the Hamptons received us belonged to an elder brother, Wade Hampton, whose family were at this time traveling in Europe. Wade Hampton called upon Dr. Howe, and soon introduced a topic which we would gladly have avoided, namely, the strained relations between the North and the South. "We mean to fight for it," said Wade Hampton. But Dr. Howe afterward said to me: "They cannot be in earnest about meaning to fight. It would be too insane, too fatal to their own interests." So indeed it proved, but they then knew us as little as we knew them. They thought that we could not fight, and we thought that they would not. Both parties were soon made wiser by sad experience.

My account of this trip, after publication in The Atlantic Monthly, was issued in book form by Ticknor and Fields. Years after this time, a friend of mine landed in Cuba with a copy of the book in her hand luggage. It was at once taken from her by the custom-house officers, and she never saw it again. This little work was favorably spoken of and well received, but it did not please everybody. In one of its chapters, speaking of the natural indolence of the negroes in tropical countries, I had ventured to express the opinion that compulsory employment is better than none. Good Mr. Garrison seized upon this sentence, and impaled it in a column of The Liberator headed, "The Refuge of Oppression." I certainly did not intend it as an argument in favor of negro slavery. As an abstract proposition, and without reference to color, I still think it true.

The publication of my Cuban notes brought me an invitation to chronicle the events of the season at Newport for the New York Tribune. This was the beginning of a correspondence with that paper which lasted well into the time of the civil war. My letters dealt somewhat with social doings in Newport and in Boston, but more with the great events of the time. To me, the experience was valuable in that I found myself brought nearer in sympathy to the general public, and helped to a better understanding of its needs and demands.

It was in the days now spoken of that I first saw Edwin Booth. Dr. Howe and I betook ourselves to the Boston Theatre one rainy evening, expecting to see nothing more than an ordinary performance. The play was Richelieu, and we had seen but little of Mr. Booth's part in it before we turned to each other and said, "This is the real thing." In every word, in every gesture, the touch of genius made itself felt. A little later I saw him in Hamlet, and was even more astonished and delighted. While he was still completing this his first engagement in Boston, I received a letter from his manager, proposing that I should write a play for Mr. Booth. My first drama, though not a success, had made me somewhat known to theatrical people. I had become painfully aware of its defects, and desired nothing more than to profit by the lesson of experience in producing something that should deserve entire approbation. It was therefore with a good hope of success that I undertook to write the play. Mr. Booth himself called to see me, in support of his request. The favorable impression which he had made upon me was not lessened by a nearer view. I found him modest, intelligent, and above all genuine, — the man as worthy of admiration as the artist. Although I had seen Mr. Booth in a variety of characters, I could only think of representing him as Hippolytus, a beautiful youth, of heroic type, enamored of a high ideal. This was the part which I desired to create for him. I undertook the composition without much delay, and devoted to it the months of one summer's sojourn at Lawton's Valley.

This lovely little estate had come to us almost fortuitously. George William Curtis, writing of the Newport of forty years ago, gives a character sketch of one

Alfred Smith, a well-known real estate agent, who managed to entrap strangers in his gig, and drove about with them, often succeeding in making them purchasers of some bit of property in the sale of which he had a personal interest. In the summer of 1852 my husband became one of his victims. I say this because Dr. Howe made the purchase without much deliberation. In fact, he could hardly have told any one why he made it. The farm was a very poor one, and the farmhouse very small. Some necessary repairs rendered it habitable for our family of little children and ourselves. I did not desire the purchase, but I soon became much attached to the valley, which my husband's care greatly beautified. This was a wooded gorge, perhaps an eighth of a mile from the house, and extending some distance between high rocky banks. We found it a wilderness of brambles, with a brook which ran much out of its proper course. Dr. Howe converted it into a most charming out-of-door salon. A firm green sod took the place of the briers, the brook was restrained within its proper limits, and some fine trees replaced as many decayed stumps. An old, disused mill added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Below it rushed a small waterfall. Here I have passed many happy hours with my books and my babies, but it was not in this enchanting spot that I wrote my play.

I had at this time and for many years afterward a superstition about a north light. My eyes had given me some trouble, and I felt obliged to follow my literary work under the circumstances most favorable for their use. The exposure of our little farmhouse was south and west, and its only north light was derived from a window at the top of the attic stairs. Here was a platform just large enough to give room for a table two feet square. The stairs were shut off from the rest of the house by a stout door. Here, through the summer heats, and in spite of many wasps, I wrote my five-act drama, dreaming of the fine emphasis which Mr. Booth would give to its best passages, and of the beautiful appearance he would make in classic costume. He, meanwhile, was growing into great fame and favor with the public, and was called hither and thither by numerous engagements. The period of his courtship and marriage intervened, and a number of years elapsed between the completion of my work and his first reading of it.

At last there came a time in which the production of Hippolytus seemed possible. Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth were both in Boston, performing, as I remember, but not at the same theatre. They agreed to act in my play. E. L. Davenport, manager of the Howard Athenæum, undertook to produce it, and my dream was very near becoming a reality. But lo! on a sudden, the manager bethought him that the time was rather late in the season; that the play would require new scenery; and, more than all, that his wife, who was also an actress, was not pleased with a secondary part assigned to her. A polite note informed me of his change of mind. This was, I think, the greatest "let down" that I ever experienced. It affected me seriously for some days, after which I determined to attempt nothing more for the stage.

In truth, there appeared to be little reason for this action on the part of the manager. Miss Cushman, speaking of it, said to me, "My dear, if Edwin Booth and I had done nothing more than to stand upon the stage and say good-evening to each other, the house would have been filled." Mr. Booth, in the course of these years, experienced great happiness and great sorrow. On the occasion of our first meeting he had spoken to me of "little Mary Devlin" as an actress of much promise, who had recently been admired in "several *heavy* parts." In process of time he became engaged to this young girl. Before the

announcement of this fact he appeared with her several times before the Boston public. Few among those who saw it would ever forget a performance of Romeo and Juliet in which the two true lovers were at their best, ideally young, beautiful, and identified with their parts. Of the untimely death of this exquisite little woman the poet Parsons wrote: —

"What shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say or write that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the spring-time write her epitaph? —

"As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wind-flower and columbine and maiden's tear;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

. . . . . .

"She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed;
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth, — her earth no more."

These lines recall to me the scene of Mary Booth's funeral, which took place in wintry weather, the service being held at the chapel in Mount Auburn. Hers was a most pathetic figure, as she lay, serene and lovely, surrounded with flowers. As Edwin Booth followed the casket, his eyes heavy with grief, I could not but remember how often I had seen him enact the part of Hamlet at the stage burial of Ophelia. Beside or behind him walked a young man of remarkable beauty, to be sadly known at a later date as Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln and the victim of his own crime. Henry Ward Beecher, meeting Mary Booth one day at dinner at my house, was so much impressed with her peculiar charm that, on the occasion of her death, he wrote a very sympathetic letter to Mr. Booth, and became thenceforth one of his most esteemed friends.

The years between 1850 and 1857, eventful as they were, appear to me almost a period of play, when compared with the time of trial which was to follow. It might have been likened to the tuning of instruments before some great musical solemnity. The theme was already suggested, but of its wild and terrible development who could have had any foreknowledge? Parker, indeed, writing to Dr. Howe from Italy, said: "What a pity that the map of our magnificent country should be destined to be so soon torn in two on account of the negro, that poorest of human creatures, satisfied, even in slavery, with sugar cane and a banjo!" On reading this prediction, I remarked to my husband: "This is poor, dear Parker's foible. He always thinks that he knows what will come to pass. How absurd is this forecast of his!"

"I don't know about that," replied Dr. Howe.

Julia Ward Howe.

GROWTH OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL CONCEPTION.

Professor Seeley has pointed out, in his work on The Expansion of England, the prevailing tendency to look upon those conditions which we observe around us as having always existed, and to consider them part of a permanent and necessary order of things. This is strikingly true of the sentiment regarding colonization. It is difficult to find in the mass of colonial discussion which has appeared during the past year in the United States any indication that the writers have realized how new a thing is the present conception of the relationship between a sovereign state and its colonies. In England, whose vast colonial empire

affords the best field for the study of colonization, the prevailing conception of the value of colonies and of the mutual responsibilities of the mother country and its dependencies represents a third stage in the evolution of a great national idea.

The first stage is perfectly well defined, both as to the period of its duration and as to the nature of the public sentiment which found its expression in the national policy. It began with the acquisition of colonies by England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and closed with the revolt of the American colonies at the end of the eighteenth century. The term "the old colonial system" is very generally used to label the policy which marked this period. The old colonial system may be said to have assumed definite shape under the Commonwealth, and the Navigation Act of 1651 is the first of that long series of oppressive restrictions which unwise statesmen placed on the trade of the colonies. These commercial restrictions fell under five different heads: restrictions on the exportation of produce from the colony, on the importation of goods into the colony, and on the carrying trade to and from the colonies; on the manufacture of colonial produce in the colonies, and on the importation into England from foreign countries or colonies of those commodities which the British colonies produced. Under four of these restrictions the colonies suffered, under one of them the mother country. As Professor Merivale has put it: "States have feared to encourage their colonists to seek their independence, or to range themselves under the banner of hostile nations. Hence, as the producers of the mother country have never been willing to let go their own monopoly, it has been found necessary to make to the colonists a compensation at the expense of the consumers." It will be shown, later, that the concessions were made not so much with the intention of keeping the colonies to their allegiance as with a view to retain their friendship in the event of their becoming independent. In a word, the general sentiment in regard to colonies, during the period of the old colonial system, was that they existed merely for the benefit of the sovereign state; that they were a national asset which should be made to yield as much profit as possible to the mother country.

The old colonial system worked well enough for a time, and might have continued to do so for a much longer period in those colonies where the white population was numerically insignificant; but the revolt of the American colonies struck the death knell of the system, and taught Englishmen a lesson which slowly, but surely, carried the nation into the second stage of the colonial idea. The development of the colonial idea during the second stage was spasmodic. Free trade and parliamentary reform became vital political issues at home, and in the excitement attending these changes in the national policy colonial affairs ceased to attract attention. The deluge of petitions and reports which poured into the House of Commons during the period immediately preceding and following the abolition of slavery in 1838 served, it is true, to keep the colonies before the government; but the people at large were too much occupied with their home concerns to give much attention to the affairs of outlying dependencies, which were destined, in the opinion of many, to achieve their independence at no distant date. The success of the revolt of the American colonies was a rude shock to the national pride; and although the war had been unpopular amongst the people, it is not surprising that, in the general desire to avoid humiliation in the future, public opinion should so easily have taken the line of looking on independence as the natural sequel to colonization, — the fact being overlooked that the fault lay, not in the idea of extensive and far-distant dependencies, but in the assumption that such dependencies were to be gov-

erned entirely for the benefit of the sovereign state.

Successive governments, in the early part of the present century, perceived that the colonial policy of England was destined to undergo important modifications, and we observe a curious conflict of ideas amongst those at the head of affairs, due, doubtless, to the feeling that the time had not yet come when, on the one hand, the colonies might be cast off, or, on the other hand, their rights to self-government under the crown might be fully recognized. Thus, we find the imperial government increasing its supervision over the internal life of the colonies in order to stifle any incipient attempt at revolt, and at the same time granting modifications of the commercial relations in favor of the colonists, and removing irksome taxes levied in the colonies for the exclusive benefit of the crown.[1] In 1838, for example, the imperial Parliament repealed the act of 1663 imposing an export duty of four and a half per cent on all agricultural produce of Barbados and the Leeward Islands, to be paid "to our Sovereign Lord the King, his heirs and successors forever," and in 1839 passed the West India Prisons Act, which transferred the control of the jails in the West Indies from the local to the imperial authorities.

In the meanwhile public opinion was slowly moving in the direction of giving up the colonies. In 1776 Adam Smith had written: "After all the unjust attempts of every country in Europe to engross to itself the advantages of the trade of its own colonies, no country has yet been able to engross to itself anything but the expense of supporting in time of peace, and defending in time of war, the oppressive authority which it assumes over them. The inconveniences resulting from the possession of its colonies every country has engrossed to itself completely."[2] These words were remembered after the war of American independence; and the Canadian rebellion of 1837 served to foster still further the idea of separation. The revolt of the Spanish-American colonies, with the consequent collapse of the Spanish colonial empire, lent additional force to the arguments of those who saw in the American war of independence the first act of a tragedy which was to end in the death of England's larger nationality. In fact, we find, during the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, a considerable body of sentiment in England in favor of casting off the colonies. It is true that this sentiment was not as clearly discernible during some years as during others, but at no time did it die out, and it was probably as strong in 1886 as in 1786. I wish to make this point clear,— that the second stage in the development of the colonial idea in England, the period during which it was uncertain whether the historians of the nineteenth century would have to describe a Great Britain or a Greater Britain, comes down to within fifteen years of the present time; and in order to do so, I quote from various writings and speeches which were published prior to 1887.

Lord Durham, in his report on the condition and prospects of Canada, which was laid before Parliament in 1839, finds it necessary to say: "I cannot participate in the notion that it is the part either of prudence or of honor to abandon our countrymen."

Eleven years later, we find that the ideas from which Lord Durham expressed his dissent were still held by a number of men in public life; for Lord John Russell, speaking in the House of Commons on February 8, 1850, says: "I come now to a question which has been much agitated, and which has found supporters of very considerable ability, namely, that we should no longer think

[1] C. P. Lucas, A Historical Geography of the British Colonies, vol. ii. p. 410.

[2] Wealth of Nations, bk. iv. chap. vii. pt. iii.

it worth our while to maintain our colonial empire." And even he could not foresee a Greater Britain, for he said in the same speech: "I do anticipate with others that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say, 'Our strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England.' . . . I do not think that that time is yet approaching."

Commenting on the speech I have just quoted, the London Times, in its issue of February 11, 1850, said: "On the most delicate part of the question [the future colonial policy of England] Lord John Russell has spoken as plainly as we could desire. He does not shrink from contemplating the eventual independence of our colonies, and proposes to prepare them for it by free institutions. For our own part, we think it the merest prudery to blink that inevitable event."

Twenty years later, James Anthony Froude raised his voice against the colonial policy of the first administration of Mr. Gladstone. "It is even argued," he says, in an article in Fraser's Magazine for January, 1870, "that our colonies are a burden to us, and that the sooner they are cut adrift from us the better. They are, or have been, demonstratively loyal. They are proud of their origin, conscious of the value to themselves of being part of a great empire, and willing and eager to find a home for every industrious family that we can spare. We answer impatiently that they are welcome to our people, if our people choose to go to them; but whether they go to them or to America, whether the colonies themselves remain under our flag or proclaim their independence or attach themselves to some other power, is a matter which concerns themselves entirely, and to us of profound indifference." Again, writing in Fraser's Magazine for August, 1870, Mr. Froude expresses his fear that the government contemplates an early dismemberment of the empire. "But whereas there are two possible colonial policies," he says, "one to regard them [the colonies] as integral parts of the empire, . . . the other to concentrate ourselves in these islands, to educate the colonies in self-dependence, that at the earliest moment they may themselves sever the links which bind them to us, — of these two policies, it is believed that the government deliberately prefer the second, and nothing that Lord Granville [Secretary of State for the Colonies] or any other member of the Cabinet has said upon the subject leads us to suppose that the belief is unfounded. A few words would have sufficed to remove the uneasiness, but those words have not been spoken."

Between the years 1870 and 1890 many events occurred which had a profound effect on the colonial policy of the United Kingdom; and although I consider that the third stage in the development of the colonial idea was not reached until 1897, there is abundant evidence that from about the year 1880 onward the separationist sentiment in England has been gradually losing ground. Let us glance for a moment at the changes which took place between 1870 and 1890, and endeavor to appreciate their bearing on colonial matters. First, then, in regard to trade and population. In 1870 the tonnage of steam vessels belonging to the British Empire was 1,203,000; in 1890 it had grown to 5,413,706. During the same period the trade between the United Kingdom and the British colonies increased from 6,044,028 tons to 10,467,563 tons, whilst the total trade between the United Kingdom and the whole world mounted from 36,640,182 tons to 74,283,869 tons. In 1870 Great Britain exported to its colonies merchandise to the value of $276,000,000, and imported from them colonial products worth $324,000,000; in 1890 the figures had risen to $472,000,000 and $480,000,000 respectively. This great development in trade tended to strengthen the bonds between Great Britain and her

dependencies, but there was a more powerful influence at work. During the twenty years which we now have under consideration more than 1,250,000 people emigrated from the British Isles to the British colonies, with the result that communication between the mother country and the dependencies became more frequent, and the sum of knowledge about the colonies rapidly increased.

Before passing to the consideration of the political changes which took place in Europe after the Franco-Prussian war, and which powerfully affected the British colonial policy, it is important to note another movement of population from the British Isles, — the emigration to the United States. Mr. Froude pointed out, in the essays from which I have quoted, the indifference which appeared to exist in England at the time he wrote as to whether English emigrants went to British colonies or to foreign countries. He said: "During the last quarter of a century nearly four million British subjects — English, Irish, and Scots — have become citizens, more or less prosperous, of the United States of America. We have no present quarrel with the Americans; we trust most heartily that we may never be involved in any quarrel with them; but undoubtedly, from the day that they became independent of us, they became our rivals. . . . The United States have been made stronger, the English Empire weaker, to the extent of those millions and the children growing of them. . . . England at the same time possesses dependencies of her own, not less extensive than the United States, not less rich in natural resources, not less able to provide for these expatriated swarms, where they would remain attached to her crown, where their well-being would be our well-being, their brains and arms our brains and arms, every acre which they could reclaim from the wilderness so much added to English soil, and themselves and their families fresh additions to our national stability."

Between 1870 and 1890 three million more British subjects passed over to the United States.

In the years following the close of the Franco-Prussian war a great change was observable in the colonial policy of the Continental Powers, and the African "scramble" of 1884 showed English statesmen that whilst they had been debating the question of throwing off the British colonies, Continental statesmen were staking the future greatness of their respective countries on a policy of colonial expansion. In the early eighties the French people became animated with the old colonial spirit which had made France great in the seventeenth century; which had produced such men as Colbert, Dupleix, and Coligny. The newspapers filled their columns with brilliant predictions for "la Plus Grande France," and in the serious literature of the period we find the same urgent demand for a firm colonial policy. Thus, the eminent political economist Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, writing in 1882, protests against the mistaken policy of France in recent years. He urges Frenchmen to turn their attention to the development of the French colonies. "From now on," he says, "our colonial expansion must occupy the first place in our national consciousness. . . . We must found a great French Empire in Africa and in Asia; else of the great rôle which France has played in the past there will remain nothing but the memory, and that dying out as the days pass. . . . Colonization is a question of life or death for France. Either we must found an African Empire, or in a hundred years we shall have sunk to the level of a second-rate power." Louis Vignon, in his L'Expansion de la France, writes in the same strain, and a score of other writers might be named who supported the views I have quoted. But it is not in France alone that we find colonial activity in the early eighties; Italy, Belgium, Portugal, and Germany were vigorously pushing forward their African

schemes at that time, and were all represented at the Berlin Conference of 1884–85.

In order to show how the British colonial policy was affected by the ambitions of the Continental Powers in the direction of colonization, it is only necessary to add to what I have said about France a few facts in regard to German expansion. Although German colonial expansion dates actually from 1884, the idea of a German colonial empire had existed twenty years earlier. The German explorer Karl von der Decken wrote from the Juba River in Northeast Africa in 1864: "I am persuaded that in a short time a colony established here would be most successful, and after two or three years would be self-supporting. . . . It is unfortunate that we Germans allow such opportunities of acquiring colonies to slip, especially at a time when it would be of importance to the navy." Von der Decken also suggested that Germany should buy Mombasa from the Sultan. Nothing of importance was done, however, till after the Franco-Prussian war. Germany was then placed in a new position. Distrustful of Russia on the east, of France on the west; disturbed by the dismemberment of Poland, and uncertain as to the future of the Austro-Hungarian Ausgleich, Germany decided that in the founding of a powerful colonial empire alone lay safety. The idea became popular, and the publication in 1879 of the theologian Fabri's Bedarf Deutschland der Colonien? acted as a powerful stimulant. Bismarck had long foreseen the time when Germany would enter the field of colonial enterprise, and had waited only for the development of public sentiment in that direction. His day had now come, and between 1884 and 1886 he was instrumental in founding the German colonies of Togo, the Cameroons, German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, in the Old World; and Kaiser Wilhelm Land, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Solomon Islands, and the Marshall Islands, in the New.

Let us return now to the development of the colonial idea in England. We have seen that as late as 1870 the question of a Greater Britain still hung in the balance, and I think it may be shown that it was not until 1887 that the first indications of the larger idea began to appear. The Colonial Conference was opened in London, on April 4, 1887, and at the first meeting Lord Salisbury made a speech, in which he said: "The desire for colonial and foreign possessions is increasing among the nations of Europe. The power of concentrating military and naval forces is increasing under the influence of scientific progress. Put all these things together, and you will see that the colonies have a very real and genuine interest in the shield which their imperial connection throws over them, and that they have a ground for joining us in making the defenses of the empire secure." These remarks are interesting, because we see a great English statesman speaking on a great national occasion to a body of men representing all parts of the British Empire, and taking the ground that the colonies are the parties who benefit under the imperial compact. There is no evidence in Lord Salisbury's speech that he foresaw the day when the tables would be turned, — when England would hold her high place amongst the nations because of, not in spite of, her colonies.

The London Times, however, talks no longer of the prudery of blinking inevitable events. The cry now is, "The real unity of the empire." In a leading article on the Colonial Conference, in its issue of April 4, 1887, we find: "Of all the events of the Jubilee year, none are likely to be more interesting and memorable than the approaching Conference. It is the expression of some of the best influences of her Majesty's reign. It has in it the promise of great things to come. Her colonial subjects have been

quick to appreciate the advantages of such a Conference, which touches the pride, raises the hopes, and accords with the aspirations of every good citizen."

On April 21, 1887, the Times, in a leading article, expresses exactly the idea which I wish to make clear: "In these communities [the colonies], as we are all *beginning* to feel, there is a great reserve of strength for the mother country." Englishmen then were beginning to feel in 1887 that in the colonies lay the future greatness of England.

It is at this point that I see the birth of the great national idea which found such extraordinary expression in the occurrences surrounding the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. But for the sake of clearness I wish to trace its development a little more closely, and also that I may show how curiously various influences have combined to bring about the unification of the British Empire. From whatever standpoint we look at the United Kingdom, we see at once that the conditions there are much more favorable for the growth of a united public sentiment than in the United States. Its area is considerably less than that of the state of California, whilst its population is more than half that of the whole of the United States. Taking fourteen states — New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Texas, Missouri, Kansas, California, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Virginia — for the sake of comparison, we find that their population in 1890 was about equal to that of the United Kingdom in 1891, but that it was spread over an area of 962,000 square miles, whilst that of the United Kingdom was compressed into 121,000. This circumstance in itself brings the people of the United Kingdom more closely into touch with one another. But the limited area of England produces another factor which powerfully affects public sentiment. There is no great diversity of interests between one part of the country and another, such as one observes in the United States, and thus the whole country responds more uniformly to any influence which may be brought to bear on it than can be the case in a nation whose shores are washed by the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, and whose territory extends from the Arctic Circle to the Tropic of Cancer. Owing to the centralization of the governing power, the debates at Westminster play a much greater part in the formation of public sentiment than the debates at Washington; for in the one case the affairs of the several parts of the kingdom, as well as of the whole empire, are discussed, and in the other there is a distinct line between national and state interests. In a small country, also, individual influence is more easily established than in a large country, and a speech by Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain may conceivably produce effects which could not be looked for by any speaker in the United States, whatever his ability and strength of character. It has frequently been remarked that in England after-dinner speeches are extremely popular with "the man in the street;" and it would be difficult, I think, to overestimate the influence which such utterances exert on the public mind. Finally, although the interest which Englishmen take in politics is probably less intense than that shown by Americans, it is of a different kind, and can be more easily utilized for national purposes than would be the case if party lines were more rigid than they are.

Of the hundreds of men in all parts of the British Empire who, in recent years, by their writings, speeches, and works, have educated the English people to a true realization of the value of the colonies, I would name here five who seem to me to stand in the front rank of those who have brought about this national awakening. They are Professor Sir J. R. Seeley, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, James Anthony Froude, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Probably no single book has ever exerted a more powerful influence in the direction of the appreciation of English colonial enterprise than Professor Seeley's Expansion of England. In this extraordinary work, the author succeeds in unraveling from the tangled skein of European history during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the thread of England's development. Other historians had failed to see any continuous movement in one direction, because they were confronted at one time with the spectacle of Protestant Europe in arms against Catholic Europe, at another time with that of the allied forces of a Catholic and a Protestant power at war with a Protestant nation; and because they found the questions of the Austrian Succession and the Spanish Succession large enough, when placed close to the eye, to hide the causes which lay beyond in the wars incident to these disputes. But Professor Seeley approached his subject in a new spirit, and threw a light on English history which enabled Englishmen to look back over the path which their ancestors had trod, and perceive among all its windings that it tended ever in one general direction. Between 1688 and 1815 England was engaged in seven wars.[1] It was drawn into the first of these when William of Orange, who as king of the Netherlands was at war with France and Spain, became William III. of England. This war was terminated by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, and the Treaty of Rastadt in 1714. Through this war England obtained Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Hudson's Bay Territory from France, and Gibraltar and Minorca from Spain, together with the right to supply the Spanish-American colonies with slaves, and the privilege of sending one ship a year to Portobello, on the Isthmus of Panama. The second war has been called the War of Jenkins's Ear. It arose through the pretensions of Spain to control the navigation of the West Indies and South America, and her claim to the right of search of all vessels in West Indian waters. War was declared against Spain in 1739, and in 1744 France, taking advantage of the situation, declared war against England. This war was terminated by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, by the terms of which England and France mutually restored all conquered territory. But although peace was declared in Europe, fighting still went on in other parts of the world. "The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748," wrote Lord Macaulay, "had been no more than an armistice, and had not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe." Thus, although the two nations were at peace, we find Colonel George Washington defeating de Jumonville in the valley of the Ohio, and Clive destroying French influence in India by the defense of Arcot and the battle of Plassey. Then followed the Seven Years' War, in which we see England and France fighting all over the world, nominally over the question of who should own Silesia, but with the great colonial issue in the background. The war ended in 1763 with the Treaty of Paris. It left France in a pitiable condition, — her commerce destroyed, her colonial power broken. The fifth war was with the American colonies in the beginning, but by the year 1778 France was again in the fight, joined later by Holland and Spain. Although this war resulted in the loss of the American colonies, England had little reason to complain of its effects elsewhere, when it is reflected that she was at war with practically the whole of Europe. The sixth and seventh wars were also with France. By the former England obtained Trinidad and Ceylon, by the latter Mauritius.

As far as I am aware, Professor Seeley was the first historian to point out the true significance of this continual struggle with France. He says: "The

[1] Exclusive of the war of 1812.

expansion of England in the New World and in Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was perhaps scarcely perceived at the time, as it has been seldom remarked since; but the explanation of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France which fills the eighteenth century is this, that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World; and the triple war which fills the middle of the century is, as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle." But it is not only in this direction that Professor Seeley's book made the course of England's development clear to every reader; from the first page to the last, The Expansion of England is a convincing argument in favor of England's territorial expansion across the seas.

The quotations which I have made from the writings of James Anthony Froude render it unnecessary to dilate at any length on the influence his books exerted on public sentiment in England. The publication in 1887 of The English in the West Indies served to awaken a considerable interest in the islands, and resulted in the emigration from England of a number of young men who wished to try their fortunes in these forgotten possessions so charmingly described by Mr. Froude. The severe but just criticisms of England's policy toward the West Indian colonies had a much wider effect. Statesmen were brought to see that a great injustice had been done; and although remedial measures have been slow in coming, they are now being adopted, following the recommendations of a Royal Commission of Enquiry.

I turn now to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the present Secretary of State for the Colonies. We have it on the authority of the editor of Mr. Chamberlain's Foreign and Colonial Speeches that, "whether as a youth in the Birmingham and Egbaston Debating Society, in Parliament or outside, Mr. Chamberlain has given evidence of his strong sense both of the advantages and the obligations of empire;" and we have it on his own authority that he has "long believed that the future of the colonies and the future of this country [England] were interdependent."[1] In all his speeches we find this idea, the unity of the empire, strongly emphasized. Thus, speaking at the annual dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade in 1887, he said: "It may well be that the Confederation of Canada may be the lamp to light our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire. That idea may only exist at present in the imagination of the enthusiast; but it is a grand idea. It is one to stimulate the patriotism of every man who loves his country; and whether or not it should ever prove capable of practical realization, let us all cherish the sentiment which it inspires; let us do all in our power to promote the closer relations, the kindly feelings, which ought always to exist between the sons of England throughout the world and the old folks at home." Ten years later, March 31, 1897, speaking at the Royal Colonial Institute dinner, he said: "We have now reached . . . the true conception of our empire. What is that conception? As regards the self-governing colonies, we no longer talk of them as dependencies. The sense of possession has given place to the sentiment of kinship. We think and speak of them as part of ourselves, — as part of the British Empire, united to us, although they may be dispersed throughout the world, by ties of kindred, of religion, of history, and of language, and joined to us by the seas that formerly seemed to

[1] Speech at the complimentary banquet to Lord Lammington, Hotel Métropole, London, January 21, 1896.

divide us." It is not only in his speeches that Mr. Chamberlain has shown his interest in the colonies. Since he accepted his present office, in 1895, he has devoted all his energies to the advancement of colonial interests, and it was entirely due to the firm stand he made in the matter that the West India Royal Commission was appointed in 1896. It may be said that no very great results have followed the report of this commission; but it must be remembered that a change of policy concerning a large and important group of colonies cannot be effected in a day, and that many conflicting interests have to be considered before a definite line of action can be determined on.

In writing of the influence which Mr. Cecil Rhodes has exerted on public opinion in England relative to the colonies, I refrain from discussing those events which have occurred during the past few years in South Africa, and which are so intimately associated with his name. Whereas there may be two opinions as to the vigorous policy adopted by the Cape Parliament since Mr. Rhodes became a member of that body, about sixteen years ago, there can be but one sentiment in regard to the effect which that policy has had upon the masses of the people in England. Ever since the tragedy of Majouba Hill, in 1881, when Sir George Colley was killed and his small body of English troops almost annihilated by an overwhelming force of Boers, there has existed a very sore feeling in England respecting the cowardly and short-sighted policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone at that time, and every fresh evidence of Mr. Rhodes's activity in Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, and Matabeleland has been hailed with delight by a vast majority of Englishmen. But a climax was reached when news arrived in England of the Jamieson raid of December 28, 1895. I make no comment on the raid or on the circumstances which led up to it; my concern at present is with public opinion in England. Whatever may have been the judgment of wise heads on the affair, the people of England went wild with enthusiasm. Night after night, throughout the whole land, the performances at the theatres had to be interrupted in order that the audiences might sing songs about the raid, and scenes of indescribable excitement were to be witnessed wherever a handful of men got together. Finally, when Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Jamieson returned to England, they were accorded receptions, not officially, but by the people, scarcely equaled by that given to Lord Kitchener on his return from Egypt, after the battle of Omdurman. The effect of all this was to stimulate the spirit of empire enormously.

I do not claim for a moment that there was anything in the Jamieson raid or in Mr. Rhodes's Cape policy which materially altered the facts of English colonization in such a way as to make colonial enthusiasm amongst the English people more reasonable than it would have been previously; but the purely emotional effect of the events to which I have referred tended in no small degree to bring about a truer conception of the vital importance of the colonies to the future of England.

I pass now to Mr. Kipling; and I am inclined to think that if his influence on English thought in regard to the empire has not been greater than that of the men I have named above, it has been of a kind that appeals to a somewhat higher set of emotions. We see the others awakening the lust of empire, stimulating the admiration for brave fighting, urging on the spirit of commercial enterprise, administering to that love of adventure which has always characterized the English people; in Mr. Kipling's work we find something higher than all this. If I read Mr. Kipling's work, and especially his later work, aright, there is one dominating idea to be traced in it, — the capacity, the duty, of the men of the Anglo-Saxon race to do thoroughly the

task laid on their shoulders, not for love of gain, not for hope of praise, but for the very joy of the accomplished thing. It seems to me that in these latter years of the century we have become peculiarly sensitive to emotional stimulus, more apt than ever before to be controlled for good or evil by sentimental considerations. It is to this quality in us that Mr. Kipling appeals. It is, of course, extremely difficult to gauge the influence which is exerted by such a writer, but my own experience of Englishmen in many lands — and I can scarcely think it exceptional — has shown me that his books have contributed more than those of any other writer to bring about a realization and an appreciation of the magnificent work which is being done by the silent thousands who are quietly, but earnestly, building up the British Empire. The creed he would have us learn is a simple one: —

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise — certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men."

We have seen how the sentiment in regard to colonization has passed through two distinct phases in England, and is now in a third. The first phase was that of the old colonial system; the second may be called the period of *laissez aller;* and the third, which dawned with the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, may be appropriately named the era of Greater Britain. As I have shown, many influences have been at work to produce the present state of feeling; there remains one which has intensified all the others, and marvelously strengthened the bonds which hold the British Empire together, — the character and duration of the reign of Queen Victoria. How great this influence has been cannot be told; it can only be felt. Those who attended the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, who saw that unparalleled demonstration of June 22, who witnessed the frenzied loyalty of four millions of her Majesty's subjects gathered from the corners of the world to do her homage, may understand something of it; but it is those who have seen her name honored and loved in the waste places of the earth, who have found that same loyalty beneath the palm and the pine, in the gold digger's camp and the shepherd's hut, who may know how large an element of England's greatness has been the personal devotion of the people to the sovereign.

W. Alleyne Ireland.

THE END OF AN ERA.

I. THE LAST OF LEE'S ARMY.

At the time of the evacuation of Richmond, in 1865, I had been in the Confederate army for about ten months, had reached the mature age of eighteen, and had attained the rank of lieutenant. I was for the time at Clover Station, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, south of the fallen capital. A light glimmered in headquarters and at the telegraph station. Suspecting that news of importance had been received, and knowing the telegraph operator well, I repaired to his office. He was sitting at his instrument, closely attentive to its busy clicking.

"Any news, Tom?" inquired I.

Holding up his hand he said, "Yes! Hush!" and continued to listen. Then,

seizing his pad and pencil, he wrote rapidly. Again the clicking of the instrument began, and he resumed his attitude of intent listening. He was catching messages passing over the lines to Danville. During a lull, he informed me that heavy fighting on the right of the army at Five Forks had been going on all day, in which the slaughter on both sides had been very great, and that there were reports of the evacuation of Petersburg. Repairing to the quarters of General Walker, I found that he had substantially the same advices. Vainly and despondently we waited until late at night for more particulars.

Sunday morning broke clear and calm. It was one of the first of those heavenly spring days which to me seem brighter in Virginia than elsewhere. Sitting in a sunny spot near the telegraph station, a party of staff officers waited for telegrams until nearly eleven o'clock. Then a storm of news broke upon us, every word of which was freighted with deep import to our cause.

Click — click — click. "Our lines in front of Petersburg were broken this morning. General Lee is retiring from the city."

Click — click — click. "General A. P. Hill was killed."

Click — click — click. "Colonel William Pegram of the artillery also killed."

Click — click — click. "In the battle of Five Forks, which continued until long after dark last night, Pickett was overwhelmed by Sheridan with a greatly superior force of cavalry and infantry, and the enemy is now endeavoring to turn our right, which is retiring toward the Appomattox, to make a stand there."

Click — click — click. "Petersburg is evacuated. Our army in full retreat toward Burkeville."

Click — click — click. "General Lee has notified the President that he can no longer hold Richmond, and orders have been issued for the immediate evacuation of the city. The town is the scene of the utmost turmoil and confusion."

General Walker issued the necessary commands to place our own house in order. There was not much to be done. Such government stores and provisions as were at our post were promptly put on freight cars, and every preparation was made for an orderly departure, if necessary. We expected that Lee would make a stand at or near Burkeville, forty miles distant, and that, if he must, he would retreat along the line of the Richmond and Danville railroad. From the accounts of the fighting, I felt sure that my father's command was in the thick of it; and this fear gave an added trouble to the gloomy reflections of those sad hours.

When we recall the way in which the most startling events in our lives have happened, we note how differently they unfolded themselves from our previous thought of them. Nay, more: we all recall that when great events, which we had anticipated as possible or probable, have actually begun to occur, we have failed to recognize them. So it was now with me. That the war might end disastrously to the Confederacy, I had long regarded as a possibility; that our army was sadly depleted and in great want, I knew; but that it was literally worn out and killed out and starved out, I did not realize. The idea that within a week it would stack arms at Appomattox, surrender, and be disbanded did not enter into my mind even then. I still thought that it would retreat, and, abandoning Richmond, fall back to some new position, where it would fight many other battles before the issue was decided.

A few hours later, train after train, all loaded to their utmost capacity with whatever could be transported from the doomed capital, came puffing past Clover Station, on the way southward. These trains bore many men who, in the excitement, were unwilling to admit that all was lost. They frankly deplored the

necessity of giving up the Confederate capital, but insisted that the army was not beaten or demoralized, and was retreating in good order. They argued that Lee, relieved of the burden of defending his long lines from Richmond to Petersburg, and of the hard task of maintaining his communications, would draw Grant away from his base of supplies, and might now, with that generalship of which we all knew him to be master, be free to administer a stunning if not a crushing blow to Grant, in the open, where strategy might overcome force. These arguments cheered and revived me. I hoped it might so turn out. I dared not ask myself if I believed that it would.

Monday morning, April 3, a train passed Clover bearing the President, his Cabinet and chief advisers, to Danville. They had left Richmond after the midnight of that last Sunday when Mr. Davis was notified, while attending St. Paul's Church, that the immediate evacuation of the city was unavoidable. Mr. Davis sat at a car window. The crowd at the station cheered. He smiled and acknowledged their compliment; but his expression showed physical and mental exhaustion. Near him sat General Bragg, whose shaggy eyebrows and piercing eyes made him look like a much greater man than he ever proved himself to be. In this car was my brother-in-law, Dr. Garnett, family physician to Mr. Davis. I entered and sat with him a few minutes, to learn what I could about the home folk. His own family had been left at his Richmond residence, to the mercy of the conqueror. The presidential train was followed by many others. One bore the archives and employees of the Treasury Department, another those of the Post Office Department, another those of the War Department. I knew many in all these departments, and they told me the startling incidents of their sudden flight.

I saw a government on wheels. It was the marvelous and incongruous débris of the wreck of the Confederate capital. There were very few women on these trains; but among the last in the long procession were trains bearing indiscriminate cargoes of men and things. In one car was a cage with an African parrot, and a box of tame squirrels, and a hunchback! Everybody, not excepting the parrot, was wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement. The last arrivals brought the sad news that Richmond was in flames. Our departing troops had set fire to the tobacco warehouses. The heat, as it reached the hogsheads, caused the tobacco leaves to expand and burst their fastenings, and the wind, catching up the burning tobacco, spread it in a shower of fire upon the doomed city. It was after dark on Monday when the last train from Richmond passed Clover Station, bound southward. We were now at the northern outpost of the Confederacy. Nothing was between us and the enemy except Lee's army, which was retreating toward us, — if indeed it were coming in this direction. All day Tuesday, and until midday Wednesday, we waited, expecting to hear of the arrival of our army at Burkeville, or some tidings of its whereabouts. But the railroad stretching northward was as silent as the grave. The cessation of all traffic gave our place a Sabbath stillness. Until now there had been the constant rumble of trains on this main line of supplies to the army. After the intense excitement of Monday, when the whole Confederate government came rushing past at intervals of a few minutes, the unbroken silence reminded one of death after violent convulsions.

We still maintained telegraphic communication with Burkeville, but we could get no definite information concerning the whereabouts of Lee. Telegrams received Tuesday informed us he was near Amelia Court House. Wednesday morning we tried in vain to call up Amelia Court House. A little later Burkeville

reported the wires cut at Jetersville, ten miles to the north, between Burkeville and Amelia Court House. When General Walker heard this he quietly remarked, "They are pressing him off the line of this road, and forcing him to retreat by the Southside road to Lynchburg." I knew the topography of the country well enough to realize that if the army passed Burkeville Junction, moving westward, our position would be on the left flank and rear of the Union army, and that we must retire or be captured. Many messages came from Mr. Davis at Danville, inquiring for news from General Lee. Shortly after General Walker reported that the wires were cut at Jetersville, another message came from Mr. Davis. He asked if General Walker had a trusted man or officer who, if supplied with an engine, would venture down the road toward Burkeville, endeavor to communicate with General Lee, ascertain from him his situation and future plans, and report to the President. I was present when this telegram arrived. By good luck, other and older officers were absent. The suspense and inactivity of the past three days had been unendurable, and I volunteered gladly for the service. At first General Walker said that I was too young; but, after considering the matter, he ordered me to hold myself in readiness, and notified Mr. Davis that he had the man he wanted, and requested him to send the engine. The engine, with tender and a baggage car, arrived about eight P. M.

General Walker summoned me to headquarters, and gave me my final instructions. Taking the map, he showed me that in all probability the enemy had forced General Lee westward from Burkeville, and that there was danger of finding the Union troops already there. I was to proceed very slowly and cautiously. If the enemy was not in Burkeville, I must use my judgment whether to switch my train on the Southside road and run westward, or to leave the car and take a horse. If the enemy had reached Burkeville, as he feared, I was to run back to a station called Meherrin, return the engine, secure a horse, and endeavor to reach General Lee. "The reason that I suspect the presence of the enemy at Burkeville," said he, "is that this evening, after a long silence, we have received several telegrams purporting to come from General Lee, urging the forwarding of stores to that point. From the language used, I am satisfied that it is a trick to capture the trains. But I may be mistaken. You must be careful to ascertain the facts before you get too close to the place. Do not allow yourself to be captured."

The general was not a demonstrative man. He gave me an order which Mr. Davis had signed in blank, in which my name was inserted by General Walker, setting forth that, as special messenger of the President, I was authorized to impress all necessary men, horses, and provisions to carry out my instructions. He accompanied me to the train, and remarked that he had determined to try me, as I seemed so anxious to go; that it was a delicate and dangerous mission, and that its success depended upon my quickness, ability to judge of situations as they arose, and powers of endurance. He ordered the engineer, a young, strong fellow, to place himself implicitly under my command. I threw a pair of blankets into the car, shook hands cordially with the general, buttoned my papers in my breast pocket, and told the engineer to start. I did not see General Walker again for more than twenty years.

I carried no arms except a navy revolver at my hip, with some loose cartridges in my haversack. The night was chilly, still, and overcast. The moon struggled out now and then from watery clouds. We had no headlight, nor any light in the car. It seemed to me that our train was the noisiest I had ever heard. The track was badly worn and

very rough. In many places it had been bolstered up with beams of wood faced with strap iron, and we were compelled to move slowly. The stations were deserted. We had to put on our own wood and water. I lay down to rest, but nervousness banished sleep. The solitude of the car became unbearable. When we stopped at a water tank, I swung down from the car and clambered up to the engine. Knowing that we might have to reverse it suddenly, I ordered the engineer to cut loose the baggage car and leave it behind. This proved to be a wise precaution.

About two o'clock we reached Meherrin Station, twelve miles south of Burkeville. It was dark, and the station was deserted. I succeeded in getting an answer from an old man in a house near by, after hammering a long time upon the door. He had heard us, but he was afraid to reply.

"Have you heard anything from Lee's army?" I asked.

"Naw, nothin' at all. I heerd he was at Amelia Cote House yisterday."

"Have you heard of or seen any Yankees hereabouts?"

"None here yit. I heerd there was some at Green Bay yisterday, but they had done gone back."

"Back where?"

"I dunno. Back to Grant's army, I reckin."

"Where is Grant's army?"

"Gord knows. It 'pears to me like it 's everywhar."

"Are there any Yankees at Burkeville?"

"I dunno. I see a man come by here late last evenin', and he said he come from Burkeville; so I reckin there were n't none thar when he lef', but whether they is come sence I can't say."

I determined to push on. When we reached Green Bay, eight miles from Burkeville, the place was dark and deserted. There was nobody from whom we could get information. A whip-poor-will in the swamp added to the oppressive silence all about. Moving onward, we discovered, as we cautiously approached a turn in the road near Burkeville, the reflection of lights against the low-hanging clouds. Evidently, somebody was ahead and somebody was building fires. Were these reflections from the camp fires of Lee's or of Grant's army, or of any army at all? On our right, concealing us from the village and the village from us, was a body of pine woods. Not until we turned the angle of these woods could we see anything. I was standing by the engineer. We were both uncertain what to do. At first I thought I would get down and investigate; but I reflected that I should lose much time in getting back to the engine, whereas if I pushed boldly forward until we were discovered, I should be safe if those who saw us were friends, and able to retreat rapidly if they were enemies.

"Go ahead!" I said to the engineer.

"What, lieutenant? Ain't you afraid they are Yankees? If they are, we 're goners," said he hesitatingly.

"Go ahead!" I repeated; and in two minutes more we were at the curve, with the strong glare of many fires lighting up our engine. What a sight! Lines of men were heaving at the rails by the light of fires built for working. The fires and working parties crossed our route to westward, showing that the latter were devoting their attention to the Southside road. In the excitement of the moment, I thought they were destroying the track. In fact, as I afterward learned, they were merely changing the gauge of the rails. Grant, with that wonderful power he possessed of doing everything at once, was already altering the railroad gauge so as to fetch provisions up to his army. The enemy was not only in Burkeville, but he had been there all day, and was thus following up his occupation of the place. Lee must be to the north or to the west of him, pushed away from Danville road, and

either upon or trying to reach the Southside railroad, which led to Lynchburg. All these things I thought out a little later, but not just at that moment. A blazing meteor would not have astonished our foes more than the sight of our locomotive. They had not heard our approach, amid the noise and confusion of their own work. They had no picket out in our direction, for this was their rear. In an instant a number of troopers rushed for their horses and came galloping down upon us. They were but two or three hundred yards away.

"Reverse the engine," I said to the engineer. He seemed paralyzed. I drew my pistol.

"It 's no use, lieutenant. They 'll kill us before we get under way," and he fumbled with his lever.

"Reverse, or you 're a dead man!" I shouted, clapping the muzzle of my pistol behind his ear. He heaved at the lever; the engine began to move, but how slowly! The troopers were coming on. We heard them cry, "Surrender!" The engine was quickening her beats. They saw that we were running, and they opened fire on us. We lay down flat, and let the locomotive go. The fireman on the tender was in an exposed position, and seemed to be endeavoring to burrow in the coal. A shot broke a window above us. Presently the firing ceased. Two or three of the foremost of the cavalrymen had tumbled into a cattle-guard, in their reckless pursuit. We were safe now, except that the engine and tender were in momentary danger of jumping the rotten track.

When we were well out of harm's way, the engineer, with whom I had been on very friendly terms till this last episode, turned to me and asked, with a grieved look, "Lieutenant, would you have blowed my brains out sure 'nuff, if I had n't done what you tole me?"

"I would that," I replied, not much disposed to talk; for I was thinking, and thinking hard, what next to do.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, as with a greasy rag he gave a fresh rub to a piece of the machinery, "all I 've got to say is, I don't want to travel with you no mo'."

"You 'll not have to travel far," I rejoined. "I 'll get off at Meherrin, and you can go back."

"What!" exclaimed he. "You goin' to get off there in the dark by yourself, with no hoss, and right in the middle of the Yankees? Durn my skin if I 'd do it for Jeff Davis hisself!"

Upon our arrival at Meherrin, I wrote a few lines to Gèneral Walker, describing the position of the enemy, and telling him that I hoped to reach General Lee near High Bridge by traveling across the base of a triangle formed by the two railroads from Burkeville and my route, and that I would communicate with him further when I could.

It was a lonesome feeling that came over me when the engine went southward, leaving me alone and in the dark at Meherrin. The chill of daybreak was coming on, when I stepped out briskly upon a road leading northward. I knew that every minute counted, and that there was no hope of securing a horse in that vicinity. I think that I walked three or four miles. Day broke and the sun rose before I came to an opening. A kind Providence must have guided my steps, for, at the very first house I reached, a pretty mare stood at the horse-rack, saddled and bridled, as if waiting for me. The house was in a grove by the roadside. I received a hospitable reception, and was invited to breakfast. My night's work had made me ravenous. My host was past military age, but he seemed dazed by the prospect of falling into the hands of the enemy. I learned from him that Sheridan's cavalry had advanced nearly to his place, the day before. We ate breakfast almost in silence. At the table I found Sergeant Wilkins, of the Black Walnut troop, from Halifax County. He had

been on "horse furlough." Confederate cavalrymen supplied their own horses, and his horse furlough meant that his horse had broken down, that he had been home to replace it, and that he was now returning to duty with another beast. His mare was beautiful and fresh, — the very animal that I needed. When I told him that I must take his horse he laughed, as if I were joking; then he positively refused; but finally, when I showed the sign manual of Jefferson Davis, he yielded, very reluctantly. It was perhaps fortunate for Sergeant Wilkins that he was obliged to go home again, for his cavalry command was engaged heavily that day, and every day thereafter until the surrender at Appomattox.

On the morning of April 6, mounted upon as fine a mare as there was in the Confederacy, I sallied forth in search of General Lee. I started northward for the Southside railroad. It was not long before I heard cannon to the northeast. Thinking that the sounds came from the enemy in the rear of Lee, I endeavored to bear sufficiently westward to avoid the Union forces. Seeing no sign of either army, I was going along leisurely, when a noise behind me attracted my attention. Turning in my saddle, I saw at a distance of several hundred yards the head of a cavalry command coming from the east, and turning out of a cross-road that I had passed into the road that I was traveling. They saw me, and pretended to give chase; but their horses were jaded, and my mare was fresh and swift. The few shots they fired went wide of us, and I galloped out of range quickly and safely. My filly, after her spin, was mettlesome, and as I held her in hand I chuckled to think how easy it was to keep out of harm's way on such a beast.

But this was not to be my easy day. I was rapidly approaching another road, which came into my road from the east. I saw another column of Union cavalry filing into my road and going in the same direction that I was going. Here was a pretty pickle! We were in the woods. Did they see me? To be sure they did. Of course they knew of the parallel column of their own troops which I had passed, and I think they first mistook me for a friend. But I could not ride forward: I should have come upon the rear of their column. I could not turn back: the cavalry force behind was not a quarter of a mile away. I stopped, thus disclosing who I was. Several of them made a dart for me; several more took shots with their carbines; and once more the little mare and I were dashing off, this time through the woods to the west.

What a bird she was, that little mare! At a low fence in the woods she did not make a pause or blunder, but cleared it without turning a hair. I resolved now to get out of the way, for it was very evident that I was trying to reach General Lee by riding across the advance columns of Sheridan, who was on Lee's flank. Going at a merry pace, just when my heart was ceasing to jump and I was congratulating myself upon a lucky escape, I was "struck flat aback," as sailors say. From behind a large oak a keen, racy-looking fellow stepped forth, and, leveling his cavalry carbine, called, "Halt!" He was not ten feet away.

Halt I did. It is all over now, thought I, for I did not doubt that he was a Jesse scout. (That was the name applied by us to Union scouts who disguised themselves in our uniform.) He looked too neat and clean for one of our men. The words "I surrender" were on my lips, when he asked, "Who are you?" I had half a mind to lie about it, but I gave my true name and rank. "What the devil are you doing here, then?" he exclaimed, his whole manner changing. I told him. "If that is so," said he, lowering his gun, to my great relief, "I must help to get you out. The Yankees are all around us. Come on." He led the way rapidly to where his own horse was tied behind some cedar bushes, and, mounting, bade

me follow him. He knew the woods well. As we rode along, I ventured to inquire who he was. "Curtis," said he, — "one of General Rooney Lee's scouts. I have been hanging on the flank of this cavalry for several days. They are evidently pushing for the High Bridge, to cut the army off from crossing there."

After telling him of my adventure, I added: "You gave me a great fright. I thought you were a Yankee, sure, and came near telling you that I was one."

"It is well you did not. I am taking no prisoners on this trip," he rejoined, tapping the butt of his carbine significantly.

"There they go," said he, as we came to an opening and saw the Union cavalry winding down a red clay road to the north of us, traveling parallel with our own route. "We must hurry, or they 'll reach the Flat Creek ford ahead of us. Fitz Lee is somewhere near here, and there 'll be fun when he sees them. There are not many of them, and they are pressing too far ahead of their main column."

After a sharp ride through the forest, we came to a wooded hill overlooking the ford of Flat Creek, a stream which runs northward, entering the Appomattox near High Bridge.

"Wait here a moment," said Curtis. "Let me ride out and see if we are safe." Going on to a point where he could reconnoitre, he turned back, rose in his stirrups, waved his hand, and crying, "Come on, quick!" galloped down the hill to the ford.

I followed; but he had not accurately calculated the distance. The head of the column of Union cavalry was in sight when he beckoned to me and made his dash. They saw him and started toward him. As I was considerably behind him, they were much nearer to me than to him. He crossed safely; but the stream was deep, and by the time I was in the middle, my little mare doing her best with the water up to her chest, the Yankees were in easy range, making it uncomfortable for me. The bullets were splashing in the water all around me. I threw myself off the saddle, and, nestling close under the mare's shoulder, I reached the other side unharmed. Curtis and a number of pickets stationed at the ford stood by me manfully. The road beyond the ford ran into a deep gully and made a turn. Behind the protection of this turn Curtis and the pickets opened fire upon the advancing cavalry, and held them in check until I was safely over. When my horse trotted up with me, wet as a drowned rat, it was time for us all to move on rapidly. In the afternoon I heard Fitz Lee pouring hot shot into that venturesome body of cavalry, and I was delighted to learn afterward that he had given them severe punishment.

Curtis advised me to go to Farmville, where I would be beyond the chance of encountering more Union cavalry, and then to work eastward toward General Lee. I had been upset by the morning's adventures, and I was somewhat demoralized. About a mile from Farmville, I found myself to the west of a line of battle of infantry, formed on a line running north and south, moving toward the town. Not doubting they were Union troops, I galloped off again, and when I entered Farmville I did not hesitate to inform the commandant that the Yankees were approaching. The news created quite a panic. Artillery was put in position and preparations were made to resist, when it was discovered that the troops I had seen were a reserve regiment of our own, falling back in line of battle to a position near the town. I kept very quiet when I heard men all about me swearing that any cowardly, panic-stricken fool who would set such a report afloat ought to be lynched.

I had now very nearly joined our army, which was coming directly toward me. Early in the afternoon the advance of our troops appeared. How

they straggled, and how demoralized they seemed! Eastward, not far from the Flat Creek ford, a heavy fire opened, and continued for an hour or more. As I afterward learned, Fitz Lee had collided with my cavalry friends of the morning, and seeing his advantage had availed himself of it by attacking them fiercely. To the north, about four o'clock, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry began, and continued until dark. I was riding toward this firing, with my back to Farmville. Very heavy detonations of artillery were followed time and again by crashes of musketry. It was the battle of Sailors' Creek, the most important of those last struggles of which Grant said, "There was as much gallantry displayed by some of the Confederates in these little engagements as was displayed at any time during the war, notwithstanding the sad defeats of the past weeks." My father's command was doing the best fighting of that day. When Ewell and Custis Lee had been captured, when Pickett's division broke and fled, when Bushrod Johnson, his division commander, left the field ingloriously, my fearless father, bareheaded and desperate, led his brigade into action at Sailors' Creek, and, though completely surrounded, cut his way out, and reached Farmville at daylight with the fragments of his command.

It was long after nightfall when the firing ceased. We had not then learned the particulars, but it was easy to see that the contest had gone against us. The enemy had, in fact, at Sailors' Creek, stampeded the remnant of Pickett's division, broken our lines, captured six general officers, including Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, and burned a large part of our wagon trains. As evening came on, the road was filled with wagons, artillery, and bodies of men, hurrying without organization and in a state of panic toward Farmville. I met two general officers, of high rank and great distinction, who seemed utterly demoralized, and they declared that all was lost. That portion of the army which was still unconquered was falling back with its face to the foe, and bivouacked with its right and left flanks resting upon the Appomattox to cover the crossings to the north side, near Farmville. Upon reaching our lines, I found the divisions of Field and Mahone presenting an unbroken and defiant front. Passing from camp to camp in search of General Lee, I encountered General Mahone, who told me where to find General Lee. He said that the enemy had "knocked hell out of Pickett." "But," he added savagely, "my fellows are all right. We are just waiting for 'em." And so they were. When the army surrendered, three days later, Mahone's division was in better fighting trim and surrendered more muskets than any other division of Lee's army.

It was past midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station and east of the High Bridge. A camp fire of fence rails was burning low. Colonel Charles Marshall sat in an ambulance, with a lantern and a lap-desk. He was preparing orders at the dictation of General Lee, who stood near, with one hand resting on a wheel and one foot upon the end of a log, watching intently the dying embers as he spoke in a low tone to his amanuensis.

Touching my cap as I rode up, I inquired, "General Lee?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, and I dismounted and explained my mission. He examined my autograph order from Mr. Davis, and questioned me closely concerning the route by which I had come. He seemed especially interested in my report of the position of the enemy at Burkeville and westward, to the south of his army. Then, with a long sigh, he said: "I hardly think it is necessary to prepare written dispatches in reply. They may be captured. The enemy's cavalry is already flanking us to the

south and west. You seem capable of bearing a verbal response. You may say to Mr. Davis that, as he knows, my original purpose was to adhere to the line of the Danville road. I have been unable to do so, and am now endeavoring to hold the Southside road as I retire in the direction of Lynchburg."

"Have you any objective point, general, — any place where you contemplate making a stand?" I ventured timidly.

"No," said he, slowly and sadly, "no; I shall have to be governed by each day's developments." Then, with a touch of resentment, and raising his voice, he added, "A few more Sailors' Creeks and it will all be over — ended — just as I have expected it would end from the first."

I was astonished at the frankness of this avowal to one so insignificant as I. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. It gave me an insight into the character of General Lee which all the books ever written about him could never give. It elevated him in my opinion more than anything else he ever said or did. It revealed him as a man who had sacrificed everything to perform a conscientious duty against his judgment. He had loved the Union. He had believed secession was unnecessary; he had looked upon it as hopeless folly. Yet at the call of his state he had laid his life and fame and fortune at her feet, and served her faithfully to the last.

After another pause, during which, although he spoke not a word and gave not a sign, I could discern a great struggle within him, he turned to me and said: "You must be very tired, my son. You have had an exciting day. Go rest yourself, and report to me at Farmville at sunrise. I may determine to send a written dispatch." The way in which he called me "my son" made me feel as if I would die for him.

Hesitating a moment, I inquired, "General, can you give me any tidings of my father?"

"Your father?" he asked. "Who is your father?"

"General Wise."

"Ah!" said he, with another pause. "No, no. At nightfall his command was fighting obstinately at Sailors' Creek, surrounded by the enemy. I have heard nothing from them since. I fear they were captured, or — or — worse." To these words, spoken with genuine sympathy, he added: "Your father's command has borne itself nobly throughout this retreat. You may well feel proud of him and of it."

My father was not dead. At the very moment when we were talking, he and the remnant of his brigade were tramping across the High Bridge, feeling like victors, and he, bareheaded and with an old blanket pinned around him, was chewing tobacco and cursing Bushrod Johnson for running off and leaving him to fight his own way out.

I had found a little pile of leaves in a pine thicket, and lay down in the rear of Field's division for a nap. Fearing that somebody would steal my horse, I looped the reins around my wrist, and the mare stood by my side. We were already good friends. Just before daylight she gave a snort and a jerk which nearly dislocated my arm, and I awoke to find her alarmed at Field's division, which was withdrawing silently and had come suddenly upon her. Warned by this incident, I mounted, and proceeded toward Farmville, to report, as directed, to General Lee for further orders. North of the stream at Farmville, in the forks of the road, was the house then occupied by General Lee. On the hill behind the house, to the left of the road, was a grove. Seeing troops in this grove, I rode in, inquiring for General Lee's headquarters. The troops were lying there more like dead men than live ones. They did not move, and they had no sentries out. The sun was shining upon them as they slept. I did not recognize them. Dismounting, and

shaking an officer, I awoke him with difficulty. He rolled over, sat up, and began rubbing his eyes, which were bloodshot and showed great fatigue.

"Hello, John!" said he. "In the name of all that is wonderful, where did you come from?" It was Lieutenant Edmund R. Bagwell, of the forty-sixth. The men, a few hundred in all, were the pitiful remnant of my father's brigade.

"Have you seen the old general?" asked Ned. "He's over there. Oh, we have had a week of it! Yes, this is all that is left of us. John, the old man will give you thunder when he sees you. When we were coming on last night in the dark, he said, 'Thank God, John is out of this!' Dick? Why, Dick was captured yesterday at Sailors' Creek. He was riding the general's old mare, Maggie, and she squatted like a rabbit with him when the shells began to fly. She always had that trick. He could not make her go forward or backward. You ought to have seen Dick belaboring her with his sword. But the Yanks got him!" and Ned burst into a laugh as he led me where my father was. Nearly sixty years old, he lay like a common soldier, sleeping on the ground among his men.

We aroused him, and when he saw me he exclaimed: "Well, by great Jehosaphat, what are you doing here? I thought you, at least, were safe." I hugged him, and almost laughed and cried at the sight of him safe and sound, for General Lee had made me very uneasy. I told him why I was there.

"Where is General Lee?" he asked earnestly, springing to his feet. "I want to see him again. I saw him this morning about daybreak. I had washed my face in a mud puddle, and the red mud was all over it and in the roots of my hair. I looked like a Comanche Indian; and when I was telling him how we cut our way out last night, he broke into a smile and said, 'General, go wash your face!'" The incident pleased him immensely, for at the same time General Lee made him a division commander, — a promotion he had long deserved for gallantry, if not for military knowledge.

"No, Dick is not captured. He got out, I'm sure," said he, as we walked down the hill together. "He was separated from me when the enemy broke our line. He was not riding Maggie. I lent her to Frank Johnson. He was wounded, and, remembering his kindness to your brother Jennings the day he was killed, I tried to save the poor fellow, and told him to ride Maggie to the rear. Dick was riding his black horse. I know it. When the Yankees advanced, a flock of wild turkeys flushed before them and came sailing into our lines. I saw Dick gallop after a gobbler and shoot him and tie him to his saddle-bow. He was coming back toward us when the line broke, and, mounted as he was, he has no doubt escaped, but is cut off from us by the enemy.

"Yes, the Yanks got the bay horse, and my servants Joshua and Smith, and all my baggage, overcoats and plunder. A private soldier pinned this blanket around me last night, and I found this hat when I was coming off the field."

He laughed heartily at his own plight. I have never since seen a catch-pin half so large as that with which his blanket was gathered at the throat. As we passed down the road to General Lee's headquarters, the roads and the fields were filled with stragglers. They moved looking behind them, as if they expected to be attacked and harried by a pursuing foe. Demoralization, panic, abandonment of all hope, appeared on every hand. Wagons were rolling along without any order or system. Caissons and limber chests, without commanding officers, seemed to be floating aimlessly upon a tide of disorganization. Rising to his full height, casting a glance around him like that of an eagle, and sweeping the horizon with his long arm and bony forefinger, my father exclaimed, "This is

the end!" It is impossible to convey an idea of the agony and the bitterness of his words and gesture.

We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house that I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin, and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. "General Lee," exclaimed my father, "my poor brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God, sir, they shall not move another step until *somebody* gives them something to eat!"

"Come in, general," said General Lee soothingly. "They deserve something to eat, and shall have it; and meanwhile you shall share my breakfast." He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness.

It was but a few moments, however, before my father launched forth in a fresh denunciation of the conduct of General Bushrod Johnson in the engagement of the 6th. I am satisfied that General Lee felt as he did; but, assuming an air of mock severity, he said, "General, are you aware that you are liable to court-martial and execution for insubordination and disrespect toward your commanding officer?"

My father looked at him, with lifted eyebrows and flashing eyes, and exclaimed: "Shot! You can't afford to shoot the men who fight for cursing those who run away. Shot! I wish you would shoot me. If you don't, some Yankee probably will within the next twenty-four hours."

Growing more serious, General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation.

"Situation?" said the bold old man. "There is no situation! Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee."

This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested: "Oh, general, do not talk so wildly. My burdens are heavy enough. What would the country think of me if I did what you suggest?"

"Country be d——d!" was the quick reply. "There is no country. There has been no country, general, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things which have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man or government or people will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is upon your head."

General Lee stood for some time at an open window, looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response. Then, turning his attention to me, he said cheerfully that he was glad that my father's plight was not as bad as he had thought it might be, at the time of our conversation the night before. After a pause, he wrote upon a piece of paper a few words to the effect that he had talked with me and that I would make a verbal report. If occasion arose, he would give further advices. "This," said he, "you will deliver to the President. I fear to write, lest you be captured, for those people are already several miles above Farmville. You must keep on the north side to a ford eight miles above here, and be careful about crossing even there." He

always referred to the enemy as "those people." Then he bade me adieu, and asked my father to come in and share his breakfast.

I hugged my father in the presence of General Lee, and I saw a kindly look in his eyes as he watched us. Remembering that my father had no horse, I said, "Take my mare. I can easily get another."

"What!" said he, laughing, "a dispatch-bearer giving away his horse! No, sir. That is too pretty a little animal to make a present to a Yankee. I know they will bag us all, horse, foot, and dragoons, before long. No. I can walk as well as anybody. Have you any chewing tobacco?"

I was immensely flattered at this request, and gave him a plug of excellent tobacco. It was the first time that he had recognized me as entitled to the possession of all the "modern improvements" of a soldier.

And so I left them. As I rode along in search of the ford to which General Lee had directed me, I felt that I was in the midst of the wreck of that immortal army which, until now, I had believed to be invincible.

John S. Wise.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

III.

INTEREST AND ATTENTION.

In my last paper I treated of the native tendencies of the pupil to react in characteristically definite ways upon different stimuli or exciting circumstances; in fact, I treated of the pupil's instincts. Now, some situations appeal to special instincts from the very outset, and others fail to do so until the proper connections have been organized in the course of the person's training. We say of the former set of objects or situations that they are *interesting* in themselves and originally; of the latter we say that they are natively uninteresting, and that interest in them has first to be acquired.

No topic has received more attention from pedagogical writers than that of interest. It is the natural sequel to the instincts we so lately discussed, and it is therefore well fitted to be the next subject which we take up.

INTERESTS NATIVE AND INTERESTS ACQUIRED.

Some objects, then, are natively interesting. In others interest is artificially acquired. The teacher must deal with both kinds of objects, and must know which the natively interesting ones are; for, as we shall see immediately, other objects can artificially acquire an interest only through first becoming associated with some of these natively interesting things.

The native interests of children lie altogether in the sphere of sensation. Novel things to look at or novel sounds to hear, especially when they involve the spectacle of action of a violent sort, will always divert the attention from abstract conceptions of objects, verbally taken in. The grimace that Johnny is making, the spitballs that Tommy is ready to throw, the dog fight in the street, or the distant firebells ringing,—these are the rivals with which the teacher's powers of being interesting have incessantly to cope. The child will always attend more to what a teacher does than to what the same teacher says: during the performance of experiments or while the teacher is drawing on the blackboard, the children are tranquil

and absorbed. I have seen a roomful of college students suddenly become perfectly still, to look at their professor of physics tie a piece of string around a stick which he was going to use in an experiment, but immediately grow restless when he began to explain the experiment. A lady told me that one day, during a lesson, she was delighted at having captured so completely the attention of one of her young charges. He did not remove his eyes from her face; but he said to her after the lesson was over, "I looked at you all the time, and your upper jaw did not move once!" That was the only fact that he had taken in.

Living things, then, moving things, or things that savor of danger or of blood, that have a dramatic quality, — these are the objects natively interesting to childhood, to the exclusion of almost everything else; and the teacher of young children, until more artificial interests have grown up, will keep in touch with her pupils by constant appeal to such matters as these. Instruction must be carried on objectively, experimentally, anecdotally. The blackboard-drawing and story-telling must constantly come in. But of course these methods cover only the first steps, and carry one but a little way.

Can we now formulate any general principle by which the later and more artificial interests connect themselves with these early ones that the child brings with him to the school?

Fortunately, we can; there is a very simple law that relates the acquired and the native interests with each other.

Any object not interesting in itself may become interesting through becoming associated with an object in which an interest already exists. The two associated objects grow, as it were, together; the interesting portion sheds its quality over the whole; and thus things not interesting in their own right borrow an interest which becomes as real and as strong as that of any natively interesting thing. The odd circumstance is that the borrowing does not impoverish the source; the objects taken together being more interesting, perhaps, than the originally interesting portion was by itself.

Any one will immediately understand this abstract statement by the most frequent of concrete examples, — the interest which things borrow from their connection with our own personal welfare. The most natively interesting object to a man is his own personal self and its fortunes. We accordingly see that the moment a thing becomes connected with the fortunes of the self, it instantly becomes an interesting thing. *Lend* the child his books, pencils, and other apparatus; then *give* them to him, make them his own, and notice the new light with which they shine in his eyes at once. He takes a new kind of care of them altogether. In mature life, all the drudgery of a man's business or profession, intolerable in itself, is shot through with engrossing significance, because he knows it to be associated with his personal fortunes. What more deadly uninteresting object can there be than a railroad time-table? Yet where will you find a more interesting object if you are going on a journey, and by its means can find your train? At such times the time-table will absorb a man's entire attention; its interest being borrowed solely from its relation to his personal life. *From all these facts there emerges a very simple abstract programme for the teacher to follow in keeping the attention of the child: Begin with the line of his native interests, and offer him objects that have some immediate connection with these.* The kindergarten methods, the object-teaching routine, the blackboard and manual-training work, — all recognize this feature. Schools in which these methods preponderate are schools where discipline is easy, and where the voice of the master claiming

order and attention in thundering tones need never be heard.

Next, step by step, connect with these first objects and experiences the later objects and ideas which you wish to instill. Associate the new with the old in some natural and telling way, so that the interest, being shed along from point to point, finally suffuses the entire system of objects of thought.

This is the abstract statement; and, abstractly, nothing can be easier to understand. It is in the fulfillment of the rule that the difficulty lies; for the difference between an interesting and a tedious teacher consists in little more than the inventiveness by which the one is able to mediate these associations and connections, and in the dullness in discovering such transitions which the other shows. One teacher's mind will fairly coruscate with points of connection between the new lesson and the circumstances of the children's other experience. Anecdotes and reminiscences will abound in her talk, and the shuttle of interest will shoot backward and forward, weaving the new and the old together in a lively and entertaining way. Another teacher has no such inventive fertility, and his lesson will always be a dead and heavy thing. This is the psychological meaning of the Herbartian principle of "preparation" for each lesson, and of correlating the new with the old. It is the psychological meaning of that whole method of concentration in studies of which you have been recently hearing so much. When the geography and English and history and arithmetic simultaneously make cross-references to one another, you get an interesting set of processes all along the line.

If, then, you wish to insure the interest of your pupils, there is only one way to do it, and that is to *make certain* that they have something in their minds *to attend with* when you begin to talk. That something can consist in nothing but a previous lot of ideas already interesting in themselves, and of such a nature that the incoming novel objects which you present can dovetail into them and form with them some kind of a logically associated or systematic whole. Fortunately, almost any kind of a connection is sufficient to carry the interest along. What a help is our Philippine war at present in teaching geography! But before the war you could ask the children if they ate pepper with their eggs, and where they supposed the pepper came from. Or ask them if glass is a stone, and if not, why not; and then tell them how stones are formed and glass manufactured. External links will serve as well as those that are deeper and more logical. But interest once shed upon a subject is liable to remain always with that subject. Our acquisitions become in a measure portions of our personal self; and little by little, as cross-associations multiply and habits of familiarity and practice grow, the entire system of our objects of thought consolidates, most of it becoming interesting for some purposes and in some degree.

An adult man's interests are almost every one of them intensely artificial; they have slowly been built up. The objects of professional interest are, most of them, in their original nature, repulsive; but by their connection with such natively exciting objects as one's personal fortune, one's social responsibilities, and especially by the force of inveterate habit, they grow to be the only things for which, in middle life, a man profoundly cares. But in all these the spread and consolidation have followed nothing but the principles first laid down. If we could recall for a moment our whole individual history, we should see that our professional ideals and all the zeal they inspire are due to nothing but the slow accretion of one mental object to another, traceable backward from point to point till we reach the moment when, in the nursery or in the schoolroom, some little story

told, some little object shown, some little operation witnessed, brought the first new object and new interest within our ken by associating it with some one of those primitively there. The interest now suffusing the whole system took its rise in that little event, so insignificant to us now as to be entirely forgotten. As the bees in swarming cling to one another in layers, till the few are reached whose feet grapple the bough from which the swarm depends, so with the objects of our thinking, — they hang to one another by associated links, but the *original* source of interest in all of them is the native interest which the earliest one once possessed.

ATTENTION.

Whoever treats of interest inevitably treats of attention; for to say that an object is interesting is only another way of saying that it excites attention. But in addition to the attention which an object already interesting or an object just becoming interesting claims — passive attention or spontaneous attention, we may call it — there is a more deliberate attention, voluntary attention or attention with effort, as it is called, which we can give to objects less interesting or uninteresting in themselves. The distinction between active and passive attention is made in all books on psychology, and connects itself with the deeper aspects of the topic. From our present purely practical point of view, however, it is not necessary to be intricate, and passive attention to natively interesting material requires no further elucidation on this occasion. All that we need explicitly to note is that the more the passive attention is relied on, by keeping the material interesting, and the less the kind of attention requiring effort is appealed to, the more smoothly and pleasantly the class-room work goes on. I must say a few more words, however, about this latter process of voluntary and deliberate attention.

One often hears it said that genius is nothing but a power of sustained attention; and the popular impression probably prevails that men of genius are remarkable for their voluntary powers in this direction. *But a little introspective observation will show any one that voluntary attention cannot be continuously sustained; that it comes in beats.* When we are studying an uninteresting subject, if our mind tends to wander, we have to bring back our attention every now and then by using distinct pulses of effort which revivify the topic for a moment, the mind then running on for a certain number of seconds or minutes with spontaneous interest, until again some intercurrent idea captures it and takes it off. Then the processes of volitional recall must be repeated once more. Voluntary attention, in short, is only a momentary affair. The process, whatever it is, exhausts itself in the single act; and unless the matter is then taken in hand by some trace of interest inherent in the subject, the mind fails to follow it at all. The sustained attention of the genius, sticking to his subject for hours together, is for the most part of the passive sort. The minds of geniuses are full of copious and original associations. The subject of thought, once started, develops all sorts of fascinating consequences; the attention is led along one of these to another in the most interesting manner, and the attention never once tends to stray away. In a commonplace mind, on the other hand, a subject develops much less numerous associates; it dies out, then, quickly; and if the man is to keep up thinking of it at all, he must bring his attention back to it by a violent wrench. In him, therefore, the faculty of voluntary attention receives abundant opportunity for cultivation in daily life. It is your despised business man, your common man of affairs (so looked down on by the literary awarders of fame), whose virtue in this regard is likely to be most developed;

for he has to listen to the concerns of so many uninteresting people, and transacts so much drudging detail, that the faculty in question is always kept in training. A genius, on the contrary, is the man in whom you are least likely to find the power of attending to anything insipid or distasteful in itself; he breaks his engagements, leaves his letters unanswered, neglects his family duties incorrigibly, because he is powerless to divert his attention from those more interesting trains of imagery with which his genius constantly occupies his mind.

Voluntary attention is thus an essentially instantaneous affair. You can claim it, for your purposes in the schoolroom, by commanding it in loud, imperious tones, and you can easily get it in this way. But unless the subject to which you thus recall their attention has inherent power to interest the pupils, you will have got it only for a brief moment, and their minds will soon be wandering again. To keep them where you have called them, you must make the subject too interesting for them to wander again. And for that there is one prescription; but the prescription, like all our prescriptions, is abstract, and to get practical results from it you must couple it with mother-wit.

The prescription is that *the subject must be made to show new aspects of itself; to prompt new questions; in a word, to change.* From an unchanging subject the attention inevitably wanders away. You can test this by the simplest possible case of sensorial attention. Try to attend steadfastly to a dot on the paper or on the wall. You presently find that one or the other of two things has happened: either your field of vision has become blurred, so that you now see nothing distinct at all; or else you have involuntarily ceased to look at the dot in question, and are looking at something else. But if you ask yourself successive questions about the dot, — how big it is, how far, of what shape, what shade of color, etc.; in other words, if you turn it over, if you think of it in various ways and along with various kinds of associate, you can keep your mind on it for a comparatively long time. This is what the genius does, in whose hands a given topic coruscates and grows. And this is what the teacher must do for every topic, if he wishes to avoid too frequent appeals to voluntary attention of the coerced sort. In all respects, reliance upon such attention as this is a wasteful method, bringing bad temper and nervous wear and tear as well as imperfect results. The teacher who can get along by keeping spontaneous interest excited must be regarded as the teacher with most skill.

There is, however, in all schoolroom work a large mass of material that must be dull and unexciting, and to which it is impossible in any continuous way to contribute an interest associatively derived. There are, therefore, certain external methods, which every teacher knows, of voluntarily arousing the attention from time to time and keeping it upon the subject. Mr. Fitch has a lecture on the art of securing attention, and he briefly passes these methods in review: The posture must be changed; places can be changed. Questions, after being answered singly, may occasionally be answered in concert; elliptical questions may be asked, the pupil supplying the missing word. The teacher must pounce upon the most listless child, and wake him. The habit of prompt and ready response must be kept up; recapitulations, illustrations, examples, novelty of order, and ruptures of routine, — all these are means for keeping the attention alive and contributing a little interest to a dull subject. Above all, the teacher must himself be alive and ready, and must use the contagion of his own example.

But when all is said and done, the fact remains that some teachers have a naturally inspiring presence and can

make their exercises interesting, while others simply cannot. Here psychology and general pedagogy confess their failure, and hand things over to the deeper springs of human personality to conduct the task.

A brief reference to the physiological theory of the attentive process may serve still further to elucidate these practical remarks, and confirm them by showing them from a slightly different point of view.

What is the attentive process psychologically considered? Attention to an object is what takes place whenever that object most completely occupies the mind. For simplicity's sake, suppose the object to be an object of sensation, — a figure approaching us at a distance on the road. It is far off, barely perceptible, and hardly moving; we do not know with certainty whether it is a man or not. Such an object as this, if carelessly looked at, may hardly catch our attention at all; the optical impression may affect solely the marginal consciousness, whilst the mental focus keeps engaged with rival things. We may indeed not "see" it till some one points it out. But if so, how does he point it out? By his finger, and by describing its appearance, — by creating a premonitory image of *where* to look, and of *what* to expect to see. This premonitory image is already an excitement of the same nerve centres that are to be concerned with the impression. The impression comes and excites them still further; and now the object enters the focus of the field, consciousness being sustained both by impression and by preliminary idea. But the maximum of attention to it is not yet reached. Although we see it, we may not care for it; it may suggest nothing important to us; and a rival stream of objects or of thoughts may quickly take our mind away. If, however, our companion defines it in a significant way, arouses in the mind a set of experiences to be apprehended from it, — names it as an enemy or as a messenger of important tidings, — the residual and marginal ideas now aroused, so far from being its rivals, become its associates and allies; they shoot together into one system with it; they converge upon it; they keep it steadily in focus; the mind attends to it with maximum power.

The attentive process, therefore, at its maximum may be physiologically symbolized by a brain-cell played on in two ways, — from without and from within. Incoming currents from the periphery arouse it, and collateral currents from the centres of memory and imagination reinforce these.

In this process, the incoming impression is the newer element, the ideas which reinforce and sustain it are among the older possessions of the mind. And the maximum of attention may then be said to be found whenever we have a systematic harmony or unification between the novel and the old. It is an odd circumstance that neither the old nor the new, by itself, is interesting: the absolutely old is insipid; the absolutely new makes no appeal at all. The old *in* the new is what claims the attention, — the old with a slightly new turn. No one wants to hear a lecture on a subject completely disconnected with his previous knowledge, but all of us enjoy lectures on subjects of which we know a little already; just as in the fashions, every year must bring its slight modification of last year's suit, but an abrupt jump from the fashion of one decade into that of another would be distasteful to the eye.

The genius of the interesting teacher consists in sympathetic divination of the sort of material with which the pupil's mind is likely to be already spontaneously engaged, and in the ingenuity which discovers paths of connection from that material to the matters to be newly learned. The principle is easy to grasp, but the accomplishment is difficult in the

extreme. And a knowledge of such psychology as this which I am recalling can no more make a good teacher than a knowledge of the laws of perspective can make a landscape painter of effective skill.

A certain doubt may now occur to some of you. Awhile ago, apropos of the pugnacious instinct, I spoke of our modern pedagogy as being possibly too "soft." You may perhaps here face me with my own words, and ask whether the exclusive effort on the teacher's part to keep the pupil's spontaneous interest going, and to avoid the more strenuous path of voluntary attention to repulsive work, does not savor also of sentimentalism. The greater part of schoolroom work, you say, must in the nature of things be repulsive. To face uninteresting drudgery is a good part of life's work; why seek to eliminate it from the schoolroom, or minimize the sterner law?

A word or two will obviate what might perhaps become a serious misunderstanding here.

It is certain that most schoolroom work, till it has become habitual and automatic, is repulsive, and cannot be done without voluntarily jerking back the attention to it every now and then. This is inevitable, let the teacher do what he will. It flows from the inherent nature of the subjects and of the learning mind. The repulsive processes of verbal memorizing, of discovering steps of mathematical identity, and the like, must borrow their interest at first from purely external sources, mainly from the personal interests with which success in mastering them is associated; such as gaining of rank, avoiding punishment, not being beaten by a difficulty, and the like. Without such borrowed interest the child could not attend to them at all. But in these processes what becomes interesting enough to be attended to is not thereby attended to without effort. Effort always has to go on, — derived interest for the most part not awakening attention that is *easy*, however spontaneous it may now have to be called. The interest which the teacher, by his utmost skill, can lend to the subject proves over and over again to be only an interest *sufficient to let loose the effort*. The teacher, therefore, need never concern himself about *inventing* occasions where effort must be called into play. Let him still awaken whatever sources of interest in the subject he can by stirring up connections between it and the pupil's nature, whether in the line of theoretic curiosity, of personal interest, or of pugnacious impulse. The laws of mind will then bring enough pulses of effort into play to keep the pupil exercised in the subject's direction. There is, in fact, no greater school of effort than the steady struggle to attend to immediately repulsive or difficult objects of thought which have grown interesting through their association, as means, with some remote ideal end.

The Herbartian doctrine of interest ought not, therefore, in principle, to be reproached with making pedagogy soft. If it do so, it is because it is unintelligently carried on. Do not, then, for the mere sake of discipline, command attention from your pupils in thundering tones; do not too often beg it from them as a favor, nor claim it as a right, nor try habitually to excite it by preaching the importance of the subject. Sometimes, indeed, you must do these things; but the more you have to do them, the less skillful teacher you will show yourself to be. Elicit interest from within, by the warmth with which you care for the topic yourself and by following the laws I have laid down. If the topic be highly abstract, show its nature by concrete examples; if it be unfamiliar, trace some point of analogy in it with the known; if it be inhuman, make it figure as part of a story; if it be difficult, couple its acquisition with some prospect of personal gain. Above all things, make sure that it shall run

through certain inner changes, since no unvarying object can possibly hold the mental field for long. Let your pupil wander from one aspect to another of your subject, if you do not wish him to wander from it altogether to something else; variety in unity being the secret of all interesting talk and thought. The relation of all these things to the native genius of the instructor is too obvious to need comment again.

One more point, and I am done with the subject of attention. There is undoubtedly a great native variety among individuals in the type of their attention. Some of us are naturally scatter-brained, and others follow easily a train of connected thoughts without temptation to swerve aside to other subjects. This seems to depend on a difference between individuals in the type of their field of consciousness. In some persons this is highly focalized and concentrated, and the focal ideas predominate in determining association. In others we must suppose the margin to be brighter, and to be filled with something like meteoric showers of images, which strike into it at random, displacing the focal ideas, and carrying association in their own direction. Persons of the latter type find their attention wandering every minute, and must bring it back by a voluntary pull. The others sink into a subject of meditation deeply, and when interrupted are "lost" for a moment before they come back to the outer world. The possession of such a steady faculty of attention is unquestionably a great boon. Those who have it can work more rapidly, and with less nervous wear and tear. I am inclined to think that no one who is without it naturally can by any amount of drill or discipline attain it in a very high degree. Its amount is probably a fixed characteristic of the individual. But I wish to make a remark here which I shall have occasion to make again in other connections. It is that no one need deplore unduly the inferiority in himself of any one elementary faculty. This concentrated type of attention is an elementary faculty; it is one of the things that might be ascertained and measured by exercises in the laboratory. But having ascertained it in a number of persons, we could never rank them in a scale of actual and practical mental efficiency based on its degrees. The total mental efficiency of a man is the resultant of the working together of all his faculties; he is too complex a being for any one of them to have the casting vote. If any one of them do have the casting vote, it is more likely to be the strength of desire and passion, the strength of the interest he takes in what is proposed. Concentration, memory, reasoning power, inventiveness, excellence of the senses, — all are subsidiary to this. No matter how scatter-brained the type of a man's successive fields of consciousness may be, if he really *care* for a subject, he will return to it incessantly from his incessant wanderings, and, first and last, do more with it and get more results from it than one whose attention may be more continuous during a given interval, but whose passion for the subject is of a more languid and less permanent sort. Some of the most efficient workers I know are of the ultra-scatter-brained type. One friend, who does a prodigious quantity of work, has in fact confessed to me that if he wants to get ideas on any subject he sits down to work at something else, his best results coming through his mind wanderings. This is perhaps an epigrammatic exaggeration on his part; but I seriously think that no one of us need be too much distressed at his own shortcomings in this regard. Our mind may enjoy but little comfort, may be restless and feel confused, but it may be extremely efficient, all the same.

William James.

SOME RECENT FICTION.

The stories which Mrs. Margaret Deland has collected under the attractive title of Old Chester Tales are, for the most part, in her very best vein; and two of them, Good for the Soul and Where the Laborers are Few, are not only highly dramatic in construction, but exceedingly impressive by reason of their moral and religious appeal. Mrs. Deland has always had two styles: one of them studied — and successfully studied — from Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell; the other less classic, but more her own, — the fervent, insistent, argumentative style of a woman with deep convictions and an earnest, philanthropic purpose, who tells her story for the sake of its moral, and will cheerfully mar the proportions of the one, if, by so doing, she may the better drive the other home. In John Ward, Preacher, the book by which her fame was won, the two styles ran side by side without blending; and the clear stream, which reflected the quaint prejudices and tranquil conservatisms of the secluded old Pennsylvania town, was so much pleasanter to follow than the turbid torrent of the preacher's theological agonies, that one felt tempted to beseech the author to abandon her higher purposes henceforth, and confine herself to the natural history of the American Cranford. That sleepy paradise dawned upon her pages, bathed in a delicious atmosphere of dignified indolence, full of mild local color, and animated by the oddities of no end of indigenous types whom Mrs. Deland knew root and branch, and portrayed with charming spirit and evident fidelity.

But the strong talent is bound to take its own course. In her succeeding stories, Mrs. Deland was still, by turns, the artist and the moralist, but the moralist rather more than the artist, and not seldom to the artist's detriment.

In her view of the irrepressible "woman question," for example, she often seemed to us distinctly morbid and mistaken; but that her sympathies were constantly broadening, her insight into character and motive growing deeper and her mastery of her material more complete, we were also constrained to admit. And now, when, after a decade or so of successful authorship, she returns to the scenes of her childhood and the first themes of her muse, we can measure all the gain she has made; and it is not small. What variety in superficial similarity, what humors both of speech and of situation, what passion under primness, what depths of human tragedy and heights of spiritual victory within the straggling limits of quiet Old Chester, whose wayward and somnolent streets Howard Pyle has drawn so delightfully, especially in their winter aspect! Moreover, the different sketches compose into a single picture; for all the action revolves about one venerable central figure, — that of the rector of Old Chester parish, Dr. Lavendar.

It is he who guides, counsels, upholds, reprimands, and absolves each member of his erring flock. There is a wonderful diversity of interest and charm in the figures that cluster around him, of those who live by his words and example: of Elizabeth Day, bearing humbly about with her the scar of her ancient and thrice-expiated fault; of delicate Miss Maria Wellwood; of Rachel King, who is a mother by the grace of God, not by the will of man; of the one-legged evangelist Paul Phillips, and of Jane Jay, with the heartbreak it would have unclassed her to confess; of the brothers Shields, who almost cast the brothers Cheeryble into the shade. But the aureoled rector, with his aging hands outspread in benediction, towers above them all, the pure

ideal of the parish priest. We wonder if Mrs. Deland herself has ever perceived how exactly, in Dr. Lavendar, she has depicted the type of the sinless, selfless, nameless abbé of a remote French hamlet, or the Don Anselmo or Don Teodoro of some hunger-smitten Apennine district; how much more the rector's quiet course resembles those lives hidden with God than the more active, conspicuous, and seemingly responsible career of the average English or American parson or French or Swiss *pasteur*. Dr. Lavendar's memorial tablet should be set beside that of the vicar of the Deserted Village.

It is not far from Old Chester to that picturesque South of the days before the civil war, — sunny, peaceful, patriarchal, — which it has long been a labor of love with Mr. Thomas Nelson Page carefully to delineate. Thank God, the time has fully come, in hardly more than a generation, when readers all over our integral country can follow his thrilling Chronicle of Reconstruction with no swellings of partisan spite or rekindling of extinct hostilities, but with an equal pride in the author's literary distinction and captivating manner as a story-teller.

Mr. Page has, indeed, a very unusual gift of graphic and convincing narrative. To lounge in an easy-chair and listen to his personal reminiscences would be, one is inclined to think, one of the greatest luxuries in life. The tale of the Red Rock Plantation, with its remarkable vicissitudes of ownership, is long, but it is never dull. It runs an exciting but seemingly inevitable course, and ends exactly as it ought. The many personages of the play include a large number both of Northern and of Southern types; and Mr. Page gives proof of rare equanimity — using the word in its true and original sense — by the candid manner in which he places himself, successively, at points of view which were deeply antagonistic at the date of the story, and then, and for years afterward, believed to be irreconcilable.

The most admirable figure in the book, that of the grave, wise, clairvoyant, Dr. Cary, who foresaw without flinching the sad end of the Confederate struggle from its gallant beginning, is hardly more tenderly drawn than that of the equally estimable New Englander, Major Welch. The Northern maiden and the Southern, Ruth and Blair, are equally sweet, high-spirited, and deliciously unreasonable. Mr. Page's Jacquelin Grays and Stephen Allens are made no more "chivalrous" than his Lawrence Middletons. In his polite exactitude, he will not even give them finer names! We can all enjoy the humor with which he paints the character and rehearses the experience of Mrs. Welch, the convinced and high-minded Northern abolitionist: so perfectly sure she was right before she ever saw the South; so flabbergasted — if the word may be allowed — when she found herself face to face with the actual situation. We know that Mr. Page's negroes are drawn from the life; we bless him for using their "black babble" so sparingly in his text, and we are diverted alike by their whimsical fidelities to their former owners and by their childish contumacies toward their new employers. And above all, — for here we come to the pith of a story which has, of necessity, its very painful side, — we find no words of execration too bitter, and hardly any organized vendetta too merciless, for the vulgar tyrannies of the Northern "Carpetbagger" as represented by Jonadab Leech, or the spite of the treacherous overseer and permitted enormities of the sensual fanatic as exemplified in the foul deeds of Hiram Still and the negro Moses.

The best parts of Red Rock, from a purely literary point of view, are the graceful dedicatory preface and what may be called the prologue, in which are simply and briefly rehearsed the causes and course of the war of seces-

sion, the going out of the devoted Southern heroes and their coming home. By way of illustrating the breadth of Mr. Page's sympathies and the sincerity of his larger patriotism, let us quote a short scene. It is that in which Dr. Cary addresses the convention which voted the secession of his state.

"He broke the silence with a calm voice that went everywhere. Without appearing to be strong, his voice was one of those strange instruments that filled every building with its finest tone, and reached over every crowd to its farthest limit. With a gesture that, as men said afterward, seemed to sweep the horizon, he began: —

"'The time has passed for talking. Go home and prepare for war. For it is on us.'

"'Oh, there's not going to be any war!' cried some one, and a part of the crowd cheered. Dr. Cary turned on them: —

"'No war? We are at war *now* — with the greatest power on earth: the power of universal progress. It is not the North that we shall have to fight, but the World. Go home and make ready. If we have talked like fools, we shall at least fight like men.'"

One word remains to be added. We have reason to blush, as Americans, for the fact that the contemptible persecution of the vanquished, which went on, under the name of Reconstruction, in many parts of the South during the years immediately succeeding the war, should have received in some sort the sanction of the central government at Washington. But it should not be forgotten, in any résumé of the case, that those persecutions, and the wholly unmerited suffering which they often involved, were a direct and inevitable consequence of the senseless, needless theatrical crime which stained the last hours of the Confederacy. If Abraham Lincoln had lived, the Carpetbagger would have had no career.

Nothing could possibly be more purely sectional, or more scrupulously exact in the way the flat tints of its pallid local color are laid on, than Miss Eliza Orne White's dainty little New England romance, A Lover of Truth. There are several able pens busily engaged just now in depicting the more sordid and depressing phases of provincial life in the Northern States. But Miss White's is a nice story about very nice people; and the glimmer of demure and well-disciplined humor which plays over its pages relieves it of all suspicion of tedium. No one familiar with the environment of the tale can fail to admire the fidelity of her representation. The cubical colonial mansion; the densely shaded street; the Chippendale chairs, fine hall clock, and bad family portraits; the overbearing clang of church bells on a sweet Sunday morning in summer; the ominous creak of "runners" upon solidly packed snow in dark winter dawns, — we see and hear all these things as we turn the decorous pages. Miss White is very successful, also, with her human specimens; and if, for the most part, these are rather prim and colorless, it is not her fault. Of all the aristocracies ever founded upon merit, — and all aristocracies are founded upon merit of some kind, military, commercial, or other, — that of the New England country town in the lusty days of the all but extinct nineteenth century was the most blameless and the most *borné*. It was unconscious, or at least wholly unobservant of anything outside its annually whitewashed pale. Its ideal of caste was a lofty and severe abstraction; having little to show for itself outwardly, but strong in the testimony of the spirit and the record kept on the blank leaves of the family Bible. It was a very religious class, but not anxiously or ostentatiously so. If orthodox, it knew that its own soul was saved. If heretical, it had an equally cheering conviction that no salvation was necessary. For sheer cleanliness

of life, and a mild monotony of virtue, refinement, good manners, and good grammar, the like of it was never seen on earth before, and will not, it is to be feared, be very soon seen again.

One grave element of weakness there was in this vanishing social order: it tended to early sterility. Men were restive under it, and ran away from it; and with the lapse of each decade it became more intensely and exclusively feminine. Miss White herself takes quiet note of this tendency, and has depicted, both in Theodora, the heroine of a former book, and in Jean, in A Lover of Truth, different varieties of the one-sided and more or less unsatisfied woman, who will be sure to grow up in an over-booked and under-manned world. Rueful, perhaps, for Theodora's obduracy, the author permits Jean, the other ice maiden, to melt near the end of the present romance; and, to our distinct Philistine satisfaction, all the other surviving personages of the little drama are left about as happy as their dignified circumstances will permit.

The prominent position which Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has long occupied in the literary and artistic circles of London, and his power, as chief critic of the Athenæum, to make or mar the reputations of other men, have invested his own recent publications with a special and rather awe-struck interest. Not many months ago, his elaborate poem The Coming of Love was receiving the respectful attention of the more serious English critics, who, however they might differ upon minor points, were agreed in praising its marked originality of subject and treatment. The scene of the poem was laid chiefly among the gypsies; and to them Mr. Watts-Dunton returns in the most interesting portions of his long-promised novel of Aylwin. Like George Borrow and Charles Leland, he has lived among these strange people, mastered their primitive language, and assimilated much of their weird legendary lore. His treatment of gypsy life is more romantic in some ways even than Borrow's, and the finest of his gypsy characters, the magnanimous but terrible maiden Sinfi Lovell, is drawn of heroic size, and painted with a bizarre and violent splendor of color which recalls the early work upon canvas of Rossetti and Millais. The hero of the book, Henry Aylwin, had a grandmother who was a full-blooded gypsy, while his father was a moonstruck mediæval mystic, and his mother an entirely commonplace woman of the London world; the working in the youth's mind, and the influence upon his fate, of these conflicting elements are analyzed with great skill, though with a strong bias toward the unconventional, on the part of Aylwin's biographer.

In the earlier part of the story, the hero professes and probably believes himself to be a rationalist, a Darwinian rather than an "Aylwinian," a disciple of science and a survivor of faith. But never, surely, did reason make a feebler fight against superstition than in his person, and his conversion to the most fantastic form of supernaturalism is from the first a foregone conclusion. Wildly impossible as the story is, the simple, temperate language and cultivated manner of the narrator give it a certain persuasiveness, and the plot is ingenious enough to keep the interest of the least critical reader alive to the very end.

To readers of another class, the chief attraction of this visionary chronicle will be found in its personal reminiscences of those knights-errant of the pictorial art who are now almost all gone, but with whom Mr. Watts-Dunton, in his youth, lived upon terms of the closest intimacy, — the leaders of the so-called preraphaelite movement. There may be differences of opinion among the knowing as to the originals of Wilderspin, De Castro, and Cyril Aylwin, but D'Arcy is, beyond question, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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The personal appearance, the private menagerie in the Chelsea garden, the beautiful old manor house (afterward the property of William Morris), the solemn scorn of a large class of social conventions, and the exalted mysticism are all Rossetti's. Borrowed, also, or at least imbibed from him, are the peculiar forms of symbolism affected by Mr. Watts-Dunton, his manner of brooding over and subjectively interpreting the common sights and sounds and odors of external nature: "On the loneliest coast, in the dunnest night, a sense of companionship comes with the smell of seaweed." If this would scan, it might well be a fragment of the haunting lyric which begins: —

> "I have been here before,
> But when or how I cannot tell."

Aylwin is a very long book for a novel of to-day, — four hundred and fifty closely printed pages. It is the leisurely and loving work of a lettered old age, and should by all means be read slowly, sympathetically, and in a spirit of docile submission to the writer's ethereal spell. So read, with reminiscences of Zanoni and the Strange Story, Lavengro and the Romany Rye, rising like tinted exhalations in the mind of the reader, and deepening the atmosphere of the later tale, it will be found very fascinating; the naïf love story which is its main theme is full of a gentle but strongly individual charm.

It is strange indeed to turn from this dreamy performance to the brisk and brilliant pages flashing with the concentrated vitality of one who has much to say, and whose time is short, — of Harold Frederic's Gloria Mundi. It is also hard, in view of the peculiarly heart-sickening tragedy of the author's untimely end, to judge the book dispassionately and upon its actual merits. Of all the younger novelists of the day, save one, he seemed to give the most virile and splendid promise. His was the most varied and precocious knowledge of life, the broadest range of sympathy, the most striking power of synthesis. There were masterly touches even in the earliest and crudest of his efforts; in The Copperhead, for example. There was the gathered and controlled power which compels attention even to its least pleasing manifestations, in the strong and singular tale which we like so much better to call Illumination than by its rather brutal American title, The Damnation of Theron Ware. But the author's own thought had clarified wonderfully between that book and the one which was in course of publication when he died. We were confident that this clearing process would go on; that Gloria Mundi also would prove but a provisional effort, marking one stage more in an indefinite development. Already, in Illumination, Frederic saw life with surprising steadiness. He seemed to be on the sure way to see it "whole."

The finest thing in Gloria Mundi is, undoubtedly, the character of the hero, Christian Tower. It is very original, exquisitely conceived, and perfectly consistent from first to last. He is not in the least English, this fair and candid youth, with his English name, his frugal Continental traditions, his attitude reverent as that of the young Cavour toward all things English when seen from afar, — who, by a singular but perfectly possible chain of circumstances, becomes the heir apparent to an English dukedom. His is a Latin type, and one of the sweetest and most distinguished, — such a type as George Meredith drew in the young Italian patriots of his inspired early novel, Vittoria; and no one who has not known and loved that type in some living person can understand how faithfully Harold Frederic has portrayed it here.

To the simple, disinterested, affectionate soul, with its ingrain *gentilezza*, its visionary remoteness from all sordid

or snobbish considerations, its quaint mixture of the childlike and the astute, of docility and the most intrepid independence, the special glories of the great world of aristocratic England appeal otherwise than they can ever do to one of our more material race. They move, but they do not dazzle or unman him. He sees the very best side of the free and sumptuous existence of the English great, in the home of Julius and Emanuel Tower. He is all but converted to the generous but highly artificial "system" whereby those two philanthropists are seeking to promote the well-being of their less privileged compatriots, and atone for the long tyranny of their ancient race. Already, in Theron Ware, we had been made to see how powerfully what may be called the feudal or mediæval theory of the higher life — the theory espoused and so eloquently advocated by Ruskin, Carlyle, and William Morris — appealed at one time both to the imagination and to the reason of Frederic. In Gloria Mundi, the picturesque aspects of that alluring scheme, and its claims upon the heart and conscience of mankind, are once again reviewed, only to be reluctantly but definitively rejected. After six months of the most flattering experience, Christian Tower suddenly discovers that he is surfeited with the rich cream of English civilization.

"'I do not like it,' Christian replied, enforcing his words with eager hands. Lingfield had cautioned him against this gesticulatory tendency, but the very consciousness that he was in rebellion brought his hands upward into the conversation. 'It is not what I care for. I came into it too late, no doubt, to understand — appreciate it properly. . . . The country-gentleman idea which you make so much of in England — it does not appeal to me. It is too idle, too purposeless. Of course, my cousin Emanuel — he makes a terrible toil of it, and does some wonderful things, beyond doubt. But, after all, — what does it come to? He helps people to be extremely fine, who without him would be only tolerably fine. But I have the feeling that one should help those who are not fine at all, — who have never had the chance to be fine, who do not know what it means. Emanuel's wife — oh, a very lovely character! — she said to me that they disliked coming up to town, the sight of the London poor distressed them so much. Well, that is the point, — if I am to help anybody at all, it is the London poor that I should try to help. Emanuel's plan is to give extra bones and teach new tricks to dogs already very comfortable. My heart warms to the dogs without collars, — the homeless and hungry devils who look for bones in the gutters.'

"'Oh, you 're going in for settlements and that sort of thing,' commented Dicky. 'I hear that is rather disappointing work. If you don't take the sporting-papers at the reading-room, they say the men won't come at all. Slingsby Chetwynd was awfully keen on the thing. He went down to stop a whole week at Shoreditch, or Houndsditch, or the Isle of Dogs, or somewhere like that, — and a woman smashed his hat in, and he fell into a cellar, and he was jolly glad to get back again the same night.'

"But Christian was pursuing thoughts of his own."

The dialogue is all as natural as this, even when the deepest and most difficult problems of sociology are broached, as in some of the conversations between Christian and Emanuel and Kathleen, Emanuel's wife. When Christian's hour of revolt arrived, his first naïf thought had been that he could even evade the ducal inheritance lying ready to his hand, and dependent only upon the demise of a paralytic and barely animate old man. This he discovered that he could not do; and there is no more powerful page in modern fiction than the description of the old duke's funeral,

with all the grim irony of its feudal pomp, and the crushing sense of inevitable responsibility which descended upon the restive soul of the heir as the gloomy pageant went forward. What he would have done with his unwelcome inheritance, how administered the affairs of his alien realm, we shall never know. Much, doubtless, would have depended upon the bride he chose, in flat defiance of the traditions of his class, — a good and brave woman, but one of the newest, who commands the respect rather than wins the admiration of the reader. The impeccable typewriter, Frances, is assuredly a far nobler creature than Celia, the tawdry temptress in Illumination. But will not Frances, also, be one day outgrown? The question is idle. The vivid little drama remains a fragment, like the ominous words upon its title-page, and all is said when we have completed the wistful proverb, "Sic transit Gloria Mundi."

IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

I. PHILANTHROPIC PROGRESS.

After the civil war, and when the great financial depression of the early seventies was passing, conditions were already shaping themselves for the beginning of a new phase in the development of our cities. The rapid rise in population was well under way. About half of the increase in the population of the whole country, from 1860 to 1870, was in cities. Other factors, also, in the striking change toward city life, were at work. The war had given an enlarged idea of nationality. Patriotism was more conscious of its own depth, and had laid a strong foundation for civic pride. Prosperity was returning. The larger field offered by more populous cities, the strong invitation to public spirit which they extended, the means to better them and the impulse to do so, all came together.

Yet the immediate result was disappointing. The opportunities offered by the cities were for evil as well as for good. There was the chance for public works that should benefit large numbers and make fairer or better cities, but over against that opportunity was the temptation to officials of great private gains. In 1871, this official unscrupulousness received a notable demonstration in the revelations regarding the Tweed ring at New York. How influential a part it played in turning attention throughout the country to reform in the management of cities, it would be hard to say. The part was certainly great.

There has been a new awakening of civic spirit in more recent years. In the winter of 1889, for instance, there was much discussion, at least, — a series of lectures in Boston on Municipal Government Reform, one in Providence on Problems of Municipal Government; and so urgent was the demand in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, and Columbus for reform that a conference was held of representatives from each of those cities. The national conferences on good city government were begun soon afterward. Perhaps as much was done in the permanently important department of revising charters as in the attempt to elect good men to office. This special political agitation for good municipal government is necessary. The very swiftness of city growth involves political danger. Whether a city owes its rapid increase in numbers to immigration or to the draining

of the country districts, it can make no claim on an hereditary loyalty of its newcomers. In most of our principal cities a large majority of the inhabitants are foreign born or children of foreign parentage; and in some of them, unfortunately, this mixed character of the population is helped to longer life and sharper distinctness by the existence of communities which discourage a sense of unity. Such communities are collections of nationalities rather than of citizens. The cities that have grown most rapidly have hardly had time, as Dr. Albert Shaw has said, to arrive at "civic self-consciousness," and yet they have swallowed up the older, smaller cities of which they are the successors.

The specific efforts for the improvement of cities, apart from the sporadic general effort along political lines, divide themselves into three classes, — æsthetic, educational, and philanthropic. The dividing line is not always clear, yet this classification serves to group the struggles with fair accuracy. In passing, it may be noted how these divisions correspond to the three Old World classes of society. If we have no "higher, middle, and lower" classes, as they exist in Europe, we yet have that form of them expressed by an English writer who has said that "humanity is divided into pounds, shillings, and pence." The philanthropic efforts mainly help the pence, the educational reach the shillings, and the æsthetic, while ostensibly devised for all, gratify chiefly the pounds. Happily, with us this social coinage is interchangeable, but the three denominations can always be found. It is curious to note, too, though the distinction is of no importance, how well philanthropic, educational, and æsthetic effort to make fairer cities conform respectively with Plato's the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Charitable and educational work, the one through the influence of the church and the other through the state, already had organization, with all that organization implies. The need of these, also, was more pressing. Statues, monuments, sky-lines, can wait; but bodies and minds must be fed. It is not surprising that, in the development of the higher urban life, æsthetic improvement comes last. But we are a people that make history rapidly. When a single life may span the time between virgin forest or sandy plain and a city noble in size, aspect, and altruistic endeavor, we may expect to find movements which are logically far apart crowded close together. An important point in the history of an American city is reached when its people have time to turn their attention from its sewers, its protection, and other fundamental necessities, to what is recognized as its "higher life." The commonness of the term shows how generally that point has been reached. All things will not be done orderly and wisely in a democracy, for progress proceeds in a zigzag line. An administration dependent on the good will of taxpayers is not likely, for instance, to order the building of great parks until the demands upon the treasury for sewers, pavements, and even schools have to some extent been satisfied, or until the public is willing to incur an increase in expense to gain this end. One may regret the delay, from a sociological point of view, and it may largely increase the expense over what would have been necessary before land had appreciated in value; but when the work is undertaken it is full of significance. It means that the bulk of the people want parks. At the same time, there is preserved, by the freedom of the rich to use their money as they please, whatever charm and instruction lie in watching the acts of an untrammeled and blundering individual. If it were possible, in the compass of a magazine article, to give a detailed history of the popular movement in any one of the three directions for better cities, we should find a bewildering mixture of humor, pathos, tragedy,

and achievement. But detail must be sacrificed; efforts must be valued for their relation to the general movement rather than for themselves. Judgments must be stated summarily, and a seemingly arbitrary choice of examples must be made. Yet it is easy to see the drift, and to note how wide and strong the movement is become. In this article I shall make a rapid survey of some of the most significant results of the strong philanthropic movement in city life, and in two subsequent articles I shall summarize some results of educational and æsthetic work.

The replies of most of the individuals whom, in preparing these articles, I asked to name what had been done "to improve life" in their cities, contained lists of charities. This fact is suggestive. It shows how large and important a place the altruistic effort holds in the popular mind. The replies repay scrutiny. There is rarely mention of that official effort in which the government — state, county, or town — assumes responsibility for the physical well-being of its poor. Almshouses, poor departments, city physicians, and asylums are not given in the lists. These institutions are supported by taxes, and are not regarded as evidences of especial activity. Some of the activities named were not relevant. That which merely relieves a social condition, without attempting to prevent the recurrence of the need of relief, does not lift the city to higher things. Curative work is better than palliative, and preventive is best of all. Unhappily, this distinction is not fully grasped. The philanthropic impulse is so strong, and until lately has acted with so little authoritative check or economic study, that much harm has always to be deducted from the good which the altruistic fashion of the time has done. We must bear this waste in mind, in noting the general course which our urban philanthropy takes.

Church work comes first. Urban problems have caused the old methods to undergo a gradual change, and the "institutional church" has been developed. A notable example is one in New York city. The church expended $160,000 in 1896 from voluntary contributions for poor relief. It employed six clergymen; conducted clubs for men, mothers, boys, and girls; and had an employment bureau, in addition to its other agencies for moral, physical, and intellectual betterment. It is a particularly well-marked case; but every city has some such example; nearly all churches are affected to some degree; and the aggregate effect upon city life is great. For the church — Gentile and Jew, Catholic and Protestant — still plays the largest part in the social activity of modern cities.

There has always been a mass of urban beneficence which could not act through the church, and would not if it could. How great this mass has become, and how wide and varied are its manifestations, may be shown by statistics regarding the beneficent societies in New York city. These omit all church organizations, missions, and religious orders. There appear[1] to be 106 "public" in the sense of "official" charities in the limits of the enlarged New York. Of this number 73 are city and county, and no account is made of baths, schools, and parks. In addition to these, 538 societies are supported by individuals for the purpose of giving temporary relief; 95 more are for rendering special kinds of relief for special causes. There are also 36 for foreigners; 158 for various forms of permanent relief; 328 for surgical and medical assistance; 50 homes and asylums for the defective and afflicted; 9 provident and savings associations; and 103 societies for the furtherance in other ways of social, economic, and physical improvement. In other words, aside from all the public charities which are supported by general taxation, and aside from

[1] New York Charities Directory, 1898.

the immense beneficence directly carried on by the churches and maintained by voluntary contributions, there are 1423 organized forms of philanthropic endeavor in the single city of New York. The showing might be made considerably stronger by including mutual and beneficial societies, savings banks, and reformatories.

Much of this effort, however, has little to do with the subject in hand. A great hospital — and there are superb ones in some of our cities — is a noble institution, but its only addition to the growing loveliness of the city is its indication of a sentiment of pity. The hospital, it may be added, is a flatteringly high type of the activities here referred to. That philanthropic work is too much duplicated is obvious. Dr. F. G. Peabody says, in an article on Poor-Relief in America, written for a German encyclopædia, that "the multiplication of voluntary relief societies has become not only a source of pride in the country, but also one of its embarrassing riches." The New York State Board of Charities, in its annual report to the legislature for 1898, also called attention to the matter, saying that it believed there were more than 4000 empty beds in the children's institutions of New York city.

This strange evil of excessive or ill-distributed urban generosity had, however, been realized before. At Buffalo, late in 1877, the first Charity Organization Society was established, as a protest against a lavishness in beneficence which was wasteful of resources and pauperizing in tendency. To some extent in Buffalo, and distinctly in Brooklyn, the organization was preceded by an effort to abolish or reform municipal outdoor relief. In Philadelphia and many other cities charity organization practically supplanted outdoor relief. An idea of the saving to taxpayers thus effected is gained from a report made at the twentieth National Conference of Charities and Correction (1893). It appears that Brooklyn, where outdoor relief was abolished in 1878, had appropriated $141,207 in the previous year for this purpose; that Indianapolis saved $82,000 in its appropriation; that Philadelphia saved $60,000 by abolishment, and Buffalo $50,000 by reduction. Other similar gains are recorded. This movement of association, which was already proving successful in London, and toward which there had been attempts in Boston, in Germantown (a suburban ward of Philadelphia), and in New York city, spread rapidly. In 1882 there were 22 charity organization societies in the United States. Ten years later there were 92 of these and affiliated societies, having many thousand special visitors; for the effort to individualize relief is happily coupled with the effort to systematize it. The population of the cities they represented exceeded then 11,000,000. National, district, and local conferences had been instituted, and a periodical literature of the subject was appearing. There has since been no backward step, and in organization we recognize an important principle of urban philanthropy.

Charity organization, as a protest against waste and duplication, has secured in addition to economy and system two other advantages. They are efficiency and the procurement of data for scientific social study. The efficiency achieved is not wholly in the granting of temporary relief. There is a permanent gain to the beneficiary, and so to society at large, in the stand against pauperization. Direct gratuitous help is discouraged, and employment is found for beneficiaries. Organization helps men to help themselves, in realization that the truest charity, like the truest art, is that which conceals itself. In such work it is a permanent factor in city betterment. The securing of reliable data for study is a later development of the movement, growing out of appreciation of its peculiar opportunities for investigation.

Half a dozen years ago the invested resources of charity organization were put at $630,000, though the accumulation of endowments had then had slight opportunity. It does not lack now for material evidence. The Charities Building in Boston, the headquarters of the local movement, is a memento of early efforts to systematize popular beneficence, and antedated the Associated Charities. The first distinct endowment of charity organization was, appropriately, at Buffalo. This was in 1880, when one of the citizens established the Fitch Crèche. It is not only one of the leading institutions of the city, but is probably the best of its kind in the country. The Crèche affords accommodation for the offices of the society, includes an accident hospital, and, in furtherance of its purpose to promote industry and thrift among the poor, contains a training school for domestics and nursery maids, which is unique in the United States. Of greater spectacular impressiveness is the United Charities Building in New York, dedicated in 1893. The structure is shared in common by many philanthropic associations, so that the whole cost, $600,000, may properly be included here among the assets of organized private charity, though the equity of the Charity Organization Society is estimated at only a fourth of this. In general, charity organization, in some form, has come to be indissolubly associated with the philanthropic side of municipal development. Private munificence, through individual donors or by popular subscription, has erected in many cities a central structure which is the charitable power house of the city. This is often in itself, as well as in what it stands for, one of the landmarks of the perfectly developed city; for under the general head of charity organization, with its central buildings, its salaried secretaries, and its elaborate printed directories, is to be included much of the philanthropic activity of a modern city. The vital, permanent force in the better city's development is, not the multiplicity of movements, but the principle of systematic coöperation. This has the directing power to urge — or, better yet, to curb — the unparalleled profuseness of our public and private charity.

Within the last few years a modification in the charity organization plan has been suggested and has had limited trial. Curiously, this also originated in Buffalo; and under the title of the Church District or Buffalo Plan it has been adopted in a few other places. It proposes a division of the city into districts, and a distribution of these among the churches. The church which takes a district is to look after it with the thoroughness with which a politician looks after votes. It is to become responsible for its "moral elevation," and, with the aid of the charitable institutions of the city, for the material relief of its needy. In Buffalo the plan has been tried in connection with the Charity Organization Society, and the first working report — published in January, 1898 — indicates a moderate degree of success. The experiment is interesting, as suggesting within the church a growing sense of responsibility to the city. The assumption of obligation seems, however, unduly to relieve those outside of a church. New York is trying with considerable success a church federation for sociological work. Cleveland during the last few months, and Allegheny for a longer time, have made use of a Charity Clearing House. The idea underlying the church plans was well expressed by Mr. Talcott Williams, who, writing of the higher life of Philadelphia, a few months before the Buffalo Plan was adopted, said, in unconscious advocacy of its principle, that if Philadelphia — in which every third adult in four fifths of the population had assumed the solemn vows of church membership — failed to be "a city of God on earth," the fault lay "in divided churches, in

scattered responsibility, in 546 organizations where 100 would do the work infinitely better, in lack of all sense of territorial responsibility, so that the wearied clergymen I know are doubling and triplicating each other's trips, like milkmen seeking each a family or two in a block."

Passing from attempts at coöperative and systematic charity, we come to another movement generally confined to the largest communities. This is the college, university, or neighborhood settlement. There are more than a score of these institutions, conducted by educated men and women, who have consecrated themselves to the task of practicing instead of preaching the brotherhood of man. In spite of the seeming hopelessness of their small number, they exert a strong influence for permanent betterment, since a little "soul," a little consciousness of man's divinity, and a little hope do much to instill manhood and womanhood, and the will to conquer adverse circumstances. It is significant of how far we have gone in our respect for humanity, however dragged down and disguised by ignorance, extreme poverty, vice, and bestiality, that we think it worth while to arouse aspirations and ambitions that often can lead only to struggle and discontent.

A large and real part of the work of the neighborhood settlement is material and intellectual. It is a centre of clubs, lectures, classes, and concerts. At Hull House, Chicago, which was founded in 1889, and has become the most famous settlement in America, there are also cooperative boarding houses for both sexes. These are cordially indorsed by the labor unions. There is a day nursery, a gymnasium, a restaurant, and a "noon factory delivery," supplying hot lunches at ten cents. There is a free physician and a trained nurse, a public dispensary and a labor bureau. Hull House has secured and maintains a playground in the ward. It publishes a Bulletin, and is the ward post office. At least 2000 persons are regular visitors at the House every week. A settlement in another city includes upward of thirty clubs, of which that composed of kindergarten children is the only one not self-governing. All this work is done without attempting to preach a special religion or any social economy except the simple doctrine of better, cleaner living.

For several years our universities have offered courses in sociology. Those undergraduates whose enthusiasm and earnestness have led them to choose the task of poor relief as a career find encouragement in instruction in theory and practice. These courses make of philanthropy the science which undoubtedly it ought to be. With the summer of 1898 the movement extended a little further. The Charity Organization Society of New York offered a post-graduate course in sociology, open to qualified graduates of universities and to experienced workers. It lasted six weeks. Four weeks' work of actual practice in the offices or districts of the society was accepted in lieu of tuition. Sessions were held, with lectures, five mornings a week. Wednesday mornings and Saturday afternoons were given to visiting institutions, and the course which began with an examination for admission ended with an assigned thesis. The new idea that poor relief is a science, not a sentiment, expects to find justification in the products of such instruction as this. To these class rooms go much of the data so carefully collected, and from them ought to come formulated knowledge and working plans.

All these agencies represent fairly well the organized effort at relief that puts its stamp on the hearts of the people rather than on the city itself. Except for a larger church, a group of church buildings, or a charity building, the effect of these associations on the aspect of the city is indirect. They lead to cleaner streets, neater doorsteps, and less mendi-

cancy by their operation on human hearts. There is, however, an increasingly large department of urban philanthropic effort which acts directly upon the city's aspect. Possibly the most striking example is the better tenement movement. It can be best studied in New York, where the need is greatest. Philadelphia is celebrated as a city of small homes. In Chicago there has been such room for growth as to avoid serious congestion, except in the foreign colonies. But New York has the foreign colonies, many old buildings as well, and the most terrible congestion in the world. The nearest approach to New York is in the plague-ridden districts of Bombay. In all of Europe there is only one city district, a small part of Prague, that is even half as crowded as are parts of New York. About eight fifteenths of the population of one part of the city live in tenements, in the common meaning of that term, as this leaves out of the count the tenants of the higher class of flats. Yet it was only in 1895 that the movement for the better housing of the poor was put into legal form, and it was two years later that a similar effort was made in Boston.

The reports of the various investigation committees have led to good results in some of the reforms insisted upon. The Board of Health in New York, for example, had not been conscientious in its revelation of the tenement evils. In 1878 the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor appointed a Committee of Public Hygiene, to act in coöperation with the Health Board and the Tenement House Inspection. This was the beginning of the efforts which had their highest development in the Tenement House Commission of 1894. On this commission were some of the most prominent and respected men of the city. Its report commanded such confidence as to give to the proposed legislation the successful backing of public sentiment; and there happened to be a municipal administration that was not deaf to appeals for reform. The result was a tenement law that may well be studied. The risk of night fire is lessened by the banishment of dangerous trades from the tenement houses. It is required that 25 per cent of each lot be left open, and that every room have a window to the outer air. In addition to the direct benefits of securing a window, this is a gain to the tenant of three square feet in the hundred over the previous custom of the Building Department; and the commission reported the discovery of many old rookeries in which 93 per cent of the lot was covered with brick and mortar. The law requires, also, that every new tenement shall be provided with sufficient fireproof stairs and doors. A census discovered 14,000 tenements in which there was no light in the hallways at night. The new law insists that halls shall be lighted not only at night, but by day if no outer light enters.

In addition to such corrective legislation, the Health Department, in 1896 and 1897, seized 93 tenements. All but two or three were rear buildings. In the condemnation proceedings the death rate was taken as the guide, with such success that, although the landlords had resort to the courts, they were beaten. The results fully justified the Tenement House Commission in having declared that "the legislation which will most favorably affect the death rate of New York is such as will do away with the rear tenements, and root out every old, ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement house in the city."

But the better housing movement needs to be positive as well as negative. It was well enough to turn tenants out of "veritable slaughter houses" and tear the buildings down, but where should the tenants go? Real estate in crowded cities is so valuable that the solution of the problem cannot safely be left to individual munificence. Our large cities do have model tenements so provided.

and there are several small societies, such as the Coöperative Building Society of Boston, that have this aim; but the solution of the problem must rest, as it does in foreign cities, on a large associated effort. In response to this requirement, an enterprise is under way which is the outcome of an Improved Housing Council that was held in New York. A stock company was formed, with a capital of $1,000,000 (increased to $2,000,000 in June, 1898) and the best financial backing. It was incorporated under the title of the City and Suburban Homes Company. Late in 1896 it offered its shares at $10 each at public sale. The stock had been already taken by the original guarantors, but it was thought best to distribute it widely, in order to interest a larger number of people. The directors offered the shares as a safe five per cent investment. The company's field is Greater New York. The first buildings erected were on a plot of 19 city lots on Sixty-Eighth and Sixty-Ninth streets, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues. The handsome buildings are of a type which is generally called fireproof. Each is 100 feet square, with an interior court about 30 feet square. Apartments have two, three, or four rooms. No bedroom contains less than 70 square feet of floor area, and no living room less than 144 feet. Laundries equipped with steam-drying rooms are furnished free, as are baths, in the basement. Each little suite is provided with conveniences. Another branch of the company's business is the construction of suburban cottages, to be sold to wage earners on the installment plan. Applicants are required to select sites within areas owned by the company, and the latter erects the houses. As the company's profit is limited, the tenant has the advantage of the saving from wholesale building and of the rise in the value of land. Before the stock was offered for public sale nearly 400 applications had been received for homes, and suburban areas have been laid out in very attractive ways. A system of life insurance accompanies the installment payment for these houses.

Such an enterprise by no means solves the tenement problem, though perhaps it is not an objection that, from the sociological point of view, the beginning is at the top. The incorporators believe that if the financial practicability of the plan can be made evident, more capital will be attracted. It is said that in Great Britain £12,000,000 are invested in this way, and that in London alone 160,000 people are provided for in model tenements. The work has been well termed "philanthropy at five per cent." The influence of rapid transit on this phase of urban development is obvious. For instance, it has made the suburban part of the New York company's work possible. In far larger measure it works through individual action to relieve municipal congestion.

On similar lines with this movement are many good lodging houses, small and large, where the poor may find cleanliness, moral and physical, no dearer than filth and temptation. Extending from the $1,000,000 Mills House in New York to the little mission lodging, and accepting pay in coin or in work, they are numerous enough to deserve an article by themselves. But they supply the needs chiefly of the homeless; for their guests are mainly the single and the transient, and their relation to urban development is palliative rather than curative or preventive. The "homes" established for various more permanent boarders, such as apartment houses for business women and flats for clerks, have a better claim to attention; but in this country they have not generally met with large success. The enterprise is interesting, and has long been attractive to capitalists. Some day one of the experiments may succeed on a scale that will encourage imitators.

But at best the dream of a city whose

renting poor live in model homes maintained by philanthropic landlords is felt to be utopian. Perhaps no one confesses to having such a dream. At all events, there is a consciousness that in the meantime much can be done to alleviate present conditions. Attention is turned, therefore, not only upon wretched homes themselves, but upon their environment, and for this the municipality is directly responsible. Work that is done to this end is closely connected with a city's improvement. The more popular remedies — one is tempted to join in the enthusiastic shouting and call them panaceas — are asphalt pavements in the poorer quarters, baths, playgrounds, and recreation piers.

The first asphalt pavement in the United States was laid only twenty-five years ago. So closely have these pavements been identified with the effort to make handsomer cities, and so great has been their cost, that the idea of laying them in a city's poorest quarter is very new. But that idea has lately had a chance to show its value on a generous scale. In New York city, during Mayor Strong's administration, many thousand square yards were laid in the tenement districts. The advantages claimed were increased cleanliness, with its consequent healthfulness, and a more satisfactory playground for children. Public baths and lavatories are still a novelty in America. The public lavatories are mainly confined to parks and buildings. Until lately, the best free public baths in the United States were in Brookline, Massachusetts. In New York, the Tenement House Commission reported that only 306 persons out of a population of more than a quarter of a million had access to bathrooms in the houses in which they lived. Yet there were no baths open all the year round, provided by the city; for those on the river front are available during only a short period. The lack is partially met by private philanthropy in the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Baron de Hirsch fund, the Riverside Association, the De Milt Dispensary, and a few minor organizations. Philadelphia organized in 1895 a Public Baths Association. This has erected an excellent bath house. In Boston the city took up the matter, with the result that on October 15, 1898, there was formally opened to the public a bath house of much beauty, and one that had the unique distinction, in a city well provided with bathing facilities for hot weather, of being its first permanent bath for use throughout the year. It is a three-story structure, cost $70,000, and can accommodate 1500 persons. The basement contains an up-to-date laundry, where the experiment of washing at a moderate cost for poor families is to have trial in a small way. It is expected that this will prove but the first of several permanent bath houses in different sections of Boston, supplementing the summer facilities offered by the state at Revere Beach, by various private associations, and in some of the gymnasiums and parks. In Baltimore the city makes a small appropriation for free summer baths, and the Maryland Public Health Association has enlisted in a movement for free indoor baths. At Yonkers, Chicago, and Buffalo there are city baths. The natatorium which was constructed, along with a gymnasium, in Douglas Park at Chicago, in 1896, is said to have been the first free resort of the kind in the West; and Buffalo's bath house, which was opened June 1, 1897, bears a tablet to the effect that it is the "first free public bath house in the United States." It was erected under the provisions of a state law, passed as far back as 1895, requiring all cities with a population of 50,000 or more to "establish and maintain such free public baths as the local board of health may determine to be necessary." The law adds that the maintenance of river or ocean baths shall not be deemed a compliance with its provisions. The act, applying

to the most prominent cities of the state of New York, promises the beginning, still strangely delayed, of an important movement in this direction; and the success of the first experiment under it has been so marked that another public bath house is to be opened, in the summer of 1899, in the Polish district of the city where it was tried. Other legislation in 1895, 1896, and 1897 authorized the city of New York to proceed at once to the erection of one or more public baths; but compelling sentiment on the subject is of slow growth. In Brooklyn, an appropriation of $150,000 has been secured for the erection of a large public bathing pavilion at the foot of the Ocean Parkway.

Playgrounds open the way to a larger movement. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and smaller cities are in the enthusiasm of their equipment and trial. The playground movement is to be distinguished from that for parks, as more purely philanthropic. Agitation several years ago opened the schoolhouse yards of Philadelphia to children in the summer, public opinion approving the engagement of teachers, and the provision of necessary materials and conveniences, at the expense of the Board of Education. Private owners have been induced to permit lots to be used for the same purpose, until they should find a commercial use for them. The furnishing of these has been looked after by the Culture Extension League. To this organization is due great credit; for it was early and persistent in its efforts to arouse public sentiment to the need, though a City Park Association had opened a playground as early as 1894. The summer of 1897 witnessed in Philadelphia the opening of other grounds. In Fairmount Park a large area was set aside for this purpose, and a rich Philadelphian, who recently died, left $50,000 by will for the erection in the park of an excellent playground house. It was to be provided with nurses and attendants. The success of the experiment was the city's excuse for an extension of the plan. The Small Parks Association was organized, and so crystallized public sentiment that the city began the purchase and equipment of special playgrounds. One of these, opened in 1898, is said to be the most complete of its kind in the country. The expense of it was shared equally by the city and the Culture Extension League. It is situated in a neighborhood where there are more than 3000 children who have no other place to play in than the streets and alleys, and near four populous foreign settlements which have nothing in common with one another, and which have refused ordinary friendly advances. Its function is thus twofold, since it brings the parents together at the band concerts, and at other times, in social intercourse. At the north and south ends there are substantial buildings for boys and girls. In each a large room is devoted to games and gymnastics. At one end are the lunch room and the shower baths, and at the other is the room for the teacher who directs the play within doors. The building is heated by steam. Around the outer edge of the square are broad grass plats, with flower beds and public fountains. The winding gravel walks are dotted with swings, seesaws, and seats, for the little folks and their elders. Maples and lindens will beautify and shade the grounds. There is a bicycle track, protected by an iron fence and spanned by a bridge. Inside the track there will be a skating pond in winter, and in summer tennis courts and ball grounds. On a raised grass plat to the south is the girls' playground. A large sand pile for the little children is protected from the weather, and near this are the flagstaff and the band stand. Two teachers are in attendance. In the summer of 1898 twenty-five school yards were opened, and a small appropriation was made for their maintenance.

Other cities have not been backward.

In Boston, which was the pioneer, the municipal sand piles of 1887 were the first pathetic expression of the need of a playground and of an effort to satisfy it. Their success has led to their adoption in many large cities, and on an extensive scale in Baltimore. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has happily described their creation in Boston. Her description, condensed from The Congregationalist, is as follows: The use of three mission chapel yards was obtained, and at the end of the season there had been less sickness and more order among the children living near those yards than for many a summer. The next year ten sand heaps flourished, some in courts of tenement houses, the tenants themselves acting as overseers from their windows. Then the sand was given, as it has been since. The third year the ladies petitioned for a few school yards, guaranteeing neither expense nor injury to the city, and the school committee granted the request. In 1896 there was an average daily attendance of 1802 children, in ten weeks, in ten yards. Every yard has two or three paid kindergartners or young matrons and a visitor.

The work on Charlesbank, in Boston, is of the advanced type of playground movement. It is managed by women, with the financial aid of the city, where the river Charles flows through the poorer quarters. A street marks the line between the men's and women's divisions. The children have sand heaps and grass plats, and the gymnasium constructed here was the first open-air one in the world. There is also a lodge, containing books and baths. In the seventh annual report, covering the year 1897, it was stated that 218.572 women and children attended one of these divisions, and the statistics were practically those of six months only. The Massachusetts Emergency and Hygienic Association maintains playgrounds, and the Episcopal City Mission has playrooms. In the winter of 1898 permission was given to the city to expend $200,000 a year to obtain a comprehensive system of playgrounds, and under the Park Act ten tracts were secured. Some school yards also were opened last summer.

In New York the beginning of the playground movement was made about October, 1890. In 1887 a state law had been passed authorizing the city to expend $1,000,000 annually for small parks below One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street. This law showed a recognition of a need for such parks, but the opportunity granted was never fully embraced until 1893. In October, 1890, at a meeting presided over by Bishop Potter, the Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children was organized. It grew out of a distinct sentiment in favor of the movement for the tenement districts. In December of 1890 the first playground under this society's control was opened. It comprised sixteen full lots in a tenement neighborhood. The lots were given to the society without rent by their owners, and were fitted up with apparatus for exercise, play, and comfort. An employee was put in charge of the children, and the opening of the ground exerted a wide influence through the sympathetic descriptions in the city press. As a result of this agitation, and perhaps under the influence of a Playground Society that was already established in Brooklyn, public-spirited private citizens in New York were led to open several small plats, which are not under society control. The Tenement House Commission, in addition to other legislation, secured the passage of an act to compel the city to expend $3,000,000 in three years for small parks, at least two of which should be below Fourth Street. This, with the strongly awakened public sentiment, which in 1898 secured from the legislature permission to open the schoolhouse playgrounds for summer recreation, seemed to assure the progress of the movement. In the spring of 1898, however, it was made more cer-

tain by the formation of the People's Recreation League. This is a union of a large number of societies, including the Social Reform Club, the Charity Organization, the Children's Aid, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the various East Side settlements, and many others. The league becomes the playground committee of these societies, centralizing their influence and unifying their efforts. It furnishes playground attendants, purchases apparatus, and last winter turned some of the grounds into skating rinks, supplementing the work of the School Board of Manhattan, which last year appropriated $15,000 for maintaining and equipping playgrounds in a score of school yards. Last summer, also, the Federation of Churches conducted a playground, and the movement had a good start in Brooklyn, where ten school yards were open and other grounds were maintained by private subscription.

The crowded condition of the city gave to the movement in New York some novel expressions. Of these, the recreation or play pier has become, perhaps, the most popular. The idea weds commerce to philanthropy, by building over a long pier a second story, where the children of the city can have a playground, and where the mothers and babies can enjoy the coolness and the panorama of the river. Mr. Jacob A. Riis, in a lecture, has called play piers the "most roaring success in all this world." The first of them was opened in July, 1897. Every evening and on Saturday afternoons, during the summer, a brass band furnished music such as the people could enjoy, and they were encouraged to join in singing the popular songs. How successful the experiment proved from the first is shown in part by statistics. The pier was visited by an average of 4000 persons a day for eighty-one days, or by a total of 325,000 persons. On July 27, 1897, Philadelphia established a similar play pier; this was followed by others, and in the summer of 1898 the Civic Club provided concerts on one of them. Late in September, 1897, New York opened a second pier. This is nearly three times as large as the first, having a capacity of 15,000 persons. In the summer of 1898 Brooklyn took up the experiment, and in New York permission was given to the School Board to have kindergartners in attendance to teach the children how to play. There is also a proposal to have all the piers inclosed in glass and heated, so that they may be available in winter. In Boston the municipal clearing at the North End is nearly akin to a play pier. There the houses and wharves have been removed, and the salt water is permitted to lave the earth again, as it did in the beginning. "The city," said a Boston paper, "has lost two wharves, but it has gained for its people enough sweetness and light to pay back the cost handsomely." We may well consider what a triumph the new philanthropic movement is making when a daily paper puts forward such an opinion. It had been something for one man to come to the belief that two city wharves might be less precious than the pleasure they kept from the poor; for we have been accustomed to learn that on commerce is the prosperity of our seaports builded. But a man did think so, and a newspaper published the statement, and nobody protested.

A second peculiar development of the playground idea in New York has been the construction of roof gardens on some of the schools. These not only have economy to recommend them, where land is so valuable, but they lift the children far above the dust, the heat, and the turmoil of the street. Less can be said for the use of basements.

The narrow and crowded thoroughfares of New York and Boston have of course made playgrounds especially necessary. In Boston, to be sure, the children have had the Common from colonial times; but in New York, as a city

committee on small park sites reported in 1897, the children seem to have been forgotten in the planning. The rapid improvement of vacant ground left to them no other place than the streets for play. The committee added that the lack of playgrounds, where the children could expend, free from temptation, the physical vitality which is their heritage, had been "the most efficient cause of the growth of crime and pauperism." But in no city, as we have seen, are there better playgrounds than in Philadelphia. Hull House, at Chicago, has had a playground for about five years; but the movement there has only recently spread. Now various philanthropic societies have taken it up, the City Council has made a small appropriation, schoolhouse yards have been opened and private munificence has cared for them. The mayor of Toledo presented a little playground to that city in 1897, in the heart of the workingmen's district. Providence, Baltimore, Hartford, Cleveland, Minneapolis, New Haven, and Worcester are other cities in which the movement has started, with women generally as its most prominent backers.

We need not pause to consider the work of the Fresh Air Fund and various vacation societies. Their beneficence has grown to immense proportions; but the principle on which they operate is that of making the life of the poor in great cities a little better worth living, in spite of existing conditions. While this is a form of distinctly municipal benevolence, the cities are in no sense their subjects. The large work of the Children's Aid Society and similar societies claims attention. But their effort is for the individual, without regard to the community in which he may live, though there is important negative benefit to the city in their preventive work.

The monts-de-piété and the provident loan associations of cities are a form of that wise economic benevolence, percentage philanthropy. They save the borrower from the pawnbroker's extortionate interest, but they decline to give him something for nothing. One of the societies in New York lent $765,000 in 1897, to about 36,000 persons. Another reported that with loans of nearly $11,000 it had lost only $11. Municipal farming, which had its origin in Detroit, and has become well known under the alliterative title of the Pingree Potato Patch Plan, was an ingenious provision to meet special conditions. The newness of most American cities and their rapid growth give to it, for the present at least, a favorable opportunity. In 1897 it was carried on in Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Providence, Reading, Seattle, and Springfield. In New York there was great scarcity of land, but returns were from double to triple the expense. In Brooklyn it was helped along by the elevated railroad's granting free transportation to and from the lots. In Buffalo, where, as in Detroit, it is managed by the city, 10,590 persons were aided in 1897, and taxpayers were probably saved $30,000. As a shift to take care of passing needs it is successful.

In conclusion, one can say that the tendency of modern urban philanthropy is mainly good. It is immensely overdone. A recent English observer, while praising the manifestation of this kind of public spirit, unconsciously condemned its management. He said that he thought the gifts made during this century in Philadelphia alone, for philanthropy and education, were ten times greater than those made in any city of similar size in Europe. Much of urban philanthropy, also, is insincere. Ostentatious charity covers a multitude of purposes in city life. But, on the whole, these evils are recognized. The institutional church and the church district plan tend to put benevolence in the light of a duty rather than a virtue. Charity organization is

designed to prevent waste and pauperization. Neighborhood settlement and the personal visiting system of church and associated charity are a protest against making charity mechanical. In the movements for better housing, baths, and playgrounds there is a distinct endeavor permanently to make the city a better habitation. Rapid transit, better paving, and wiser sanitary provision are doing their possibly soulless but helpful work. The future must reveal what is to be the effect of a patronage by politics of the philanthropic movement, — a condition which has lately become marked, notably in the case of the Citizens' Union campaign in New York, in 1897. Certainly, the past gives little encouragement to hope that the result will be an improvement. But at least the condition has this significance: it marks how widespread and popular the movement has become, and how fully it has passed from a fad and an impulse into conviction and earnest purpose. Another and more striking lesson to be drawn from this swift review is, how little of all the philanthropic effort really makes for the permanent betterment of our cities, or helps, in measure proportionate to the effort put forth, to solve municipal problems by genuine municipal progress.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

A MARCH WIND.

When the clouds hung low, or chimneys refused to draw, or the bread soured overnight, a pessimistic public, turning for relief to the local drama, said that Amelia Titcomb had married a tramp. But as soon as the heavens smiled again, it was conceded that she must have been getting lonely in her middle age, and that she had taken the way of wisdom so to furbish up mansions for the coming years. Whatever was set down on either side of the page, Amelia did not care. She was whole-heartedly content with her husband and their farm.

It had happened, one autumn day, that she was trying, all alone, to clean out the cistern. This was while she was still Amelia Titcomb, innocent that there lived a man in the world who could set his foot upon her maiden state and flourish there. She was an impatient creature. She never could delay for a fostering time to put her plants into the ground, and her fall cleaning was done long before the flies were gone. So, today, while other house mistresses sat cosily by the fire, awaiting a milder season, she was toiling up and down the ladder set in the cistern, dipping pails of sediment from the bottom, and, hardy as she was, almost repenting her of a too fierce desire. Her thick brown hair was roughened and blown about her face, her cheeks bloomed out in a frosty pink, and the plaid kerchief tied in a hard knot under her chin seemed foolishly ineffectual against the cold. Her hands ached, holding the pail, and she rebelled inwardly against the inclemency of the time. It never occurred to her that she could have put off this exacting job. She would sooner have expected heaven to put off the weather. Just as she reached the top of the cistern, and lifted her pail of refuse over the edge, a man appeared from the other side of the house, and stood confronting her. He was tall and gaunt, and his deeply graven face was framed by grizzled hair. Amelia had a rapid thought that he was not so old as he looked; experience, rather than years, must have wrought its trace upon him. He was leading a little girl, dressed with a very patent re-

gard for warmth, and none for beauty. Amelia, with a quick, feminine glance, noted that the child's bungled skirt and hideous waist had been made from an old army overcoat. The little maid's brown eyes were sweet and seeking; they seemed to petition for something. Amelia's heart did not respond; at that time she had no reason for thinking she was fond of children. Yet she felt a curious disturbance at sight of the pair. She afterward explained it adequately to the man by asserting that they looked as odd as Dick's hatband.

"Want any farm work done?" asked he. "Enough to pay for a night's lodgin'?" His voice sounded strangely soft from one so large and rugged. It hinted at unused possibilities.

But though Amelia felt impressed, she was conscious of little more than her own cold and stiffness, and she answered sharply: "No, I don't. I don't calculate to hire except in hayin' time, an' then I don't take tramps."

The man dropped the child's hand, and pushed her gently to one side. "Stan' there, Rosie," said he. Then he went forward and took the pail from Amelia's unwilling grasp. "Where do you empt' it?" he asked. "There? It ought to be carried further. You don't want to let it gully down into that beet bed. Here, I 'll see to it."

Perhaps this was the very first time in Amelia's life that a man had offered her an unpaid service for chivalry alone; and somehow, though she might have scoffed, knowing what the tramp had to gain, she believed in him and in his kindliness. The little girl stood by, as if she were long used to doing as she was told, with no expectation of difficult reasons, and the man, as soberly, went about his task. He emptied the cistern, and cleansed it, with plentiful washings. Then, as if guessing by instinct what he should find, he went into the kitchen, where were two tubs full of the water Amelia had pumped up at the start. It had to be carried back again to the cistern; when the task was quite finished, he opened the bulkhead, set the tubs in the cellar, and then, after covering the cistern and cellar-case, rubbed his cold hands on his trousers and turned to the child.

"Come, Rosie," said he, "we 'll be goin'."

It was a very effective finale, but still Amelia suspected no trickery. The situation seemed to her, just as the two new actors did, entirely simple, like the usual course of nature. Only, the day was a little warmer because they had appeared. She had a new sensation of welcome company. So it came about that, to her own surprise, she answered as quickly as he spoke, and her reply also seemed an inevitable part of the drama: "Walk right in. It 's 'most dinner time, an' I 'll put on the pot."

The two stepped in before her, and they did not go away.

Amelia herself never quite knew how it happened; but, like all the other natural things of life, this had no need to be explained. At first there were excellent reasons for delay. The man, whose name proved to be Enoch Willis, was a marvelous hand at a blow; and she kept him a week splitting some pine knots that defied her and the boy who ordinarily chopped her wood. At the end of the week, Amelia confessed that she was "terrible tired seein' Rosie round in that gormin' kind of a dress." So she cut and fitted her a neat little gown from her own red cashmere. That was the second reason. Then the neighbors heard of the mysterious guest, and dropped in, to place and label him. Following the lead of undiscouraged fancy, they declared that he must be some of cousin Silas's connections from Omaha; but even before Amelia had time to deny that, his ignorance of local tradition denied it for him. He must have heard of this or that, by way of cousin Silas; but he owned to nothing defining place or time,

save that he had been in the war, — "all through it." He seemed to be a man quite weary of the past and indifferent to the future. After a half hour's talk with him unseasonable callers were likely to withdraw, — perhaps into the pantry, whither Amelia had retreated to escape catechism, — and remark jovially, "Well, 'Melia, you ain't told us who your company is!"

"Mr. Willis," Amelia would say. She was emulating his habit of reserve. It made a part of her new loyalty.

Even to her Enoch had told no tales; and strangely enough, she was quite satisfied. She trusted him. He did say that Rosie's mother was dead; for the last five years, he said, she had been out of her mind. At that Amelia's heart gave a fierce, amazing leap. It struck a note she never knew, and wakened her to life and longing. She was glad Rosie's mother had not made him too content. He went on a step or two into the story of his life. His wife's last illness had eaten up the little place; and after she went he got no work. So he tramped. He must go again. Amelia's voice sounded sharp and thin, as she answered: —

"Go! I dunno what you want to do that for. Rosie 's terrible contented here."

His brown eyes turned upon her in a kindly glance.

"I've got to make a start somewhere," said he. "I 've been thinkin' a machine-shop 's the best thing. I shall have to depend on somethin' better 'n days' works."

Amelia flushed the painful red of emotion without beauty.

"I dunno what we 're all comin' to," she said brokenly.

Then the tramp knew. He put his gnarled hand over one of hers. Rosie looked up curiously from the speckled beans she was counting into a bag, and then went on singing to herself an unformed baby song.

"Folks 'll talk," said Enoch gently. "They do now. A man an' woman ain't never too old to be hauled up an' made to answer for livin'. If I was younger an' had suthin' to depend on, you 'd see; but I 'm no good now. The better part o' my life 's gone."

Amelia flashed at him a pathetic look, half agony over her own lost pride, and all a longing of maternal love.

"I don't want you should be younger," she whispered.

Next week they were married.

Comment ran races with itself, and brought up nowhere. The treasuries of local speech were all too poor to clothe so wild a venture. It was agreed that there 's no fool like an old fool, and that folks who ride to market may come home afoot. Everybody forgot that Amelia had had no previous romance, and dismally pictured her as going through the woods and getting a crooked stick at last. Even the milder among her judges were not content with prophesying the betrayal of her trust alone. They argued from the tramp nature to inevitable results, and declared it would be a mercy if she were not murdered in her bed. According to the popular mind, a tramp is a distinct species, with latent tendencies toward crime. It was recalled that, in the old days, a white woman had married a comely Indian, whose first drink of fire water, after six months of blameless happiness, had sent him raging home, to kill her "in her tracks." Could a tramp, pledged to the traditions of an awful brotherhood, do less? No, even in honor, no! Amelia never knew how the tide of public apprehension surged about her, nor how her next-door neighbor looked anxiously out, the first thing on rising, to exclaim, with a sigh of relief, and possibly a dramatic pang, "There! her smoke 's a-goin'!"

Meantime, the tramp fell into all the usages of life indoors, and without he worked revolution. He took his natural

place at the head of affairs, and Amelia stood by, rejoicing. Her besetting error of doing things at the wrong moment had disarranged great combinations as well as small. Her impetuosity was constantly misleading her, bidding her try, this one time, whether harvest might not follow faster on the steps of spring. Enoch's mind was of another cast. For him tradition reigned, and law was ever laying out the way. Some months after their marriage, Amelia had urged him to take away the winter banking about the house, for no reason save that the Mardens clung to theirs; but he had only replied that he 'd known of cold snaps 'way on into May, and he guessed there was no particular hurry. The very next day brought a bitter air laden with sleet, and Amelia, shivering at the open door, exulted in her feminine soul at finding him triumphant on his own ground. Enoch seemed, as usual, unconscious of victory. His immobility had no personal flavor. He merely acted from an inevitable devotion to the laws of life; and however often they might prove him right, he never appeared to reason that Amelia was consequently wrong. Perhaps that was what made it so pleasant to live with him.

It was "easy sleddin'" now. Amelia grew very young. Her cheeks gained a bloom, her eyes brightened. She even, as the matrons noticed, took to crimping her hair. They looked on with a pitying awe. It seemed a fearsome thing to do so much for a tramp, who would only kill you in the end. Amelia stepped deftly about the house. She was a large woman, whose ways had been devoid of grace; but now the richness of her spiritual condition informed her with a charm. She crooned a little about her work. Singing voice she had none, but she grew into a way of putting words together, sometimes a line from the psalms, sometimes a name she loved, and chanting the sounds in unrecorded melody. Meanwhile, little Rosie, always irreproachably dressed, with a jealous care lest she should fall below the popular standard, roamed in and out of the house, and lightened its dull intervals. She, like the others, grew at once very happy, because, like them, she accepted her place without a qualm, as if it had been hers from the beginning. They were simple natures, and when their joy came they knew how to meet it.

But if Enoch was content to follow the beaten ways of life, there was one window through which he looked into the upper heaven of all: thereby he saw what it is to create. He was a born mechanician; a revolving wheel would set him to dreaming, and still him to that lethargy of mind which is an involuntary sharing in the things that are. He could lose himself in the life of rhythmic motion; and when he discovered rusted springs or cogs unprepared to fulfill their purpose, he fell upon them with the ardor of a worshiper and tried to set them right. Amelia thought he should have invented something; and he confessed that he had invented many things, but somehow failed in getting them on the market. That process he mentioned with the indifference of a man to whom a practical outcome is vague, and who finds in the ideal a bright reality. Even Amelia could see that to be a maker was his joy; to reap rewards of making was another and a lower thing.

One cold day in the early spring he went "up garret" to hunt out an old saddle, gathering mildew there, and came upon a greater treasure, — a disabled clock. He stepped heavily down, bearing it aloft in both hands.

"See here, 'Melia," asked he, "why don't this go?"

Amelia was scouring tins at the kitchen table. There was a teasing wind outside, with a flurry of snow, and she had acknowledged that the irritating weather made her as nervous as a witch. So she had taken to a job to quiet herself.

"That clock?" she replied. "That

was Gran'ther Eli's. It give up strikin', an' then the hands stuck, an' I lost all patience with it. So I bought this nickel one, an' carted t'other off into the attic. 'T ain't worth fixin'."

"Worth it!" repeated Enoch. "Well, I guess I 'll give it a chance." He drew a chair to the stove, and there hesitated. "Say, 'Melia," said he, "should you jest as soon I 'd bring in that old shoemaker's bench out o' the shed? It 's low, an' I could reach my tools off'n the floor."

Amelia lacked the discipline of contact with her kind, but she was nevertheless smooth as silk in her new wifehood.

"Law, yes, bring it along," she said. "It 's a good day to clutter up. The' won't be nobody in."

So while Enoch laid apart the clock, with a delicacy of touch known only to square, mechanical fingers, and Rosie played with the button box on the floor, assorting colors and matching white with white, Amelia scoured the tins. Her energy kept pace with the wind: it whirled in gusts and snatches, yet her precision never failed.

"Made up your mind which cow to sell?" she asked, opening a discussion still unsettled, after days of animated talk.

"Ain't much to choose," said Enoch. He had frankly set Amelia right on the subject of live stock; and she smilingly acquiesced in his larger knowledge. "Elbridge True 's got a mighty nice Alderney, an' if he 's goin' to sell milk another year, he 'll be glad to get two good milkers like these. What he wants is ten quarts apiece, no matter if it 's bluer 'n a whetstone. I guess I can swap off with him, but I don't want to run arter him. I put the case last Thursday. Mebbe he 'll drop round."

"Well," concluded Amelia, "I guess you 're pretty sure to do what 's right."

The forenoon galloped fast, and it was half past eleven before she thought of dinner.

"Why," asked she, "ain't it butcher day? I 've been lottin' on a piece o' liver."

"Butcher day is Thursday," Enoch said. "You 've lost count."

"My land!" exclaimed Amelia. "Well, I guess we can put up with some fried pork an' apples." There came a long, insistent knock at the outer door. "Good heavens! Who 's there? Rosie, you run to the sidelight an' peek. It can't be a neighbor. They 'd come right in. I hope my soul it ain't company, a day like this."

Rosie got on her fat legs with difficulty. She held her pinafore full of buttons; but disaster lies in doing too many things at once. There came a slip, a despairing clutch, and the buttons fell over the floor. There were a great many round ones, and they rolled very fast. Amelia washed the sand from her parboiled fingers, and drew a nervous breath. She had a presentiment of coming ill, painfully heightened by her consciousness that the kitchen was "riding out," and that she and her family rode with it. Rosie came running back from her peephole, husky with importance. The errant buttons did not trouble her. She had an eternity of time wherein to pick them up; and indeed, the chances were that some tall, benevolent being would do it for her.

"It 's a man," she announced. "He 's got on a light coat with bright buttons, and a fuzzy hat. He 's got a big nose."

Now it was that despair entered into Amelia, and sat enthroned. She sank down on a straight-backed chair, and put her hands on her knees, while the knock came again, a little querulously.

"Enoch," she called, "do you know what 's happened? That 's cousin Josiah Pease out there." Her voice bore the tragedy of a thousand past encounters; but that Enoch could not know.

"Is it?" asked he, with but a mild appearance of interest. "Want me to go to the door?"

"Go to the door!" echoed Amelia, so stridently that he looked up at her. "No, I don't want anybody should go to the door till this room 's cleared up. If 't wan't so everlastin' cold, I 'd take him right into the clockroom an' blaze a fire; but he 'd see through that. You gether up them tools an' things, an' I 'll help carry out the bench."

If Enoch had not just then been absorbed in a delicate combination of metal, he might have spoken more sympathetically. As it was, he seemed kindly, but remote.

"Look out!" he cautioned her. "You 'll joggle. No, I guess I won't move. If he 's any kind of a man, he 'll know what 't is to clean a clock."

Amelia was not a crying woman, but the hot tears stood in her eyes. She was experiencing for the first time that helpless pang born from the wounding of pride in what we love.

"Don't you see, Enoch?" she insisted. "This room looks like the Old Boy — an' so do you — an' he 'll go home an' tell all the folks at the Ridge. Why, he 's heard we 're married, an' come over here to spy out the land. He hates the cold. He never stirs till 'way on into June; an' now he 's come to find out."

"Find out what?" inquired Enoch absorbedly. "Well, if you 're any ways put to 't, you send him to me." That manly utterance, if enunciated from a "best room" sofa, by an Enoch clad in his Sunday suit, would have filled Amelia with rapture; she could have leaned on it as on the tables of the law. But alas! the scene-setting was meagre, and though Enoch was very clean, he had no good clothes. He had pointedly refused to buy them with his wife's money until he should have worked on the farm to a corresponding amount. She had loved him for it; but every day his outer poverty hurt her pride. "I guess you 'd better ask him in," concluded Enoch. "Don't you let him bother you."

Amelia turned about with the grand air of a woman repulsed.

"He *don't* bother me," said she, "an' I *will* let him in." She walked to the door, stepping on buttons as she went, and conscious, when she broke them, of a bitter pleasure. It added to her martyrdom.

She flung open the door, and called herself a fool in the doing; for the little old man outside was in the act of turning away. In another instant she might have escaped. But he was only too eager to come back again, and it seemed to Amelia as if he would run over her, in his desire to get in.

"There, there, 'Melia!" said he, pushing past her. "Can't stop to talk till I git near the fire. Guess you 're settin' in the kitchen, wan't ye? Don't make no stranger o' me. That your man?"

She had shut the door and returned, exasperated anew by the rising wind. "That 's my husband," she answered coldly. "Enoch, here 's cousin Josiah Pease."

Enoch looked up benevolently over his spectacles, and put out a horny left hand, the while the other guarded his heap of treasures. "Pleased to meet you, sir," said he. "You see I 'm tinkerin' a clock."

To Enoch the explanation was enough. All the simple conventions of his life might well wait upon a reason potent as this. Josiah Pease went to the stove, and stood holding his tremulous hands over a cover. He was eclipsed in a butternut coat of many capes, and his parchment face shaded gradually up from the garment, as if into a harder medium. His eyes were light, and they had an exceedingly uncomfortable way of darting from one thing to another, like some insect born to spear and sting. His head was bald, all save a thin fringe of hair not worth mentioning, since it disappeared so effectually beneath his collar; and his general antiquity was grotesquely emphasized by two sets of aggressive

teeth, displaying their falsity from every crown.

Amelia took out the broom and began sweeping up buttons. She had an acrid consciousness that by sacrificing them she was somehow completing the tragedy of her day. Rosie gave a little cry; but Amelia pointed to the corner where stood the child's chair, exhumed from the attic after forty years of rest. "You set there," she said in an undertone, "an' keep still."

Rosie obeyed without a word. Such an atmosphere had not enveloped her since she entered this wonderful house. She remembered vaguely the days when her own mother had had "spells," and she and her father had effaced themselves until times should change. She folded her little hands, and lapsed into a condition of mental servitude.

Meanwhile, Amelia followed nervously in the track of Enoch's talk with cousin Josiah, though her mind kept its undercurrent of foolish musing. Like all of us, snatched up by the wheels of great emergencies, she caught at trifles while they whirled her round. Here were soldier buttons. All the other girls had collected them, though she, having no lover in the war, had traded for her few. Here were the goldstones that held her changeable silk, there the little clouded pearls from her sister's raglan. Annie had died in youth; its glamour still enwrapped her. Poor Annie! But Rosie had seemed to bring her back. Amelia swept litter, buttons, and all into the dustpan, and marched to the stove to throw her booty in. Nobody marked her save Rosie, whose playthings were endangered; but Enoch's very obtuseness to the situation was what stayed her hand. She carried the dustpan away into a closet, and came back to gather up her tins. A cold rage of nervousness beset her, so overpowering that she herself was amazed at it.

Meantime, Josiah Pease had divested himself of his coat, and drawn the grandfather chair into a space behind the stove.

"You a clock-mender by trade?" he asked of Enoch.

"No," returned Enoch absently. "I ain't got any reg'lar trade."

"Jest goin' round the country!" amended cousin Josiah, with the preliminary insinuation Amelia knew so well. He was, it had been said, in the habit of inventing lies, and challenging other folks to stick to 'em. But Enoch made no reply. He went soberly on with his work.

"Law, 'Melia, to think o' your bein' married!" continued Josiah, turning to her. "I never should ha' thought that o' you."

"I never thought it of myself," said Amelia tartly. "You don't know what you 'll do till you 're tried."

"No, no," agreed Josiah Pease, — "never in the world. You remember Sally Flint, how plain-spoken she is? Well, Betsy Marden's darter Ann rode down to the poorhouse t'other day with some sweet trade, an' took a young sprig with her. He turned his back a minute to look out o' winder, an' Sally spoke right up, as ye might say, afore him. 'That your beau?' says she. Well, o' course Ann could n't own it, an' him right there, so to speak. So she shook her head. 'Well, I 'm glad on 't,' says Sally. 'If I could n't have anything to eat, I 'd have suthin' to look at!' He was the most unsignifyin'est creatur' you ever put your eyes on. But they say Ann 's started in on her clo'es."

Amelia's face had grown scarlet. "I dunno 's any such speech is called for here," she said, in a furious self-betrayal. Josiah Pease had always been able to storm her reserves.

"Law, no," answered he comfortably. "It come into my mind, — that 's all."

She looked at Enoch with a passionate sympathy, knowing too well how the hidden sting was intended to work. But Enoch had not heard. He was absorbed

in a finer problem of brass and iron; and though Amelia had wished to save him from hurt, in that instant she scorned him for his blindness.

"I guess I shall have to ask you to move," she said to her husband coldly. "I 've got to get to that stove, if we 're goin' to have any dinner to-day."

She felt that even Enoch might take the hint, and clear away his rubbish. Her feelings would have been assuaged by a clean hearth and some acquiescence in her own mood. But he only moved back a little, and went on fitting and musing. He was not thinking of her in the least, nor even of Josiah Pease. His mind had entered a brighter, more alluring world. She began to fry her pork and apples, with a perfunctory attempt at conversation.

"You don't often git round so early in the spring," said she.

"No," returned cousin Josiah. "I kind o' got started out, this time, I don't rightly know why. I guess I 've had you in mind more of late, for some Tiverton folks come over our way, tradin', an' they brought all the news. It sort o' stirred me up to come."

Amelia turned her apples vigorously, conscious that the slices were breaking. That made a part of her bitter day.

"Folks need n't take the trouble to carry news about me," said she. There was an angry gleam in her eyes. "If anybody wants to know anything, let 'em come right here, an' I 'll settle 'em." The ring of her voice penetrated even to Enoch's perception, and he looked up in mild surprise. She seemed to have thrown open, for an instant, a little window into a part of her nature he had never seen.

"How good them apples smell!" said Josiah innocently. "Last time I had 'em was down to cousin Amasa True's, — he that married his third wife, an' she run through all he had. I went down to see 'em arter the vandoo, — you know they got red o' 'most everything, — an' they had fried pork an' apples for dinner. Old Bashaby dropped in. 'Law!' says she. 'Fried pork an' apples! Well, I call that livin' pretty nigh the wind!'" Josiah chuckled. He was very warm now, and the savory smell of the dish he decried was mounting to what served him for fancy. "'Melia, you ain't never had your teeth out, have ye?" he asked, as one who spoke from richer memories.

"I guess my teeth 'll last me as long as I want 'em," replied Amelia curtly.

"Well, I did n't know. They looked real white an' firm last time I see 'em, but you never can tell how they be underneath. I knew the folks would ask me, when I got home. I thought I 'd speak."

"Dinner 's ready," said Amelia. She turned an alien look upon her husband. "You want to wash your hands?"

Enoch rose cheerfully. He had got to a hopeful place with the clock.

"Set ri' down," he said. "Don't wait a minute. I 'll be along."

So Amelia and the guest took their seats, while little Rosie climbed, rather soberly, into her higher chair, and held out her plate.

"You wait," commanded Amelia harshly. "Can't you let other folks eat a mouthful before you have to have yours?" Yet, as she said it, she remembered, with a remorseful pang, that she had always helped the child first; it had been so sweet to see her pleased and satisfied.

Josiah was not a talkative man during meals. As he was not absolute master of his teeth, his mind dwelt with them. Amelia considered that, with a malicious satisfaction. But he could not be altogether dumb. That, people said, would never happen to Josiah Pease while he was aboveground.

"That his girl?" he asked, indicating Rosie with his knife, in a gustatory pause.

"Whose?" inquired Amelia willfully.

"His." He pointed again, this time

to the back room, where Enoch was still washing his hands.

"Yes."

"Mother dead?"

Amelia sprang from her chair, while Rosie looked at her with the frightened glance of a child to whom some half-forgotten grief has suddenly returned.

"Josiah Pease!" cried Amelia. "I never thought a poor insignificant creatur' like you could rile me so, — when I know what you 're doin' it for, too. But you 've brought it about. Her mother dead? Ain't I been an' married her father?"

"Law, 'Melia, do se' down," said Josiah indulgently. There was a mince pie warming on the back of the stove. He saw it. "I did n't mean nuthin'. I 'll be bound you thought she 's dead, or you would n't ha' took such a step. I only meant, did ye see her death in the paper, for example, or anything like that?"

"'Melia," called Enoch from the doorway, "I won't come in to dinner jest now. Elbridge True 's drove into the yard. I guess he 's got it in mind to talk it over about them cows. I don't want to lose the chance."

"All right," answered Amelia. She took her seat again, while Enoch's footsteps went briskly out through the shed. With the clanging of the door she felt secure. If she had to deal with Josiah Pease, she could do it better alone, clutching at the certainty that was with her from of old, that, if you could only keep your temper with cousin Josiah, you had one chance of victory. Flame out at him, and you were lost. "Some more potatoes?" asked she, with a deceptive calm.

"Don't care if I do," returned Josiah, selecting greedily, his fork hovering in air. "Little mite watery, ain't they? Dig 'em yourself?"

"We dug 'em," she said coldly.

Rosie stepped down from her chair, unnoticed. To Amelia, she was then no bigger than some little winged thing flitting about the room in time of tragedy. Our greatest emotions sometimes stay unnamed. At that moment Amelia was swayed by as tumultuous a love as ever animated damsel of verse or story; but it merely seemed to her that she was an ill-used woman, married to a man for whom she was called on to be ashamed. Rosie tiptoed into the entry, put on her little shawl and hood, and stole out to play in the corn house. When domestic squalls were gathering, she knew where to go. The great outdoors was safer. Her past had taught her that.

"Don't like to eat with folks, does he? Well, it 's all in what you 're brought up to."

Amelia was ready with her countercharge. "Have some tea?"

She poured it as if it were poison, and Josiah became conscious of her tragic self-control.

"You ain't eat a thing," said he, with an ostentatious kindliness. He bent forward a little, with the air of inviting a confidence. "Got suthin' on your mind, ain't you, 'Melia?" he whispered. "Kind o' worried? Find he 's a drinkin' man?"

She was not to be beguiled, even by that anger which veils itself as justice. She looked at him steadily, with scorching eyes.

"You ain't took any sugar," she returned. "There 't is, settin' by you. Help yourself."

Josiah addressed himself to his tea, and then Amelia poured him another cup. She had some fierce satisfaction in making it good and strong. It seemed to her that she was heartening her adversary for the fray, and she took pleasure in doing it effectually. So great was the spirit within her that she knew he could not be too valiant, for her keener joy in laying him low. Then they rose from the table, and Josiah took his old place by the stove, while

Amelia began carrying the dishes to the sink. Her mind was a little hazy now; her next move must depend on his, and cousin Josiah, somewhat drowsy from his good dinner, was not at once inclined to talk. Suddenly he raised his head snakily from those sunken shoulders, and pointed a lean finger to the window.

"'Melia!" cried he sharply. "I'll be buttered if he ain't been and traded off both your cows. My Lord! be you goin' to stan' there an' let them two cows go?"

Amelia gave one swift glance from the window, following the path marked out by that insinuating index. It was true. Elbridge was driving her two cows out of the yard, and her husband stood by, watching him. She walked quietly into the entry, and Josiah laid his old hands together in the rapturous certainty that she was going to open the door and send her anger forth. But she only took down his butternut coat from the nail on which it hung, and returned with it, holding it ready for him to insert his arms.

"Here 's your coat," said she, with that strange, deceptive calmness. "Stand up, an' I'll help you put it on."

Josiah looked at her, with helplessly open mouth, and with eyes so vacuous that she felt the grim humor of his plight.

"I was in hopes he 'd harness up" — he began; but she ruthlessly cut him short.

"Stand up! Here, put t'other arm in fust. This han'kercher yours? Goes round your neck? There 't is. Here 's your hat. Got any mittens? There they be, in your pocket. This way. This is the door you come in, an' this is the door you 'll go out of." She preceded him, her head thrown up, her shoulders back. Amelia had no idea of dramatic values, but she was playing an effective part. She reached the door and flung it open; but Josiah, a poor figure in its huddled capes, still stood abjectly in the middle of the kitchen. "Come!" she called peremptorily. "Come, Josiah Pease! Out you go!" And Josiah went, though, contrary to his usual habit, he did not talk. He quavered uncertainly down the steps, and Amelia called a halt. "Josiah Pease!"

He turned and looked up at her. His jaw had dropped, and he was nothing but a very helpless old child. Vicious as he was, Amelia realized the mental poverty of her adversary, and despised herself for despising him. "Josiah Pease!" she repeated. "This is the end. Don't you darken my doors ag'in. I 've done with you, — egg an' bird!" She closed the door, shutting out Josiah and the keen spring wind, and went back to the window, to watch him down the drive. His back looked poor and mean. It emphasized the pettiness of her victory. She realized that it was the poorer part of her which had resented attack on a citadel that should be as impregnable as time itself. Enoch stepped into the kitchen just then, and his voice jarred upon her tingling nerves.

"Well," said he, more jovially than he was wont to speak, "I guess I've made a good trade for ye. Company gone? Come here an' se' down while I eat, an' I 'll tell ye all about it."

Amelia turned about and walked slowly up to him, by no volition of her conscious self. Again, love, that august creature, veiled itself in an unjust anger, because it was love, and nothing else.

"You 've made a good bargain, have you?" she retorted. "You 've sold my cows, and had 'em drove off the place without if or but. That 's what you call a good bargain!" Her voice frightened her. It amazed the man who heard. These two middle-aged people were waking up to passions neither had felt in youth. Life was strong in them, because love was there.

"Why, 'Melia!" repeated the man. "Why, 'Melia!"

Amelia was hurried on before the

wind of her destiny. Her voice grew sharper. Little white stripes, like the lashes from a whip, showed themselves on her cheeks. She seemed to be speaking from a dream, which left her no will save that of speaking.

"It 's been so ever sence you set foot in this house. Have I had my say once? Have I been mistress on my own farm? No! You took the head of things, an' you 've kep' it. What 's mine is yours."

Her triumph over Josiah repeated itself grotesquely; the scene was almost identical. The man before her stood with his hands hanging by his sides, the fingers limp, in an attitude of the profoundest patience. He was thinking things out: she knew that. Her hurrying mind anticipated all he might have said, and would not. And because he had too abiding a gentleness to say it, the insanity of her anger rose anew.

"I 'm the laughin'-stock o' the town," she went on bitterly. "There ain't a man or woman in it that don't say I 've married a tramp."

Enoch winced, with a sharp, brief quiver of the lips; but before she could dwell upon the sight, to the resurrection of her tenderness, he turned away from her and went over to the bench.

"I guess I 'll move this back where 't was," he said in a very still voice; and Amelia stood watching him, conscious of a new and bitterer pang, — a fierce contempt that he could go on with his poor, methodical way of living, when greater issues waited at the door. He moved the bench into its old place, gathered up the clock with its dismantled machinery, and carried it into the attic. She heard his steps on the stairs, regular and unhalting, and despised him again; but in all those moments the meaning of his movements had not struck her. When he came back he brought in the broom; and while he swept up the fragments of his work Amelia still stood and watched him. He put the dustpan and broom away in their places, but did not reënter the room. He spoke to her from the doorway, and she could not see his face.

"I guess you won't mind if I leave the clock as 't is. It needs some new cogs, an' if anybody should come along, he would n't find it any the worse for what I 've done. I 've jest thought it over about the cows, an' I guess I 'll leave that, too, jest as it is. I made you a good bargain, an' when you come to mull it over, I guess you 'd ruther it 'd stan' so than run the resk of havin' folks make a handle of it. Good-by, 'Melia. You 've been good to me, — better 'n anybody ever was in the world."

She heard his step, swift and steady, through the shed and out at the door. He was gone. She turned toward the window to look after him, and then, finding he had not taken the driveway, she ran into the bedroom, to gaze across the fields. There he was, a lonely figure striking vigorously out. He seemed glad to go; and, seeing his haste, her heart hardened against him. She gave a little disdainful laugh.

"Well," said Amelia, "*that* 's over. I 'll wash my dishes now."

Coming back into the kitchen with an assured step, she moved calmly about her work, as if the world were there to see. Her pride enveloped her like a garment. She handled the dishes as if she scorned them, yet her care and method were exquisite. Presently there was a little imperative pounding at the side door. It was Rosie. She had forgotten the cloudy atmosphere of the house, and, being cold, had come, in all her old imperious certainty of love and warmth, to be let in. Amelia stopped short in her work, and an ugly frown roughened her brow. Josiah Pease, with his evil imaginings, seemed to be at her side, his lean forefinger pointing out the baseness of mankind. Now, indeed, she realized where Enoch had gone. He meant to take the three o'clock train where it halted, down at the Crossing, and he had left the child behind. Tear-

ing off her apron, she threw it over her head. She ran to the door, and, opening it, almost knocked the child down, in her haste to be out and away. Rosie had lifted her frosty face in a smile of welcome, but Amelia did not see it. She gathered the child in her arms, and hurried down the steps, through the bars, and along the narrow path toward the pine woods. The sharp brown stubble of the field merged into the thin grasses of the greener lowland, and she heard the trickling of the little dark brook, where gentians lived in the fall, and where, still earlier, the cardinal flower and forget-me-not crowded in lavish color. She knew every inch of the way; her feet had an intelligence of their own. The farm was a part of her inherited life; but at that moment she prized it as nothing beside that newly discovered wealth which she was rushing to cast away. Rosie had not striven in the least against her capture; she knew too much of life, in some patient fashion, to resist it in any of its phases. She put her arms about Amelia's neck, to cling the closer, and Amelia, turning her face while she staggered on, set her lips passionately to the little sleeve.

"You cold," asked she, "*dear?*" But she told herself it was a kiss of farewell.

She stepped deftly over the low stone wall into the Marden woods, and took the slippery downward path, over pine needles. Sometimes a rounded root lay above the surface, and she stumbled on it; but the child only tightened her grasp. Amelia walked and ran with the prescience of those without fear; for her eyes were unseeing, and, her thoughts hurrying forward, she depicted to herself the little drama at its close. She would be at the Crossing and away again before the train came in; nobody need guess her trouble. Enoch must be there, waiting. She would drop the child at his side, the child he had deserted, and before he could say a word turn back to her desolate home. And at the thought she kissed the little sleeve again, and felt how good it would be if she could only stand once more, though alone, within the shielding walls of her house, and the parting were over and done. She felt her breath come chokingly.

"You 'll have to walk a minute," she whispered, setting down the child. "There 's time enough. I can't hurry."

At that instant she felt the slight warning of the ground beneath her feet, shaken by another step, and saw, through the pines, her husband running toward her. Rosie started to meet him, with a little cry, but Amelia thrust her aside, and hurried swiftly on in advance, her eyes feeding upon his face. It was piteously changed.

Sorrow, the great despair of life, had eaten into it, and aged it more than years of patient want. His eyes were like lamps burned low, and the wrinkles under them had guttered into misery. But to Amelia his look had all the sweet familiarity of faces we shall see in paradise. She did not stop to interpret his meeting glance, nor ask him to read hers. Coming upon him like a whirlwind, she put both her shaking hands on his shoulders and laid her wet face to his.

"Enoch! Enoch!" she cried sharply. "In the name of God, come home with me!"

She felt him trembling under her hands, but he only put up his own and very gently loosed the passionate grasp. "There! there!" he said in a whisper. "Don't feel so bad. It 's all right. I jest turned back for Rosie. Mebbe you won't believe it, but I forgot all about her."

He lowered his voice, for Rosie had gone close to him and set her hands clingingly to his coat. She did not understand, but she could wait. A branch had almost barred the path, and Amelia, her dull gaze fallen, noted idly how bright the moss had kept and how the scarlet cups enriched it. Her strength

would not sustain her, void of his, and she sank down on the wood, her hands laid limply in her lap.

"Enoch," she implored, from her new sense of the awe of life, "don't lay up anything ag'inst me. You could n't, if you knew."

"Knew what?" asked Enoch gently. He did not forget that circumstance had struck a blow at the roots of his being; but he could not turn away while she still suffered.

Amelia began stumblingly: "He talked about you. I could n't stan' it."

"Did you believe it?" he queried sternly.

"There wan't anything to believe. That 's neither here nor there. But — Enoch, if anybody should cut my right hand off — Enoch" — Her voice fell brokenly. She was a New England woman, accustomed neither to analyze nor to talk. She could only suffer in the elemental way of dumb things who sometimes need a language of the heart. One thing she knew: the man was hers; and if she reft herself away from him, then she must die.

He had taken Rosie's hand, and Amelia was aware that he turned away.

"I don't want to bring up anything," he said hesitatingly, "but I could n't stand bein' any less 'n other men would, jest because the woman had the money, an' I had n't. I dunno 's 't was exactly fair about the cows, but somehow you kind o' set me at the head o' things in the beginnin', an' it never come into my mind" —

Amelia sat looking wanly past him. She began to see how slightly argument would serve. All at once the conventions of life fell away from her, and left her young.

"Enoch," she said vigorously, "you 've got to take me; somehow, you 've got to. Talkin' won't make you see that what I said never meant no more than the wind that blows. But you 've got to keep me, or remember all your life how you murdered me by goin' away. The farm 's come between us. Le' 's leave it! It 's 'most time for the cars. You take me with you. If you tramp, I 'll tramp. If you work out, so 'll I. But where you go, I 've got to go too."

Some understanding of her began to creep upon him; he dropped the child's hand, and came a step nearer. Enoch, in these latter days of his life, had forgotten how to smile; but now a sudden mirthful gleam struck upon his face, and lighted it with the candles of hope. He stood beside her, and Amelia did not look at him.

"Would you go with me, 'Melia?" he asked.

"I 'm goin'," said she doggedly. Her case had been lost, but she could not abandon it. She seemed to be holding to it in the face of righteous judgment.

"S'pose I don't ask you?"

"I 'll foller on behind."

"Don't you want to go home, an' lock up, an' git a bunnit?"

She put one trembling hand to the calico apron about her head. "No."

"Don't you want to leave the key with some o' the neighbors?"

"I don't want anything in the world but you," owned Amelia shamelessly.

Enoch bent quickly, and drew her to her feet. "'Melia," said he, "you look up here."

She raised her drawn face and looked at him, not because she wished, but because she must. In her abasement, there was no obedience she would deny him. But she could only see that he was strangely happy, and so the more removed from her own despair. Enoch swiftly passed his arm about her and turned her homeward. He laughed a little. Being a man, he must laugh, when that bitter ache in the throat presaged more bitter tears.

"Come, 'Melia," said he, "come along home, an' I 'll tell you all about the cows. I made a real good bargain. Come, Rosie."

Amelia could not answer. It seemed to her as if love had dealt with her as she had not deserved; and she went on, exalted, afraid of breaking the moment, and conscious only that he was hers again. But just before they left the shadow of the woods he stopped, holding her still, and their hearts beat together.

"'Melia," said he brokenly, "I guess I never told you in so many words, but it 's the truth: if God Almighty was to make me a woman, I 'd have her you, not a hair altered. I never cared a straw for any other: I know that now. You 're all there is in the world."

When they walked up over the brown field, the sun lay very warmly there with a promise of spring fulfilled. The wind had miraculously died, and soft clouds ran over the sky in flocks. Rosie danced on ahead, singing her queer little song, and Enoch struggled with himself to speak the word his wife might wish.

"'Melia," said he at last, "there ain't anything in my life I could n't tell you. I jest ain't dwelt on it, — that 's all. If you want to have me go over it" —

"I don't want anything," answered Amelia firmly. Her eyes were suffused, and yet lambent. The light in them seemed to be drinking up their tears. Her steps, she knew, were set within a shining way. At the door only she paused, and fixed him with a glance. "Enoch," said she threateningly, "whose cows were them you sold to-day?"

He opened his lips, but she looked him down. One word he rejected, and then another. His face wrinkled up into obstinate laughter, and he made the wry face of a child over its bitter draught.

"'Melia, it ain't fair," he complained. "No, it ain't. I 'll take one of 'em, if you say so, or I 'll own it don't make a mite o' difference whose they be. But as to lyin'" —

"Say it!" commanded Amelia. "Whose were they?"

"Mine!" said Enoch.

They broke into laughter, like children, and held each other's hands.

"I ain't had a mite o' dinner," declared Amelia happily, as they stepped together into the kitchen. "Nor you. An' Rosie did n't eat her pie. You blaze up the fire, an' I 'll fry some eggs."

Alice Brown.

LOVE AND A WOODEN LEG.

I do not quite know how to begin the telling of this tale, unless I first say who I am. So, I am Ned Stirling, a freeholder, owning near to two hundred tillable acres in fee simple, as the lawyers say out of their books, beside some woodland uncleared. I do not make the chance for saying this from any idle vanity, but only because the owning of freehold estates gives weight and value to a man, and also some substance to his opinions in matters of politics and religion. So it may make this tale more simple and clear if it be known beforehand that I who tell it am no mere weaver of romance, but a man of some position and dignity, and with a love for truth-telling. I doubt not that without such suretyship what I shall here set down might be hard of belief.

I know not at all how I shall justify myself for the writing of these things; for I am now near to two-and-eighty years old, and have been through all this time a hearty scorner of gossip, and of those habits which lead men to speak lightly of the failures and shortcomings of mankind. Another of my greatest fears is that I may be thought afflicted with that common ailment of old age,

— the ailment of talking too freely. So I have held back and delayed the beginning, as when a man stands beside cold water, trying to think of other things and to admire the landscape, putting off the sharp shock of the plunge. But maybe I can do no better than try to forget my fears, and let the tale justify me and itself together.

And so, to let my story move forward with due following of its parts one upon another, I must first tell of William von Stein, who, when I was a lad of seventeen or eighteen years, was made a justice of the peace. As I now remember him, he was a man of very good girth indeed at the waistband, and with fat neck and cheeks, only part way hid by some thin gray beard. His head was quite bald on top, and very shining; but he had some hair standing upright around his ears and down by the back of his neck, so that his head looked like a good piece of cleared land with a stout hedge fence surrounding it. His eyes were so nestled away in their two fat holes above his cheeks, and so set about with many wrinkles, that they seemed small and unhandy, like pigs' eyes, until one got to know them; and then, upon friendly acquaintance, they would come out quite large eyes, clear blue sometimes, and sometimes gray, changing as his humor changed, as when little patches of sky peep through drifting clouds. But they had a kindly straightforwardness in them, which spoke well for the thoughts that directed their glances.

William von Stein did not talk much, even when his opinion was asked, and thereby he was saved no little time and effort of mending his mistakes; for if there be taken away from us those errors which come from our much speaking, but few are left to trouble us. He liked to smoke his long pipe, taking it from his lips only for eating, or for sometimes refreshing himself with brown ale or small beer. His slow way about everything got him much respected; and indeed it went a great way to keep our county people at peace with one another. For after he had heard a case before him, and had listened to all the whys and wherefores, he would always say, moving his pipestem a little bit to make room for the speech: "For so weighty a matter as this I must have time to think clearly. When I have made up my mind, I will call you into court to have the decision." Then, so slow was he in getting at a conclusion which satisfied him with its justice that the contentious parties would have repented of their strife with one another, and would have made a peaceful settlement of their difference. But William von Stein got a strong reputation to himself for sagacity, and was so well liked and pleased the people so well that he was chosen over and over again for his office.

And now I think I have told all that need be told about him, except that he had a wooden leg. I beg you not to grow impatient with me for dwelling upon trifles, because you shall see by and by how poorly such impatience becomes you, when you learn all of what is to follow. I know not how he had got his wooden leg, but only that he had it, and that he seemed to take much pride in it, as though he had come by it honorably. It was just a straight stick of dark wood, with a knob of iron upon the lower end, and made fast by straps to his own leg (or to what was left of it) somewhat above where the knee once was. With most men, and surely with those who lack in deportment, such a leg magnifies their awkwardness in walking, giving a hobbling and halting gait; but it was not so with him; for, on the contrary, his slow step would have wanted very much of its impressiveness had he gone upon two legs of flesh and bone. It is not easy to say, and so I do not try to say, whether he was more distinguished by his wooden leg or by his high office; nor did he seem quite clear in which of them he had the greater pride;

and when he sat in his justice's chair, with a case in law before him, he would attend sometimes to the lawyers, and sometimes to his leg, which he would lift and lay upon the table in front of him, there regarding it with much affection. By rubbing it with his red silk kerchief right often, he had made the wood very shining and polished. Sometimes, when the lawyers were at their subtlest points and most bewildering with their hard words, his head would go nodding, and after that he would draw forth his kerchief from his deep pocket, as though to begin again at the work of rubbing his stick; and thereupon the lawyers, if they were indeed subtle of thought as well as of speech, would know that it was time for them to say that there was no need for saying more.

But by and by, when I was about five-and-twenty (three years after I had won my own sweet wife), it came about that the lads and the young men of our part of the county, and indeed from the farthest parts too, came to think of William von Stein with a very fine respect. This was not the same respect which was shown him because of his high position, nor yet because of his wooden leg, but because of his being father to a young and comely daughter. And Katherine von Stein was a daughter fit to make any man respected who might chance to be father to her. She was comely alike in form, which was slight, not like her father's; and in face, which was all pink and white, and still less like his; and in spirit, which was honest and straightforward, in which she resembled her sire more than in aught else. She had very beautiful eyes and hair; and though I had my own dear Ruth, and was in no need of doing so, I grew quite fond, like the rest of the young men, of looking at her when she came my way. But I did not go out of my way to seek her, which reconciled my conscience to looking at her as much as I pleased, at such times as she came nigh me.

William von Stein was right proud of her, as became him. Old mother von Stein was long ago numbered with those who had lived a useful life and gone to get the reward for it; so that the care Katherine's father showed her was all the care she got, except as the young men cared for her. And not one of them with an honest heart in him but loved her very well indeed.

I have always loved to see a man love a good woman. There is only one thing well worth while and of long endurance in this world, after all, and all a good man's life shapes itself to this end: I mean, getting and keeping the love of good women. When I hear evil of a man, I like to know, before forming judgment on him, what the woman may be who is loved by him and who loves him. No matter about the rest; life is all very plain and easy for a man when the woman he loves loves him. Then all justice and goodness are easy to him; and even growing old is easy, as I, who am now old myself, have found it.

Katherine von Stein, being a shy and demure maid, and knowing so little of these things, made no show of liking any of the youths above another, which was very hard upon us; for what man or woman but loves to know the outcome of love? She went about her duties in her father's house, and was a lady to all the young men who looked at her. But if she even so much as guessed that any of them looked at her with any more than the admiration which is always the due reward of comeliness, she failed to show it. She had her place in the gallery which was built for the choir in our church, and I know how well the church prospered in those days, from the way the young men got of coming twice on a Sunday, and being in such form of mind as made them generous toward the money box.

I remember how that once Ruth and I were at dinner at William von Stein's house; and after the dinner was done,

and his daughter had set out some wine and two pipes for her father and me, then, made bold by having my own wife with me to hear, and by the familiarity which comes to a man when he has eaten dinner in another's house, I said (trying to hide that I said it curiously), "Some time, Katherine, I doubt not you will be getting a home of your own, with a husband to fill a pipe for."

But, without the lightest change of color or of feature, she looked at me and at her father before she answered me. Then she said, and said it as quietly as though she spoke of the commonest fowl in her dooryard, "My husband must be one whom I love better than I love my father."

And then she laid her light hand upon his bald crown; and he turned about in his chair, looking at her fondly, taking her small hand in his own big one, and drawing her down to him so that he might kiss her cheek; and that made me feel as though I had said a thing of which I had no right to be vain. Yet this did not hinder me from keeping my eyes upon her, and upon the young men who loved her; for, as the way is among us, no man ever is at any pains to hide his true love for a maid. But I found it to take much time and patience to observe them all, and to determine in my own mind the one most fitting to be her husband.

There was one who loved her, but who, as I thought, had no right to do so; at least not with the ardor of youth, for he was twice my own age, and white-haired. Looking at it now, I might have more charity for him; for I know, and say it without shame, that a man must be even older than I am before he loses the way of loving fair maids. Then, being young, and thinking love youth's privilege and prerogative, my patience was not strong with the ways of old men, and I felt some hardness of heart and mind toward him. But I find I have not yet said who he was. He was Judge Ravenel, the chiefest judge of these counties, and a man of good and ancient family, and with very great pride in his position. He was stern, and with a strong, bold sense of doing his duty; indeed, he would always talk upon every chance (and even making the chance for it, sometimes) of man's stern place in this life. In this he was not like William von Stein; for William von Stein talked little of duty, but did it quite honestly, while Thomas Ravenel, despite his much speaking about it, sometimes went wide of duty.

I do not think that Katherine loved him well, though maybe she had some awe of his position. It was this which I feared most; for a woman is like a man in that matter. I mean that while she lifts her eyes to look upward upon dignities which she covets, she may lose sure sight of the way in which her own feet walk, and so stumble. I do not charge this upon Katherine; she made no sign to him of favor, nor seemed to carry in her fair head any thought save the thought of dutiful affection to her father. But her father gave token of favoring Judge Ravenel; no doubt because he thought it well to have a son-in-law in his own way of life, so that the business of doing justice might be kept in one family. I know that Judge Ravenel paid his court courteously and strongly, and gave time and care to the cultivation of graces of deportment toward William von Stein, as became one with his hopes. He was, moreover, a man of good possessions, living alone in his own big house, with only an old woman for a housekeeper, and some other servants.

Then there came to our county a young man who was a stranger in our parts. He came as a lawyer, and a very poor one (I mean in point of pocket). His dress marked him as a man whose heritage had been little or nothing, or else it had all been spent, for his clothes were poor and mean. But in his face

and eyes, and in the firm lines about his mouth, he carried proof of a heritage finer than any other, and I liked him right well. His brow was broad, and set low down over his great dark eyes, in which there were fine thoughts; not to be read clearly, but only guessed at and studied out by little and little, after friendship had deepened. He had a clear, sweet voice, which he could make rise and fall in a way to insure liking in one who loves the softer side of a man's character. I liked him all, and liked him best of all because he had pride in his poverty, and seemed not able to tell a lie, — which has ever been to me the strongest test of a man's manhood.

He had been but a little time in our county town, where Katherine lived with her father, before his voice took him too into the choir gallery in our church, where he stood and sang by Katherine's side. When I listened to them on Sunday, after a long week's hard work, and most like after a long, slow sermon, I was glad to be there, and found worship of God to come easy. I know now, and knew quite well then, that I had my own thoughts about them. For they two, Katherine and John Smithson, seemed to me to be but the two halves of one whole. When I thought of them thus, I was satisfied in my own mind; and I do not know any truer test of the righteousness of a man's thought than that it truly satisfies himself.

When they would sit together in the choir gallery through the length of the sermon, John Smithson, not having much to occupy his mind, would keep his eyes drifting now and again to Katherine's face. This I was glad to see; though if Katherine knew it, she knew it by some other way than seeing, for she kept her eyes downcast, as was her wont, or only lifted them sometimes to the parson's face.

William von Stein did not like John Smithson, and his dislike was built upon the very thing for which I liked him best, — his proud poverty. This was an unjust and unreasoning thing, as I am bound to say, and one to be questioned in a man who was trained to the doing of justice. But (as I have observed in the course of a long life) men of broadest parts are wont sometimes to conceive and bear the narrowest thoughts, if their own notions of dignity or pride be touched upon. For great men are for the most part men of few thoughts, by long dwelling upon which they have grown great; and when a man has but a few thoughts, and those got by hard labor of the intellect, he is unwilling to give one of them up. I say so much to try to justify William von Stein, who was a worthy man, in his faint regard for John Smithson. But, however true the reasons may be which I have given, it is certain that the old man did not like the young one, and made no pains to avoid showing his slight respect. If John Smithson resented this, he failed to show it; he kept his own dignity and lived his own life quietly, holding himself apart, with his manhood about him. This gave me both joy and sorrow; for as my thoughts were upon the young man and the maid, I was sorry; but as one who loves the quality of upright self-respect in a man, I was glad.

Why it is so I do not try to guess; nevertheless, I have seen that women's hearts warm but slowly toward men like John Smithson; I mean men whose best strength is that which helps them to control their thoughts and deeds, and who live their lives through in such struggle. I know, both from what I have observed and from what Ruth and some other women have told me, that a woman (even the best) can forgive in a man many sins, so that they be but committed ardently and with a warm heart; but that as a man lacks in ardor and impulsiveness of action, so must he also lack in women's admiration. Perhaps (and I should like to think this to be true) it is because women do not know how much

of a man's strength it takes to keep his nature under the dominion of his will. For so it is, as I know from my own life, that when a man has fought within himself the hard battle which is to make his will the king and ruler over all his other parts, he is too weary to be ardorous. Since I knew this (though not so well then as I know it now), I did not find myself greatly surprised when I saw that Katherine kept toward John Smithson that demeanor which he bore toward her, — a demeanor not cold nor haughty, but only full of the show of respect. Yet sometimes when I would watch him watching her, and while his lips and brow were held in close check as though he found it a hard thing, his eyes would be full of strange light which he could not keep down, any more than the glow can be kept out of the east sky at dawn. And I came to love this man like a brother; for by the aid of what I had gone through in the time when I first loved Ruth, I knew that love was working its way with him. I was at the pains, also, to get to know him better as a friend, and we were much together.

Another thing which made me think well of him was his likeness to my own ways in many things, and most of all his way of living outdoors and loving the sight of the sky both by day and by night, and his way of thinking softly and fondly of living things. I remember that one day, when we might do it with clear conscience, we lay together in the midst of a bit of woodland near my home, with the broad part of our backs upon deep moss beds and our faces turned upward. It was a way I had of doing, sometimes, when I found myself thinking too long on small things. God, who fashioned me, made me eager and impatient of delays, so that I like to have rewards follow close upon the heels of effort, as the furrow follows the ploughshare; but the woodland says, "There is no hurry; have patience." And so, to heal wounds of folly or anger or any other passion, woodland balm is strong and gentle. When we lay so, that day, he said to me, without any other introduction than his own thoughts, "I think the best parts of a man's life are the dreams which he dreams at times like this." Then, after a little time, and after I had agreed with him, or perhaps had asked him some question, he said again: "But so few of our best dreams come true; though they might, if we would only have it so. Such broad, good lives we would have, if our deeds might be as strong and true as our dreams are pure. If we willed, I think even the dreams our mothers dream over us in our cradles might not fail of coming true."

And I knew what he thought, and so I said to him, having a purpose in saying it, "A man must needs have a good woman to help him make his best dreams come out realities, as I have found with my own dear wife." But when I had said this, I saw that his face, which had been full of soft and free delight, with his lips smiling, now fell away into deep sadness and silence.

While my love and admiration for this man were growing and strengthening, I longed that Katherine might love him. To be sure, she knew her own woman's heart best, as even I was willing to grant her; but if a woman is privileged to know her own heart, so does a man know his. And my heart beat to the measure of certainty that John Smithson was the one man in all the world (or in our county, as I ought to say, as that was all the world I knew) who could give her that love whose strength might not be measured, unless by the strength of her own.

I cannot say what joy I felt when by and by — not all at once, but by degrees and with shy half-willingness — sweet Katherine seemed to find herself with her tender heart yielding soft answer to love's inquiries. For I knew that so it ought to be, being so willed of God, as I believe.

In this, however, she did not please her father, as I knew before she would not. And this was no doubt cause of her slow willingness to love John Smithson (or to show that she loved him), she being dutiful. None the less when, I had seen so much as I have said, I knew that it would end well, for such a love does not stop even at the pleasure of a father.

But John Smithson was an honorable man, even as he was a true lover, and he did his best in all honorable ways to gain the willing respect of the father, as he had gained the willing love of the daughter. This, however, he could not do, William von Stein being stubborn in his nature, and not subject to change; having so set his mind against it at the first, he would not yield.

Then it happened that one time John Smithson came to tell me of his puzzle of mind, and also of a new circumstance to make him uneasy. For it had become known that William von Stein had got the fashion of late of going quite often to Judge Ravenel's home, taking strange times for his visits, and telling no one why, and himself grown much into the fault of the intellect called absence of mind. He would sit brooding by himself, so lost to things around him that he would even sometimes let his pipe die out, only half burned. He had got out of his way of sleeping healthily, which Katherine knew by hearing his wooden leg go stumping up and down in his bedchamber in the night. By putting things together, as lovers will, these two had got the fear that William von Stein and Thomas Ravenel were making plot against John Smithson. When he told me this, he told me further how that he and Katherine were persuaded to strangle all chance of accident by going over into the county next to ours to be wedded there in peace and quiet, taking chance of finding peace and quiet after it was done, and might not be undone. And to this John Smithson asked my aid.

I think I must be a very simple fellow, and foolish, too; which I say by reason of my long experience with myself, because no man can ask me for help and not be sure of getting it. I do not seem to have gathered much skill in finding the false part of a man (maybe because I have not much practiced to look for it); for no matter what a man may be, if he do but ask me for help, then I am helpless to help myself, and helpless to keep from helping him. And so, more from force of long habit than from ready willingness, I agreed to help John Smithson and Katherine, even before I knew what they would have me do. It was this: that they should come, one at a time and quietly, to my home, which lay only three miles from the town where they lived, and but five miles from the town of Coleton, which was the next county town, whither they should go in Ruth's phaeton and be wedded. I was glad to find how light a matter it was, after all, and how little there seemed to be of any chance of failure in it. I do not say that I would not gladly have helped them in anything toward that end for which I longed as well as they, — only that I am of a cautious mind, and like to ponder well before acting; though pondering has never kept me from acting when the time came for it.

The day set for their going came at last, and right soon, they being impatient of delay. A strange day it was, in the midst of a week of rain, with no quick and sudden showers, and then laughter of twinkling sunlight, but only a calm, slow downfall of fine drops which hung heavily upon everything, and a raw coldness which found the inside of a man. But a good day we thought it, after all, and one well fitted for the use they were to make of it; for it seemed unlikely that pursuit would be quick or willing, if they were found out.

More than ever on that day I loved John Smithson, and joyed with him in his strong manhood and in the ending

of his perplexities. Of Katherine I can say nothing, though I have tried to think of something which might satisfy me by way of telling of her sweetness and shyness and beauty. Even with Ruth at hand, busy with many light duties of aiding them in their designs, I felt a heavy and dull weight of envy, and found myself wondering what I should do were I in John Smithson's place.

But by and by they were gone away, wrapped up warmly against the weather, with warm good wishes from Ruth and me, as we stood to see them go.

Then, after we had come back into the house together, and were taking delight in the warmth of the log fire in our big kitchen, and before my breath came regularly and with smoothness, all at once I heard a sound which broke up my breathing worse than before, and made my heart swell until it seemed too large for the place made for it by nature, and it came upward to my throat. The sound I heard was a sound upon the wood floor of our large porch, being a sound I knew very well from long hearing it, namely, the blunt tapping of the end of William von Stein's wooden leg as he walked up to our door. He came in much uneasiness and haste of mind, as I well knew by the speed of his step. When, upon his knocking at the door, I went to open it for him, he was a sorry sight. He had been dressed in his best clothes, with a long black coat and a yellow waistcoat, and a collar of linen that came high over his short and fat neck, so that it held him by the ears. Over all his clothes, and over himself too, was soft mud of the road, as though he had turned pig and wallowed. So amazed was I that I could not say a word, but only hold the door open, and my mouth and eyes as wide as the door, and let him come halting in, every step dropping mud and water upon our white scoured floor. Nor did he speak, being in such mind that speech seemed to come hard to him, until he had got to the fire, and had turned himself about a time or two and shaken himself like a wet collie. And then when I looked at Ruth, who stood by, I saw at once that she thought not so much of the old man and his sad condition as she thought of Katherine and John Smithson, wondering whether I might be equal to protecting them; for she knew, better than any other knew, my short way of speaking honest truth (not from virtue, but by habit fastened upon me). As I read this in her eyes, I gave her a little nod of my head for reassurance and to bid her go away, so that if I might be under the need of telling a lie for the sake of Katherine and John she should not be a party to it. But William von Stein did not speak once of Katherine and John; he only told me, in a brief way, how he had come out on horseback, and how, a little way from our house, his horse had stumbled in the deep mire of the road, so that he, being not much accustomed to being on horseback, had gone head over heels into the mud, finding it hard to get up again, both because of his short roundness and the awkwardness of his wooden leg, and because of his being so shaken in the wits by his fall. And when he did get up, and rub the water and mud out of his eyes, it was only to see his horse many rods away, going back with all speed the way he had come. So, with nothing else to do, he had come on to our house. And now he begged me that I would give him such clothes as I could, and send him on his way by any means of conveyance I had at hand; for he said that it was most peremptory that he should be at Coleton with no waste of time.

I wondered to hear him say nothing of the two young people, he not even asking a question about them. For I thought it most likely that by this time he would have learned from the ways of the lawyers that the best fashion of finding out things is by asking questions. But though I marveled, I thought warily

of the matter; and so I made out in my mind that maybe he knew all he wished to know, without asking. To gain time for thinking at my leisure, I went away to my bedchamber, where I kept my clothes, to find what I could for him. I brought him such as I had, and then helped him to get out of his own garments and into mine. But there was a strange thing, — a thing to laugh at, if I had not had my mind too full of other things for laughing. As I have said, William von Stein was a short man, while I stood a full foot's length above him; so that when he was in my clothes, he was no more than a seed in a pod after frost, and likely to lose himself in the deep recesses, even when he had turned back the legs and arms until their white inside showed by many gaping inches. He was much of my way of thinking, as I knew by the way he looked down at himself ruefully, though saying nothing, only bidding me be quick to send him on his way. I made out to tell him (telling nothing but the truth) that I had no way of sending him on, our phaeton being borrowed, and only a heavy wagon left, which could not go over the deep mud of the roads. He was much distressed, so that he seemed to forget the strange sight he made, and walked up and down, shaking his head strongly and making his lips go without speaking. By and by he asked me to send to a neighbor's for a conveyance, only to make all haste. And so I went out and sent one of my farming men to do as he asked, knowing well that it would be a good half hour before he could return, and grasping at every chance for delay to keep the old man in my house.

When my man had gone, I went back to sit with William von Stein, desiring to learn something from him of what he intended. But here I met with grievous disappointment; for he was not minded to talk at all, but only to think, sitting down before the blaze of the fire, with his feet (or his one foot and the iron knob on his wooden leg) resting upon the fender, to warm himself after his cold and wet encounter. As he sat there, with me sitting a little way off and watching him curiously, I saw that his head began to nod downward toward his breast. Whether from weariness, or the comfort of the fire, or his much losing of sleep of late, I know not, but know only that he had soon gone away into deep slumber, drawing his breath hard through his bent throat, with little sounds as when water trickles from a pump spout into a horse trough. Then there befell that which I do not relish telling, having some shame in it even now, but I cannot help telling to make the tale full, just as it happened. As he slept he went downward in his chair, by the weight of his body, sliding a little at a time, until the end of his wooden leg was gone into the fire. When I saw this I started up to waken and warn him, but then sat down again. For it came upon me like daybreak that here would be one more stay and impediment to his going onward; and then I remember thinking (trying to justify myself for my unkindness to an old man) that his being so was none of my doing, after all, and that if it might be God's will that his leg burn off I had no authority to dispute it, any more than any other of the ways of Providence. And so, because of the conflict of my thoughts, I got up and went away, leaving him where he was.

When my farming man came back, not having got what he was sent to get (no carriage being in my neighbor's barn), I went in to tell William von Stein about it. Upon being waked he started up quickly, but only to fall over with all his weight sharp against my middle, so that the suddenness of it was like to deprive me of the breath of life. The cause of such strange behavior was that the end of his wooden stick leg had been burned short by two inches, leaving

the stick charred and sharpened down to a point. I am glad that I can say truthfully, for the saving of my good name for respect for age, that when I saw him so, and found how deeply he grieved at the ruin of that ornament in which he had taken such pride, I was truly sorry for him, and wished that I had been quicker to show sorrow; for what sorrow, even of the deepest, can mend a wooden leg? But there he was, and with five good miles between himself and Coleton, where Katherine and John were gone. I thought that now he would not go on because he could not; wherein I was greatly at fault, for despite his plight, both as to clothes and the leg, he was but a little time in saying that he would go on because he must. Though I used what power I had to convince him, he would not listen to me, but drew his hat on his head and went away, without even the courtesy of saying good-day. It is a mystery to me even now, though I have thought of it often, how he was able to walk at all; for with every step he had to bend himself down until his stump leg might touch the earth, and his clothes (they being mine) were so much in his way to hinder him. As I stood watching him, he hobbled down the roadway and out of my sight.

After he was gone, and I went to find Ruth, so that I might tell her about it, it was only then that I thought to laugh at all that had passed. When it did come, it was with strength to atone for slowness, so that I did nothing for many minutes but tip my body backward and forward, laughing until the taste of salt was in my mouth by reason of my tears running into it from my cheeks. When laughter was done, only small tickles of it coming back now and again, compassion came to me (being tardy, like my laughing), and in this feeling Ruth aided and abetted me. For she said that he was a poor old man, — a nearly helpless one now, — no doubt feeling sorrow and sadness at losing his daughter against his will, and so much of other words like these that, after a little time, she persuaded me to get on my clothes for outdoors and wet weather and go after him, to see that no evil had befallen him. This I did, not so much because of my own will, neither from any fear of what might happen to him, but more because of my way of pleasing Ruth and doing what she told me.

When I had taken to the road, finding it very heavy and deep with mud, I was not long in coming up to William von Stein; and but that I had laughed all I could before, and as much as was good for me, I must have laughed again. For as he walked, stooping downward with each step on his foreshortened leg, and resting his weight (which was very good weight) upon it each time, the soft mud yielded to it in such measure that it would go down and down, like putting knife into deep meat pie; and then he would have to bring himself to balance upon his sound foot, and use his greatest strength to pull the stump up again, only to have it serve him in like manner on the next step forward. When I came up to him, and spoke to him as kindly as I might, with offer of help (willing to help him now when I knew it might do no good to stop what was going forward), he was in such shortness of breath, and so weary in muscle and sinew, that he could not answer me, but only lean against me, trembling and panting.

Then while we stood so, and before he had got courage to attempt going on again, all at once I heard the sound of the splashing of a horse's hoofs upon the wet roadway, coming from around a bend before us; and as soon as sight could follow hearing, there was Ruth's phaeton, drawn by my own gray mare, with Katherine and John sitting together, and so engaged with sight of one another that they did not take the pains to see us standing before them, nor anything else before them beyond prospect

of love and happiness. I knew that all was well. But the gray mare was not so concerned with her thoughts as they with theirs; for though she was a most sedate animal, when she came within a few yards of us, catching a sudden sight of William von Stein, she set back her ears, with a snort of terror, and went off sideways to the very road's edge. This aroused Katherine and John to see us, though they were slow about adjusting their sight to know who we were. It was John who first called my name, speaking it with surprise; but it was Katherine who knew her father, knowing him not by sight, as I believe, but in some strange way given to women. She cried out to him, and then came down out of the phaeton, with her dainty feet in the mud and water, and threw her arms about his neck with so much of impetuous affection that they must both have gone down together had I not stood behind him to support him. It was truly a pretty sight, notwithstanding the oddness of it, to see those two lovers (lovers now more than ever) throw themselves upon his grace and mercy and beg to be forgiven, now that forgiving mercy was the only course open to him. While I listened with all my ears for a burst of rage from the old man at being treated so, and might not have been surprised at any words from him, his face showed nothing beyond an expression of uneasiness and perturbation, such as it had worn from the time of his coming to my house, and all he said to them was: "Forgive you! Yes, gladly will I, if you do but go back with Ned afoot, and give me use of the phaeton for going on to Coleton." When I heard that, my wits went hopelessly straying, and would not come back to me.

Then there was another sound as of approaching horses; and this time it was one of Judge Ravenel's horses which came upon us, with his ancient housekeeper sitting in the carriage in lonely state. She would have gone by us unheeding, looking straight before her; but we so filled the road, with my horse and phaeton and us four standing together, that she could not go by, but must stop. As soon as he saw who it was, William von Stein went all a-tremble, shrinking up into himself weakly, until of all poor plights I ever saw a man in, his was the worst. When he could make out to do it, he cried out piteously, "Lucy, Lucy!" and then went toward her, standing by the carriage and grasping at her skirts with his hand to hold her. And most strange of all, he did call her lover's names, like "darling" and "sweetheart," and more of that sort, which came from his lips as with the skill of practice. He told her with pleading how his delay was not his fault, but of stern necessity, and neither had his heart turned cold nor his mind relented. Then he begged her to take him up into the carriage by her side, and let them go back together to Coleton.

Now, if those who read this tale are folk of any power of discerning, I have no need to say more. For the old dame by and by let her wrinkled face escape from its sternness, and she smiled upon William von Stein with much show of yellow teeth, and made a place for him by her side; and then they turned about and went away to their own wedding.

After that there is surely nothing more to be told, except that when, after a time, the news of these happenings came to Judge Ravenel's hearing, he pondered awhile in silence before he made out to say that it was just as well so; for had he wedded Katherine, according to his design, then must he have turned son to his own housekeeper, and she his mother, with authority over him, which did not become his dignity.

William R. Lighton.

A NEW ENGLAND HILL TOWN.

I. ITS CONDITION.

I.

We are an old-fashioned folk in Sweet Auburn, — we go to church. We think we ought to; besides, we can't help it. In Boston, they tell me, you expect your minister to draw. That is because you have newspapers. Our country parson never thinks of drawing; why should he?

In "meetin'," as in no place else, is the latest bucolic legend or mythus bodied forth. To obey the insistent behest of the church bell is perchance to learn that Jim Asa meditates shingling his barn, or that Ichabod's Alderney is stricken with the garget, or that Deacon Abram has slain his fatted Chester whites. When the old Cap'n Anthony homestead had gone up in lamentable flames late one Saturday night, and kept us all awake until morning, I said, "Slender congregation to-day for the Little Giant," — wherein I erred. There were more worshipers than usual. They came to talk it all over. So I have seen living beings bestir themselves at the newsboy's cry of "Extra!"

Moreover, at divine service one gets close and familiar glimpses of one's neighbors. The "dummies," who have eyes *et præterea nihil*, are punctual and indefatigable in their attendance. Isolated all the week upon scattered farms, these villagers become monstrously gregarious on Sunday. Not even our choir can scare them away from the weekly assemblies. The church is the club, and there is no other.

Furthermore, beyond a certain satisfaction at having worsted the moral law, there is no very zestful relish in staying at home. You cannot read a ponderous, "feature"-laden journal, because, please God, you cannot get one. You cannot ride on a Sunday train, for ours is a Sabbatarian railroad. Should you mount your wheel for a quiet little spin across the valley, your ethical adviser would "tuck it to you like a yellow wasp." Before venturing upon anecdote or reminiscence, it is the part of godliness to ask yourself, "Is that a Sunday story?" If you lie late in bed, as old rabbis urged the faithful to do, you must suffer a recital of the ancient quatrain: —

> "This is the day that Christ arose
> So airly from the dead;
> An' shall we keep aour eyelids closed,
> An' waste aour haours in bed?"

In sugaring time, Deacon Abram deliberately lets five barrels of maple sap soak into the brown earth rather than gather it upon the Lord's Day. Deacon Seth rides to church in a closed carriage, lest he sinfully behold the beauties of nature. As my worthy landlord was bringing in a basket of eggs, I said, "How many, Mr. Glenn?" "Dunno," replied the conscientious patriarch; "don't caount my aiggs of a Sabbath." To be frank, we make Sunday a many-antlered, looming bugbear. *Vis a tergo* conspiring with *vis a fronte*, lo, the vast and reverent congregation!

Our reverence is, as Mr. Cable would say, "remarkable." "Damn that Bill Wilkins!" roared Cap'n Anthony. "I'll whip him, — God knows I'll whip him! Snapped apple seeds at me, right in church, right in God's haouse!" Sentiment hallows the church. It also flings an aura of sanctity round the person of the Little Giant. As we meet him we doff our hats (though we merely nod our heads to women), and we say with a sort of powdered and brocaded gallantry, "How do you do, Reverend — Mr. — Dorchester?" Little Ted Holliday, hav-

ing inadvertently pitched snow at the clergyman, wept scalding tears of contrition, and would not be comforted. That is representative. But our devotion to our minister is not entirely personal; it is also religious. To pay him his six hundred dollars per annum is an act of faith, to acquiesce in his teachings a requirement of godliness. The truth is, Sweet Auburn is half a century behind the times. It is as yet untouched by the influences that elsewhere have robbed the pulpit of its aforetime high prerogatives.

We are old-fashioned in our religion; but in our theology, which is altogether a different matter, we mean to be progressive. We are Congregationalists of the liberal kind. We grant our preacher the utmost freedom of thought and utterance. He has lectured to us (and we packed the town hall to hear him) upon the Higher Criticism of the Bible, upon the Religious Interpretation of the Evolutionary Philosophy, and upon the Ethnic Faiths considered in their Relation to Christianity. We so earnestly respect his scholarship that we are ready to follow him out to the far, dim borders of truth, and there to stand and wait, and, peering, watch the horizon. Once, to my knowledge, — and I trust only once, — the Little Giant had doubt of his people. "I 'm afraid I 'm giving you too much new theology," he said. "Gawsh, no!" replied an enthusiastic parishioner. "Let her sizzle!"

Sometimes, however, I wonder whether our liberalism is altogether ingenuous. I have begun to suspect that we relish dabbling in heterodoxy a little as we enjoy pulling the cat's tail. It makes us feel clever. Our Sunday-school superintendent reads The Outlook to tease his wife; he has named his two bulldogs Preserved Smith and Dr. Briggs; he was edified beyond all continency when the Little Giant said Lyman Abbott three times in one sermon. "Docterns" are obsolete; give us heresies. We fearlessly criticise the dogma of the Trinity. We are ever ready to discuss the probable fate of the wicked. We are fretted with impatience when we fail to elucidate the origin of evil. Yes, but why complain? Heterodoxy makes us think. Nevertheless, it not infrequently recalls that shrewd aphorism of Confucius: "Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is dangerous."

Of course, it is not to be supposed that such tendencies in pulpit and pew go tranquilly unrebuked. Good Deacon Seth demurs. He believes in the divinity of Abraham, the deity of Moses, and the eternal procession of Daniel. He accepts the plenary inspiration of Pilgrim's Progress. He takes all the patent medicines advertised in the Boston Congregationalist. He finds sweet peace in the eternal damnation of others. But his weakness — his pathetic and irremediable weakness — lies in this, that he is invariably sound asleep in sermon time.

Religion, viewed from the evolutionist's standpoint, is first a sentiment, then a philosophy, then an ethical impulse. What now of our morality? As Squeers would put it, you have come to the right shop for morals. In the two hundred years of its history there has never been a murder in Sweet Auburn. Ichabod was constable for twelve consecutive years, and never made an arrest. In the interest of the home, we vote regularly for prohibition. We believe also in kindness. Were ever hearts warmer than ours? We delight to do you a service. Ask our cloak, and we thrust our coat upon you also; bid us go with you a mile, and I defy you to prevent our going twain. Besides, we are in love with decency. We ostracize a youth who enters upon a career of vice: witness the case of Wilkins Glenn. Wilkins has "gone right daown on his prayin'-bones to every gal in taown," yet a doleful bachelor he remains, and all because he

was "church-mauled" for going in bad company. But, rigorous though our enforcement of the moral law, I fear we are far from progressive in our application of religion to life. Sometimes I think that conduct and belief are quite separate. Be that as it may, we have here the neo-rabbinism of John Alden and Miles Standish.

Ethically considered, we are the children of the code. Like our forefathers in Howard Pyle drabs and russets, we maintain a dual tabulation of rights and wrongs. There is a white list for "Thou shalt," a black list for "Thou shalt not." In matters not treated in either column we do as we happen to please. We achieve our morality by inches, — line upon line, precept upon precept. We have no real grasp of broad principles. We have acquired cultivated memories rather than cultivated consciences. We have not yet attained to ethical autonomy.

Hence a world of incidental inconsistencies. We are intolerant of dancing, but indulgent toward kissing games. We are certain that if we drink a glass of beer we shall be cast into a lake of fire, but we consume hard cider with infinite enjoyment, and confidently look for a crown of glory that fadeth not away. By no possible device of rhetoric could you persuade our best deacon to smoke, though he raises tobacco by the acre for the use of his countrymen. None of us will steal your purse, yet few of us can baffle the serpentine temptation to cheat you. We think it sinful to tell malicious lies, though meanwhile we believe all the malicious lies that come to our ears, and we invariably condemn our neighbor unheard. What is this but a survival of stagnant, unthinking Puritanism? We are as consistent as our consecrated Pilgrim ancestors, who never went to plays. Bless you, no! Instead they went to hangings.

Would that the applied Christianity of Sweet Auburn suffered no graver lack than that of inconsistency. Vastly more serious is our intense individualism. We know nothing of social ethics. Our civic theory is atomic, not organic. We lack leadership, we lack public spirit, we lack genuine social consciousness. We need some fearless Whitman to tell us that a man is not contained between his hat and his boots. It has never occurred to us that isolation is irreligious.

As regards isolation, Sweet Auburn is like an enthusiastic invalid, joyfully making the worst of a bad matter. Instead of asserting the spirit of neighborliness, and earnestly alleviating the solitary, self-centred, insulated intensity of our lives, we shrink from one another. Evening calls are well-nigh gone out of memory. That is because the advent of city manners requires the farmer to array himself in his best ere he seeks his neighbor's hearth. The process is slow. We shall not be started before eight o'clock, and we must be home again betimes to tuck in the "caows" and get to bed by nine. Why so early? Because we must bestir ourselves at five next morning, to milk Dolly and Lightfoot and Peggy and Old Jersey and Blackie and Rose. We rise with the red-winged blackbird, that our days may be long upon the land. Consequently, we hate calling. Such, I observe, is the mischief wrought by starched linen. The starch has struck through to our hearts.

That superb theme of Browning's, the relativity of life, — what illustration does Sweet Auburn afford it? Sweetly sings Pippa; but who hears? God in his heaven and Pippa at home. Few beside. One lovely character has little effect upon the lives about it. There is want of contact. We have not achieved the relativity of life; instead, we have simply accomplished its reflexivity; the soul is thrown back upon itself; whence the provincialization of personality. Less extensive, life becomes more intensive. The narrow stream runs deep. It runs too deep. Better were it shallower, if broader.

The rural environment is psychically extravagant. It tends to extremes. A man carries himself out to his logical conclusions; he becomes a concentrated essence of himself.

Miss Wilkins speaks of the tropical intensity of the rural New Englander. It is an admirable expression, though to watch us you would little think it. Our faces are stolid, our movements deliberate, our actions commonly reserved. The volcano is snow-capped. Time prepares the eruption. The eruption reveals the man.

I have met the young lady who complained that while waiting at the junction she had nothing to "scatter her mind." Ours is a similar affliction. Our characters suffer in consequence. In isolation, the thought dwells uninterrupted upon occurrences that would gradually fade to drab shadows in town. A bereavement scars the heart forever. It follows us into the "mowin';" it is with us at "chores;" it bends over us at the fireside, as the sombre gray angel bends over the figure of Love in Watts's picture. So of quarrels. I can show you enmities older than the elms. Solitude is the handmaid of malice. It takes time to be mean; Beelzebub himself affords no avocations. Or is it failure that embitters existence? There is no forgetting the loss of last year's crops, or the demise of brown Dobbin, or the collapse of the Montana Bank. Circumstances in the city are events in the country, and events are eternal.

In Boston, I never understood what theatres and football games and card parties and dances were for. Now I know. They are not chiefly for fun. They have a spiritual value. They redeem human life from unwholesome and even morbid extremes. The great desideratum of Sweet Auburn is what Mr. Pemberton Cressey has styled "the gospel of demoralization." Demoralization is what we need. Without it we fail to develop normal symmetry of character.

Given a suitable amount of recreation, and Sweet Auburn would be a healthful moral environment — for women. New England countrywomen are superior to their husbands. Women thrive on domesticity; men do not. Manhood comes to its best in action, — in broad, free, energetic exercise on a large scale. Masculine character spoils if it is shut up too long. It needs room, and it needs abundant materials to work with. Abraham Lincoln might have spent his life splitting rails, but he would have dwarfed his soul had he done so. Our Abraham Lincolns are making just that mistake.

Sometimes, in the warm summer evenings, Helen and I sit in my pretty blue skiff and watch the yellow lights come dripping down the water from the square windows of many a distant farmhouse. Then Helen is wont to tell me that this is precisely the kind of place she has all her life desired to live in. But I, meanwhile, am occupied with far variant reflections.

Were I to change places with the blue heron by the margin of the lake or with our New England country parson, I might perhaps be contented here. If a heron, I should stand aloof from human creatures and their troublous affairs; if a parson, I should give myself heart and soul to the amelioration of existing conditions. Alas, I am neither. The jocund lights come dancing all gayly a-flicker where my oar blade starts the ripples, yet they sadden my spirit within me. Ethically considered, Sweet Auburn is not a town; it is a misfortune. Its religion is fanciful, its morality artificial, its social atmosphere morbid. I think of Sweet Auburn's sorrows, of its enmities, of its petty meanness, of its constricted narrowness, and of its diseased and abnormally exaggerated self-consciousness, and then my temperamental optimism assumes sublime proportions. I tell myself that the "rush to the cities" is an admirably good and beneficial move-

ment. Spite of the church spire, quivering inverted amongst the lily pads, the hill town is a mistake.

The moral fallacy of the village is the venerable ecclesiastical fallacy of shaven crown and coarse habit and cloistered walk. Peaceful were it, in truth, to withdraw from the world; altogether lovely to escape its noxious contamination; very sweet to devote the still hours to the illumination of flowered missals or to the adornment of the angel-thronged abbey walls; and a holy delight to chant in dim choirs, beneath tall, gleaming, mullioned windows, the praises of the Victor Christ! But what would come of it all? Only personal blight and moral decay.

II.

We approve of marriage, — of early marriage, of hasty marriage, of marriage without a bank account. We have no toleration for Keats. It was he who wrote: —

> "Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust."

Yes, but single life in Sweet Auburn, — no heartless apologist has yet found valor to defend it. For then must one retain as housekeeper some neat-handed Phyllis of debatable years. So why not marry her, and cut short her wages? Or, a still more felicitous contrivance, why not wed at once and for youthful love, and never hire any housekeeper at all? Besides, if you wait, the merriest rosy-cheeked girls will be irrecoverably appropriated by your countless rivals. The choice is small; be quick. Indeed, it requires diligent back-pedaling to avoid the brink of matrimony. In town it is different. Livery bills, florists' bills, confectioners' bills, and the requisitions of the box office, — are not these the very bulwarks of celibacy? Here you take your ladylove to prayer meetings, funerals, and fires. You and she go riding, and it costs you never a pin. Your noble roadster has manes on all four legs, and he lifts his hoofs with the meditative precision of a Shanghai rooster, and — best of all — he is your very own; no livery bills for him. And when you visit the "cattle show," you both go in on exhibitors' tickets, — she by grace of a gaudy crazy quilt, you by courtesy of a big pink squash.

Courtship is like intemperance. If there existed no cheering draught save imported champagne, then might we all wear blue ribbons. It is Milwaukee lager that addles the national pate. If there were only tall traps with red wheels, or solely "American beauties" at three dollars a dozen, or exclusively the choicest and costliest sweetmeats, or nothing but tickets to the Götterdämmerung, then might we remain sombre and unfeeling bachelors; but prayer meetings, funerals, and fires make married men of us.

In all concerns save the betrothal of our friends our policy is *laissez faire*. But when two ardent spirits meet in the beauty and the hope and the courage of a new affection, we rally to their support. We must assist the supernatural. And there being (humanly speaking) two methods of forcing a match, the direct and the indirect, we insure success by employing both.

The direct method involves mental suggestion. Abner takes Rachel to prayer meeting; consequently, the entire town impresses upon each of the two its amiable conviction that they are shortly to be married. The news spreads. The countryside is a-thrill with the joy of it. The clover tells the honeybee, the bee tells the barn swallow, the swallow twitters the happy tidings to the men folks, and the men folks run and advise the women folks. What is fame? Taking Rachel to prayer meeting. In three days it will be Sunday. Shall one take Rachel to church? Yes, in the name of wise discretion, or have Sweet Auburn say, "He 's got the mitten." Hazardous truly were such headlong measures, or want of measure, but for the uniform

loveliness of our charming country lasses. The chance is wholly that Rachel, who is as shy as the shell-pink arbutus, is also as sweet. A fellow can scarce blunder in such a case.

The indirect method is, perhaps, not less enjoyable for the principals, though the seconds like it better. The inseparables will be teased. We call it a gracious courtesy to "pony a feller 'baout the gal he 's a-sparkin' on." Happy are they that go courting in December. Santa Claus shall prepare for them at the public, coöperative, municipal Christmas tree such emblematic gifts as they thought not. Thus boorishly and incessantly tormented, they say individually, "Might 's well die for a sheep 's a lamb." That is the beginning of the end. Matrimony yawns to receive them. Events are pushing them over the edge. Hitherto but one thing has been lacking; it is now supplied. Efforts are made to break up the match. Mustering their forces, the relatives object, — in the interest of both parties. He 's not good enough for her, she 's not good enough for him; nobody is so nice as anybody. Whence the inevitable result: —

> "He was warned ag'inst the womern;
> She was warned ag'inst the man.
> Naow, ef that don't make a weddin',
> Why, they 's nahthin' else that can."

So, after refuting the tender allegation for a few impatient months (announced engagements are rare in Sweet Auburn), Abner tremulously requests the town clerk to indite a "certificate." Then he and the bride elect (their hearts throbbing with mingled fright and felicity) "drive over to see the minister," or — as is incomparably the preferable way, being the more frugal — they procure the services of "Square" Glenn, who gladly pronounces them man and wife in consideration of the dollar and twenty-five cents allowed him by the paternal generosity of the law.

Now, I desire to set my opinion upon registry as, all things regarded, fairly indulgent toward matrimony. It can never be entirely suppressed, though in Sweet Auburn I think it ought to be regulated. Romance requires variety. Here we tend to a dreary, tan-colored uniformity. The mountains limiting communication with neighboring villages, Glenns have married Glenns from time immemorial. Hence a complete and inert solidarity. We have a single hearthstone seven miles long, eighty farms sit musing at the ingleside, our ancient rooftree shelters three hundred and fifty complicated kinsmen. Saving only the random stranger within our gates, we are a clan in the narrowest sense of the word. The town is own cousin to itself.

When you come to Sweet Auburn, greet the first man you meet with "How are you, Mr. Glenn? Do you think we 're going to have a hay-day?" — and nine throws in ten you hit it. Either he is a Glenn, or he is related to the Glenns by blood or by law, or by both. In this respect Sweet Auburn is like Leverett, a beautiful village some twenty miles from us. As the saying goes, there are Fields enough in Leverett to set out all the Roots in Montague.

From the Glenn point of view, consanguine solidarity has its advantages. Even a mere Glenn-in-law feels himself a scion of the reigning house. Pleasant must the sensation be; for our kinship serves as a holy alliance, offensive and defensive. Touch the Glenns, and you joggle the solar system.

Whoever expresses surprise that Hezekiah Glenn, whose conduct for thirty years has been highly offensive, continues to live in Sweet Auburn will be instructed that this is the only town where he can live. The bravest dare not object. Moreover, our blood ties save us, in no small measure, from malicious slander. A "whole Bible-full of stories" are discreetly smothered, lest they reach the ears of the Glenns. Politically, such fear and favor might be turned to profitable account; but we are not politicians,

neither are we citizens. We are simply denizens. Yet the Tammany instinct runs in the blood (and crops out at church elections).

What the Medici were to Florence the Glenns are to Sweet Auburn. They even levy taxes, — indirectly, of course, and under garb of social, or rather tribal generosity. The best of us disapprove, though in the interest of the solar system we keep a modest stillness while our unscrupulous kinsmen loot the village. We tingle with red vicarious shame when Glenn the elder arranges a donation party for Glenn junior, well certified that in apt season Glenn junior will reciprocally devise a donation for Glenn the elder. From motives of unalloyed cowardice, the entire community subscribes to each donation. At suited intervals, an aggregate of fifty dollars is thus ingeniously raised, or, as it might perhaps be more truthfully said, lifted. Every non-Glenn and every mere Glenn-in-law declares himself "as mad as a wet hen," but a third feudal occasion meets no more strenuous opposition than did the others. All the world goes up to be taxed, and taxed without representation.

By just determination our reversion to the methods of the third George can hardly be accepted as illustrative. It is an excrescence upon the life of the clan. Vastly more faithful to the genius of the Glenns is our liege loyalty to one another. Before Uncle Jared's auction I had not known it was so. Uncle Jared, who had injudiciously "speccalated," was victimized and ruined by a vampire syndicate in Nebraska. Great wealth he should rightly have earned; but in place of dividends came an assessment, and after the assessment a proclamation of insolvency. The ancient farmstead, long since mortgaged, fell under the pitiless hammer. Hideous posters, nailed upon tree trunks and sugar houses, spread the announcement through half a county. Nothing else was talked of for more than a week. The disaster was everywhere interpreted as a visitation of divine Providence. Had not Uncle Jared set his affections upon worldly riches rather than upon those treasures which shall endure? Was not Uncle Jared a backslider in the church? Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. And yet there dwells in human hearts a potency stronger than any theological prepossessions, — a knightly puissance that in its own merit constitutes a good and pure and noble religion.

False to the faith, but true to the blood, up rose the clan. Early upon the anxious day all Glenns came hasting from far and near. They crowded the house; they made it impossible for aliens to enter; they prepared for the phenomenal. When the auctioneer began his glib preamble, he found himself facing a throng of solemn and resolute kinsmen. He had brought his accustomed store of pleasantries, but there they had only a sorry value. No, he was come into the hushed and holy presence of tribal devotion. It was the occasion of a sacrifice, and that vulgar auctioneer was to be its unconscious altar priest. For when all was over, whose, pray, should those many things be? Whose, indeed, but Ichabod's and Abram's and Seth's and Israel's and Dwight's, — whose but the Glenns'? Out of hard-won and long-hoarded savings the clan redeemed the farm, which they now restored to its former owner.

Uncle Jared told me the story himself. "They done that to me, they did — up an' saved the farm — saved the hull on 't — an' me a sinful backslider an' fell from grace!" Then, with quavering voice, "They call this taown Sweet Auburn, sir, an' I vum it 's the dern sweetest Auburn on God's hull green airth! *Gee!*"

Another pleasant feature of our kith-and-kin *Zusammenhang* is our spirit of democracy. We are accustomed to say, "Put us in a bag, an' we 'll all come aout the same time." We all go with

our noses in the air, but Heaven help the man who carries his nasal pretensions higher than the rest of us! *Liberté, égalité, fraternité!* Each is so confidently reliant upon his own established position — for is he not related to the Glenns? — that he can afford to tolerate his neighbors. Fear also has its perfect work.

Consequently, our scullery maid sits at table with us and leads the conversation. Mrs. Nathan Goodspeed and her farm hand sing out of the same hymn book. The proprietor of the wallet shop invites his truckman to dinner. Everybody bows to everybody. A washerwoman becomes a person of importance. The daughters of our old blue-blooded families work in the factory, quite as Lucy Larcom used to do in her girlhood in Lowell. Social distinctions, such as there are, rest mainly upon individual worth and character. In short, we accept the Declaration of Independence as an inspired document, and we resist the first intimation that we are not born free and equal.

Yet again I am convinced that no little emphasis should rightly accentuate a still further advantage of our intricate consanguinity. Note the brevity of our names. Why say Glenn, Glenn, Glenn, when everybody is a Glenn? Jedediah is sixty, but our children speak of him by his Christian name. So of us all; thus are we called, like characters in Shakespeare's plays, or in novels, or in Holy Scripture. Furthermore, the naming of men and women, in a town like ours, yields abundant play for inventive genius. Suppose you have four Jim Glenns, — what then? The eldest only will be known as Jim. The others will take also the names of their fathers, — patronymics, — Jim Jared, Jim Anthony, Jim Dwight. Or in case you have five Jennie Glenns, — how designate the individual? If married, add husband's Christian name, — Jennie Joe, Jennie Noah, Jennie Asa. If unmarried, prefix father's Christian name, possessive case, — Job's Jennie or Hezekiah's Jennie. On first settling in Sweet Auburn one should learn our names very deliberately, lest one heedlessly sprain one's intellect.

Now I suggest — for there is another face to the story — that Glenns might advantageously stop marrying Glenns. To this end should matrimonial regulation be turned. I can think of nothing more stultifying than life in a clan. It develops an inert and all but paralytic domesticity. We have scarce any interests outside this tiny village. Sweet Auburn is composed of Mrs. Poysers of all ages and both sexes. The most resplendent ambition we cherish for our children is that they may live, as we have lived, in the bosom of the tribe; to desert Sweet Auburn is to repudiate the blood. Mrs. Hezekiah's attitude is an exception. She has one son at Annapolis, another is preaching in Philadelphia, a third is president of a Western railroad, and the one that died was on the way to preferment in national politics. Yet Mrs. Hezekiah's example is viewed with apprehension. Let this go no further. Her boys succeeded, but they did not live in Sweet Auburn. Instead, they were forced to contract professional, social, and even matrimonial alliances with alien tribes.

Moreover, there is evidence that parental consanguinity tends to the exaggeration of personal peculiarities. You are, we will say, a Crowninshield. So be it, but was your mother a Crowninshield? No, thank fortune, she was none other than a Harcourt. You are therefore, genealogically and psychologically, a well-favored composite. You are Harcourt-Crowninshield or Crowninshield-Harcourt. Composites, however, are rare in Sweet Auburn. Nearly every villager you meet is a Glenn-Glenn; so were his parents, and theirs, and theirs, and theirs. He is Glenn to the *n*th power. Accordingly, Sweet Auburn abounds in "characters."

The Glenns are grasping and penurious. Those traits, converging through many generations, have produced Azariah, the hermit miser, who will on no account permit you to enter his cottage. People will tell you that that humble domicile contains five kitchen ranges, with never a fire in any one of them, albeit there is a kettle on every hole. Untold wealth, far surpassing that of Ormus and of Ind, lies buried beneath the floor. At least, "that 's the say-say." Furthermore, the hermitage shelters several hundred tin cans. The Glenns are "moderate." Consequently, they have evolved Dwight, the storekeeper. Dwight's nature is essentially Alpine. He moves like the Mer de Glace. Action being followed by reaction, Dwight has mollified the already molluscoid locomotive faculties of the Glenns. How gradual this town is! At first I attributed our moderation to the eloquent example of the ox; then I attempted to trace it to the silent influence of the tomato worm; but at last I have it. Dwight Glenn is to blame for it all. We have become so inured to the Miltonic programme of standing and waiting that we have unconsciously adopted our storekeeper's pace. The Glenns are witty, and particularly prompt and deft at repartee. Nine-and-sixty strands of gorgeous polemic humor meet in Uncle Ichabod. Like Odysseus, he is intellectually panoplied against every possible contingency or surprise. As our farmers say, "he 's always ready, cocked and primed." Reprimanded by the Little Giant for habitual profane swearing, he answered, "Waal, Reverend — Mr. — Dorchester, here 's haow 't is: you pray an' I swear, an' we don't neither on us mean nahthin' by it."

In Old Deerfield I have heard Miss Wilkins censured for caricaturing New England. No conceivable criticism could be more unjust. Were I to pass judgment upon Miss Wilkins's work, I should say that it is a little deficient in artistic audacity; she understates the case; there seems to me to be a scumble over every one of her portraits. Her fantastic types exist, though not in Old Deerfield; they abound in the hill towns; they are the natural results of reckless intermarriage within the clan.

Should one attempt a draught of the Glenn family tree, I wonder what manner of banyan we should have. Besides, what singular blossoms would bespangle its endlessly interarched and interwoven branches! Yes, and not merely singular; here and there quite hideous.

It is not nice to have six toes on each foot. It is worse to be hare-lipped. Cross-eyes are none the less disagreeable because very common. One of our families is "muffle-chopped." Another whole family is deaf and dumb. The proprietor of the sawmill stands three feet two inches and a half with his boots on. Israel Glenn is a giant, measuring seven feet in height. He has, as the Jesuit Féval said of Dr. Verron, "a double chin and a triple belly," and he wears from three to six coats to increase his apparent bulk. Nor is he less eager to display his muscular prowess. He wields an axe, made especially for him, weighing nine pounds without the helve. He swings a scythe eleven feet long. "How much can you mow in a day?" asked Helen. "Ten acres, little girl," replied the giant in a voice like the bellow of a Holstein bull, — "ten acres!" Still, as I said, Glenns should stop marrying Glenns.

Abnormal heredity sets here and there its trace upon character. It occasionally blights or distorts or exaggerates the growth of the body. Would that that were all! It further results, and with shocking frequency, in the premature arrest of mental development. We have various expressions — very gentle, most of them, and tenderly sympathetic — to convey the hopeless and ugly fact of idiocy. We speak of "backward children," or of the "belated ones," or of "them that ain't over 'n' above bright."

Medical men, I am told, distinguish between idiocy and high-grade idiocy; the former being a total, the latter only a partial lack of mentality. Sweet Auburn has seven high-grade idiots.

Then must not our villagers be continually saddened by the sight of such unfortunates? By no means. Accustomed to their presence, they regard it as nothing remarkable. The clan expects idiots, just as it expects midgets and giants and deaf-mutes. In the face of calamity that should be irresistibly deterrent, we still strew roses for the nuptials of cousins. Shall we never come to our senses?

Truly the curse is upon the clan. Rural life, so exquisitely lovely in its possibilities, — ay, and so supremely, so regally magnificent in its lavish setting of forest and lake and hill and roaring brook, — disappoints, how grievously, when you know the inmost truth of it! It was so that you opened a volume of Wordsworth. You had thought to find The Daffodils. Instead you found The Idiot Boy.

III.

In the beginning the Glenns created Sweet Auburn, "Toad Holler," and Sweet Auburn "City." Nearly two hundred years have passed over the hill country since then, and what have we now?

"Podunk," say those who know. "The Jumping-Off Place," say those who do not. "Sociologic second-childishness and mere oblivion," say I; "sans inn, sans boarding house, sans butcher shop, sans trolley line, sans sidewalks, sans street lights, sans newspaper, sans fire brigade, sans doctor, sans — everything!" Sweet Auburn is like an old man: the highest compliment you can pay him is to call him well preserved.

There seems, indeed, to be something patriarchal about this whole region. The wry gables of houses and the sagging ridgepoles of barns and granaries speak of ancestral interests and family history. Lichens on old stone walls afford a sense of abode. Green mosses on dark, damp shingles suggest reposeful age. Broken, leaning tombstones lament the past. Old elms recall the solemn lines of Whitman:

> "Why are there trees I never walk under
> But large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?"

The landscape is kindly, gracious, parental. Once, in a distant foreign capital, I heard Patti sing The Old Folks at Home, and when she reached the words,

> "That 's where my heart is turning ever,
> That 's where the old folks stay,"

Sweet Auburn came vividly before my mind, and a sudden dart of pain shot through me.

The benignant presence of the aged is certainly a dominant factor in the romantic self-consciousness of Sweet Auburn. It is this that binds us to the past, keeps old customs rife, maintains archaic and obsolescent standards. Think! Only three hundred and fifty souls in our whole town, including "Toad Holler" and the "City," and yet this morning Helen and I counted fifteen old people above seventy-five, seven who by reason of strength have lived their fourscore years, three who have passed eighty by half a decade, and a "smart" old lady — she reminds me of Rembrandt's mother, the National Gallery portrait — who is doing her own housework at ninety-four. In lovely Warwick I talked with the late Mr. Goldsbury, who lived to be nearly a hundred and two. In Shutesbury they show you the tombstone erected by the town over the grave of Ephraim Pratt. The inscription bears record that Ephraim Pratt "departed this life at the age of a hundred and seventeen; he swung a scythe one hundred and one consecutive years, and mounted a horse without assistance at the age of a hundred and ten." Impressed with the amazing longevity of our people, I said, "It seems to me you hill folk never die;" to which a waggish native replied, "Waal, 't is 'baout the larst thing we dew dew, I swum!"

Old New England survives in the personnel of the passing generation. When first I entered Sweet Auburn I could find no roadside tavern, but the Noah Glenns, an antique and wholly daguerreotype sort of couple, would put me up. The experience was like the scent of old musk in a long-closed chest of heirlooms. I got a glimpse of spinning-wheels and rag carpets and blue-and-white china and hundred-year-old clocks. (Every clock in Sweet Auburn is exactly a hundred years old, and stays so.) They lodged me in a room with paneled walls. There was a gilt-framed last-century looking-glass between the windows; there was a high-boy with seven drawers; there was a warming-pan in one corner; there was a pair of bellows at the fireplace. The frame of the house showed through on the inside. The total effect was so magical that I looked twice at myself in the mirror to be sure I was not clad in Colonial blue and buff.

Little has yet been changed at Noah Glenn's; for our elders, when they can gain their will, are "very sot." Noah, who resists such flagrant innovations as napkins and four-tined forks and white linen handkerchiefs, would set us moderns right. Mrs. Noah, who takes snuff and braids hats (though the latter custom went out of cry some forty years ago), and who still wears the immense hood that was part of the country habit in the days of John Quincy Adams, uniformly agrees with Noah. There is harmonious rebellion. The last leaf clings lovingly to the old forsaken bough.

Noah Glenn is eighty. He was "corpril" in the "trainin' comp'ny;" he was "taown clerk nigh on to fifty year;" he was for three terms "select*man*" in Sweet Auburn; he was "bass-viol player, by gum, in the meetin'-haouse." He remembers getting his boyish ears well boxed by the tithingman. "Airthquakes and apple sass, what times them was!" Flip for the parson (you fizzed it with a hot poker); foot stoves filled "in this very room whar you be, sir;" looms thumping and spinning-wheels a-whirring of a week day; dye tubs about ("we 've got one o' them critters up chahmber naow, I suspicion"); tallow dips to read by ("an' I mistrust you 'll find a candle mould in the shop"); and all things as befitted the elder and better world. Those were indeed the good old times!

Yes, but what of Noah's sons and daughters? Have they any similar enthusiasm for things antiquary? Little, in truth, care they; little cares Sweet Auburn; the Noah Glenns are exceptional. If the popular tendency meets no prompt and peremptory restriction, then it will be but a little while and all trace of old New England will be gone. Already the last loom has disappeared from our village, and the old oaken bucket has given room to the cast-iron pump. Search how you may, you cannot find a canopy bed, or a high dresser for pewter and china, or an unaltered example of antique wainscoting. Ravening agents from old curiosity shops make lavish bids for blue-and-white tea sets. Heirlooms that have been hallowed for generations with an inviolate sanctity are bartered away for so many pieces of silver. How proudly will they adorn the tables of parvenus in town! Noah thinks that a sacrilege of the first magnitude. "Heavens to Betsey!" says he, "them rascals might 's well bid fer the baby!"

Old-fashioned chimneys are being pulled down, because they take up too much room. The Cap'n Anthonys have made a dining room where their huge square chimney used to be. Despite the jeers of our elders, stoves have usurped the inglenook. Here and there a house is entirely "fixed over." Queen Anne has set in. We should all tack red and yellow shingles on our dwellings, were the process less costly. The one conscious need of Sweet Auburn is money enough to make itself hideous.

All through New England the old or-

der of life — with its romantic charm, its simplicity, its godliness, its reposeful calm — is yielding place to the beautiless affectations of a crude and very modern civilization. I view such tendencies with grief and with fretful anger. I am reminded of Charles Lamb, who, hearing it said that no careful mother would permit her daughter to read Rosamond Gray, cried out, "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity!" That is just my feeling. Hang the age! Hang Wilkins Glenn's high hand-shake! Confound the new-fangled furniture! Out upon the ruthless invasion of old folks' holy places! But the movement is irresistible; the change must come. Then — though the words be painful enough — farewell, Romance!

"The King was with us — yesterday!"

Life ought to be cumulative; normally, ten times ten are a hundred; old age ought to mean, if it means anything, the best wine at the feast's end; but here it is not so. I pity our hoary patriarchs. I look with tender solicitude upon our sweet-faced aged women. They have fallen on evil times. The hill town is already an anachronism. It confronts an Everlasting No. It cannot maintain itself in opposition to the relentless forces of social reconstruction; and consequently, those who hold all neighborly, ancestral, homely things most dear must witness not merely the æsthetic, but also the industrial, moral, and social decadence of their beloved Sweet Auburn.

"Cheer up," says Helen. "Cheer up, cheer up, — the worst is yet to come!" It certainly is. Quick transportation began the ruin; cheap transportation from the West and South will complete it. Montana and Wyoming, marauding giants, have reached across the continent and stolen our "beef critters;" Minnesota and Iowa have sown tares amongst our wheat; Pennsylvania has substituted its coal for our wood fuel; Virginia has filled the national pipe with its own tobacco instead of ours; and Florida tempts Bostonian epicures with early-grown dainties long, long before our first garden produce is ready for market. That is why (although we have as yet no abandoned farms, wherein we differ from our neighbors) no new fields are being cleared out of the forest. That is why there has not been a new house built in Sweet Auburn for sixteen years. That is why a building destroyed by fire is never replaced. That is why thirty of our eighty farms are mortgaged.

They say that living in Sweet Auburn is like hanging, — you don't mind it when you get used to it. The same might be said of life in Billings, Montana, only with this difference: there you have hope, here you have none; there you have a future, here you enjoy no such luxury; there you look forward to a golden age, here everything golden lies far, far in the past.

Our altitude is our doom. Steadily the river vales, rich in water power, are robbing the uplands of their population. Massachusetts has built the factory and mortgaged the farm. The people of New England are rolling downhill. Our railroad, which promised immigration, has had the opposite effect. Sweet Auburn is only three quarters as big as it used to be. Says Noah, "All the spunkiest ones have up an' got aout." It is natural selection the other end to, — the survival of the unfittest.

Sweet Auburn is a mere skim-milk community. It consists of the ambitionless and the children of the ambitionless. We have contributed our best to the city; the leavings remain. Our weak-willed boys get employment, from time to time, in larger towns, but back they come ere many days, like homing pigeons. The hours were excessive, the wages low, the work distasteful. They prefer Sweet Auburn. No valiant rovers are they. That is once more a matter of Darwinism. Sweet Auburn has been evolving the home-keeper for half a century. No

influx from the city has disturbed the process. President Hyde put this forcibly when he said, "You can get cream from milk, but you can't get milk from cream."

I hate that snail-shell domesticity. I like to see the *Wanderlust* triumphant, — at least, at times. The one word in the language that seems to me to epitomize the sum total of enjoyment is the sturdy little Saxon word "go."

> "And we go — go — go away from here!
> On the other side the world we 're overdue!
> 'Send the road is clear before you when the old spring-fret comes o'er you
> And the Red Gods call for you!"

The Red Gods have ceased calling for our boys. The treasure seekers went rushing from ocean to ocean to rifle Alaskan gold fields, but our laddies were not among them. The Little Giant planned a grand excursion to New York, but the excursionists all changed their minds before the trystèd day. The Cuban war fever spread broadcast through the country, but nobody in Sweet Auburn volunteered. These harmless swains are not inclined to beat their ploughshares into swords and their pruning-hooks into spears. No, but they are ever ready to attend the prayer meeting. That is the severest strain their spirits can bear.

Newcomers, of an undesirable sort, take up the cheapened and depleted farms. Newcomers — negroes chiefly — work in the wallet factory. Each year there are more negroes than before. Every hill town suffers in some such way. It happens that the people of Sweet Auburn are turning black.

All things regarded, is it surprising that we are beginning to think there must have been a dire fatality in the name our ancestors gave this town? It will indeed be erelong a Deserted Village. Look at Pelham. When we see a vagrant crow flapping across the sky, we say, "There goes one of Pelham's select*men!*" If our factory should break down, Pelhamization would set in. We should then write "Ichabod" on these crumbling walls. *There* 's a name for you, — Ichabod, signifying "The Glory has Departed."

Think what is taking the place of the glory! Sweet Auburn is comparatively fortunate; it has only begun its descent. If you would see country life at its worst, pray visit the Belchertown cattle show. There you may mingle with as wicked a throng of human creatures as ever congregated in Whitechapel or Bellevue or Five Points. French Canadians? "Po*land*-ers"? Foreigners of any breed or birth whatsoever? Not they! That loathsome rabble, — gathered from twenty decadent hill towns, — are they not, every soul of them, descended from the Puritans? Their pre-Revolutionary blood is as good as your own. The upland has reduced them to barbarism; they do but bespeak the future of rural New England.

The day is a picturesque and multifarious debauch, — athletic, alcoholic, social, and pugilistic: athletic, because the ploughboy will pitch baseballs at the woolly and evasive heads of artful dodgers; alcoholic, because the pens especially constructed for the detention of violent inebriates are filled to overflowing before the third hour; social, because every hoodlum has struck hands with every other hoodlum, and they have insulted all the women on the grounds; pugilistic, because the random fisticuff encounters that occupy the morning and afternoon are mere desultory rehearsals for the evening's promiscuous dance, which is locally characterized as "a reg'lar knock-daown an' drag-aout."

Happy might I be, could I but dismiss all recollection of that day and its significance. Must not Belchertown shudder at its dismal boding? Must not Belchertown loathe the fair? By no means. This is Belchertown's gala day. This is a proud municipal event. The town

common is turned over to the screaming fakirs and their roistering horde of ignorant dupes.

And the churches, — what have the churches to say? Time was when some fearless rebuking prophet would have strode forth, in gown and bands, to foretell impending divine judgment upon human sin and shame. That time has passed. The churches serve as commissary for the assembled hosts. They turn their consecrated chapels into eating houses, where one may obtain a twenty-five-cent meal for half a dollar.

There is current among criminologists an aphorism both scientific and philosophical. "The state," say they, "has only the criminals it deserves." The state, say I, has only those pests and delinquents and dependents and defectives and degenerates whom it deserves. Degradation in the hills means sinful neglect in the power-holding city. In the last analysis, as I shall show more clearly in another paper, Boston is to blame for Belchertown and its decadent tributaries. The country has made the city. All that you boast of courage and vigor and dauntless progress, — have we not suffered a loss for every gain you have won? You have taken our strength: can you find no pity for our weakness?

Some day — and it may be too late — you will come to a realization of your responsibilities. When the natives of Shutesbury describe their village as a place where "they raise two crops a year, — huckleberries summers, and hell winters," — when the ceremony of marriage has entirely disappeared from the social regimen of Ciderville, and when lovely Sweet Auburn is cursed with moral and mental and physical aberrations, it is time to recognize a problem of no less than national seriousness. What has happened in Alabama and Tennessee is happening in New England. We are evolving a race of poor whites.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

BLACK SHEEP.

From their folded mates they wander far,
  Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
  Their paths are dream-beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,
  Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
  Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
  Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall
  And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days
  Of outcast liberty,
They 're sick at heart for the homely ways
  Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark
And the hills loom large and dim,
For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

Richard Burton.

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD.

ALL day the small cloud floated by
Like a white bird beneath the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"All day long," quoth the little gray shadow,
"I climb this hillside green and steep.
The shepherd sings to his flocks all day,
But I am not his to keep.
My ways are wide, though I be gray
As the least wayworn sheep.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"And in my dreams there be
A blowing cloak and the breath of a pipe,
And many a one like me.
My shepherd is in my dreams; my ways
Are with his song," quoth he.

"Along the road o' the wind and sun
I journey up the mountain side,
And there are flowers or dust or stone
In the places where I bide,
And there is wind in the thick green grass,
And birds at eventide."

All day the small cloud floated by
Like a white lily under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"In sooth, I do not know,
But on those wild wind-hills I see

A white cloud come and go.
Like wind in grass amid my dreams
The stars weave to and fro.

"My heart is strange," quoth the little gray shadow,
"My thoughts are strange and far.
The bird in the grass has brushed his wings,
Sings he, against a star!"
The shadow i' the grass has leagues to run
Where the brown earth pastures are.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
That slipped over water and stone.
"All day I sing to myself in my heart
That I travel or tarry alone,
But the bird in the grass has touched a cloud,
And my ways are not mine own!"

All day the small cloud floated by
Alone in the wide space under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

ECHO.

THERE is a road set deep in a lost canyon,
A road that winds up at its distant end
A hill, that is all but too steep for climbing,
Hung with pale grass that does not breathe nor bend.
Against a cliff, that stabs the sky, a Presence
Sits, guarded by gaunt pine trees, white and bare,
Stripped of their leaves, lest by their sighing
They break the stillness of the sacred air.
The Presence, 'neath the sun's down-pouring chrism,
Hath set her carven hand behind her ear.
Caught with her in this mighty crystal prism,
One fain would hear what she bends down to hear.
"Lo, you are Silence!" said I, climbing to her.
"Nay," answered she, uplifting solemn eyes,
"I was, until ye spake; now I am Echo,
Giving you back your words, in sweeter guise.
I hear and mete and measure answer justly
Unto the world that I am brooding o'er.
To him that calls, I am Eternal Music;
To him that calls not, Silence evermore."

Flavian Rosser.

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AUSTRALASIAN EXTENSIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

The five colonies of the Australian continent, Tasmania, and New Zealand constitute seven practically independent commonwealths under the British crown. Australians and New Zealanders have therefore been able to develop their countries along their own lines, and have surpassed all other Anglo-Saxon nations in the number and variety of functions which the state is called upon to perform. It is with this matter I intend to deal, and incidentally I shall indicate some errors into which Mr. E. L. Godkin has fallen in an article published in The Atlantic Monthly for March, 1898.

First, then, we must note that the railways almost without exception, and all the telegraph and telephone lines, are in the hands of the community. In the few cases in which there is private ownership of railways, a particular line was demanded at a certain time, and the government were not then in a position to borrow the funds required for its construction. Western Australia has recently purchased the entire property of one of the two private undertakings in the colony.

A mass of sanitary and industrial legislation also has been placed upon the statute book.

Again, South Australia, Victoria, Western Australia, and New Zealand lend money to settlers at low rates of interest; South Australia sells its wines in London; Queensland facilitates the erection of sugar mills; Victoria and South Australia have given a bonus upon the exportation of dairy produce; South Australia, New Zealand, and Victoria receive the produce, grade and freeze it free of charge, or at a rate which barely covers the expenses; Victoria contributes toward the erection of butter factories; Victoria and New Zealand have subsidized the mining industry; and Western Australia has adopted a comprehensive scheme for the supply of water to the Coolgardie gold fields.

In all the colonies the national system of primary education is compulsory and undenominational. In South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand it is also free. In the other colonies fees are charged, which may be remitted wholly or partly if parents are unable to pay them. Assistance is given in most cases for the promotion of secondary, technical, and university education.

New Zealand and South Australia have appointed public trustees. New Zealand has long possessed a department of life insurance.

Finally, since my visit in 1897, New Zealand has adopted a system of old-age pensions. A pension of seven shillings a week is to be given to every person above the age of sixty-five years, provided he or she has lived in the colony for twenty-five years, and is able to pass a certain test in regard to sobriety and general good conduct.

Such, then, are the main lines of development in Australia and New Zealand; and it is noteworthy that the colonies which are the most advanced —

Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand — escaped the forcible introduction of convicts which has undoubtedly been prejudicial to the others. In fact, South Australia and New Zealand were settled largely by immigrants specially selected by various associations in Great Britain.

Whatever may be the evils connected with the system, no desire for its reversal is to be found in the minds of Australians or New Zealanders, who are convinced that the benefits far outweigh the disadvantages. As an exemplification of the general feeling, I may point out that some years ago, in Queensland, a syndicate offered to construct railways upon the land-grant system. They proposed, subject to the receipt of large tracts of land, to connect the three main lines of railways in Queensland, which all run in a westerly direction, with one another and with the Gulf of Carpentaria. There can be no doubt that the construction of these railways would have led to a rapid increase in the population of Queensland. But, although the proposal commended itself to the ministry of the day, when the issue was put before the people at a general election, they returned a most emphatic verdict against its acceptance. They were not willing, for the sake of a temporary advantage, to alienate the lands of the country which might be of great value to future generations. Similarly, in 1898, the governments of New South Wales and Victoria, which, under an agreement with Great Britain, have a certain voice in the affairs of British New Guinea, declined to agree to a proposal that, for a fixed period, in order to promote the more rapid development of the country, an English syndicate should have the right of preëmption of unoccupied crown lands.

The various experiments which have been carried out by these colonies have owed their initiation to statesmen who have not been influenced by abstract theories. As practical men, they maintain that they have worked upon the natural lines of social and industrial development; and they add that experiments may be tried more readily in countries in which the average level of education is high, because, should they prove unsuccessful, the common sense of the community will at once cause them to be discontinued.

Several concrete criticisms are made against the administration of affairs in Australia and New Zealand. We hear much said as to the excessive expenditure of those countries, and in some cases, no doubt, the criticisms are justified. Mr. Godkin has stated in these pages that the policy of the construction of public works was largely due to the triumph of labor in the Parliaments of Australia; in this matter, however, he was misinformed. The truth is, most of the expenditure was authorized before labor had obtained parliamentary honors; and even if that had not been so, if a strong desire for economy had existed in other sections of the community, it could have found expression in the upper houses, which, whether they consisted, as in some of the colonies, of members nominated for life, or, as in the others, of members chosen by electors possessing a property qualification, could have done much to prevent excessive expenditure. On the contrary, many members of upper houses rejoiced, as owners of land, in the execution of public works which would enhance the value of their property. During my studies in Australia, I found it to be undeniably true that, in past years, many of the Parliaments had constructed unnecessary public works, allowed the civil service to be packed with friends and relatives of those in power, and authorized roads and bridges almost at the whim of each individual member. But a great change for the better has occurred in this respect, which has been due partly to the financial crisis which prevented Australian governments from borrowing money to any

great extent, partly to the revolt of the public conscience against such proceedings.

I do not minimize the danger to Australia and New Zealand of the willingness shown by British capitalists to advance large sums of money at a low rate of interest. There is, indeed, reason to fear that, with the partial renewal of prosperity, colonial treasurers are exhibiting again a tendency to extravagance. This, in my opinion, is a serious misfortune for the colonies. Colonial treasurers are tempted not only to seek popularity by the authorization of excessive public works, but to balance an unsatisfactory budget by charging to loans expenditure which should have fallen upon the current revenue. It would be well if general acts were passed defining exactly the purposes to which loans might be applied. Though they might be evaded by subsequent Parliaments, they would form a basis for the judgment of the more well-balanced members of the community. I shall show, when I deal with the charges of corruption, that the appointment of independent commissioners must prevent a repetition of the grosser evils of the past.

Let us consider briefly on what the various loans have been spent. The total indebtedness of Australia and New Zealand amounted, in 1897, to about £225,000,000. Out of that sum, £131,000,000 had been spent upon railways; £3,500,000 upon telegraph lines; £20,500,000 upon water supply and irrigation. In this way we get a total of £155,000,000, spent entirely upon enterprises that are or should be reproductive. Of the remaining £70,000,000, the greater part has been spent upon harbors, docks, lighthouses, defense works, and immigration. All these things, with the possible exception of the last, are legitimate subjects for expenditure, and for expenditure which may reasonably be charged to loans.

To return to the railways. We find that upon a total expenditure of about £131,000,000, the annual net return in 1897 was £4,135,000, which is at the rate of 3.16 per cent upon the amount expended. Now, it is true that the loans of Australia cost the various countries at the present time about 3.82 per cent in interest, and it is therefore clear that a small annual charge falls upon the people in connection with their railways. But in regard to this point we must note that, in the first place, the colonies can now borrow at three per cent, and, as their loans fall due, will be enabled thereby to replace them at a lower rate of interest. Again, there have recently been several bad seasons, during which a scanty rainfall, followed by prolonged drought, has enormously reduced the traffic upon the railways. Railways have also been built ahead of settlement, and any consequent deficiency in revenue is likely to be of a temporary character. Should the colonies combine, as is expected, in the form of a federal union, the federation would be able to borrow money at a lower rate of interest than any individual colony. Lastly, assuming that the bonuses and subsidies given by the various colonies for the production and exportation of commodities will continue, as has been the case in the past, to lead to their production in a greater amount, an indirect benefit will fall upon the community through the increased traffic carried over the state railways. Upon these various grounds we may conclude that the colonies have in their railways an excellent form of investment which will progressively give greater returns, and we thus find that three fifths of the total expenditure has been in a satisfactory direction. Victoria alone feels any considerable burden in the payment of the interest upon its loans; and even there, though the railways were constructed most recklessly, they yield a net return upon their cost of 2.75 per cent; but the colony suffers also from the fact that an extravagant

belief prevailed at one time about the suitability of the country for works of irrigation, and that large sums of money were squandered in an unreproductive manner.

Another criticism made against the governments of Australia and New Zealand is that the countries are a hotbed of corruption. This is a matter about which no one who has not been directly connected with their politics can form a definite opinion; and all that a visitor can do is to weigh the general considerations, and, by intercourse with all sections of the population, seek to arrive at the truth. In one respect the politicians of Australia and New Zealand are above suspicion. During the whole time that I was in the country, I did not hear a single charge of personal corruption brought against a member of any of the houses of Parliament; and I venture to think that when we see a high-class press and a high-class judiciary, we may assume that the general tone of the community is a good one.

I do not deny that some years ago there were distinct abuses connected with the civil services of the different colonies, and this is a matter which attracted Mr. Godkin's attention. He makes one curious mistake. I had written in my book on Australasian Democracy that there were at one time twenty thousand persons, exclusive of railway employees, in the civil service of New South Wales, and Mr. Godkin, by an extraordinary slip, allowed the number to be published as two hundred thousand. But his principal error consisted in the fact that, while condemning the former state of things, he entirely failed to refer to the improvements which have since been effected. Had they come under his notice, they would certainly have caused a considerable modification of his argument. In describing these measures I shall take the case of New South Wales, not because its action has been unique or because matters there were in a particularly bad condition, but because it was in that colony that I had the opportunity to give the greatest attention to the subject. In 1888, then, as the reorganization of the railway administration had been rendered necessary by the excess of political influence, the absence of export control, and the construction of new lines without sufficient regard to the prospects for early remunerative traffic, the government passed a measure which placed all the railways and tramways in the country in the hands of a board of three railway commissioners, who were to be appointed by the governor in council. In order that the independence of these commissioners might be secured, they were given a fixed term of office, during which they could not be removed, except for misbehavior or incompetency, upon a vote of both houses of Parliament; and their salaries were charged to the consolidated revenue fund, which was permanently appropriated to the required extent. They were intrusted with the general management of the railways, and with the appointment (subject to the regulation governing entrance into the public service) and dismissal of all clerks, officers, and employees, whose salaries and wages, however, were subject to the vote of Parliament. Similar action was taken more recently in the case of the civil service, by the appointment of a public service board of three persons for a period of seven years, in the same way and with the same securities for independence as the railway commissioners. The board was charged with the duty of making a thorough investigation — which was periodically to be repeated — into the working of each department, and with fixing the number, grade, and salary of the officials. Future appointments and promotions were to be made by the governor in council upon a certificate of the board, subject to the regulations in regard to competitive examinations and the obligatory period of probation upon en-

trance into the service. It seems to me that the appointment of these independent commissioners is one of the most interesting facts connected with the development of democracy in Australia, and I maintain that there is nothing undemocratic in a system by which a democracy recognizes the dangers inherent in its rule, and divests itself voluntarily of some of its powers in the interest of pure and upright government.

Now, it was not to be expected that the commissioners would be able to remedy at once all the evils which had necessitated their appointment, or that they would be free from pressure at the hands of members of Parliament. Politicians are inclined to chafe at the restrictions which they have imposed upon themselves in their better moments, and the files of newspapers and parliamentary reports would show that the commissioners have had no easy or agreeable task; but, in spite of obstacles, they have put down many abuses, and have earned the gratitude of Australians. That they have not immediately achieved the impossible does not in any way vitiate the value of the undertaking, or prove that the members of Parliament in Australia are any worse than the average of human beings.

I must protest against the tendency shown by so many people to judge the experiments carried out in Australia and New Zealand by an ideal standard which would not be applied to public men in any of the more individualistic countries. I do not maintain that there are no evils connected with the existing system of government in Australia. Even now, unfortunately, there is no adequate system of local government in New South Wales, and roads and bridges in many of the country districts are under the charge of the national government, with the inevitable result that pressure is brought to bear upon them by local members. In South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria, no facts of a similar nature came to my notice. In New Zealand, the present ministry have been charged with misusing their power in the distribution of patronage. It was contended, for instance, that the police were largely under political management, and a committee was appointed which thoroughly investigated the matter. The existence of certain abuses was discovered, but a prominent newspaper, which is opposed to the government, admitted that they were not of a very grave character. Exception is taken also to the fact that the premier has accepted a salaried position on the board of a development company. Doubtless this action is to be regretted, but no suggestion is made that he has in any respect unduly favored the company with which he is connected, or relaxed the stringency of the mining laws. The difficulty of course exists in every new country that it is impossible to find men of independent means and leisure who will devote themselves to political life, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that ministers, whose tenure of office is uncertain, should seek positions which will secure to them a fixed income when they are relegated to private life.

As regards the length of time during which ministries remain in office, it is noteworthy that it has been extended since the financial crisis of 1893. In 1896 the ministries had all been in power for at least two years, and they have since been subject to no changes other than those resulting from the death or retirement of individual members. Hence we may infer that the people are realizing more and more the importance of continuity in policy, and that the representatives must have moderated their personal intrigues. Speaking generally, I am convinced that the ministers constituting the governments of Australia and New Zealand are of high personal character, and that state ownership of public services affords no greater opportunities for corruption than the distribu-

tion of charters and franchises to private companies. Nothing that I have seen during my stay in the United States has caused me to modify my views.

Mr. Godkin believes that "the growing paternalism, the sedulous care of the business interests of the masses, will end by diminishing self-reliance and increasing dependence on the state." His belief is not borne out by existing facts. It is true that distributive coöperation has not become popular, owing partly to the migratory habits of people who inhabit a new country, and partly to the unwillingness of workmen who are in a prosperous condition to trouble themselves about infinitesimal profits. As regards coöperative production, it is to be found in butter and cheese factories, where the farmer who conveys his produce to the factory may also be a shareholder, and at the end of the year may receive a dividend on his shares and a bonus on the milk supplied, in addition to the established price. But of the general attitude of the working classes we can form a better opinion by looking at current statistics.

We find that, in spite of bad times, the number of depositors in the Australasian savings banks rose from 742,000 in 1891 to 895,000 in 1895, and the total amount of deposits from £19,000,000 to £26,000,000. Victoria and South Australia, which were followed closely by New Zealand, had the largest number of depositors in proportion to population, 29 and 24 per hundred respectively, and Queensland and New South Wales the highest average amount of deposits. In the three colonies, therefore, in which the paternal action of the government is carried to the furthest extent, we find the widest diffusion of an important exemplification of the spirit of thrift. I am far from suggesting a relation of cause and effect, as the amount of savings must depend largely upon the rate of wages, the abundance or scarcity of employment, the cost of living, and many other factors; and I merely point out that the policy in question does not appear to have deterred the working classes from individual efforts. They have also invested largely in friendly societies: South Australia takes the lead, with a membership exceeding one in ten of the population; Victoria comes next, with one in fifteen; New Zealand has the largest amount of funds per member. Again, in 1895, the average amount of insurance per head of the population in Australasia was £20, the average sum insured per policy £285, and the average number of policies per thousand of the population 70. In the United States not more than 23 per thousand were thus insured. Statistics as to the number of freehold properties have not been completed for all the colonies, but New Zealand and Victoria have respectively 91,500 and 184,500 separate assessments of land. Considered with reference to total populations of only 700,000 and 1,175,000, these figures supply an additional reason for denying that Australians depend largely upon the state.

We may consider also the incidence of taxation. Is it such as to promote individual enterprise or to retard it? Let us take the case of South Australia and New Zealand. In South Australia direct taxation takes two forms. There is an income tax at the rate of four and a half pence in the pound up to £800, and of sixpence in the pound above £800 of taxable amount resulting from personal exertions, and at the rate of ninepence and one shilling in the pound respectively on incomes from property. Incomes between £125 and £425 enjoy exemption on £125 of the amount. Again, there is a tax on the unimproved value of land of one halfpenny in the pound up to, and one penny above, the capital value of £5000. We thus see that South Australia encourages work by placing a lower tax on the income which is derived from personal exer-

tions, and at the same time encourages people to develop their estates, because the greater the amount of improvements which they have carried out, the smaller will be the proportion of the total capital value upon which the tax will be levied.

Similar taxation is to be found in New Zealand, and includes both a progressive income tax and a tax on land values which is more highly graduated than that of South Australia. The ordinary land tax is at the rate of a penny in the pound on all freehold property of which the unimproved value exceeds £500; between £500 and £1500, exemption is allowed on £500; between £1500 and £2500, the exemption decreases by one pound for every two pounds of increased value, being exhausted at the latter amount. Should the value exceed £5000 a graduated land tax is also levied, which rises progressively from half a farthing until it reaches twopence upon estates of the unimproved value of £210,000 and upwards. All improvements are excluded from the assessment of the taxable amount. They are defined to include "houses and buildings, fencing, planting, draining of land, clearing of timber, scrub, or fern, laying down in grass or pasture, and any other improvement whatsoever, the benefit of which is unexhausted at the time of valuation." If the owner of the property is dissatisfied with the assessment of the government, he can call upon them to buy it of him at their own valuation. In only one case has such an extreme step been taken; and it is pleasant to find that it has resulted in an annual profit of nearly five per cent upon the outlay, and that the land which formerly gave employment to a few shepherds is now occupied by a large number of thriving settlers. I may add that when the government deem that an estate is not being developed as it should be by its owners, they are authorized by statute to purchase it — by negotiation if possible, otherwise at a price paid by an impartial tribunal — with a view to its subdivision into small holdings suitable to the requirements of the community.

This system of taxation, it will be said with some truth, is based upon the teachings of Henry George. He traveled in Australia and New Zealand, and was listened to with attention; but, while he looked to the ultimate absorption of the whole unearned increment, his hearers in the antipodes dissociated themselves from his conclusions, though they appreciated the value of his premises. Consequently, while accepting his principles, they did not hesitate to exempt small properties from the tax, and to increase its rate progressively in relation to the amount of the unimproved value. It was hoped by those in New Zealand who imposed income and land taxes in the place of the former property tax, that they would tend to promote the subdivision of large properties. Not that Australians or New Zealanders have any objection to wealthy men as such. They have no objection to the man who becomes wealthy by developing the natural resources of the country in a legitimate manner. The man to whom they object is he who becomes wealthy by control over monopolistic enterprises, or by the possession of large tracts of country which he does not develop, but holds until the advancement of the community shall have given to them an enhanced value.

Mr. Godkin seems to believe that it is the policy of the Australian governments to spend money continually on "relief works," and to keep large bodies of men in the permanent employment of the state. This is an incorrect view of the situation. A vast majority of the public works were carried out because they were regarded as serving the best interests of the community; in very few cases were they dictated by the desire to provide employment, or undertaken upon the initiative of the trades-unionists. I

found, during the course of my travels in Australia, that the Australian workingman has no sympathy with the loafer; he has no sympathy with the man who will not seek employment for himself, but expects the government to support him; and one of the most hopeful signs of the day is that, with the help of the representatives of labor in Parliament, Australian governments have done much within recent years to mitigate the excess of population in the large towns, and to replace the unemployed upon the land. Of course mistakes have been made. In some cases settlers have failed through lack of agricultural knowledge; in others, on account of the barrenness of the soil. In South Australia, the village settlements, which were avowedly started as an alternative to relief works, have been only a modified success. In New Zealand, village settlements have produced very satisfactory results. But, whether the experiments be actually successful or not, it is surely a good thing that the governments of Australia should do their best to turn the loafers of the towns into independent members of the community.

Such weakness as has been shown in the past may be due to the fact that the Australian is much more humane in his feelings than the Englishman. We in England have become accustomed to the idea that the vast mass of the working-class population in old age will be obliged to seek relief from the parish, and, without much remorse, we compel many of them to end their days in workhouses, where they are treated as prisoners. In Australia and New Zealand, a similar condition of things has never been regarded with equanimity, and a distinct line is drawn between the able-bodied and the aged. In Victoria, a labor colony has been established, with the entire support of the trades-unionists, to which the unemployed may be sent, and at which they receive, at a very low rate of wages, a course of instruction in agricultural pursuits which enables them subsequently to obtain private employment with farmers or others. In New Zealand, I found a very strong feeling among trades-unionists that it would be to the interest of the workingmen themselves if a penal colony were established, on the lines of those which exist in Germany, to which loafers might be sent, and at which they would be compelled to work, with the alternative of starvation.

So many charges have been made against the governments of Australia and New Zealand that I have thought it well to answer at some length those which seem to be most current upon the subject. As to the benefits which are obtained by the general population, they may be summarized in a few words. Let me assume that I am a New Zealander. In that case, I live in a country which is governed in the interests of the people, and not in the interests of monopolists, as England is largely governed in the interests of the ground landlords; I live under an equitable system of taxation, the burden of which is in proportion, as far as possible, to the pecuniary capacity of the taxpayer. If I am anxious to settle upon the land, I can rent or buy land on favorable terms from the government. Owing to the existence of a vast number of freehold properties, I can be certain that no revolutionary measures will have any chance of acceptance, because so large a section of the population has a direct interest in the soil, and is likely to be conservative in the best sense of the word. As an owner of land or as a leaseholder, — assuming that I have carried out improvements upon my property, — I can borrow money from the government at a low rate of interest. If I am an urban worker, I have the benefit of stringent laws which protect me from abuses, whether I work in a factory or in a shop. Whether I am an employer or a workingman, I feel confident that there are not likely to

be any violent disturbances in trade, because I am in a country in which, owing to the compulsory arbitration law, there has been no strike or lockout for a period of four years, and all industrial disputes have been amicably settled. If I want to insure my life, I go to the government, and I know that they can give me the best security. When I make my will, if I have no friend whom I can trust or no friend whom I wish to trouble, I can put my property with entire confidence in the hands of the public trustee. Finally, if I am living as an upright citizen of my country, though a poor man, I need have no fear of a miserable old age, because, when I have reached sixty-five, the government will give me a pension of seven shillings a week; and in the meanwhile I shall save as much as possible, in order that my own modest means, as a supplement to the allowance which I shall receive, may enable me to obtain something beyond the mere necessaries of life.

I do not assume that these reforms are undoubtedly or even probably applicable to different conditions existing in the United States; but, as proposals for any extension of the functions of the state in this country are so often met by a vivid portrayal of the evils that have resulted in Australia and New Zealand, I have thought that a candid and impartial statement of the facts may not be without interest to American readers.

H. de R. Walker.

AMERICAN DEEP-WATER SHIPPING.

The foreigner, entering the United States for the first time, is prepared to find large newly built cities, mammoth manufacturing concerns, an unparalleled railway system, an advanced school system. He expects to find a country of remarkable natural resources, and a people of exceptional activity and enterprise. He is prepared for these things, and therefore they do not astonish him. On the other hand, there are certain things that he is not prepared for; and these, if he thinks at all, cause him to open his eyes in amazement. I will not enumerate all the surprises, because it is unnecessary, but I will confine myself to one, — and that the most impressive, — namely, the deplorable state of American deep-water shipping.

From Plymouth to Calais there is a chain of decayed seaports and idle shipyards, — a chain of rotting wharves, tumble-down piers, shipless harbors, and old sailors. All speak eloquently of a great carrying trade, of a great foreign shipping interest, of a great marine power — that was. The foreigner, when he looks at all this for the first time, and realizes what has been lost, stands aghast, and finds himself wondering whether the high estimate set upon the American people as an energetic business nation is not, after all, an unmerited one.

From a commercial point of view, — and that is by no means the only side to consider, — the United States refuses to make $80,000,000 yearly by not carrying her own exports. During the fiscal year that ended with June, 1898, there entered and cleared from United States ports, in round numbers, 50,000,000 tons of freight. Only 9.3 per cent of it was carried in American bottoms. On the basis of an average freight of $4 per ton, which seems a fair estimate, this country's share was less than $20,000,000. If the United States had carried 90 per cent of her imports and exports, as she did in the early part of the century, her share would have reached the huge sum

of $180,000,000. But, allowing that a bare half of the carrying trade should be hers, which is equivalent to saying that she should carry merely her own exports, there still remains the loss first mentioned. From this it is evident that the United States has lost her prestige as a marine nation, and has permitted an industry that was the pillar of her prosperity to dwindle, die, and rot.

Such is the present condition of foreign shipping in America. Now let us run over briefly the causes that have led to the condition.

In the beginning, — for, fully to understand the question, we must go back, — the voyagers to America came in vessels little better than the rude Viking ships. They had previously confined themselves to mere coasting trips, sailing from inlet to inlet or cape to cape, and rarely out of sight of familiar landmarks. When they reached the wild shores of this continent, their barks were so strained and leaky that their first thought was to discover some sheltered spot, up river or creek, to careen and repair damages. Such places, with abundant material for repair in the untouched forests near them, were easy to find. Since many of the ships were in too bad a plight to warrant repair, new ones were built in place of them; and thus, by degrees, these careening spots grew to be shipyards.

The first settlers, whether sailors or not, soon became familiar with the sea, for most of them drew their livelihood from it. Fear of the redskin prevented them from straying far inland. Among these coast farmers and fishermen there were many dissatisfied and homesick ones. This class, in returning to their native country, found the home voyage less hazardous than the first, whereupon they straightway thought of the needs of their colonial companions, and went back with freighted ships. In this way commerce between America and Europe began.

Later, these fertile-minded pioneers, seeing the possibilities for business with the West Indies, Africa, and the Gulf ports, commenced to build ships for that trade. From the forests they selected the most perfect oaks for hulls, the straight pines for masts and spars, and the locusts for tree nails. They improved their models, did away with useless top hamper, and soon the sharp bow, the curving sheer, and the raking masts of the early slaver — the progenitor of the clipper-built ship — appeared upon the seas.

England, in the meantime, watched with a jealous eye her children across the sea, building vessels which outsailed and outclassed her own, and at last a mandate was issued by the king that no vessel larger than a sloop should be built in the colonies. But kingly commands were unheeded, and in 1770 North America had 309,534 tons of shipping.

Although during the Revolutionary war this goodly tonnage shrunk greatly, it recovered in a remarkable way afterward; for the first care of the new nation's statesmen was commerce, particularly that most vital part of commerce, the protection of ships sailing under the American flag. Men like Jefferson and Madison saw that a merchant marine was the greatest of interests, and among the first acts of the First Congress we find a law giving high protection to vessels built and run by Americans. Teas, for example, were entered by American ships at nearly one half the duty charged to foreign vessels.

Under this effective form of protection, the tonnage, which had dropped to 123,893 tons, rose to 529,471 tons in 1795; and the carrying of imports and exports jumped from 23.7 per cent in 1789 to 90 per cent in 1795. Ocean commerce, at the same time, rose from $12 to $26.76 per capita.

Notwithstanding this evidence of marine prosperity, the statesmen of the country still took an active interest in furthering it, and in 1804 they placed

an additional duty of 10 per cent on all goods imported in foreign bottoms. The results were a justification of that interest; for as against a tonnage of 576,733 in 1796, it advanced to 744,224 in 1805, and the carrying percentage of imports and exports was 91. With the exception of 1808, when the Embargo Act checked the growth somewhat, the next five years showed a steady increase in shipping, the tonnage in 1810 being 981,019.

The war of 1812 very naturally gave American shipping a setback: from 1812 to 1815, 14 per cent of the carriage in foreign trade was lost. In spite of this, the naval victories of American vessels developed such a lively interest in shipping that, had the policy of the government been different, there is no saying to what magnitude it might have grown. In 1815, however, Congress saw fit to refuse the protection it had so sensibly given for twenty-five years, and adopted a principle of reciprocity with all countries, particularly England. The effects of the new laws were not felt appreciably for several years, except that fewer ships were built, and the tonnage slightly decreased. Americans pushed their ships for the trade, and in 1820 were carrying 89.5 per cent of their exports and imports. Then came six years of unexampled prosperity to both England and America, during which time American tonnage again increased, and our carriage in the foreign trade reached its highest point, 92.3 per cent. This was in 1826. But it could not last; it was merely a spurt caused by unusual conditions. From 1826 the carriage of American commerce by American ships declined steadily. There was an increase in tonnage, but not in proportion to the growth of the country.

One of the first blows to American shipping was the appearance of British steamers in American ports in 1838. They quickly took the place of the American clipper packet lines which had previously controlled the Atlantic trade. In 1839 the Cunard Line was subsidized by England at $425,000; the following year the sum was raised to $550,000; and later, when it was found that this was not sufficient to make the line pay, it was swelled to $735,000. This allowing of subsidy by the British government was an indirect violation of its reciprocity agreements with this country, and one of the shrewdest moves ever made to clear the western ocean of American ships. America made a feeble attempt to meet the new steam navigation movement by establishing the Collins Line, and subsidizing it; but the competition was too strong; the steamers met with mishaps, and the loss of the Pacific and the Arctic practically ended it.

In the fifties, the English, finding the supplies of timber running short, turned their attention to the building of iron ships. This was another blow to American shipping, inasmuch as the British Lloyds — which is to all intents and purposes headquarters for British marine insurance — immediately rated iron vessels "twelve years A 1," and thus outclassed all wooden ships. According to the facts and figures set forth by Mr. Bates in his book on the American Marine,[1] wherein he proves that American-built sailing vessels have carried their cargoes with less damage and with greater speed than the vessels of any other nation, this high rating of iron ships is unjust, and there is little doubt that it was made with the idea of putting English iron ships in a position to secure the preference of freights, and thus push American vessels out. This plan has succeeded so well that if to-day there be an American wooden ship and an English steel ship in an American port, the steel ship will get both a higher rate of freight and a lower rate of insurance. Moreover, if there be but one freight in

[1] It would be unfair to the author of this comprehensive work not to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for much of the information used in this paper.

the port, the steel ship will get it. So common has this fact become that the American shipowner has accepted it as unchangeable.

In 1861, although American tonnage in foreign trade had increased to 2,494,894, the carriage of imports and exports fell to 66 per cent. Again, in 1865, owing to the government's demand for ships, the Confederate commerce destroyers, and the complete demoralization of the shipping interest, it dropped to 28 per cent. This rapid retrogression was helped by the appearance of a new factor to discourage the builders of sailing vessels, — the English tramp steamer, iron-built, and rated "A 1" at Lloyds for twenty years; also by the fact that the many American ships which were sold abroad and registered under other flags during the war could not be bought back when the war ended. Congress, moreover, being in need of revenue, hastened to put an internal revenue tax on the first cost of vessels. If the United States had had a navy sufficient to protect her merchant marine when the war began, there would have been no need of her ships seeking the protection of other flags. It was the short-sighted policy of government in giving attention only to internal development that drove shipowners to this expedient, — the same government which, with criminal stupidity, imposed a duty on a crippled industry.

Between 1865 and 1870 Congress floundered and struggled to do something for shipping; little, however, got beyond the committee rooms. Since that time there has been a general apathy in regard to the subject, and the United States is now obliged to acknowledge with shame that the foreign carrying trade has gone from her. With a strange lack of interest, she has failed to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities which her position, resources, and beginning made for her, and has allowed herself to be pushed from the over-sea trade to the point of carrying to-day, of her imports and exports, a miserable 9.3 per cent.

"Navigation and maritime industry, for a peculiar reason, call for national protection; for the art of navigation is an expedient of war as of commerce, and in this respect differs from every other branch of industry. . . . Doubt no longer exists that a navy is the best defense of the United States. And this maxim is no more true than that a naval power never can exist without a commercial marine: hence the policy of encouraging and protecting the ships and seamen of the United States." Thus spoke Senator King seventy-six years ago; and his words are as applicable to-day as they were then. What America has lost commercially by not following this advice will never be known; but it is beyond dispute that if the country had followed the fundamental principles laid down early in its history, it would not now be discussing methods of marine advancement.

It would seem as if most of the men whose business it has been to direct the nation's affairs have never considered the immense advantage of a flourishing merchant marine. The benefits fall broadly under four heads, — Commerce, Industry, Labor, and Moral.

The commerce of a nation does not end at its frontiers; more particularly when its frontiers are washed by two great ocean highways, as is the case with the United States. She is owner in common of the great over-sea roads that lead to all parts of the seaboard world. These roads will yield the best return to the country which can deliver its exports quickly, at the lowest cost, in the best condition, and whose citizens receive the freight money. That our country is not in a position to secure the trade on this basis is conceded by every one; and that she suffers great financial loss in consequence is evident.

As regards industries in general, ships under the United States flag would open

up new avenues of trade, and would introduce American manufactures, novelties, and inventions into many parts of the world where to the mass of consumers they are now unknown. The modern ship, moreover, contains in complicated structure the labor of nearly every craft. Her sails are contributed by the cotton fields of the South, her planks by the pines of Carolina, her iron and steel by mines and furnaces throughout the country; the machinist, the carpenter, the electrician, the engineer, the painter, all help to build her. In short, she is the handiwork of the whole nation.

A large American merchant marine would be a moral force, in the sense that it would carry the flag that symbolizes freedom and justice to all parts of the world, and give prestige to Americans and the American spirit of liberality. A moral force lies also in the fact that the closer a nation's acquaintanceship with the sea, the broader and stronger its character.

So much for history and economics. Let us consider the methods by which it has been proposed that America shall regain what she has lost. Of late there has been a great cry for "free ships," and many specious arguments in their favor. It has been said, "As long as we cannot build vessels in the United States as cheaply as they can be built abroad, by all means let us buy them abroad." On the face of it, this looks like common sense; but when you probe it, you find that it has no such foundation, — that it is not true. Cheapness, evidently, has nothing to do with the question; for English iron vessels cost much more to build than American wooden ones, and yet English shipyards turn out the larger part of the world's shipping. And as regards the building of iron ships in the United States, whatever the conditions may have been in the past, there is certainly no valid reason to-day why she should not successfully compete with the world. Iron and coal she has in abundance, together with unequaled facilities for handling them. Mr. Carnegie has proved that American steel can be delivered in English and Continental markets and sold at a profit. The difference in the cost of labor can be offset (as it is done in other American industries) by American ingenuity and inventiveness; as it is offset in English yards against the lower wages of Continental yards. Those who cry so loudly for free ships seem to forget that the right to purchase ships abroad will hurt rather than help the reëstablishment of the United States shipbuilding industry, will check rather than stimulate the growth of this first essential of marine prosperity. They do not seem to be aware that the Continental nations have tried free ships only to discover that the output of British shipyards was increased, while their own was not improved. They seem to be unmindful of the fact that the dependence of one nation upon another for ships is a weakness in times of peace, and a menace in times of war. Free ships are a snare and a delusion: if the United States is to regain her prestige on the high seas, she must build her own ships.

In other quarters it has been suggested that new life be injected into the ebbing industry by means of bounties or subsidies. While it is undoubtedly true that other nations have encouraged their shipping by such methods, it is equally true that these have not always been satisfactory. The meagre results of the bounty system in France and Italy are well known. France, in nine years, paid $19,000,000; Italy, in seven years, $5,500,000; yet, in spite of this government aid, both countries constantly called upon England for ships. England, to be sure, has profited by the judicious giving of subsidies, but her present position as a sea power is by no means due to subsidies alone. Only three per cent of Great Britain's merchant marine receives public funds from the government.

It is acknowledged by all shipbuilding authorities that neither bounties, subsidies, nor subventions would enable the United States to compete with Great Britain, except at a cost which places them outside the bounds of practicability.

Yet another thing urged for the rebuilding of the collapsed structure is that the United States shall revert to the old laws of protection, which made her shipping industry so flourishing at the beginning of the century, — a principle of protection formulated after the British Shipping Act of 1651. Such a reversion, however, is not feasible. Economic conditions and principles of reciprocity exist at this time which make the enactment of protective shipping laws an impossibility.

A brief statement of England's ocean supremacy will be of interest, I think. Great Britain to-day stands preëminently the mistress of the world's shipping interest. Her tonnage is greater than that of all the other nations of the world put together, her ships carry five eighths of the deep-water freight afloat, and she buys and sells half the cargoes on the ocean.

Her success is no secret; it has certainly not been due to chance, but has grown from the spirited interest in ships that every British subject takes, and has always taken. This spirit has culminated in the great corporation known as the "British Lloyds," which corporation more or less dominates every vessel, no matter of what nationality, that sails in foreign trade. In its list of shipping (Lloyds' Register) it has stamped, or omitted to stamp, the quality of every foreign-going vessel afloat. It has been the means of centralizing the marine insurance business to such an extent that British companies carry seven eighths of the risks of the world.

For two hundred years, since the days when underwriters and men connected with shipping met at the coffee house of Edward Lloyd in London, and applied the principles of marine insurance taught them by the Lombards, British shipowners have sent their ships to sea with feelings of absolute safety; for they hold a paper underwritten at Lloyds as good as gold, in case of accident to their property. The board of directors in this corporation represent the entire shipping interest of Great Britain. It has fifteen hundred agents in various parts of the world, — men with thorough knowledge of ships in general, whose duty it is to report shipping news. As a result Lloyds is a tremendous power; the words of its experts are accepted before parliamentary committees as truisms, and its authority in the matter of ratings has given it the control of the world's oversea traffic.

American shipping needs two things: it needs a revival of national interest, and it needs some kind of government aid. Of the former, thanks to the naval successes in the late war, there are some signs; but practical encouragement from the government, except by the antiquated, makeshift methods already referred to, seems to meet with no serious consideration. It is surely patent that neither bounties, subsidies, nor free ships will revive American shipbuilding or restore our once great merchant marine. The remedy must be more than an outward application. To compete successfully with Great Britain's long experience in the art of shipbuilding, her persistence in controlling the tropics and the trade of the tropics, her national interest in remaining the ruler of the seas, American shipping must be launched anew, stimulated and supported by the nation, in a much stronger and broader fashion than has yet been tried.

At present, everything connected with American shipping is weak and unsatisfactory. Consuls and shipping commissioners and other marine officials are chosen, for the most part, without regard to their ability or knowledge of ship-

ping; examinations for master and mate are so lax that other nations will not recognize an American certificate; and the maritime laws of the country are not only inadequate, but unenforced. It appears, then, that before America can take her rightful place on the sea, there must be a general and thorough change in her maritime policy and system.

The first step in this direction should be the formation of a body similar to the British Board of Trade, or a Department of Merchant Marine like the Department of Agriculture, in order that the interests of shipowners and seamen, and all maritime matters, may receive particular and constant attention. The head of this department should be a Cabinet officer. He should be chosen to his position by the advice of the chambers of commerce, shipowners, and shipmasters' associations of the country. The department should have under its control all seaboard consuls, who should be chosen from past officers of the boards of trade, naval officers, and shipmasters, and should hold their office until incapacitated by age. It should inspect, while building, every vessel put together in American yards, performing this service without expense to the owner. Examinations for the position of master, mate, and engineer should be part of its duty. But this is only in the line of general improvement. Something more specific and radical is needed to place the United States on an equal marine footing with England, — some measure that will protect and invigorate the industry without being a protective law.

To that end, it is suggested that in connection with the department there should be a liberal system of marine insurance. Every ship built under government inspection, and engaged in foreign trade, should have her hull insured free; the department, with the United States Treasury behind it, acting as underwriter. And all cargoes carried by over-sea routes under the American flag should be insured at a lower rate than that offered by foreign insurance companies.

The establishment of such a department would result in American ships becoming the best built in the world, it would secure them cargoes in the face of all competition, and it would make them pay. It would awaken the dormant industry of shipbuilding, raise a new and better breed of seamen, and give back to America her long-lost carrying trade.

There is no doubt that the United States is to be the greatest commercial country on earth; her activity has never been equaled in the world's history; her latent energy is beyond the power of economics to demonstrate. She spends hundreds of millions in war, and her credit suffers nothing; she passes through grave political crises, and comes out unscathed. Yet she can never take her rightful place among the nations, never hold her own in the coming fight for the tropic trade, never become a great naval power, until she carries her own commodities and establishes a worthy merchant marine.

If there is one thing that America has to be ashamed of, it is the neglected state of her shipping. It is a disgrace to the nation. No wonder the foreigner opens his eyes in amazement; no wonder the ancient mariners of the capes foam at the mouth when they speak of it. The sight of gray old Salem, with its empty harbor, its deserted, rotting wharves, and not a deep-water ship to its name, — the sight of this historic port alone is enough to make any patriotic American go out into the highway in sackcloth and ashes.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

THE END OF AN ERA.

II. THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON.

EIGHT miles of brisk riding carried me beyond the flotsam and jetsam of the army of northern Virginia. I was alone in the meadows on the north of the Appomattox River. The sun shone brightly, and under the wooded bluffs upon the opposite bank of the narrow stream the little valley up which my route led was warm and still. The dogwood was beginning to bloom; the grass near the river banks was showing the first verdure of spring; the willows overhanging the stream were purpling and swelling with buds. A cock grouse among the laurels was drumming to his mate, and more than once I heard the gobble of the wild turkey. Behind me, in the distance, were sounds of artillery; from time to time our guns opened to hold the enemy in check, or he, pursuing, availed himself of some eminence to shell our retreating masses. In due season the designated ford was reached. The little mare, her neck and flanks warm but not heated with exercise, waded into the stream up to her knees, and, plunging her nose into the water, quenched her thirst. A gray squirrel, startled from a hickory near the ford, ran out upon a limb, swung himself to another tree, and scampered away through the sunlight and the shadows to gain his castle in the hollow oak upon the hillside. In a neighboring cedar, a redbird (cardinal grosbeak), warmed by the sunlight, uttered the soft call with which he wooes his mate in springtime.

How peaceful, how secluded, how inviting to repose, seemed this sheltered nook! It was hard to realize what a seething caldron of human life and human passion was boiling so near at hand. I needed rest. It was Friday, and since I left Clover Station, Wednesday night, I had slept but three hours. Oh, the heartache of those last eight miles of travel, with time to reflect in solitude upon what I had seen! The hopeless, quiet dignity of General Lee, the impassioned desperation of my father, were present like a nightmare. The shattered idols of boyish dreams lay strewn about me on the road along which I had been traveling. I had seen commands scattered and blasted which, until now, had represented victory or unbroken defiance. I had beheld officers, who, until yesterday, had impersonated to my youthful ardor nothing but gallantry, demoralized, separated from their commands, and with all stomach gone for further fighting. Ever and again my thoughts went back to the brave troops through whose ranks I had ridden the night previous, in search of General Lee; and then my pride rose afresh. Yet in my heart I knew that they were but a handful to resist the armies of Grant; that the army of northern Virginia was a thing of the past; that its surrender was only a question of a few days at furthest; and that the war was virtually ended. Then would come the sickening thought, so eloquently expressed by my father, that every man thenceforth killed was a noble life literally thrown away. And, knowing my father as I did, I felt that it was more than likely he would be one of those to fall; for his counsel was not the counsel of a coward. His courage and spirit of defiance were still unbroken. His proudest testimonial is that recorded concerning his conduct on the retreat by Fitzhugh Lee, who, in describing it, declared that, until the order of surrender went forth at Appomattox, he fought with the fervor of youth, and exposed himself as unhesitatingly as when

he was full of hope at the opening of the war.

Alone, torn by these bitter thoughts, patriotic and personal, exhausted by two days and nights of excitement and fatigue, and contemplating with no pleasant anticipations seventy miles of hard riding before me, I gathered my reins, touched the flank of my horse, and resumed my journey. The country south of the Appomattox was wooded and somewhat broken. The roads led between "hogback" hills, as they are called. I drew out my brierwood pipe and consoled myself with a smoke; for among my other military accomplishments I had acquired the habit of smoking.

I was taking it easily, and was riding "woman fashion," to rest myself in the saddle. The mare moved quietly forward at a fox trot. I felt sure I was well ahead of the flanking column of the enemy. Of a sudden my ear caught the sound of a human voice. It was distant, — a singsong note, resembling the woodland "halloo" we often hear. For a moment I thought it might be the voice of a darky, singing as he drove his team along. But it ceased, and in its place I heard, in a direction which I could not determine, sounds like falling rain, with heavy drops distinctly audible in the downpour. I recognized the sound.

When we were studying Virgil, our tutor delighted to take up those lines of the Æneid wherein the poet describes the footfall of many horses as the cavalry approaches: —

> "It clamor, et agmine facto
> Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

After reading them he would look around and ask, "Eh? don't you hear the very sound of the horses' feet in the words?" Well, of course we did not, and Parson Dudley thought we were trifling young cubs not to see the beauty of Virgil's verbal horseplay. Still, the words stuck, and I often repeated them afterward. Now, who would have imagined that the little Latin I had acquired, partly *a priori* and partly *a posteriori*, would one day serve to aid in escaping capture? I listened. I repeated: "Quadrupe — dantepu — tremsoni — tuquatit — ungula — campum." I said to myself: "That sound is the sound of cavalry. That voice was the voice of command. Which way shall I go?"

"Plague take you, be quiet!" I said to the mare, slapping her impatiently on the neck; for at that moment she lifted her head, pointed her ears, and, raising her ribs, gave a loud whinny. By good luck, almost at the same instant the sound of clashing cymbals and the music of a mounted band came through the forest. The hostile forces were but a few hundred yards away. As I soon learned, they were moving on a road leading to the ford, but entering the road that I was traveling just beyond the spot where I first heard them. The hill on my left ran down to a point where the advancing column was coming into the road on which I was. The summit of the hill was covered by a thick growth of laurel and pine. I sprang from the saddle, led the mare up the hillside, tied her, and, reflecting that she might whinny again, left her, ran along the hillcrest as near to the enemy as I dared go, lay down behind an old log, covered myself with leaves and bushes, and was within a hundred yards of the spot which the enemy passed. I could see them from behind the end of my log.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted, as the band played Johnny Comes Marching Home. They were elated and full of enthusiasm, for the Johnnies were on the run, and the pursuit was now little more than a foot race. The band struck up Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines, as they swept on to the ford, walking, trotting, ambling, pacing, their guidons fluttering in the spring breeze. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" How different was the cheering from the wild yell to which I was accustomed! I lay there, with my

pistol in my hand, watching them, really interested in contrasting their good equipment and their ardor with the wretched scenes that I had left behind. A wild turkey hen, startled from her nest near the roadside, came flying directly up the hill, alighted on the further side of the log behind which I was lying, and, squatting low, ran within three feet of my nose. Peering into my face with frightened eyes, she gave a "put!" of amazement and sheered off. I convulsively clutched my pistol to shoot her. No, I did not shoot. I had reasons for not shooting. But I am sure that this was the only wild turkey that ever came within range of my weapon without receiving a salute.

The cavalcade swept by, and did not suspect my presence. When all was still again, hurrying back to the filly, I mounted, rode down to the forks of the road, took the one that led westward, and galloped away. I felt sure, from the rapidity with which I had traveled, that this must be the advance of the enemy, and I resolved to take no further risks. I was right, for I saw no more Union troops. Late that afternoon, in Charlotte County, I passed the plantation of Roanoke, once the home of John Randolph. It looked desolate and overgrown.

"Oh, John Randolph, John, John!" thought I, as I rode by, "you have gotten some other Johns, in fact the whole breed of Johnnies, into a peck of trouble by the governmental notions which you left to them as a legacy. By the way, John," changing into a merrier vein, "I wish some of those thoroughbreds you once owned were still in your stables; my gallant animal is nearly done for by the murderous pace of the last six hours." Neither the spirit nor the horses of John Randolph responded, either to maintain his principles or to supply me a fresh mount from the skeleton stables, and I rode on.

I reached the Episcopal rectory at Halifax Court House after midnight. My brother Henry was the minister. He was a glorious fellow, who, if he had not been a preacher, would have made a dashing soldier. I hammered upon the door, and he came down. I was now only twenty miles west of my post at Clover Station. I had visited him several times while I was quartered there, but since the evacuation of Richmond he had heard nothing from any of us, although he had made many inquiries, for me particularly.

When I told him of my last three adventures, he looked me over, and, seeing how red my eyes were, said that he was afraid I was drunk. "Not much," I replied; "but if you have anything to eat and to drink, get it out quickly, for I am nearly famished. You may think I am drunk, Henry, but come out and look at the mare. Probably you will think she has the delirium tremens." He was soon dressed, and we went out to minister to the faithful brute.

She stood with head hung low, her red nostrils distending and contracting, her sides heaving, her knees trembling, her flanks roweled and red, the sweat dripping from her wet body. Poor little Tulip (that was her name), I had not done it wantonly. I was performing a duty of life and death.

"You cannot ride her to Danville," said Henry, who was a good horseman.

"No, of course not. I came after your bay horse."

Henry loved his mare, and under other circumstances he would not have listened to such a proposition; but patriotism overcame him, and he simply answered, with a sigh, "Very well."

I count it a creditable episode in my life that I took off my coat, tired as I was, and gave Tulip a good rubbing down, and fed her and bedded her, bless her game heart!

"You cannot go forward at once," Henry urged, when we returned to the house. He started a fire in the dining

room and placed an abundance of cold victuals and drink upon the table, and his pretty young wife entered to hear the war news.

"Well, I thought I might, but blamed if I don't believe I 'm forced to take a rest," I replied. "Will you have your mare saddled and me waked at daybreak?"

It was so arranged, and after I had eaten like a glutton, I lit a pipe and tried to stay awake to answer Henry's eager questions; but I fell asleep in the chair, and the next I knew he was leading me by the arm up to a large bedroom, the like of which I had not seen for many a day. Tumbling into bed, I knew no more until he roused me at daybreak, fed me, put me on his mare, and said a "God bless you!" I went off sore and reluctant, but soon limbered up and grew willing, as his horse, fresh and almost as good as Tulip, strode gallantly on to Danville.

"Man never is, but always to be blest." I was envying preachers, and thinking what a good time Henry was having; and he, poor fellow, had spent the night striding up and down the floor, bemoaning the hard fate which had made him a non-combatant.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, April 8, 1865, when the hoofs of my horse resounded on the bridge which spans the Roanoke at Danville. I do not recall the exact distance traversed that day, but it was enough for man and beast. I had a good comfortable ride. Henry had filled my saddle-pockets with excellent food, and two flasks of coffee made by him, while I slept, from a precious remnant that he had preserved for the sick of his congregation. He was a prince of hospitality and common sense. He had liquor, and was no blue-nose; but he said that he would give me none, for the double reason that I seemed to like it too well, and that, in case of protracted effort, it was not so reliable a stimulant as coffee.

The lights of Danville were a welcome sight. The town was crowded with people, the result of the recent influx from Richmond. Riding up Main Street to the principal hotel, I learned that Mr. Davis was domiciled at the home of Major Sutherlin, and thither I directed my course. The house stands upon Main Street, near the crest of a steep hill. As I approached, I saw that it was brilliantly illuminated. A sentry at the yard gate challenged me. I announced my name, rank, and mission, and was admitted. At the door, a colored man, whom I recognized as the body servant of the President, received me. In a few moments Burton Harrison appeared, giving me a kindly greeting, and saying that the President and his Cabinet were then holding a session in the dining room, and desired me to enter and make my report. I laughed, drew forth the short note of General Lee to Mr. Davis, and remarked that my dispatches were for the most part oral.

I felt rather embarrassed by such a distinguished audience, but Mr. Davis soon put me at ease. In his book he mentions my coming, but, after the long interval between 1865 and the time at which it was written, he had forgotten, if indeed he ever knew, that I had been sent by him to General Lee. Probably he never learned what name General Walker inserted in the blank order that Mr. Davis sent, when he requested the former to detail an officer to communicate with General Lee. At any rate, I was the first person who had brought him any direct news from General Lee since his departure from Richmond.

Those present, as I remember them, were, besides the President and Burton Harrison, Mr. Benjamin, General Breckinridge, Secretary Mallory, Secretary Reagan, perhaps General Bragg, and several others whom I did not know or do not recall. They sat around a large dining table, and I stood at the end opposite Mr. Davis. He was exceedingly

considerate, requested me to make my report, which I did as briefly as possible, and then asked me a number of questions. When he had done examining me, several others of the party made inquiries. One thing I remember vividly. Somebody inquired how many efficient troops I thought General Lee had left. I was prepared for this question to the extent of having tried to conjecture. In doing so, I had assumed that at the time he started from Petersburg he had nearly one hundred thousand men. That was the popular impression. With this in my mind as a basic figure, I believed that his army had dwindled to one third of its number when it left Petersburg, and so I ventured the opinion that he might still have thirty thousand effective men, although I was cautious enough to add that Mahone's and Field's divisions were the only two that I had seen which seemed to be intact and to have preserved their organization. When I said thirty thousand, I thought I detected a smile of sad incredulity on several faces; and I have often wondered since how much that statement detracted from the weight attached to my report in other respects.

One question I answered as I felt. "Do you think General Lee will be able to reach a point of safety with his army?"

"I regret to say, no. From what I saw and heard, I am satisfied that General Lee must surrender. It may be that he has done so to-day. In my opinion, Mr. President, it is only a question of a few days at furthest, and if I may be permitted to add a word, I think the sooner, the better; for, after seeing what I have seen of the two armies, I believe the result is inevitable, and postponing the day means only the useless effusion of noble, gallant blood."

I am sure none of them had heard such a plain statement of this unwelcome truth before. I remember the expression of face — almost a shudder — with which what I said was received. I saw that, however convinced they might be of the truth of it, it was not a popular speech to make.

Mr. Davis asked me to remain. He said that he wished to talk with me further. While I was waiting for him in the hallway, Major Sutherlin, who had known me from childhood, beckoned to me and asked, "Are n't you hungry after your ride?"

I grinned. I was always hungry then.

"Jim," quoth the major, "see if you can't get something for the lieutenant to eat."

Jim went out, but in a few minutes returned, and, bowing, invited me into a butler's pantry. He apologized for the place, and explained that the house was so crowded he had nowhere else to spread the repast. He had provided milk, corn coffee, butter and rolls, and cold turkey. I said, "Jim, shut up. You know I am not used to as good as this." With that I tossed off a glass of milk, swallowed a cup of coffee, and, opening my haversack, tumbled the butter and rolls and turkey legs into it, and buttoned it up. Jim stood there, highly amused at the short shrift I made of his feast, and remarked, "You 's a fust-class forager, ain't you, lieutenant?" "Yes," I responded. "You must keep fire in the box, Jim, if you want the engine to run. Now I 'm ready for the President."

I slipped back into the hallway, and sat down to wait until the President should call me. In a little while the conference broke up, and he came to the door. "Now, lieutenant, I 'll see you," and he led the way into the drawing room; there we had a long talk, I going more into details.

At the close of our conversation, he sat for some time peering into the gloom outside, and finally broke the silence by saying: "You seem to know the roads. Do you feel equal to another trip?"

"Assuredly," I answered. "I now have a relay of horses, and am more than glad to serve in any way I can."

"Very well," said he. "Leave your horse in Major Sutherlin's stable, so that it will be well fed, and report for orders to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

I took the mare to the stable. It looked so inviting that I clambered up a ladder to the loft, opened my haversack, enjoyed Major Sutherlin's food, placed some hay under me and drew some over me, and had a glorious night's rest.

When I reported next morning, the President did not ask at what hotel I was stopping. I received my return dispatches, and I set forth to rejoin General Lee. Apprehending the probability of my capture, Mr. Davis gave me a brief letter of credentials, and said that I would explain his wishes.

Upon the same day that General Lee surrendered at Appomattox (April 9) I reached Halifax Court House on the return trip. My brother Richard was there, with his own horse and the horse that my father had lent the wounded man. They had been cut off at Sailors' Creek and forced southward. The enemy, flanking General Lee, had advanced by moving at least ten miles beyond Sailors' Creek, thus rendering it impossible for them to rejoin General Lee except by going through the Union lines. My brother was greatly perplexed concerning the course he should pursue, and after we had discussed the matter, he resolved to leave one of the horses and to go back with me. Monday morning we resumed the journey; and that afternoon we met the first of our men, who, paroled at Appomattox the day before, were mournfully wending their way homeward.

Upon hearing of the surrender, we turned back toward Danville to report to President Davis the failure of my mission. On arriving there, we learned that he had left the place, and gone to Greensboro, North Carolina. From the paroled men we met we ascertained that our father was safe. We resolved to join Johnston's army. After leaving Danville, two days' ride brought us to Greensboro, and there we found Johnston's forces. We reported to Major-General Carter Stevenson, commanding a division of infantry. General Stevenson was a Virginian, one of the few in that army. A cousin of ours was on his staff. The army was bivouacked in and about the town of Greensboro, awaiting the result of negotiations for its surrender. Men and officers alike understood this, and there was a general relaxation of discipline.

We were among the first to arrive from Lee's army. General Stevenson gave us a cordial welcome. We told him we had not been captured, and had come to serve under him. He asked us what we wished to do. We replied that we were ready to serve in any capacity in which we could be useful; I added facetiously that I was not much of a lieutenant, anyhow, and none too good for a private. On our way we had seriously discussed the formation of a command composed of officers of Lee's army who had escaped from the surrender. Inviting us to make his headquarters our home until something definite was concluded, General Stevenson said, with a smile, that he feared we had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, and that Sherman and Johnston were already conferring about a cessation of hostilities. I must describe one of the conferences as General Johnston himself narrated it, many years afterward.

One cold winter night about 1880, Captain Edward Harvie, of General Johnston's staff, invited me to join him in a call upon the general, who was then living in Richmond. Harvie was one of his pets, and we were promptly admitted to his presence. He sat in an armchair in his library, dressed in a flannel wrapper, and was suffering from an

influenza. By his side, upon a low stool, stood a tray with whiskey, glasses, spoons, sugar, lemon, spice, and eggs. At the grate a footman held a brass teakettle of boiling water. Mrs. Johnston was preparing hot Tom-and-Jerry for the old gentleman, and he took it from time to time with no sign of objection or resistance. It was snowing outside, and the scene within was very cosy. As I had seen him in public, General Johnston was a stiff, uncommunicative man, punctilious and peppery, as little fellows like him are apt to be. He reminded me of a cock sparrow, full of self-consciousness, and rather enjoying a peck at his neighbor.

That night he was as warm, comfortable, and communicative as the kettle singing on the hob. He had been lonesome, and he greatly enjoyed both the Tom-and-Jerry and the visitors. Harvie knew how to draw him out on reminiscences, and we spent a most delightful evening. Among other things he told us an episode of the surrender, under promise that we should not publish it until after his death.

Johnston had known Sherman well in the United States army. Their first interview near Greensboro resulted in an engagement to meet for further discussion the following day. As they were parting, Johnston remarked: "By the way, Cumps, Breckinridge, our Secretary of War, is with me. He is a very able fellow, and a better lawyer than any of us. If there is no objection, I will fetch him along to-morrow."

Bristling up, General Sherman exclaimed: "Secretary of War! No, no; we don't recognize any civil government among you fellows, Johnston. No, I don't want any Secretary of War."

"Well," said General Johnston, "he is also a major-general in the Confederate army. Is there any objection to his presence in the capacity of major-general?"

"Oh!" quoth Sherman, in his characteristic way, "major-general! Well, any major-general you may bring I shall be glad to meet. But recollect, Johnston, no Secretary of War. Do you understand?"

The next day, General Johnston, accompanied by Major-General Breckinridge and others, was at the rendezvous before Sherman.

"You know how fond of his liquor Breckinridge was?" added General Johnston, as he went on with his story. "Well, nearly everything to drink had been absorbed. For several days Breckinridge had found it difficult, if not impossible, to procure liquor. He showed the effect of his enforced abstinence. He was rather dull and heavy that morning. Somebody in Danville had given him a plug of very fine chewing tobacco, and he chewed vigorously while we were awaiting Sherman's coming. After a while the latter arrived. He bustled in with a pair of saddlebags over his arm, and apologized for being late. He placed the saddlebags carefully upon a chair. Introductions followed, and for a while General Sherman made himself exceedingly agreeable. Finally some one suggested that we had better take up the matter in hand.

"'Yes,' said Sherman; 'but, gentlemen, it occurred to me that perhaps you were not overstocked with liquor, and I procured some medical stores on my way over. Will you join me before we begin work?'"

General Johnston said he watched the expression of Breckinridge at this announcement, and it was beatific. Tossing his quid into the fire, he rinsed his mouth, and when the bottle and the glass were passed to him he poured out a tremendous drink, which he swallowed with great satisfaction. With an air of content, he stroked his mustache and took a fresh chew of the tobacco.

Then they settled down to business, and Breckinridge never shone more brilliantly than he did in the discussions

which followed. He seemed to have at his tongue's end every rule and maxim of international and constitutional law, and of the laws of war, — international wars, civil wars, and wars of rebellion. In fact, he was so resourceful, cogent, persuasive, learned, that, at one stage of the proceedings, General Sherman, when confronted by the authority, but not convinced by the eloquence or learning of Breckinridge, pushed back his chair and exclaimed: "See here, gentlemen, who is doing this surrendering, anyhow? If this thing goes on, you 'll have me sending a letter of apology to Jeff Davis."

Afterward, when they were nearing the close of the conference, Sherman sat for some time absorbed in deep thought. Then he arose, went to the saddlebags, and fumbled for the bottle. Breckinridge saw the movement. Again he took his quid from his mouth and tossed it into the fireplace. His eye brightened, and he gave every evidence of intense interest in what Sherman seemed about to do.

The latter, preoccupied, perhaps unconscious of his action, poured out some liquor, shoved the bottle back into the saddlepocket, walked to the window, and stood there, looking out abstractedly, while he sipped his grog.

From pleasant hope and expectation the expression on Breckinridge's face changed successively to uncertainty, disgust, and deep depression. At last his hand sought the plug of tobacco, and, with an injured, sorrowful look, he cut off another chew. Upon this he ruminated during the remainder of the interview, taking little part in what was said.

After silent reflections at the window, General Sherman bustled back, gathered up his papers, and said: "These terms are too generous, but I must hurry away before you make me sign a capitulation. I will submit them to the authorities at Washington, and let you hear how they are received." With that he bade the assembled officers adieu, took his saddlebags upon his arm, and went off as he had come.

General Johnston took occasion, as they left the house and were drawing on their gloves, to ask General Breckinridge how he had been impressed by Sherman.

"Sherman is a bright man, and a man of great force," replied Breckinridge, speaking with deliberation, "but," raising his voice and with a look of great intensity, "General Johnston, General Sherman is a hog. Yes, sir, a *hog*. Did you see him take that drink by himself?"

General Johnston tried to assure General Breckinridge that General Sherman was a royal good fellow, but the most absent-minded man in the world. He told him that the failure to offer him a drink was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the masterly arguments with which he had pressed the Union commander to that state of abstraction.

"Ah!" protested the big Kentuckian, half sighing, half grieving, "no Kentucky gentleman would ever have taken away that bottle. He knew we needed it, and needed it badly."

The story was well told, and I did not make it public until after General Johnston's death. On one occasion, being intimate with General Sherman, I repeated it to him. Laughing heartily, he said: "I don't remember it. But if Joe Johnston told it, it 's so. Those fellows hustled me so that day, I was sorry for the drink I did give them," and with that sally he broke out into fresh laughter.

While these scenes were being enacted Johnston's army lay about Greensboro, and I saw a great deal of the men and the officers. I will not attempt a comparison between its personnel and that of Lee's army. I was a prejudiced observer, and such comparisons can produce no good results. But I am free to say, from what I saw, then and thereafter, of Sherman's army, that I believe it was a better army than that of Gen-

eral Grant. If Lee's army and Sherman's had come together when they were at their best, the world would have witnessed some very memorable fighting. The spirit of General Johnston's men was much finer than, under the circumstances, anybody would have expected. They were defiant, and more than ready to try conclusions with Sherman in a pitched battle. Many expressed disgust and indignation when the surrender of the army was announced. An epidemic of drunkenness, gambling, and fighting prevailed while we were waiting for our final orders. Whatever difficulty General Breckinridge may have experienced in procuring liquor, the soldiers seemed to have an abundance of colorless corn whiskey and applejack, and the roadsides were lined with "chuck-a-luck" games. The amount of Confederate money displayed was marvelous. Men had it by the haversackful, and bet it recklessly upon anything. The ill temper begotten by drinking and gambling manifested itself almost hourly in free fights.

During this period of waiting came the news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps I ought to chronicle that the announcement was received with demonstrations of sorrow. If I did, I should be lying for sentiment's sake. Among the higher officers and the most intelligent and conservative men the assassination caused a shudder of horror, at the heinousness of the act and at the thought of its possible consequences; but among the thoughtless, the desperate, and the ignorant it was hailed as a sort of retributive justice. In maturer years I have been ashamed of what I felt and said when I heard of that awful calamity. However, men ought to be judged for their feelings and their speech by the circumstances of their surroundings. For four years we had been fighting. In that struggle all we loved had been lost. Lincoln incarnated to us the idea of oppression and conquest. We had seen his face over the coffins of our brothers and relatives and friends, in the flames of Richmond, in the disaster at Appomattox. In blood and flame and torture the temples of our lives were tumbling about our heads. We were desperate and vindictive, and whosoever denies it forgets or is false. We greeted his death in a spirit of reckless hate, and hailed it as bringing agony and bitterness to those who were the cause of our own agony and bitterness. To us, Lincoln was an inhuman monster, Grant a butcher, and Sherman a fiend.

Time taught us that Lincoln was a man of marvelous humanity, Appomattox and what followed revealed Grant in his matchless magnanimity, and the bitterness toward Sherman was softened in subsequent years. But, with our feelings then, if the news had come that all three of these had been engulfed in a common disaster with ourselves, we should have felt satisfaction in the fact, and should not have questioned too closely how it had been brought about. We were poor, starved, conquered, despairing; and to expect men to have no malice and no vindictiveness at such a time is to look for angels in human form. Thank God, such feelings do not last long, at least in their fiercest intensity.

The army moved westward to a place named Jimtown, since dignified as Jamestown. There we were all paroled. We received one dollar and fifteen cents each. Of this, one dollar was in Mexican coin. I cut my initials upon my dollar, but it was stolen from my pocket the next day. We were ready to disperse to our homes. Our headquarters were in a tent.

A notorious character was Michael Dugan, commonly called "Mike." He was the man of all work for General Stevenson and his staff. Picketed near our tent were a pair of mules which belonged to our headquarters wagon. Michael Dugan, indulging a taste for spirituous liquors not uncommon with gentlemen of his nationality and station in life,

and impelled thereto by depressed feelings resulting from the inglorious ending of his military career, had not drawn a sober breath for a week. He had, in fact, a horse bucket full of colorless North Carolina corn whiskey, from which he regaled himself with a tin cup at all hours of the day and night. He sometimes became entangled in the tent cords, sometimes fell headlong into or out of the tent. In an animated discussion with a teamster, in like condition with himself, he had been nearly brained with a pair of mule hames whirled like a flail. Mike was a plucky fellow, and, fearing his wrath, his adversary, Rogers, had fled the camp. For several days Mike had rambled about, muttering to himself: "Oi 'll kill Rogers. Bedad, and Oi 'll kill him. Oi 'll kill him if I have to follow him to Tennessee." We were constantly anticipating that something would happen to Mike. The day before our departure something did happen. A party of us, seated in the tent, around a blanket spread upon the ground, were playing draw-poker. Of a sudden a heavy body struck the tent, and nearly carried away its fastenings. Rushing out, we found Mike lying there, unconscious, and bleeding profusely. A mule, tethered to a tree hard by, stood patient, passive, with head hung low and drooping ears. We did not for a moment suspect the mule. We lifted Mike gently, placed his head on a McClellan saddletree, chafed him, plied him with some of his favorite beverage, and about the time we were despairing of resuscitating him his eyes opened slowly.

"Byes, am I dead?" he asked.

"No, no, indeed, old boy; you 're all right," said we; for Mike, in spite of his failures, was a brave soldier, and much beloved.

In a plaintive, tremulous voice he began: "Oh, byes, do-an't let me die. Ye know Oi 'm not afeard to die. I was wid Floyd at Fort Donelson. I was wid Abbert Seedney Johnson at Shiloh, and Pimberton at Vicksburg. I was wid Pat Cleburne at Franklin, and Joe Johnston at Atlanta, and Hood at Nashville. Go ask them, byes, if Mike was afeard. But save me now, byes! Oh, it is too ha-a-a-a-rd to be kicked to death by a —— mule, the day after the surrinder!"

No amount of sympathy for Mike could repress the hilarity which this remarkable speech evoked, and the story was known to half the army within twenty-four hours. It was repeated as showing the saddest possible fate which could befall a Confederate soldier.

That night we had our last army fright. By some means a rumor had become prevalent that certain officers had distributed among themselves bolts of valuable cloth far beyond their own needs, leaving the soldiers ragged. The men formed bands, declaring they would ransack the officers' wagons and have this cloth. A friendly fellow brought us the news that one of these parties was approaching to search General Stevenson's headquarters wagon. Major Reeve, of the staff, indignant at such an accusation, but more indignant at the proposed insult to his commanding officer, swore he would die rather than submit to such ignominy. He called upon us to defend our manhood. Of course we were ready. Armed only with our swords and revolvers, we were deployed by him behind trees. It was moonlight. We could see the raiders coming through the woods. When within thirty yards they halted. Major Reeve, who was as gallant as he was impetuous, challenged, and asked what they wanted. A leader replied. "Are you men soldiers of Stevenson's division?" inquired Reeve. On learning that they were, he proceeded to deliver an address which, for eloquence, pathos, and defiance, was as fine as anything I ever heard.

He reproached them for thinking for an instant that such a base rumor could be true. He reminded them of the days when he had led them, and they were

touched by his references to their common struggles and common sufferings. He asked them what General Stevenson or any of his staff had ever done to deserve this distrust or justify this degrading search. Finally, he told them that if they still persisted, but one course was left to us, and that was to die at the hands of our own men rather than submit tamely to such dishonor. We who were deployed behind the trees felt that we were in a ticklish place. Reeve was exalted by his own oratory. We were trying to count the number of our assailants. For a moment after he finished speaking there was dead silence, a very awkward silence. Then a voice shouted, "Three cheers for Major Reeve!" They were given with a hearty good will, followed by cheers for everybody. The marauders broke, crowded around Reeve, and hugged and wept over him, and we sneaked back to the tent, much relieved that this particular phase of the war was over.

The next day the army of the Tennessee dissolved. To every point of the compass its officers and men dispersed. Our course was directed to Danville. We did not encounter any Union forces until we approached that place. Then we saw mounted Union pickets outlined against the sky, at the top of the hill. They looked just as we had often seen them before. It was hard to realize that they would not fire upon us, and gallop away to give the alarm. It was equally hard to realize that we should soon pass them and be within the Union lines. In we went, giving and receiving salutes. For the first time we were in the midst of a body of Union soldiers. What we felt then is not important.

A week later, having been to Halifax to return to her owner the finest mare I ever bestrode, I boarded a train for Richmond, the brass buttons on my uniform covered with black, a fit badge of mourning for the dead Confederacy. The cars were crowded with Union soldiers and negroes flocking to the towns. The bearing of the Union officers and soldiers toward Confederates was, with few exceptions, extremely civil and conciliatory. One fellow was so kind that after he had offered me money, which I refused, he slipped it into my pocket with a card, saying, "This is not a gift, but a loan, and when you are able you can return it to me." I did subsequently return it, but never forgot his delicate attention.

The bridges across the James at Richmond had all been destroyed. Our train stopped at Manchester, opposite Richmond. Thence we were compelled to proceed to the city by way of a pontoon bridge thrown across the river at the lower end of Mayor's Island. At the Manchester terminus we found a number of improvised vehicles, — wagons, ambulances, etc., — with improvised drivers, too, seeking passengers to carry over the bridge. These drivers were in many instances my old army comrades. One of them was Colonel George ——, a former schoolmate, not five years older than myself, a man of the highest social standing, a young soldier of distinguished gallantry, who a month before had commanded one of the best regiments in Lee's army. It was pathetic, the sight of those army boys, with their war horses converted into teams, trying to earn an honest penny to feed th folks at home. I saw George stand at the rear of the ambulance that he drove, open the door, collect the fares from the sleek Union commissaries and quartermasters who patronized him, mount his box, and drive away as humbly as if that business had been, and was to be, his lifelong occupation.

It was fortunate for our boys that the negroes, who until now had done this class of work, were so elated by their freedom that they had performed no sort of labor since the evacuation. They had thronged to the city, but not for work. The weather was warm, and they were

living in all kinds of makeshift habitations, ofttimes in the ruins of burned buildings, procuring food from the Freedmen's Bureau, and spending their time in the Capitol Square, where the older ones shouted and sang for hours, and the children played at games.

I was too poor to indulge in the luxury of a ride, and young and strong enough to walk to town. Slinging our knapsacks, a party of us walked across the pontoon, lifting our eyes from time to time to the grinning ruins before us. It was past noon; the day was warm, and the sun was bright. It revealed, without concealing anything from us, the complete destruction of the business portion of the town. Through these ruins we wended our way.

The hand of reconstruction was already stretched forth. Men were engaged in pulling down walls and cleaning bricks. Already mortar beds had been built in the streets, puddlers were at work, and, where work had progressed far enough, foundations were being laid anew. The streets were already burdened with lumber for joists and woodwork, and every evidence was given of a rebuilding of the town. Nearly all the laborers were white men. Many of them I knew well: men of as good social position as my own; soldiers come home and resolved not to be idle, but to work for an honest living in any way in which they could make it. Sitting in the sun with their trowels, jabbing away in awkward fashion at their new and unaccustomed tasks, covered with dust and plaster, they were the same bright, cheerful fellows who had learned to labor in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them, just as they had been willing followers, in sunshine and in storm, of their beloved Lee. At night, with their day's wages in their pockets, they would go home, change their clothing, take a bath, and associate with their families, — not at all ashamed of their labors, but making a joke of their newly discovered method of earning a sustenance. With all the hardship of such unaccustomed work, it was the best and most comfortable and least dangerous employment that they had been engaged in for years. Richmond rose from her ashes, and soon became, in great part by their efforts, a more beautiful city than ever before.

Passing through the business portion of the town, we reached the residential section, which was still intact. The trees were in full leaf. They cast their deep shadows everywhere, and a Sabbath stillness pervaded the streets, strangely in contrast with the air of busy life always presented when Richmond was the crowded and beleaguered capital. Few men and no women were upon the streets. Business had not been resumed, and the presence of Union soldiers and great numbers of negroes made women cautious about venturing forth unattended.

I had no home. The nearest approach to one was that of my brother-in-law, Dr. Garnett. There my mother and an unmarried sister were, and thither I repaired. My father, as I learned, had not returned to Richmond. Eliza, our faithful servant, whose kinspeople resided in Philadelphia, had made a short visit to that place, and among other things had brought back civilian clothes for me. They had been bought by Philadelphia relatives, who knew me only as an eighteen-year-old boy, and the clothes were of the style worn by Philadelphia cousins of my own age. In my room I found a civilian's attire laid out for me, and I proceeded to divest myself of my uniform. For the first time in two years and eight months I appeared in citizen's dress. The sensation was peculiar. The lightness and softness of the cloth was delightful, but the sack coat and the straw hat made me feel bobtailed and bareheaded; and when I looked in the glass, instead of confronting a striking young officer, I beheld a mere insignificant chit of an

eighteen-year-old boy. Nothing brought home to me more vividly the fact that the stunning events of the last month had ended the career on which I had started, and that I had received a great setback in manhood. This feeling was emphasized when some one startled me by asking where I was going to school.

The house had a broad veranda. That evening we sat upon it, after tea, quiet and sad, but enjoying the refreshing air and sense of peace. On the opposite side of the street lived a family consisting of a mother and several handsome daughters. They had been such ardent Confederates that they had been sent out of Alexandria into the Confederate lines by the Union commander. That they were still loyal Confederates we never had reason to doubt until we saw a party of young Union officers ride up, followed by their orderlies. We felt sure they had come to arrest the occupants of that house. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when, in a few moments, we saw the lights go up in the drawing rooms, and discovered that this was a social call. One of the girls was soon banging away on the piano and singing to her admirers. The voices of hilarity, the sounds of mirth and music, horrified us. We looked upon the conduct of those girls, in making merry, singing, playing, and receiving the attentions of Union officers, as grossly indelicate, heartless to our dead and to us, and treason to their Confederate comrades. It was years before they regained social recognition in the community. Their faithlessness to the lost cause chilled my heart, and was a fresh reminder that the cause was dead.

That night I tossed upon my bed, reflecting on the past, contemplating the present, speculating as to the future. The next morning I arose, and before breakfast I wrote my will as follows: —

I, J. Reb., being of unsound mind and bitter memory, and aware that I am dead, do make, publish, and declare the following to be my political last will and testament.

1. I give, devise, and bequeath all my slaves to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2. My rights in the territories I direct shall be assigned and set over, together with the bricabrac known as State Sovereignty, to the Hon. J—— R—— T——, to play with for the remainder of his life, and remainder to his son after his death.

3. I direct that all my shares in the venture of secession shall be canceled, provided I am released from my unpaid subscription to the stock of said enterprise.

4. My interest in the civil government of the Confederacy I bequeath to any freak museum that may hereafter be established.

5. My sword, my veneration for General Robert E. Lee, his subordinate commanders and his peerless soldiers, and my undying love for my old comrades, living and dead, I set apart as the best I have, or shall ever have, to bequeath to my heirs forever.

6. And now, being dead, having experienced a death to Confederate ideas and a new birth unto allegiance to the Union, I depart, with a vague but not definite hope of a joyful resurrection, and of a new life, upon lines somewhat different from those of the last eighteen years. I see what has been pulled down very clearly. What is to be built up in its place I know not. It is a mystery; but death is always mysterious. AMEN.

I read this will at the breakfast table. It amused the family, but with me it was no joke. I was dead. Everything that I had ever believed in politically was dead. Everybody that I had ever trusted or relied upon politically was dead. My beloved state of Virginia was dismembered, and a new state had been erected out of a part of her, against

her will. Every hope that I had ever indulged was dead. Even the manhood I had attained was dead. I was a boy again, a mere child, — precocious, ignorant, conceited, and unformed. I had set my heart and soul upon the career of a soldier. What hope was left for that? The night's reflections had made all these things clear as never before. Boy as I was, I felt it as keenly as did the embittered Moor when, in his agony, he exclaimed: —

"Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!"

In hopelessness I scanned the wreck, and then — I went back to school.

In June, 1865, a boy named John Sargent Wise, a visitor at the home of his uncle, General Meade, in Philadelphia, was a witness of the triumphant return of the armies of the Union. He was regarded as such a mere child that he was not invited to the table when company came, but dined with the other children in the nursery. A little later, he sat in overalls and a straw hat fishing near the shores of the blue Chesapeake. In September he was sent to school. In October he was playing furiously on the scrub nine of his college baseball team.

It is incredible that this stripling was the same person as the young officer whose observations and career have been chronicled in these pages. Nor is it more difficult now for the reader than for the writer to realize that this narrative is aught but a dream.

John S. Wise.

THE ORATOR OF SECESSION: A STUDY OF AN AGITATOR.

In the study of American history we seem to have attained a sufficient remoteness from the great anti-slavery agitators to justify confidence in the estimates of them and their work which historians like Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Schouler have been making for us. In these fresh and careful studies of the great sectional controversy, Garrison and Phillips take their place close alongside the men of action who carried on the fight in Congress, in the White House, and on the battlefield. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising that the pro-slavery agitators are generally neglected by the historians of their times. The congressional side of the pro-slavery fight, indeed, has not lacked adequate portrayal, and some attention has been given to the activity of governors and other officials in the South who appeared as champions of the doomed institution. But of the foremost pro-slavery agitator, properly so called, even Mr. Rhodes, whose account of Southern society exhibits so conscientious a desire to understand the springs of the secession movement, has told us almost nothing.

The fact is not explained by any lack of striking and picturesque features in the man's career, for it was in many ways extraordinary; nor can it be attributed to the failure of his endeavor, for he attained his immediate purpose. He and his associates may at least share equally with Garrison and Phillips and

their associates in the responsibility for precipitating the conflict at one time instead of another, and for the lines on which the issue was finally joined. Yet for chapters on the work of the anti-slavery agitators — work that began and ended with agitation — one finds scarcely a line devoted to the work of William Lowndes Yancey. An industrious biographer[1] has indeed succeeded in getting printed a bulky volume about his life and times, but the book has made little headway in reëstablishing his fame. His name, which in the later fifties was a rallying cry to the defenders of slavery, and to its assailants an execration, is known to few who cannot go back in memory to those terrible years. Thousands of youth, fresh from the study of their country's history even in our best colleges, would be astounded, no doubt, to hear a claim advanced for him to a place among the half dozen men who have had most to do with shaping American history in this century. A pause over his grave should not prove valueless to those who are attempting a philosophic treatment of the period to which he belongs.

He was of good Virginian ancestry, but his father, Benjamin Cudworth Yancey, lived in South Carolina, and was numbered with Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, and Wilds in the so-called "legal galaxy" of the Palmetto State. The father died in 1817, when the son was three years old, and left but a small fortune. The son's education was limited to a single year at Williams College. He studied law at Greenville, South Carolina, and at twenty was a practitioner at the bar, the editor of a Unionist paper, and an anti-nullification orator. At twenty-one he married a wealthy lady, and became a planter. A year later he went with his slaves to Alabama and established himself at Oakland, a plantation in the heart of the black belt, near Cahawba, the first capital of the young commonwealth, — a city of sudden birth and swift decay, now quite vanished from the earth.

Here he lived the quiet life of a cotton planter, until an irretrievable disaster, the accidental poisoning of his slaves, drove him back into law and journalism. Journalism and the law led him back into politics. Meantime, the headship of a slave establishment had so strengthened the bonds which bound him to his class and his section that no trace of Unionism was left in his mind when he entered the campaign of 1840 as a Van Buren man. Alabama was Democratic, but the Whigs were making a wonderful canvass. The demand for state-rights oratory was great, and it was as a state-rights orator of the strictest sect that Yancey appeared, in the hard-cider year, before Alabama audiences. His success was such that for twenty years thereafter his sway over the people of Alabama was comparable to nothing that we of a cooler-headed generation have ever seen. Chief Justice Stone, a jurist not unknown to lawyers of the present day, once said: "I first heard Mr. Yancey in 1840. I thought then, and I yet think, he was the greatest orator I ever heard."

He rose rapidly to power. At twenty-seven he was in the lower house of the legislature. At twenty-nine he was a state Senator. At thirty a by-election sent him to Congress. His reputation as an orator had preceded him, and his first speech at Washington extended it widely, while the immediate consequences of the speech made him for a time a national celebrity. Clingman, of North Carolina, had become a target for Southern invective when he opposed the annexation of Texas, the principal measure under debate during the winter of 1844–45. Yancey, though a new member, had the distinguished privilege of speaking for his Southern colleagues; and if he excelled in one sort of oratory more than another, it was in impassioned invective.

[1] John Witherspoon Du Bose.

His speech made a pronounced impression on the House and the country, and Clingman, stung to the quick, demanded an explanation of certain personal allusions. Yancey haughtily declined to explain. Clingman then demanded "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen;" and with this demand his opponent, who had killed his man in an earlier affair, instantly complied.

The meeting was bloodless, and the opponents of dueling failed entirely in their efforts to make an example of the principals. Preston King's resolution for an investigation was beaten in the House; and the legislature of Alabama passed over the governor's veto an act relieving Yancey of the political disabilities which, under the laws of the state, he had incurred. To the Alabama Baptist, a religious paper which severely censured his course, Yancey wrote: "The laws of God, the laws of my own state, the solemn obligations due 'that young wife, the mother of my children,' to whom you so feelingly and chastely allude, were all considered; but all yielded, as they have ever done from the earliest times to the present, to those laws which public opinion has framed, and which no one, however exalted his station, violates with impunity."

Unopposed by the Whigs, Yancey was returned for the term beginning in 1845, and his reputation was much strengthened by his speeches in the first session. Apparently, he had every reason to look forward to a brilliant career in public life. But at the end of the session he resigned his seat, formed a partnership with a distinguished lawyer of Montgomery, and explained with the utmost clearness the reasons for his retirement. He never again held office under the government of the United States. I have set down the facts of his career up to this point as briefly as I could, for the reason that his true life work began with his retirement from Congress.

The address to his constituents in which he announced his retirement was in the main a bitter arraignment of the Northern Democrats. He charged them with subserviency to sectional interests antagonistic to the welfare of the South, and with infidelity to the party's historical principles. "If principle," he declared, "is dearer than mere party association, we will never again meet in common Democratic convention a large body of men who have vigorously opposed us on principle." The scorn of compromise was the keynote of his address; resistance to compromise was the sum total of the endeavor to which he thus committed himself. The recreant party must be brought back to the principles of strict construction or abandoned as the bulwark of Southern rights. The South must cease to rely on party, and insist, regardless of party platforms and party interests, on all it had a right to claim under the "compact of union." The ultimate remedy for Northern aggression he did not yet name; but when occasion arose, in the controversy over the territory acquired from Mexico, he named it promptly and clearly. It was not nullification, or interposition, or any other form of resistance inside the Union; it was secession from the Union. To the fight against compromise Yancey gave the remainder of his life. To understand how he fought and why he won, it is necessary to consider the people among whom he lived and the means of agitation that were available.

Politically, the people of the cotton states were divided into three parties. There were, indeed, few who did not call themselves either Whigs or Democrats; but the extreme state-rights men, though they usually coöperated with the Democrats, repeatedly asserted themselves in such a way as to present the aspect of a third party. Probably a majority of the great planters were Whigs in name, but they invariably stood for the interests of their class, and in consequence they frequently found them-

selves in closer accord with the state-rights or "Southern Rights" Democrats of their own section than with the Whigs of the North. On the other hand, the bulk of the Democrats, small farmers, tradesmen, and the like, were nowhere committed, except in South Carolina, to the extreme doctrines of Calhoun and other leaders in the resistance to centralization. There is no good reason to believe that either nullification or secession, considered as a policy, had a majority of the party in any state except South Carolina; and in South Carolina the Calhoun men controlled so completely that the ordinary party divisions can hardly be said to have prevailed there at all. It was to the state-rights men, mingled as they were with the supporters of both the great national parties, that Yancey turned for help in the task he had undertaken.

In general, it may be said that the public mind was in a state altogether favorable to revolutionary designs. A growing unrest was in many ways apparent. Industrial unrest, due to economic causes, was exhibited in a revival of the migratory impulse. Early in the fifties, we find Senator C. C. Clay complaining bitterly of the abandonment of lands near his home in the fertile valley of the Tennessee. Olmsted's books are full of allusions to the westward movement of cotton growers, even from regions so recently settled as the valleys of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. It was about this time that the failure of the state bank systems throughout the South was finally accepted by the legislatures. The political signs of unrest were unmistakable. In Yancey's own state, perhaps the best of all the Gulf states for purposes of illustration, by reason of its geographical position and the representative character of the population, party lines were drawn in so many ways during the decade from 1845 to 1855 that the party names are bewildering. Whigs and Democrats, Bank men and Anti-Bank men, Unionists and Southern Rights men, Know-Nothings and Anti-Know-Nothings, sought the favor of the people. At such a time tenacity of purpose counted. In the midst of hesitation and indecision, Yancey had the immense advantage of knowing his own mind.

He had another advantage in that he lived among a people peculiarly incapable of resisting any appeal that might be made to them as his was, — a people over whom the power of a real orator was incalculable. An editor like Garrison, a poet like Whittier or Lowell, a novelist like Mrs. Stowe, could hardly have swayed the planters of Alabama as they swayed the people of New England; for it must be said of the lower South that its culture was not of books. Mr. Rhodes, guided by the testimony of European travelers, has reached the conclusion that the best society in the South was finer than in the North. "The palm," he declares, "must be awarded to the slaveholding section." But the qualities that made the Southern host so attractive to the traveled Englishman or Frenchman were not developed in an atmosphere of free libraries or free public schools. There were really no public libraries in the cotton states, and the public school system did not flourish in a region so sparsely settled and so devoted to agriculture; in Alabama, for example, there was no organized school system until the middle of the fifties. In many of the plantation homes there were, indeed, good private libraries, and men and women who loved books; but there were few books that belonged to America or to the passing age. The literary activity which gave to the world such names as Hawthorne and Emerson had in no wise stirred the lower South. Certain newspapers, like those of Charleston and New Orleans and the Montgomery Advertiser, were edited with ability, and were by no means unimportant forces in politics. Indeed, if one gives due weight to the fewness of cities, the influ-

ence of the newspaper press seems to have been fully as great as one could expect. But it was the spoken word, not the printed page, that guided thought, aroused enthusiasm, made history. It is doubtful if there has been any society in which the orator counted for more than he did in the cotton kingdom.

Yet at first blush it would seem that, as compared with the lyceum orator of New England, the oratorical agitator in the lower South had serious obstacles to contend with. He had, indeed, no such machinery as the lyceum to bring him before his audiences. Moreover, the railroads were few and short; there were no great cities, and few important towns. But he did not need the device of the lyceum to get an audience. Its place was amply filled by the law courts, the political meetings and conventions, the camp meetings, and the barbecues. For, from the nature of their chief industry, the people were unemployed during certain seasons; and they were all familiar with the uses of horseflesh. Time was often heavy on their hands, and everybody rode and drove. The cross-roads church stood often quite out of sight of human habitations, but its pews were apt to be well filled on Sunday, and the branches of the trees in front of it were worn with bridles. The court house, marking the county seat, might have no other neighbors than a "general" store and a wretched inn, but when some famous lawyer rose to defend a notorious criminal, hundreds, even thousands, followed with flashing or tearful eyes the dramatic action which surely accompanied his appeal. An important convention was not without a "gallery" because it was held in a town of few inhabitants and the meanest hotel accommodations. As to the barbecues and camp meetings, they were nothing less than outpourings of the people. At Indian Springs, in Georgia, during the hard-cider campaign, there was given a barbecue to which "the whole people of all Georgia" were invited. It was attended by thousands; the orators, of whom Yancey was one, spoke by day and by night; and it lasted a week.

These, in fact, were the true universities of the lower South, — the law courts and the great religious and political gatherings; as truly as a grove was the university of Athens, or a church, with its sculpture and paintings, the Bible of a mediæval town. The man who wished to lead or to teach must be able to speak. He could not touch the artistic sense of the people with pictures or statues or verses or plays; he must charm them with voice and gesture. There could be no hiding of the personality, no burying of the man in his art or his mission. The powerful man was above all a person; his power was himself. How such a great man mounted the rostrum, with what demeanor he bore an interruption, by what gesture he silenced a murmur, — such things were remembered and talked about when his reasoning was perhaps forgotten.

Nor can it be said that the impressions thus produced were less deep and lasting than if they had resulted, as in other communities, from appeals addressed more especially to the intellect. The peculiarly impressionable character of Southern audiences of that day, their quick responsiveness to any plea that graced itself with the devices of the one art they loved, might very well have led a cool-headed observer to measure the outcome by the criterion of Latin-American civilization. Instability, lightness, might properly have been attributed to them. But whatever changes had come over the temper of the English stock in the cotton states, it had never lost its habit of fidelity to the cause once espoused, its sternly practical way of turning words into deeds. What many a Northern optimist considered mere bluster in the fifties took on the horrid front of war in the sixties; what seemed credulity in the farmer audiences who

merely listened and shouted rose into the dignity of faith from the Petersburg trenches. He who cannot reconcile excitability with strength of purpose can never understand the people to whom Yancey spoke.[1]

Nowhere were these characteristics of the men of the lower South more strongly marked than in Yancey's own home and the region of which it was the centre. The country wagons that always filled the central square of the Alabama capital brought every day the two most forcible illustrations of his contention. The cotton bale was his object lesson when he sought to touch his people's sense of the interests that were endangered when the manufacturing states controlled at Washington. The negro on top of it was a constant reminder of mastery, a constant incitement to a heightened appreciation of the liberty that was still, as in Burke's day, "not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege." To the Southerner liberty meant nothing less than the right of himself and his community to be free from all interference from the peculiar outside world which had neither cotton nor slaves, — the meddlesome outside world which kept prating of a higher law, above the Constitution, above the Scriptures, rolling its *r*'s the while in such a disagreeable way.

It was not, however, after the fashion of the common demagogue that Yancey sought to lead his people. His claim to our respect as a political thinker is far stronger than that. He did not show them the merely obvious aspects of the sectional controversy. On the contrary, it is doubtful if any mind in the country dwelt more fixedly than his on the relations of the South to the rest of the Union, and of slavery to American civilization; or if any more remorselessly pursued the facts, from one point of view, to their remoter consequences and significance. In this regard Yancey was no unworthy successor to Calhoun. He was never clamorous or shrill, however vehement he grew, because no particular exigency ever drew his attention from the main question. Perceiving from the outset that the crucial test of strength between slavery and its assailants must come in dealing with the territories, he took his stand on that, and never changed it.

His first effort was to bring his party to his position; and his position was first clearly stated in a political document, once famous as the "Alabama platform" of 1848. To the Alabama Democratic convention of that year, called to choose delegates to the national convention, Yancey went as a delegate, carrying this document in his pocket. The committee on resolutions brought in a much milder declaration; but by a notable oratorical triumph he got his own views adopted instead. Following the line of Calhoun's resolutions of 1847, the platform declared that it was the duty of Congress not merely to permit slavery in the territories acquired from Mexico, but to protect it there. Its most important clause was a denunciation of the new theory of squatter sovereignty, — a theory which Yancey always regarded as the most insidious of all attacks on the equality of the Southern states in the Union. The resolution on this doctrine became the true gospel of the fire eaters. It read as follows: —

"*Resolved*, That the opinion advanced or maintained by some that the people of a territory acquired by the common toil, suffering, blood, and treasure of the people of all the states can,

[1] Even so perspicacious a Northern man as Lowell, on the very eve of the election in 1860, was assuring his countrymen that the Union was not in danger. "Mr. W. L. Yancey, to be sure, threatens to secede; but the country can get along without him, and we wish him a prosperous career in foreign parts. . . . That gentleman's throwing a solitary somerset will hardly turn the continent head over heels." How grimly history glozes that ridicule!

in other event than the forming of a state constitution, preparatory to admittance as a state in the Union, lawfully or constitutionally prevent any citizen of any such state from removing to or settling in such territory with his property, be it slave property or other, is a restriction as indefensible in principle as if such restriction were imposed by Congress."

The delegates pledged themselves to support no candidate for the presidency who would not openly oppose both methods of excluding slavery from the territories, — by the action of Congress and by the action of territorial legislatures. The delegates to the national convention at Baltimore, with Yancey at their head, were instructed to act in accordance with the resolutions. With Democrats elsewhere who would not accept the resolutions as good party doctrine the Alabama democracy would have no fellowship. Yancey immediately wrote to the various aspirants for the presidential nomination for an expression of their views, in order that he and his associates might be governed by their replies.

This was the furthest ground that any body of Southerners had yet taken in the controversy; but for a moment it looked as if the whole of the Southern democracy were going to take it at once. The Alabama platform had done for the pro-slavery agitation what the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, at the close of the last century, did for the Anti-Federalist impulse. Democratic conventions in Florida and Virginia hastened to adopt it; the legislatures of Georgia and Alabama indorsed it. Then suddenly it fell into disfavor. The moderate men, who loved the Union, saw in it danger to the country's peace; the politicians, looking forward to the campaign, scented danger to the party. Yancey returned from traveling on a circuit of the courts to find the newspapers turning against him, the presidential aspirants replying evasively to his letters, and even his fellow delegates wavering. He himself did not waver for an instant. At Baltimore he spoke firmly; first objecting to the nomination of a candidate until a platform had been agreed on, and then urging his views in a minority report from the committee on resolutions. His amendment being rejected, and Cass, the reputed author of the squatter sovereignty doctrine, being named as the candidate, he arose, and with a single follower left the hall.

The situation when he returned to his home was an admirable one to try the temper of an agitator. The people crowded to hear him defend his course; at one meeting after another the Democrats urged him in affectionate terms to reconsider his determination and yield to the will of the majority. But he had the born agitator's inability to accept defeat. He declined to support Cass, or in any way to recede from his position. On the contrary, he denounced with the utmost bitterness the course of his fellow delegates at Baltimore; he would come back into the party when it abandoned squatter sovereignty, and not before. Alabama went for Cass and Butler, and Yancey's labors seemed to have gone for nothing. He had failed in his attempt at party leadership. One thing only was left to him: his prestige as an orator always sufficed to get him a hearing. On one occasion, a public meeting first voted that he should not be heard; and then, when it was announced that he would speak on the other side of the street, adjourned thither *en masse* without the formality of a vote.

He kept on speaking, and before long the crisis of 1849–50 gave him another opening. As the time for the decision of the territorial question approached, party lines in the cotton states grew weaker and weaker. Democrats who feared for the Union favored a compromise; many Whigs, moved by their attachment to slavery and the plantation system, favored a firm stand for the

Southern contention. Yancey found himself in the forefront of the opposition to Clay's plan for saving the Union. He believed that the rights of the Southern states had been sacrificed in the compromise of 1820; to accept another arrangement that would hamper the extension of slavery was to his mind like submitting to a second branding. The honor of the South was at stake, not its material interests alone. With this appeal he won many to his side; it played upon the instinct that had kept the duello alive. He even found his way back into the councils of the Democratic party. That party, in fact, seemed on the eve of disruption throughout the South; Union men and Southern Rights men were struggling for the mastery in the organization. The people were really dividing, with little regard to parties, on the issue of compromise or resistance, and the Whigs, for the most part, were joining the Union Democrats. For the first time there was a clear division in Yancey's own state between those who thought the plantation system safe inside the Union and those who were ready to weigh the peculiar interests and the honor of the South against the value of the Union.

In consequence, Yancey came face to face with men who opposed his leadership, not because it endangered the welfare of a party, but because his ideas were a menace to the Union, and they loved it. The defense of compromise, which in that exigency was the defense of the Union, was undertaken by men of no ordinary ability. In Alabama, Henry W. Hilliard, a Whig of national reputation in those days, and an orator hardly second to Yancey himself in effectiveness with popular audiences, was the Union leader. Senator William R. King, who was soon to die while the Vice-President's seat awaited him, counseled moderation and loyalty. Collier, the governor; Watts, who was to be governor and a member of the Confederate Cabinet; Houston, who after many years was to lead his people out of the horrors of reconstruction, were all firm Unionists. It was such men as these, in Alabama and the neighboring states, who kept the Nashville convention from doing any mischief. It was they who gave Yancey, now at the head of the Southern Rights party, his second defeat. Their fight drew eloquent praise from Rufus Choate at the time, but nowadays it is hardly remembered that there ever was any fight for the Union in the lower South. They were successful in most of the congressional districts, and the party of resistance practically disappeared. But Yancey, with a corporal's guard of followers, refused to leave the field. In 1852, a national ticket, Troup and Quitman, was actually nominated and supported by a few thousands who stood in the South, as a like handful of steadfast abolitionists did in the North, for the view that the inevitable conflict was at hand. Yancey, in fact, never considered any other provocation comparable to the measures of 1850. In 1860 he declared that if he went out of the Union because of "a Black Republican victory," he would go "in the wake of an inferior issue;" the true justification for such action, in his mind, was that the Union had been destroyed ten years before, when the Southern states were denied equality with the free states of the North in the common territorial possessions.

But it was clear that the secessionists were in a minority. Yancey had failed as the leader of a separate party movement, as he had failed before to win leadership in the old party. His power waned again, but his fame was constantly growing. It did not proceed from above downward, like the oratorical reputations of the officeholders at Washington, but spread in an ever widening circle among the people themselves, until it pervaded states where his voice had not yet been heard. His figure was

now distinct and threatening far beyond the limits of his immediate personal influence. He had become the orator of secession, the storm centre of Southern discontents. More than that, he had made himself feared by moderate men everywhere as the arch-enemy of compromise. Now that Clay was dead, Stephen A. Douglas had succeeded to the leadership of those who trusted Clay's devices. In Douglas, and Northern men like him, Yancey saw the constant obstacle in his path to leadership in the South; for it was they who were forever beguiling the South with bargains and promises. Douglas, on the other hand, during the truce that followed the battle of 1850, might well have studied the man who, far more than any Northern rival, threatened him with defeat alike in his policy and in his ambition.

For the moment Douglas was having his way. His doctrine of squatter sovereignty had triumphed in the compromise, and he proceeded now to extend it into new fields. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854 marked the lowest ebb in Yancey's political fortunes. It seemed to prove what his opponents at home had all along contended, that slavery was safe in the Union; for was not the whole great West thrown open to the master and his slave? In vain he warned his people against the delusive concession. His was no patient spirit, but he was compelled to wait for events to prove that Douglas was not the savior of the South. Events, however, were moving rapidly. The extremists of the North were the helpers of the extremist leader in the South. The Free-Soilers of Kansas were working for him; John Brown was his ally. For a moment, indeed, he seems to have been misled by the Cincinnati platform of 1856, and by Buchanan's adroitly worded letter of acceptance, into the belief that his triumph was coming in the form in which he had sought it at Baltimore, — within the lines of the party; for, apparently thinking that the party had discarded the Douglas doctrine when it rejected Douglas as a candidate, he supported Buchanan. But the party persisted in the Douglas policy in Kansas, and with the failure of the scheme Yancey saw the approach of his real triumph, — a triumph that should crush Douglas, who for a time had made him powerless, disrupt the time-serving party that had rejected his counsel, and bring to his feet his own people, who had twice refused to follow him.

The vision made him more impatient than ever. He devoted himself to the ways and means of hastening the consummation. In Southern commercial conventions he insisted with arrogance on the separateness of the South's industrial interests. He even denounced as unconstitutional the laws forbidding the foreign slave trade, supporting his view by the most extraordinary reasoning in the history of constitutional interpretations. Finally, in 1858, he wrote, and afterward defended, a communication which found its way into print and became known far and wide as the "scarlet letter." "No national party can save us," he declared; "no sectional party can save us. But if we could do as our fathers did, — organize committees of safety all over the cotton states (and it is only in them that we can look for any effective movement), — we shall fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give confidence to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton states into revolution."

The Democrats of Alabama, now united on the platform of 1848, to which even the moderates had been driven by the outcome of the squatter sovereignty experiment, sent Yancey to the national convention at Charleston, with practically the same message he had carried to Baltimore. About the same time, the legislature instructed the governor to

call a convention of the people of the state, in the event of the election of a "Black Republican" to the presidency. Yancey went to Charleston assured that the whole lower South was behind him. Douglas, still pursuing his great ambition, saw his fate in Yancey's hands, and went as far as he could go to meet the fire eaters without abandoning all hope of an effective support in the North.

But Yancey, knowing that his hour had come, would accept nothing less than the whole of that for which he had so long contended. When once again, after twelve years of defeat and exile, he rose to speak before a national convention, he had such an opportunity as rarely comes even to an American orator. The imperious tones of his wonderful voice fell with strange power on the convention. The trembling delegates hung upon his words, for they saw in his hands the fate, not of Douglas alone, but of the party, perhaps of the Union. If to grant his demands was party suicide, it was hardly less party suicide to refuse them. By a few votes the Southern platform was rejected. He left the hall, and now, not the single follower of twelve years before, but the delegates of seven states trooped at his heels. In the end yet others followed.

When Douglas, finally receiving the nomination of those who remained, went before the people, he found Yancey awaiting him. Declining the offer of the vice-presidency from the friends of Douglas, Yancey had joined the seceders at Baltimore, where he dictated the nomination of Breckinridge on the extreme Southern platform, and then entered on a canvass of the Northern states; a *tour de force* that smacks either of overfed ambition, or else of a real hope that there might be such a union as he had always held the Constitution to define, — a union in which the will of the majority should count for nothing against the letter of the Constitution as he read it. He spoke in the middle states, in New England, and in the West. He even spoke in Faneuil Hall, silencing a threatening uproar where Phillips had conquered his first mob. His attitude to his Northern audiences is perhaps best exhibited in his last speech on Northern soil, made when the result of the election was already clearly foreshadowed.

"My countrymen," he said at Cincinnati, "you cannot carry out the policy of the Black Republican party. You cannot carry it out, and expect the South to remain submissively bowing down to your supremacy. We are for the Union. What union? For the union, gentlemen, contained between these two lids," holding up the Constitution. . . . "Can you obtain anything, gentlemen, by destroying, even if you are able, my section, save the memory of a great wrong that would haunt you through eternity? . . . But do not, do not, my friends of the North, — I say it before you in no spirit, gentlemen, of servile submission to your power, or of servile acknowledgment of that power, for, as God rules, I have no fear of it, as much as I respect it, — but do not, merely because you have the power, do not wreathe your arms around the pillars of our liberty, and, like a blind Samson, pull down that great temple on your heads as well as ours."

From the time he crossed the Ohio his journey homeward was like a triumphal progress. At Nashville the horses were taken from his carriage and his admirers drew it through the streets. At New Orleans an informal holiday was proclaimed, that all might hear him. When he reached Montgomery he found Douglas just leaving the city; that night no hall could contain the multitudes thronging to hear their champion, whom they hailed as the foremost orator of the world. At last they were ready to follow where he led. The whole lower South voted for the candidate of his choice, and the day after the election lifelong opponents of his policy joined

their voices with his and advocated the final step into disunion.

But his triumph was not to be completed without a struggle. The friends of the Union in his own state were driven to the wall, but they made one more gallant fight before they yielded. In northern Alabama they were still strong, and with them were joined some who, seeing secession inevitable, were yet disposed to wait until coöperation with other states could be assured; and others, no doubt, who were stirred by no higher motive than a sullen unwillingness to accept a leadership so long rejected. The temper of the convention was in doubt until it assembled, and on the first test vote the majority for immediate secession was but eight. The spirited opposition roused Yancey into an arrogance that met with a sturdy defiance from the Union leaders, who were wanting neither in ability nor in courage. Defeated, however, in their attempt to get the ordinance submitted to the people, they for the most part yielded, in the hope that unanimity might give strength to the movement they deprecated; but no less than twenty-four refused to sign the instrument. The results of submitting the ordinance to the people in Texas, and later in Virginia, give us no reason to believe that the decision of Alabama could have been changed.

Yancey had had his way. Suddenly, and as if by some enchantment, the cotton kingdom had risen to face the world. Before his eyes, in his own home, he saw a new government established, a new flag unfurled. It was fit, indeed, that his should be the voice to welcome Jefferson Davis when he came to take his place at the head of the new Confederacy; for no other voice had availed so much to call it into existence. But his work was done. It was his to rouse the storm, not to direct its course. He sailed away to Europe at the head of the commission sent to secure recognition for the Confederacy among the great powers. Returning from this bootless mission, he took his seat in the Confederate Senate, and in the turbulent debates of that gloomy and impotent legislature his last energies were consumed. A painful malady had long sapped his strength, and in the summer of 1863 he went home to die. In the delirium of fever his voice sometimes rose in fierce commands to visionary hosts on unseen battlefields. But his passing was little marked. The orators had given place to the captains. His people were working out in blood and fire the destiny up to which he had led them.

I shall not attempt an estimate of the importance of this career; but surely it is too important to be neglected by those who write our history. Yet our knowledge of the man is almost entirely matter of tradition. He wrote no books and published no collection of his speeches; the fragments that remain bear the marks of imperfect reporting; the most effective of his addresses were those delivered before popular audiences, usually in the open air, and they were not taken down. What is left could never be treated as literature, and conveys, indeed, but a vague notion of his oratory. Yet there are paragraphs which, read with the single purpose of estimating their immediate effect on those who heard them, and with due regard to time and place, impress one very strongly with his mastery of the instrument he used. The sentences sometimes rush like charging cavalry; there are phrases that ring out like bugle calls. It is the language of passionate purpose; of an orator bent on rousing, convincing, overwhelming the men in front of him, not on meeting the requirements of any standard of public speech.

Of his look and bearing we have better record; for it is of these things that Southern tradition is most careful. He had little of the *poseur* about him; what most impressed men was his grim fixedness of purpose. He was not given to frantic gesticulation, and it is said that

he rarely occupied more than a square yard of space even in his longest addresses. His chief physical endowment was his voice, — "the most perfect voice," one tells us, "that ever aroused a friendly audience to enthusiasm or curbed to silence the tumults of the most inimical." A youth who heard it years ago, and who since then, in the course of a long career in Congress and in the Cabinet, has doubtless encountered all the notable orators of his time, declares it was "sweeter, clearer, and of more wonderful compass and flexibility" than any other he ever heard. His appearance was in no wise extraordinary; neither stature nor features would have attracted the gaze of a crowd. There was even a lack of animation in his ordinary aspect, and in his later years a look of nervous exhaustion. Away from the platform he made little effort to shine. There is nothing but the mastery and pride of his ill-painted features on the canvas in the State House at Montgomery to draw upon them the eye that wanders among the unremembered governors and judges of his time. But oratory, we know, is action, and the truer picture of the man is the image of tremendous articulate passion which abides in the minds of those who fell under his power nearly half a century ago.

There is so much about Yancey to suggest a comparison with Wendell Phillips that I have been constantly tempted to set the two side by side in my thought. Their names, indeed, were often coupled in the invective of the moderate men of those days: Yancey the "fire eater," and Phillips the "abolitionist fanatic." Their careers stand out in striking similarity, and in equally striking contrast. The similarity lay chiefly in their mental characteristics and methods of work; the contrast was in the causes for which they stood and the fates they met.

It is easy to think of them as the Luther and the St. Ignatius of the revolt against slavery. But Yancey's spiritual kinship was not wholly with the Spaniard; in him, no less than in Phillips, there was something of the German's temper. The two extremists were alike in their relentless hostility to every form of compromise, to every disguise with which men sought to conceal the sterner aspect of affairs. If both were enthusiasts, neither was a mere dreamer. The fever in their blood brought them, not fanciful visions, but a keener insight into the disorder of the body politic than was given to more sluggish natures. The oratory of both was simple and direct, because both saw and purposed clearly. Both were appealing from the politicians to the people, and they spoke a language which the people understood, however the politicians marveled. Both were wiser than their contemporaries who were judging the situation by the standard of the ordinary, because both were alive to the imminence of an extraordinary crisis.

But here the likeness ends, and the contrast begins. The heroism which one gave to a moral principle the other devoted to a political purpose. One fortified himself with an appeal to a higher law, the other with the compromises of the Constitution. One looked to the future for his justification; the other demanded of the future that it break not with the past. Standing thus for causes as opposite as the poles, they encountered destinies as diverse: one, a success that proved the beginning of utter failure; the other, defeats that are forgotten in his dateless triumph.

For the surprising and neglected fact of the outcome is that Yancey really led his people in the way he chose, while Phillips never marked out the path along which the republic was finally to march to the heights of his ideal. Not one specific design of the abolitionist extremists was ever accomplished in the way they planned: neither the breaking away

of New England, nor the rising of the slaves under John Brown, nor any interference by Congress with slavery in the states. Yet in the end freedom prevailed. Yancey's definite purpose was to build the Southern Confederacy, and he died under its flag. Yet to-day his Confederacy is a vanished dream, and he himself, within the lives of men who saw his beginning and ending, little more than a tradition.

The traveler in New England, well acquainted with the just fame of the great abolitionist, is surprised to find among his surviving contemporaries an inadequate estimate of his genius. The traveler in the lower South is equally astonished to find that a man whose name he has scarcely heard is honored there as the first orator of the century. On the gravestone of this forgotten orator it is recorded that he was "justified in all his deeds;" yet around his grave are so many graves of simple and honorable gentlemen who gave their lives to the dreadful task he set them, that one can fancy even his proud spirit crying out to be delivered from the body of that death. Nevertheless, the generous people who followed him have not condemned him; nor may we, since he was an orator, deny him refuge in the defense of Demosthenes: "Lay not the blame on me, if it was Philip's fortune to win the battle; the end depended on the will of God, and not on me."

William Garrott Brown.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

IV.

THE WILL.

Since mentality terminates naturally in outward conduct, the final chapter in psychology has to be the chapter on the will. But the word "will" can be used in a broader and in a narrower sense. In the broader sense, it designates our entire capacity for impulsive and active life, including our instinctive reactions, and those forms of behavior that have become secondarily automatic and semi-unconscious through frequent repetition. In the narrower sense, acts of will are such acts only as cannot be inattentively performed. A distinct idea of what they are, and a deliberate "fiat" on the mind's part, must precede their execution.

Such acts are often characterized by hesitation, and accompanied by a feeling, altogether peculiar, of resolve, a feeling which may or may not carry with it a further feeling of effort. In my February paper I said so much of our impulsive tendencies that I will restrict myself in what follows to volition in this narrower sense of the term.

All our deeds were considered by the early psychologists to be due to a peculiar faculty called the will, without whose fiat action could not occur. Thoughts and impressions, being intrinsically inactive, were supposed to produce conduct only through the intermediation of this superior agent. Until they twitched its coat tails, so to speak, no outward behavior could occur. This doctrine was long ago exploded by the discovery of the phenomena of reflex action, in which sensible impressions, as you all know, produce movement immediately and of themselves. The doctrine may also be considered exploded as far as ideas go. The fact is that there is no sort of consciousness whatever, be it sensation, feeling, or idea, which does not directly and of itself tend to discharge into some motor effect. The motor effect need not always be an outward stroke of be-

havior; it may be only an alteration of the heartbeats or breathing, or a modification in the distribution of the blood, such as blushing or turning pale, or else a secretion of tears, or what not. But in any case, it is there in some shape whenever consciousness is there; and a conception as fundamental as any in modern psychology is the belief that conscious processes of every sort, conscious processes merely as such, *must* pass over into motion, open or concealed.

The inner pulses of deliberate volition, strictly and narrowly so called, form then only one peculiar kind of antecedent to conduct. But the part they play is so vital and momentous in the life of educated people that they are a topic of absorbing interest to the teacher.

The least complicated case of volition is the case of a mind possessed by only a single idea. If that idea be of an object connected with a native impulse, the impulse will immediately tend to discharge. If it be the idea of a movement, the movement will tend to occur. Such a case of action from a single idea has been distinguished from more complex cases by the name of ideo-motor action, meaning action without express decision or effort. Most of the habitual actions to which we are trained are of this ideo-motor sort. We perceive, for instance, that the door is open, and we rise and shut it; we perceive some raisins in a dish before us, and extend our hand and carry one of them to our mouth without interrupting the conversation; or, when lying in bed, we suddenly think that we shall be late for breakfast, and instantly we get up, with no particular exertion or resolve. All the ingrained procedures by which life is carried on, the manners and customs, dressing and undressing, acts of salutation, etc., are executed in this semi-automatic way, unhesitatingly and efficiently; the very outermost margin of consciousness seeming to be concerned in them, whilst the focus may be occupied with widely different things.

But now turn to a more complicated case. Suppose two thoughts to be in the mind together, of which one, A, taken alone, would discharge itself in a certain action; but of which the other, B, suggests an action of a different sort, or a consequence of the first action, calculated to make us pause. The psychologists now say that the second idea, B, will probably arrest or *inhibit* the motor effects of the first idea, A. One word, then, about "inhibition" in general, to make this particular case more clear.

One of the most interesting discoveries of physiology was the discovery, made simultaneously in France and Germany fifty years ago, that nerve currents not only start muscles into action, but may check action already going on, or keep it from occurring as it otherwise might. *Nerves of arrest* were thus distinguished alongside of motor nerves. The pneumogastric nerve, for example, if stimulated, arrests the movements of the heart; the splanchnic nerve arrests those of the intestines, if already begun. But it soon appeared that this was too narrow a way of looking at the matter, and that arrest is not so much the specific function of certain nerves as a general function which any part of the nervous system may exert upon other parts, under the appropriate conditions. The higher centres, for instance, seem to exert a constant inhibitive influence on the excitability of those below. The reflexes of an animal with its hemispheres wholly or in part removed become exaggerated. You all know that common reflex in dogs whereby, if you scratch the animal's side, the corresponding hind leg will begin to make scratching movements, usually in the air. Now, in dogs with mutilated hemispheres, this scratching reflex is so incessant that, as Goltz first described them, the hair gets all worn off their sides. In idiots, the functions of the hemispheres being largely in abeyance, the lower impulses, not inhibited, as they would be in normal

human beings, often express themselves in most odious ways. You know, also, how any higher emotional tendency will quench a lower one. Fear arrests appetite, maternal love annuls fear, respect checks sensuality, and the like; and in the more subtile manifestations of the moral life, whenever an ideal stirring is suddenly quickened into intensity, it is as if the whole scale of values of our motives changed its equilibrium. The force of old temptations vanishes, and what a moment ago was impossible is now not only possible, but easy, because of their inhibition. This has been well called the expulsive power of the higher emotion.

It is easy to apply this notion of inhibition to the case of our ideational processes. I am lying in bed, for example, and think it is time to get up; but alongside of this thought there is present to my mind a realization of the extreme coldness of the morning and the pleasantness of the warm bed. In this situation, the motor consequences of the first idea are blocked, and I may remain for half an hour or more with the two ideas oscillating before me in a kind of deadlock, which is what we call the state of hesitation or deliberation. In a case like this, the deliberation can be resolved and the decision reached in either of two ways: —

(1.) I may forget for a moment the thermometric conditions, and then the idea of getting up will immediately discharge into act; or

(2.) Still mindful of the freezing temperature, the thought of the duty of rising may become so pungent that it determines action in spite of inhibition. In the latter case, I have a sense of energetic moral effort, and consider that I have done a virtuous act.

All cases of willful action, properly so called, of choice after hesitation and deliberation, may be conceived after one of these latter patterns. So you see that volition, in the narrower sense, takes place only when there are a number of conflicting systems of ideas, and depends on our having a complex field of consciousness. The interesting thing to note is the extreme delicacy of the inhibitive machinery. A strong and urgent motor idea in the focus may be neutralized and made inoperative by the presence of the very faintest contradictory idea in the margin. For instance, I hold out my forefinger, and, with closed eyes, try to realize as vividly as possible that I hold a revolver in my hand and am pulling the trigger. I can even now fairly feel my finger quiver with the tendency to contract; and if it were hitched to a recording apparatus, it would certainly betray its state of tension by registering incipient movements. Yet it does not actually crook, and the movement of pulling the trigger is not performed. Why not? Simply because, all concentrated though I am upon the idea of the movement, I nevertheless also realize the total conditions of the experiment, and in the back of my mind, so to speak, or in its fringe and margin, have the simultaneous idea that the movement is not to take place. The mere presence of that marginal intention, without effort, urgency, or emphasis, or any special reinforcement from my attention, suffices to the inhibitive effect.

And this is why so few of the ideas that flit through our minds do in point of fact produce their motor consequences. Life would be a curse and a care for us if every fleeting fancy were to do so. Abstractly, the law of ideo-motor action is true; but in the concrete, our fields of consciousness are always so complex that the inhibiting margin keeps the centre inoperative most of the time. In all this, you see, I speak as if ideas by their mere presence or absence determined behavior, and as if between the ideas themselves on the one hand, and the conduct on the other, there were no room for any third intermediate principle of activity, like that called "the will."

If you are struck by the materialistic or fatalistic doctrines which seem to follow this conception, I beg you to suspend your judgment for a moment, as I shall soon have something more to say about the matter. But, meanwhile yielding one's self to the mechanical conception of the psychophysical organism, nothing is easier than to indulge in a picture of the fatalistic character of human life. Man's conduct appears as the mere resultant of all his various impulsions and inhibitions. One object, by its presence, makes us act, another object checks our action; feelings aroused and ideas suggested by objects sway us one way and another; emotions complicate the game by their mutual inhibitive effects, the higher abolishing the lower, or perhaps being itself swept away. The life in all this becomes prudential and moral, but the psychologic agents in the drama may be described, you see, as nothing but the "ideas" themselves, — ideas for the whole system of which what we call the "soul" or "character" or "will" of the person is nothing but a collective name. As Hume said, the ideas are themselves the actors, the stage, the theatre, the spectators, and the play. This is the so-called "associationist" psychology, brought down to its radical expression: it is useless to ignore its power as a conception. Like all conceptions, when they become clear and lively enough, this conception has a strong tendency to impose itself upon belief, and psychologists trained on biological lines usually adopt it as the last word of science on the subject. No one can have an adequate notion of modern psychological theory unless he has at some time apprehended this view in the full force of its simplicity.

Let us humor it for a while, for it has advantages in the way of exposition.

Voluntary action, then, is at all times a resultant of the compounding of our impulsions with our inhibitions.

From this it immediately follows that there will be two types of will, in one of which impulsions will predominate, in the other inhibitions. We may speak of them, if you like, as the precipitate and the obstructed will, respectively. When fully pronounced, they are familiar to everybody. The extreme example of the precipitate will is the maniac; his ideas discharge into action so rapidly, his associative processes are so extravagantly lively, that inhibitions have no time to arrive, and he says and does whatever pops into his head, without a moment of hesitation.

Certain melancholiacs furnish the extreme example of the over-inhibited type. Their minds are cramped in a fixed emotion of fear or helplessness, their ideas confined to the one thought that for them life is impossible. So they show a condition of perfect "abulia," or inability to will or act. They cannot change their posture or speech, or execute the simplest command.

The different races of men show different temperaments in this regard. The southern races are commonly accounted the more impulsive and precipitate; the English race, especially our New England branch of it, is supposed to be all sicklied over with repressive forms of self-consciousness, and condemned to express itself through a jungle of scruples and checks.

The highest form of character, however, abstractly considered, must be full of scruples and inhibitions. But action, in such a character, far from being paralyzed, will succeed in energetically keeping on its way, sometimes overpowering the resistances, sometimes steering along the line where they lie thinnest.

Just as our flexor muscles act most firmly when a simultaneous contraction of the flexors guides and steadies them, so the mind of him whose fields of consciousness are complex, and who, with the reasons for the action, sees the reasons against it, and yet, instead of being palsied, acts in the way that takes the

whole field into consideration, — so such a mind, I say, is the ideal sort of mind that we should seek to reproduce in our pupils. Purely impulsive action, or action that proceeds to extremities regardless of consequences, on the other hand, is the easiest action in the world, and the lowest in type. Any one can show energy when made quite reckless. An Oriental despot requires but little ability: as long as he lives he succeeds, for he has absolutely his own way; and when the world can no longer endure the horror of him, he is assassinated. But not to proceed immediately to extremities, to be still able to act energetically under an array of inhibitions, — that indeed is rare and difficult. Cavour, when urged to proclaim martial law in 1859, refused to do so, saying: "Any one can govern in that way. I will be constitutional." Your parliamentary rulers, your Lincoln, your Gladstone, are the strongest type of man, because they accomplish results under the most intricate possible conditions. We think of Napoleon Bonaparte as a colossal monster of will power, and truly enough he was so. But from the point of view of the psychological machinery, it would be hard to say whether he or Gladstone was the larger volitional quantity; for Napoleon disregarded all the usual inhibitions, and Gladstone, passionate as he was, scrupulously considered them in his statesmanship.

A familiar example of the paralyzing power of scruples is the inhibitive effect of conscientiousness upon conversation. Nowhere does conversation seem to have flourished as brilliantly as in France during the last century. But if we read old French memoirs, we see how many brakes of scrupulosity which tie our tongues to-day were then removed. Where mendacity, treachery, obscenity, and malignity are unhampered, talk can be brilliant indeed; but its flame waxes dim where the mind is stitched all over with conscientious fears of violating the moral and social proprieties.

The teacher often is confronted in the schoolroom with an abnormal type of will, which we may call the "balky will." Certain children, if they do not succeed in doing a thing immediately, remain completely inhibited in regard to it; it becomes literally impossible for them to understand it if it be an intellectual problem, or to do it if it be an outward operation, as long as this particular inhibited condition lasts. Such children are usually treated as sinful, and are punished; or else the teacher pits his or her will against the child's will, considering that the latter must be "broken." "Break your child's will, in order that it may not perish," wrote John Wesley. "Break its will as soon as it can speak plainly, or even before it can speak at all. It should be forced to do as it is told, even if you have to whip it ten times running. Break its will, in order that its soul may live." Such will-breaking is always a scene with a great deal of nervous wear and tear on both sides, a bad state of feeling left behind it, and the victory not always with the would-be breaker.

When a situation of the kind is once fairly developed, and the child has become all tense and excited inwardly, nineteen times out of twenty it is best for the teacher to apperceive the case as one of neural pathology rather than as one of moral culpability. So long as the inhibiting sense of impossibility remains in the child's mind, he will continue unable to get beyond the obstacle. The aim of the teacher should then be to make him simply forget. Drop the subject for the time, divert the mind to something else; then, leading the pupil back by some circuitous line of association, spring it on him again before he has time to recognize it; and as likely as not he will go over it without any difficulty. It is in no other way that we overcome balkiness in a horse: we divert his attention, do something to his nose or ear, lead him round in a circle, and thus get

him over a place where flogging would only have made him more invincible. A tactful teacher will never let these strained situations come up at all.

You perceive now, my friends, what your general or abstract duty is as teachers. Although you have to generate in your pupils a large stock of ideas, any one of which may be inhibitory, yet you must also see to it that no habitual hesitancy or paralysis of the will ensues, and that the pupil still retains his power of vigorous action. Psychology can state your problem in these terms, but you see how impotent she is to furnish the elements of its practical solution. When all is said and done, and your best efforts are made, it will probably remain true that the result will depend more on a certain native tone or temper in the pupil's psychological constitution than on anything else. Some persons appear to have a naturally poor focalization of the field of consciousness; and in such persons actions hang slack and inhibitions seem to exert peculiarly easy sway.

But let us close in a little more closely on this matter of the education of the will. Your task is to build up a *character* in your pupils; and a character, as I have so often said, consists in an organized set of habits of reaction. Now, in what do such habits of reaction themselves consist? They are so many constant tendencies to act characteristically when certain ideas possess us, and to refrain characteristically when possessed by other ideas. Our volitional habits depend, then, first, on the stock of ideas which we have; and second, on the habitual coupling of the several ideas with action or inaction respectively. How is it when an alternative is presented to you for choice, and you are uncertain what you ought to do? You first hesitate, and then you deliberate. And in what does your deliberation consist? It consists in trying to apperceive the case successively by a number of different ideas, which seem to fit it more or less, until at last you hit on one which seems to fit it exactly. If that be an idea which is a customary forerunner of action in you, which enters into one of your maxims of positive behavior, your hesitation ceases, and you act immediately. If, on the other hand, it be an idea which carries inaction as its habitual result, if it ally itself with *prohibition*, then you unhesitatingly refrain. The problem is, you see, to find the right conception for the case. This search for the right conception may take days or weeks.

I spoke as if the action were easy when the conception is once found. Often it is so, but it may be otherwise; and when it is otherwise, we find ourselves at the very centre of a moral situation, into which I should now like you to look with me a little nearer.

The proper conception of the true head of classification may be hard to attain, for the case may be one with which we have contracted no settled habits of action. Or again, the action to which it would prompt may be dangerous and difficult, or the inaction may appear deadly cold and negative. And then, when our impulsive feeling is hot, it is extremely hard to hold the idea steadily enough before the attention to let it exert its adequate volitional effects. Whether it be stimulative or inhibitive, it is *too reasonable* for us; and the more instinctive passional propensity then tends to extrude it from our consideration. We shy away from the thought of it; it twinkles and goes out the moment it appears in the margin of our consciousness, and we need a resolute effort of voluntary attention to drag it into the focus of the field, and to keep it there long enough for its associative and motor effects to be exerted. Every one knows only too well how the mind flinches from looking at considerations hostile to the reigning mood of feeling.

Once brought, however, in this way, to the centre of the field of consciousness and held there, the reasonable idea will exert these effects inevitably, for the laws of connection between our consciousness and our nervous system provide for the action then taking place. Our moral effort, properly so called, terminates in our holding fast to the appropriate idea.

If, then, you are asked, "*In what does a moral act consist*, when reduced to its simplest and most elementary form?" you can make only one reply. You can say that *it consists in the effort of attention by which we hold fast to an idea*, which but for that effort of attention would be driven out of the mind by the other psychological tendencies that are there. *To think*, in short, is the secret of will, just as it is the secret of memory.

This comes out very clearly in the kind of excuse which we most frequently hear from persons who find themselves confronted by the sinfulness or harmfulness of some part of their behavior. "I never *thought*," they say. "I never *thought* how mean the action was, I never *thought* of these abominable consequences." And what do we retort when they say this? We say: "Why *did n't* you think? What were you there for but to think?" And we read them a moral lecture on their irreflectiveness.

The hackneyed example of moral deliberation is the case of an habitual drunkard under temptation. He has made a resolve to reform, but he is now solicited again by the bottle. His moral triumph or failure literally consists in his finding the right *name* for the case. If he says that it is a case of not wasting good liquor already poured out; or a case of not being churlish and unsociable when in the midst of friends; or a case of learning something at last about a brand of whiskey which he never met before; or a case of celebrating a public holiday; or a case of stimulating himself to a more energetic resolve in favor of abstinence than any he has ever yet made; then he is lost; his choice of the wrong name seals his doom. But if, in spite of all the plausible good names with which his thirsty fancy so copiously furnishes him, he unwaveringly clings to the truer bad name, and apperceives the case as that of "being a drunkard, being a drunkard, being a drunkard," his feet are planted on the road to salvation; he saves himself — by thinking rightly.

Thus are your pupils to be saved: first, by the stock of ideas with which you furnish them; second, by the amount of voluntary attention that they can exert in holding to the right ones, however unpalatable; and third, by the several habits of acting definitely on these latter to which they have been trained.

In all this, the power of voluntarily attending is the point of the whole procedure. Just as a balance turns on its knife edges, so on it our moral destiny turns. You remember that, when we were talking of the subject of attention, we discovered how much more intermittent and brief our acts of voluntary attention are than is commonly supposed. If they were all summed together, the time that they occupy would cover an almost incredibly small portion of our lives. But I also said, you will remember, that their brevity was not in proportion to their significance, and that I should return to the subject again. So I return to it now. It is not the mere size of a thing which constitutes its importance; it is its position in the organism to which it belongs. Our acts of voluntary attention, brief and fitful as they are, are nevertheless momentous and critical, determining us, as they do, to higher or lower destinies. The exercise of voluntary attention in the schoolroom must therefore be counted one of the most important processes of training that take place there; and the first-rate teacher, by the keenness of the remoter interests which he is able to awaken, will provide abundant opportunities for

its occurrence. I hope that you appreciate this already, without any further explanation.

I have been accused of holding up before you, in the course of these talks, a mechanical and even a materialistic view of the mind. I have called it an organism and a machine; I have spoken of its reaction on the environment as the essential thing about it; and I have referred this, either openly or implicitly, to the construction of the nervous system. I have in fact received notes from some of you begging me to be more explicit on this point.

Now, in these lectures, I wish to be strictly practical and useful, and to keep free from all speculative complications. Nevertheless, I do not wish to leave any ambiguity about my own position, and I will therefore say, in order to avoid all misunderstanding, that in no sense do I count myself a materialist. I cannot see how such a thing as our consciousness can possibly be *produced* by a nervous machinery, though I can perfectly well see how, if "ideas" do accompany the workings of the machinery, the *order* of the ideas might very well follow exactly the *order* of the machine's operations. Our habitual associations of ideas, trains of thought, and sequences of action might thus be consequences of the succession of currents in our nervous systems. And the possible stock of ideas a man would have to choose from might depend on his native and acquired brain powers exclusively. If this were all, we might indeed adopt the fatalist conception which I sketched for you but a short while ago. Our ideas would be determined by brain currents, and these by mechanical laws exclusively.

But after what we have just seen, — namely, the part played by voluntary attention in volition, — a belief in free will and purely spiritual causation is still open to us. The duration and amount of this attention *seem* within certain limits indeterminate. We *feel* as if we could make it really more or less, and as if our free action in this regard were a genuine critical point in nature, a point on which our destiny and that of others might hinge. The whole question of free will concentrates itself, then, at this same small point: "Is, or is not, this most natural appearance of indeterminism at this point an illusion?"

It is plain that such a question can be decided only by general analogies, and not by accurate observations. The free-willist believes the appearance to be a reality; the determinist believes that it is an illusion. I myself hold with the free-willists; not because I cannot conceive the fatalist theory clearly, or because I fail to understand its plausibility, but simply because, if free will *is* true, it would seem absurd to have the belief in it fatally forced on our acceptance. Considering the inner fitness of things, one would rather think that the very first act of a will endowed with freedom should be to sustain the belief in the freedom itself. I accordingly believe in my freedom with the best of scientific consciences, and hope that whether you follow my example in this respect or not, it will at least make you see that such psychological and psychophysical theories as I hold do not necessarily force a man to become a fatalist or a materialist.

One final word about the will, and I shall conclude both that subject and these lectures.

There are two types of will; there are also two types of inhibition. We may call them inhibition by repression or by negation, and inhibition by substitution, respectively. The difference between them is that, in the case of inhibition by repression, both the inhibited idea and the inhibiting idea, the impulsive idea and the idea that negates it, remain along with each other in consciousness, producing a certain inward strain or tension there; whereas, in in-

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THIS ROOM

hibition by substitution, the inhibiting idea supersedes altogether the idea which it inhibits, and the latter quickly vanishes from the field.

For instance, your pupils are wandering in mind, are listening to a sound outside the window, which presently grows interesting enough to claim all their attention. You can call the latter back by bellowing at them not to listen to those sounds, but to keep their minds on their books or on what you are saying. And by thus keeping them conscious that your eye is sternly upon them, you may produce a good effect. But it will be a wasteful effect and an inferior effect; for the moment you relax your supervision, the attractive disturbance, always there soliciting their curiosity, will overpower them, and they will be just as they were before; whereas if, without saying anything about the street disturbances, you open a counter attraction by starting some very interesting talk or demonstration yourself, they will altogether forget the distracting incident, and without any effort follow you along. There are many interests that can never be inhibited by the way of negation. To a man in love, for example, it is literally impossible, by any effort of will, to annul his passion; but let "some new planet swim into his ken," and the former idol will immediately cease to engross his mind.

It is clear that, in general, we ought, whenever we can, to employ the method of inhibition by substitution. He whose life is based upon the word "no," who tells the truth, not impulsively, but rather because a lie is wicked, and who has constantly to grapple with his envious and cowardly and mean propensities, is in an inferior situation in every respect to what he would be if the love of truth and magnanimity positively possessed him from the outset, and he felt no inferior temptations. Your born gentleman is certainly, for this world's purposes, a more valuable being than your "Crump, with his grunting resistance to his native devils," even though, in God's sight, the latter, according to the phrase of the Catholic theologians, may be rolling up great stores of "merit."

Spinoza long ago wrote in his Ethics that anything that a man can avoid under the notion that it is bad, he may also avoid under the notion that something else is good. He who habitually acts *sub specie mali*, under the negative notion, the notion of the bad, is called a slave by Spinoza. To him who acts habitually under the notion of good he gives the name of freeman. See to it now, I beg you, that you make freemen of your pupils, by habituating them to act, whenever possible, under the notion of a good. Get them habitually to tell the truth, not so much by showing them the wickedness of lying as by arousing their enthusiasm for honor and veracity. Wean them from their native cruelty by imparting to them some of your own positive sympathy with an animal's inner springs of joy. And in the lessons which you may be legally obliged to conduct upon the bad effects of alcohol, lay less stress than the books do on the drunkard's stomach, kidneys, nerves, and social miseries, and more on the blessings of having an organism kept in life-long possession of its full youthful elasticity by a sweet, sound blood, to which stimulants and narcotics are unknown, and to which the morning sun and air and dew will daily come as sufficiently powerful intoxicants.

I have now ended these talks. If to some of you the things I have said seem obvious or trivial, it is possible that they may appear less so when, in the course of a year or two, you find yourselves noticing and apperceiving events in the schoolroom a little differently, in consequence of some of the conceptions I have tried to make more clear. I cannot but think that to apperceive your pupil as a little sensitive, impulsive, associative, and re-

active organism, partly fated and partly free, will lead to a better intelligence of all his ways. Understand him, then, as such a subtle little piece of machinery. And if, in addition, you can yourself see him *sub specie boni*, and love him too, you will be in the best possible position for becoming perfect teachers.

William James.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM.

The slum is as old as civilization. Civilization implies a race, to get ahead. In a race there are usually some who for one cause or another cannot keep up, or are thrust out from among their fellows. They fall behind, and when they have been left far in the rear they lose hope and ambition, and give up. Thenceforward, if left to their own resources, they are the victims, not the masters, of their environment; and it is a bad master. They drag one another always farther down. The bad environment becomes the heredity of the next generation. Then, given the crowd, you have the slum ready-made.

The battle with the slum began the day civilization recognized in it her enemy. It was a losing fight until conscience joined forces with fear and self-interest against it. When common sense and the golden rule obtain among men as a rule of practice, it will be over. The two have not always been classed together, but here they are plainly seen to be allies. Justice to the individual is accepted in theory as the only safe groundwork of the commonwealth. When it is practiced in dealing with the slum, there will shortly be no slum. We need not wait for the millennium, to get rid of it. We can do it now. All that is required is that it shall not be left to itself. That is justice to it and to us, since its grievous ailment is that it cannot help itself. When a man is drowning, the thing to do is to pull him out of the water; afterward there will be time for talking it over. We got at it the other way in dealing with our social problems. The doctrinaires had their day, and they decided to let bad enough alone; that it was unsafe to interfere with "causes that operate sociologically," as one survivor of these unfittest put it to me. It was a piece of scientific humbug that cost the age which listened to it dear. "Causes that operate sociologically" are the opportunity of the political and every other kind of scamp who trades upon the depravity and helplessness of the slum, and the refuge of the pessimist who is useless in the fight against them. We have not done yet paying the bills he ran up for us. Some time since we turned to, to pull the drowning man out, and it was time. A little while longer, and we should have been in danger of being dragged down with him.

The slum complaint had been chronic in all ages, but the great changes which the nineteenth century saw, the new industry, political freedom, brought on an acute attack which threatened to become fatal. Too many of us had supposed that, built as our commonwealth was on universal suffrage, it would be proof against the complaints that harassed older states; but in fact it turned out that there was extra hazard in that. Having solemnly resolved that all men are created equal and have certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, we shut our eyes and waited for the formula to work. It was as if a man with a cold should take the doctor's prescription to bed with him, expecting it to cure him. The formula

was all right, but merely repeating it worked no cure. When, after a hundred years, we opened our eyes, it was upon sixty cents a day as the living wage of the workingwoman in our cities; upon "knee pants" at forty cents a dozen for the making; upon the Potter's Field taking tithe of our city life, ten per cent each year for the trench, truly the Lost Tenth of the slum. Our country had grown great and rich; through our ports was poured food for the millions of Europe. But in the back streets multitudes huddled in ignorance and want. The foreign oppressor had been vanquished, the fetters stricken from the black man at home; but his white brother, in his bitter plight, sent up a cry of distress that had in it a distinct note of menace. Political freedom we had won; but the problem of helpless poverty, grown vast with the added offscourings of the Old World, mocked us, unsolved. Liberty at sixty cents a day set presently its stamp upon the government of our cities, and it became the scandal and the peril of our political system.

So the battle began. Three times since the war that absorbed the nation's energies and attention had the slum confronted us in New York with its challenge. In the darkest days of the great struggle it was the treacherous mob; later on, the threat of the cholera, which found swine foraging in the streets as the only scavengers, and a swarming host, but little above the hog in its appetites and in the quality of the shelter afforded it, peopling the back alleys. Still later, the mob, caught looting the city's treasury with its idol, the thief Tweed, at its head, had, drunk with power and plunder, insolently defied the outraged community to do its worst. There were meetings and protests. The rascals were turned out for a season; the arch-thief died in jail. I see him now, going through the gloomy portals of the Tombs, whither, as a newspaper reporter, I had gone with him, his stubborn head held high as ever. I asked myself more than once, a year ago, when the vile prison was torn down, whether the comic clamor to have the ugly old gates preserved and set up in Central Park had anything to do with the memory of the "martyred" thief, or whether it was in joyful celebration of the fact that others had escaped. His name is even now one to conjure with in the Sixth Ward. He never "squealed," and he was "so good to the poor." Evidence that the slum is not laid by the heels by merely destroying Five Points and the Mulberry Bend. There are other fights to be fought in that war, other victories to be won, and it is slow work. It was nearly ten years after the great robbery before decency got the upper grip in good earnest. That was when the civic conscience awoke in 1879.

In that year the slum was arraigned in the churches. The sad and shameful story was told of how it grew and was fostered by avarice that saw in the homeless crowds from over the sea only a chance for business, and exploited them to the uttermost, making sometimes a hundred per cent on the capital invested, — always most out of the worst houses, from the tenants of which "nothing was expected" save that they pay the usurious rents; how Christianity, citizenship, human fellowship, shook their skirts clear of the rabble that was only good enough to fill the greedy purse, and how the rabble, left to itself, improved such opportunities as it found after such fashion as it knew; how it ran elections merely to count its thugs in, and fattened at the public crib; and how the whole evil thing had its root in the tenements, where the home had ceased to be sacred, — those dark and deadly dens in which the family ideal was tortured to death, and character was smothered; in which children were "damned rather than born" into the world, thus realizing a slum kind of foreordination to torment, happily brief in many cases. The Tenement House Committee long afterward

called the worst of the barracks "infant slaughter houses," and showed, by reference to the mortality lists, that they killed one in every five babies born in them.

The story shocked the town into action. Plans for a better kind of tenement were called for, and a premium was put on every ray of light and breath of air that could be let into it. Money was raised to build model houses, and a bill to give the health authorities summary powers in dealing with tenements was sent to the legislature. The landlords held it up until the last day of the session, when it was forced through by an angered public opinion. The power of the cabal was broken. The landlords had found their Waterloo. Many of them got rid of their property, which in a large number of cases they had never seen, and tried to forget the source of their ill-gotten wealth. Light and air did find their way into the tenements in a half-hearted fashion, and we began to count the tenants as "souls." That is one of our milestones in the history of New York. They were never reckoned so before; no one ever thought of them as "souls." So, restored to human fellowship, in the twilight of the air shaft that had penetrated to their dens, the first Tenement House Committee was able to make them out "better than the houses" they lived in, and a long step forward was taken. The Mulberry Bend, the wicked core of the "bloody Sixth Ward," was marked for destruction, and all slumdom held its breath to see it go. With that gone, it seemed as if the old days must be gone too, never to return. There would not be another Mulberry Bend. As long as it stood, there was yet a chance. The slum had backing, as it were.

The civic conscience was not very robust yet, and required many and protracted naps. It slumbered fitfully eight long years, waking up now and then with a start, while the politicians did their best to lull it back to its slumbers. I wondered often, in those years of delay, if it was just plain stupidity that kept the politicians from spending the money which the law had put within their grasp; for with every year that passed a million dollars that could have been used for small park purposes was lost. But they were wiser than I. I understood when I saw the changes which letting in the sunshine worked. We had all believed it, but they knew it all along. At the same time, they lost none of the chances that offered. They helped the landlords, who considered themselves greatly aggrieved because their property was thereafter to front on a park instead of a pigsty, to transfer the whole assessment of half a million dollars for park benefit to the city. They undid in less than six weeks what it had taken considerably more than six years to do; but the park was cheap at the price. We could afford to pay all it cost to wake us up. When finally, upon the wave of wrath excited by the Parkhurst and Lexow disclosures, reform came with a shock that dislodged Tammany, it found us wide awake, and, it must be admitted, not a little astonished at our sudden access of righteousness.

The battle went against the slum in the three years that followed, until it found backing in the "odium of reform" that became the issue in the municipal organization of the greater city. Tammany made notes. Of what was done, how it was done, and why, during those years, I shall have occasion to speak further in these papers. Here I wish to measure the stretch we have come since I wrote How the Other Half Lives, ten years ago. Some of it we came plodding, and some at full speed; some of it in the face of every obstacle that could be thrown in our way, wresting victory from defeat at every step; some of it with the enemy on the run. Take it altogether and it is a long way. Most of it will not have to be traveled over

again. The engine of municipal progress, once started as it has been in New York, may slip many a cog with Tammany as the engineer; it may even be stopped for a season; but it can never be made to work backward. Even Tammany knows that, and is building the schools she so long neglected, and so is hastening on the day when she shall be but an unsavory memory.

How we strove for those schools to no purpose! Our arguments, our anger, the anxious pleading of philanthropists who saw the young on the East Side going to ruin, the warning year after year of the superintendent of schools that the compulsory education law was but an empty mockery where it was most needed, the knocking of uncounted thousands of children for whom there was no room, — uncounted in sober fact; there was not even a way of finding out how many were adrift, — brought only the response that the tax rate must be kept down. Kept down it was. "Waste" was successfully averted at the spigot; at the bunghole it went on unchecked. In a swarming population like that you must have either schools or jails, and the jails waxed fat with the overflow. The East Side, that had been orderly, became a hotbed of child crime. And when, in answer to the charge made by a legislative committee that the father forced his child into the shop, on a perjured age certificate, to labor when he ought to have been at play, that father, bent and heavy-eyed with unceasing toil, flung back the charge with the bitter reproach that we gave him no other choice, that it was either the street or the shop for his boy, and that perjury for him was cheaper than the ruin of the child, we were mute. What, indeed, was there to say? The crime was ours, not his. That was but yesterday. To-day we can count the months to the time when every child who knocks shall find a seat in our schools. We have a school census to tell us of the need. In that most crowded neighborhood in all the world, where the superintendent lately pleaded in vain for three new schools, five have been built, the finest in this or any other land, — great, light, and airy structures, with playgrounds on the roof; and all over the city the like are going up. The briefest of our laws, every word of which is like the blow of a hammer driving the nails home in the coffin of the bad old days, says that never one shall be built without its playground. So the boy is coming to his rights.

The streets are cleaned, — not necessarily clean just now; Colonel Waring is dead, with his doctrine of putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom, killed by politics, he and his doctrine both, — but cleaned. The slum has even been washed. We tried that on Hester Street years ago, in the age of cobblestone pavements, and the result fairly frightened us. I remember the indignant reply of a well-known citizen, a man of large business responsibility and experience in the handling of men, to whom the office of street-cleaning commissioner had been offered, when I asked him if he would accept. "I have lived," he said, "a blameless life for forty years, and have a character in the community. I cannot afford — no man with a reputation can afford — to hold that office; it will surely wreck it." That was then. It made Colonel Waring's reputation. He took the trucks from the streets. Tammany, in a brief interregnum of vigor and decency under Mayor Grant, had laid the axe to the unsightly telegraph poles and begun to pave the streets with asphalt, but it left the trucks and the ash barrels to Colonel Waring as hopeless. Trucks have votes; at least their drivers have. Now that they are gone, the drivers would be the last to bring them back; for they have children, too, and the rescued streets gave them their first playground. Perilous, begrudged by policeman and storekeeper, though it was, it was still a playground.

But one is coming in which the boy

shall rule unchallenged. The Mulberry Bend Park kept its promise. Before the sod was laid in it two more were under way in the thickest of the tenement house crowding, and each, under the law which brought them into existence, is to be laid out in part as a playground. They are not yet finished, but they will be; for the people have taken to the idea, and the politician has made a note of the fact. He saw a great light when the play piers were opened. In half a dozen localities where the slum was striking its roots deep into the soil such piers are now being built, and land is being acquired for small parks. We shall yet settle the "causes that operated sociologically" on the boy with a lawn mower and a sand heap. You have got your boy, and the heredity of the next one, when you can order his setting.

Even while I am writing, a bill is urged in the legislature to build in every senatorial district in the city a gymnasium and a public bath. It matters little whether it passes at this session or not. The important thing is that it is there. The rest will follow. A people's club is being organized, to crowd out the saloon that has had a monopoly of the brightness and the cheer in the tenement streets too long. The labor unions are bestirring themselves to deal with the sweating curse, and the gospel of less law and more enforcement sits enthroned at Albany. Theodore Roosevelt will teach us again Jefferson's forgotten lesson, that "the whole art of government consists in being honest." With a back door to every ordinance that touched the lives of the people, if indeed the whole thing was not the subject of open ridicule or the vehicle of official blackmail, it seemed as if we had provided a perfect municipal machinery for bringing the law into contempt with the young, and so for wrecking citizenship by the shortest cut.

Of free soup there is an end. It was never food for free men. The last spoonful was ladled out by yellow journalism with the certificate of the men who fought Roosevelt and reform in the police board that it was good. It is not likely that it will ever plague us again. Our experience has taught us a new reading of the old word that charity covers a multitude of sins. It does. Uncovering some of them has kept us busy since our conscience awoke, and there are more left. The worst of them all, that awful parody on municipal charity, the police station lodging room, is gone, after twenty years of persistent attack upon the foul dens, — years during which they were arraigned, condemned, indicted by every authority having jurisdiction, all to no purpose. The stale beer dives went with them and with the Bend, and the grip of the tramp on our throat has been loosened. We shall not easily throw it off altogether, for the tramp has a vote, too, for which Tammany, with admirable ingenuity, has found a new use, since the ante-election inspection of lodging houses has made them less available for colonization purposes than they were. Perhaps I should say a new way of very old use. It is simplicity itself. Instead of keeping tramps in hired lodgings for weeks at a daily outlay, the new way is to send them all to the island on short commitments during the canvass, and vote them from there *en bloc* at the city's expense. Time and education must solve that, like so many other problems which the slum has thrust upon us. They are the forces upon which, when we have gone as far as our present supply of steam will carry us, we must always fall back; and this we may do with confidence so long as we keep stirring, if it is only marking time, as now. It is in the retrospect that one sees how far we have come, after all, and from that gathers courage for the rest of the way. Twenty-nine years have passed since I slept in a police station lodging house, a lonely lad, and was robbed,

beaten, and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that had joined its homelessness to mine, and had sat all night at the door waiting for me to come out, — it had been clubbed away the night before, — snarled and showed its teeth at the doorman, raging and impotent I saw it beaten to death on the step. I little dreamed then that the friendless beast, dead, should prove the undoing of the monstrous wrong done by the maintenance of these evil holes to every helpless man and woman who was without shelter in New York, but it did. It was after an inspection of the lodging rooms, when I stood with Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the police board, in the one where I had slept that night, and told him of it, that he swore they should go. And go they did, as did so many another abuse in those two years of honest purpose and effort. I hated them. It may not have been a very high motive to furnish power for municipal reform; but we had tried every other way, and none of them worked. Arbitration is good, but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down and arbitrate sitting on him, and this was such a time. It was what we started out to do with the rear tenements, the worst of the slum barracks, and it would have been better had we kept on that track. I have always maintained that we made a false move when we stopped to discuss damages with the landlord, or to hear his side of it at all. His share in it was our grievance; it blocked the mortality records with its burden of human woe. The damage was all ours, the profits all his. If there are damages to collect, he should foot the bill, not we. Vested rights are to be protected, but no man has a right to be protected in killing his neighbor.

However, they are down, the worst of them. The community has asserted its right to destroy tenements that destroy life, and for that cause. We bought the slum off in the Mulberry Bend at its own figure. On the rear tenements we set the price, and set it low. It was a long step. Bottle Alley is gone, and Bandits' Roost. Bone Alley, Thieves' Alley, and Kerosene Row, — they are all gone. Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Gap have acquired standards of decency; Poverty Gap has risen even to the height of neckties. The time is fresh in every recollection when a different kind of necktie was its pride; when the boy murderer — he was barely nineteen — who wore it on the gallows took leave of the captain of detectives with the cheerful invitation to "come over to the wake. They will have a high old time." And the event fully redeemed the promise. The whole Gap turned out to do the dead bully honor. I have not heard from the Gap, and hardly from Hell's Kitchen, in five years. The last news from the Kitchen was when the thin wedge of a column of negroes, in their uptown migration, tried to squeeze in, and provoked a race war; but that in fairness should not be laid up against it. In certain local aspects it might be accounted a sacred duty; as much so as to get drunk and provoke a fight on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. But on the whole the Kitchen has grown orderly. The gang rarely beats a policeman nowadays, and it has not killed one in a long while.

So, one after another, the outworks of the slum have been taken. It has been beaten in many battles; but its reserves are unimpaired. More tenements are being built every day on twenty-five-foot lots, and however watchfully such a house is planned, if it is to return to the builder the profit he seeks, it will have that within it which, the moment the grasp of official sanitary supervision is loosened, must summon up the ghost of the slum. The common type of tenement to-day is the double-decker, and the double-decker is hopeless. In it the crowding goes on at a constantly increasing rate. This is the sore spot, and as against it all the rest seems often enough unavailing.

Yet it cannot be. It is true that the home, about which all that is to work for permanent progress must cluster, is struggling against desperate odds in the tenement, and that the struggle has been reflected in the morals of the people, in the corruption of the young, to an alarming extent; but it must be that the higher standards now set up on every hand, in the cleaner streets, in the better schools, in the parks and the clubs, in the settlements, and in the thousand and one agencies for good that touch and help the lives of the poor at as many points, will tell at no distant day, and react upon the homes and upon their builders. To any one who knew the East Side, for instance, ten years ago, the difference between that day and this in the appearance of the children whom he sees there must be striking. Rags and dirt are now the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps the statement is a trifle too strong as to the dirt; but dirt is not harmful except when coupled with rags; it can be washed off, and nowadays is washed off where such a thing would have been considered affectation in the days that were. Soap and water have worked a visible cure already, that must go more than skin-deep. They are moral agents of the first value in the slum. And the day must come when rapid transit will cease to be a football between contending forces in a city of three million people, and the reason for the outrageous crowding will cease to exist with the scattering of the centres of production to the suburbs. That day may be a long way off, measured by the impatience of the philanthropist, but it is bound to come. Meanwhile, philanthropy is not sitting idle and waiting. It is building tenements on the humane plan that wipes out the lines of the twenty-five-foot lot, and lets in sunshine and air and hope. It is putting up hotels deserving of the name for the army that but just now had no other home than the cheap lodging houses which Inspector Byrnes fitly called "nurseries of crime." These also are standards from which there is no backing down, even if coming up to them is slow work: and they are here to stay, for they pay. That is the test. Not charity, but justice, — that is the gospel which they preach.

Flushed with the success of many victories, we challenged the slum to a fight to the finish a year ago, and bade it come on. It came on. On our side fought the bravest and best. The man who marshaled the citizen forces for their candidate had been foremost in building homes, in erecting baths for the people, in directing the self-sacrificing labors of the oldest and worthiest of the agencies for improving the condition of the poor. With him battled men who had given lives of patient study and effort to the cause of helping their fellow men. Shoulder to shoulder with them stood the thoughtful workingmen from the East Side tenement. The slum, too, marshaled its forces. Tammany produced her notes. She pointed to the increased tax rate, showed what it had cost to build schools and parks and to clean house, and called it criminal recklessness. The issue was made sharp and clear. The war cry of the slum was characteristic: "To hell with reform!" We all remember the result. Politics interfered, and turned victory into defeat. We were beaten. I shall never forget that election night. I walked home through the Bowery in the midnight hour, and saw it gorging itself, like a starved wolf, upon the promise of the morrow. Drunken men and women sat in every doorway, howling ribald songs and curses. Hard faces I had not seen for years showed themselves about the dives. The mob made merry after its fashion. The old days were coming back. Reform was dead, and decency with it.

A year later, I passed that same way on the night of election. The scene was strangely changed. The street was unusually quiet for such a time. Men stood

in groups about the saloons, and talked in whispers, with serious faces. The name of Roosevelt was heard on every hand. The dives were running, but there was no shouting, and violence was discouraged. When, on the following day, I met the proprietor of one of the oldest concerns in the Bowery, — which, while doing a legitimate business, caters necessarily to its crowds, and therefore sides with them, — he told me with bitter reproach how he had been stricken in pocket. A gambler had just been in to see him, who had come on from the far West, in anticipation of a wide-open town, and had got all ready to open a house in the Tenderloin. "He brought $40,000 to put in the business, and he came to take it away to Baltimore. Just now the cashier of —— Bank told me that two other gamblers had drawn $130,000, which they would have invested here, and had gone after him. Think of all that money gone to Baltimore! That's what you 've done!"

I went over to police headquarters, thinking of the sad state of that man, and in the hallway I ran across two children, little tots, who were inquiring their way to "the commissioner." The older was a hunchback girl, who led her younger brother (he could not have been over five or six years old) by the hand. They explained their case to me. They came from Allen Street. Some undesirable women tenants had moved into the tenement, and when complaint was made that sent the police there, the children's father, who was a poor Jewish tailor, was blamed. The tenants took it out of the boy by punching his nose till it bled. Whereupon the children went straight to Mulberry Street to see the commissioner and get justice. It was the first time in twenty years that I had known Allen Street to come to police headquarters for justice; and in the discovery that the new idea had reached down to the little children I read the doom of the slum, despite its loud vauntings.

No, it was not true that reform was dead, with decency. It was not the slum that had won; it was we who had lost. We were not up to the mark, — not yet. But New York is a many times cleaner and better city to-day than it was ten years ago. Then I was able to grasp easily the whole plan for wresting it from the neglect and indifference that had put us where we were. It was chiefly, almost wholly, remedial in its scope. Now it is preventive, constructive, and no ten men could gather all the threads and hold them. We have made, are making headway, and no Tammany has the power to stop us. She knows it, too, and is in such frantic haste to fill her pockets while she has time that she has abandoned her old ally, the tax rate, and the pretense of making bad government cheap government. She is at this moment engaged in raising taxes and assessments at one and the same time to an unheard-of figure, while salaries are being increased lavishly on every hand. We can afford to pay all she charges us for the lesson we are learning. If to that we add common sense, we shall discover the bearings of it all without trouble. Yesterday I picked up a book, — a learned disquisition on government, — and read on the title-page, "Affectionately dedicated to all who despise politics." That was not common sense. To win the battle with the slum, we must not begin by despising politics. We have been doing that too long. The politics of the slum is apt to be like the slum itself, dirty. Then it must be cleaned. It is what the fight is about. Politics is the weapon. We must learn to use it so as to cut straight and sure. That is common sense, and the golden rule as applied to Tammany.

Some years ago, the United States government conducted an inquiry into the slums of great cities. To its staff of experts was attached a chemist, who gathered and isolated a lot of bacilli with fearsome Latin names, in the tenements

where he went. Among those he labeled were the *staphylococcus pyogenes albus*, the *micrococcus fervidosus*, the *saccharomyces rosaceus*, and the *bacillus buccalis fortuitus*. I made a note of the names at the time, because of the dread with which they inspired me. But I searched the collection in vain for the real bacillus of the slum. It escaped science, to be identified by human sympathy and a conscience-stricken community with that of ordinary human selfishness. The antitoxin has been found, and is applied successfully. Since justice has replaced charity on the prescription the patient is improving. And the improvement is not confined to him; it is general. Conscience is not a local issue in our day. A few years ago, a United States Senator sought reëlection on the platform that the decalogue and the golden rule were glittering generalities that had no place in politics, and lost. We have not quite reached the millennium yet, but to-day a man is governor in the Empire State who was elected on the pledge that he would rule by the ten commandments. These are facts that mean much or little, according to the way one looks at them. The significant thing is that they are facts, and that, in spite of slipping and sliding, the world moves forward, not backward. The poor we shall have always with us, but the slum we need not have. These two do not rightfully belong together. Their present partnership is at once poverty's worst hardship and our worst fault.

Jacob A. Riis.

PORTO RICO.

The people of the United States have acquired along with Porto Rico a load of serious governmental embarrassments, — problems difficult of solution, and abuses even more difficult of correction, bequeathed us by Spanish misrule.

There is a more or less general impression abroad, dating from the time we captured the island, that the Porto Rican character is a compendium of virtues: that the natives are thrifty and industrious, kindly and hospitable; that they will fall in immediately with our methods of reasoning; that they will prove as adaptable to democratic institutions and as amenable to government as the best class of European immigrants. Let us dismiss such erroneous impressions; the sooner, the better. The natives, it is true, have been grossly oppressed, but not in quite the way we have imagined. A rational appreciation of their recent history will modify both our conception of their patriotism and our estimate of their docility. They are less brave and less meek than we have supposed.

Until the year 1887 the country was under a government very different from that since in operation. Porto Rico was then far more prosperous; there was a large number of foreign residents in the island; and though corruption was practiced on a magnificent scale, the rights of the individual were respected and freedom of speech was general. That was the golden age, to which every Porto Rican looks back with regret. In 1887 came an attempt at rebellion, — an attempt conceived by a few officials in San Juan who sought private vengeance upon personal enemies, — a scheme rather than a fact. It must be remembered, however, that 1887 was the year in which the slaves were freed, and there were undoubtedly very many discontented individuals whose known inclinations afforded Spain a plausible excuse for the

outrages subsequently committed. The island was declared under martial law. A reign of terror at once began, and continued for several months, with numerous arrests, a few executions, and even some instances of cruel and excruciating torture. The Guardia Civile was increased in number, and was authorized to shoot suspected persons at sight, — a prerogative which continued till our occupation. Ever since those days of bloodshed the island has been seething with discontent. Although very little physical violence has been offered by the Spaniards, — their oppression assuming the milder form of official corruption, — the memory of 1887 remains so vividly imprinted on the native mind that reminiscence often takes the place of present fact, when a Porto Rican recounts his wrongs. Indeed, it is astonishing that only a few paltry attempts have been made to achieve independence.

In discussing public affairs with natives, one learns to expect hyperbole and to make allowance for passionate exaggeration. A few years ago, a Porto Rican, Louis Muñoz Rivera by name, established at Ponce a newspaper called La Democracia, in which he advocated complete freedom from Spanish rule. If the existing tyranny had been as severe as some would have us believe, the paper would have been immediately suppressed. No such interruption occurred. La Democracia continued to be read by a numerous class of islanders, and Rivera became the champion and sponsor of all who had grievances. His subsequent career is broadly illustrative. That clever, unprincipled journalist is Porto Rico in epitome. When the liberal ministry, headed by Sagasta, was called to power in Spain, Rivera, with characteristic insight into future events, repaired to the mother country. There he remained for several months, enjoying frequent interviews with the prime minister. The danger of an armed uprising in Porto Rico was really about as imminent as the oft-predicted war between capital and labor, — surely not more so; but by plausible representations, of no very agreeable character, Rivera succeeded in alarming Sagasta. There was, said the revolutionary journalist, an imperative necessity for granting some sort of autonomy to Porto Rico. It is difficult to follow the mental movements of deceiver and deceived. Possibly a desire to give an object lesson to refractory Cuba had more weight with the premier than any apprehension of a Porto Rican rebellion. However that may be, Rivera returned from Spain decorated with the grand cross of the Holy Order of Catholics, pledged to win the consent of his countrymen to as farcical a system of autonomy as mind can conceive, and assured of the full support of the Spanish army.

Then commenced a vigorous campaign of political propagandism. Traveling about the island with a military escort, his decorations glittering on his breast, Rivera harangued the populace. He recounted his difficulties in obtaining the inestimable boon of autonomy for his beloved Porto Ricans at the hands of the Sagasta ministry; he described his untiring entreaties; he recounted his trials; he spoke with florid eloquence of his final success. Then he modestly alluded to his journey, explaining that he had gone to Spain at his own expense, and that he had lived there for many months, devoting himself to the sacred cause of his countrymen.

In the meantime, while Rivera was making his theatrical tours, the more thoughtful people began to wonder why this obscure newspaper editor was so suddenly advanced to a post of conspicuous honor. Was Sagasta frightened at the progress of the Cuban rebellion? Was the premier fearful of a similar outburst in Porto Rico? If so, would he not be disposed to grant genuine independence, if the people rejected this ridiculous substitute for it? An auto-

nomy in which the people were allowed to elect a *congreso*, but the *congreso* itself was not allowed to do anything, — let us have none of it, they said. All who reasoned thus declared for absolute independence, and were called Puros; the followers of Rivera took the name of Autonomistas. The Puros numbered within their ranks most of the stable, far-seeing men of the island. Aside from international considerations, a distrust of Rivera played an important part in determining their actions. As the day of election drew near, Rivera extended a proposal to the Puros. "Accept this proffered autonomy," said he, "and we will unite to elect a Puro congress, thereby demonstrating our desire for thoroughgoing reform." The ruse succeeded. Puro candidates were everywhere nominated, often with no apparent opposition. Then was accomplished a daring stroke of perfidy. The day before the election the telegraph lines were kept busy with messages from Rivera. Autonomista candidates were thrust forward against the seemingly unopposed Puro nominees, and rewards were liberally promised to the prominent men of each district. The wires were then held so that not a message passed for eighteen hours. The next day the treachery was revealed; but the soldiers were out in force, and held the polls. A few disturbances occurred, but the Puros carried only a third of their nominees, and Rivera became president of an Autonomista congress.

This scandalous intrigue took place but fifteen months ago. It is, therefore, the newest as well as the most conspicuous example of the political condition of Porto Rico, the sacredness of which our American authorities at San Juan are passionately entreated to revere.

Rivera, as president of the congress, wrote to the papers, at the opening of the war, that he would sooner become a Chinaman or a Hottentot than an American citizen. Rivera, having experienced the termination of his lucrative office, is now seeking another, and cultivating with particular assiduity every American upon whom he can make an impression; giving interviews to the American papers, calling upon the United States government to respect the civic freedom of Porto Rico, and in every way endeavoring to pose before the natives as their loyal benefactor and savior.

And yet Rivera is no reprobate, as Porto Ricans go. The difference between him and his kind is not so much one of nature as of ability. He is typical of a race whose instability and inconsistency are temperamental. The Porto Ricans are essentially volatile, a people of fluent adjectives, a people of extravagant superlatives, a people of indefatigable loquacity. They delight to rhapsodize upon their own prowess or virtues. As this sort of self-eulogy goes forward, the listeners attend in much the same way as American Indians would under similar circumstances, each expecting a reciprocal courtesy for his own trumpet when it comes his turn to blow. Lacking solidity or persistence of character, the Porto Ricans will work with great industry until the mood suggests a spree, and then nothing can restrain them. The lower classes are destitute of moral perception, and disgusting in their habits of life.

In estimating such a people, one cannot escape the argument *a fortiori*. There has never been a case in history where an inferior race has conquered, and held in subjection for any prolonged period, a race superior in physical or in mental endowment. Porto Rico has always been a vassal state. The Spaniard in Porto Rico was undoubtedly immoral, corrupt beyond the wildest dreams of American scandalmongers, filthy in body and mind, and execrably cruel, — in all which respects the native was fully his equal. But the Spaniard was somewhat of a man "for a' that." He possessed a fair amount of physical courage, a

strongly pronounced religious tendency, and had occasional glimmerings of a sense of honor. The native Porto Rican, however, can make good his claim to none of these commendable traits. For arrant, despicable cowardice the world cannot produce his match. This I say not merely in regard to his lack of fighting capacity; his deficiency is much more pronounced. While I was in the island I visited every sugar plantation between Ponce and Dorado, via Guayama, Yabucoa, Humacao, Fajardo, and San Juan, conversing with the owners, and frequently riding over the estates in their company. During all the time I did not find one native Porto Rican who was not afraid of his horse. As soon as the animal became the least mettlesome, the gallant caballero frantically clutched the high pommel of his saddle and called for help. After an American has witnessed a caballero's wild flight from a placid cow, it is impossible for him to desire such a contemptible poltroon as a fellow citizen.

Yet the native is not without redeeming qualities. He is invariably courteous, uniformly respectful. The peon regards the señores very much as the feudal serf must have regarded the neighboring gentry. Consequently, he is in a very "governable" state of mind. He is free with his money, long-suffering under oppression, but intensely excitable. He will remember a favor, though his gratitude will disappear upon the receipt of some real or fancied slight. He is proud, but only for applause. His self-esteem depends solely on his neighbor's estimate of him. Horsewhip him privately, and he will forgive you. Snub him publicly, and he is your lifelong enemy.

It is without the slightest desire to criticise our army and navy that I speak of their treatment of the Porto Ricans as one continuous mistake. Our officials have shown from the first an intense desire to demonstrate to the natives the reality of that golden era which awaits them under the rule of the United States. However laudable the motive, it was not the part of wisdom. The error lay in ascribing too much importance to the native Porto Rican.

General Miles, when embarking upon his initial campaign, took with him a motley collection of nondescripts called the Porto Rican Junta. According to their own account, they were political exiles and refugees. Their more urgent motives for quitting the island, however, traversed a category of offenses in which politics played but an insignificant part, the graver charges being manslaughter, thieving, and embezzlement. General Miles of course soon saw through their pretense of being prominent citizens, and they found it advisable to scatter, but not before one of them had donned a uniform, and employed his newly acquired authority for the furtherance of private ends.

The interpreters of the commission that we sent were not of the most savory reputation, but they were by odds better than the army's earlier associates. One of those worthies belonged to a prominent Porto Rican family, had studied in the United States, and while here had been naturalized. Returning to Porto Rico, he took an active part in the politics of the island, joining the Puros and opposing Rivera with fervid vehemence. Whenever he was threatened by his enemies, he would throw himself back upon his American citizenship. Some time before the outbreak of war, he was informed by our vice-consul in San Juan that, if arrested, he could expect no aid from the consulate, as he had forfeited his rights to American protection by mixing in the political affairs of a foreign country. The man left San Juan almost immediately, and taking residence in New York city remained there until the close of the war. While in New York, he represented himself as an

American citizen who had been obliged to leave Porto Rico, barely escaping with his life, because he had refused to join the volunteers and bear arms against the country of his adoption. Favored by the state of American feeling at the time, he received no little sympathy, and personal friends easily helped him to obtain the position of interpreter to the commission.

Now, this particular man is by no means a bad fellow, as Porto Ricans go; personally, he is rather pleasing. But his history affords a clear demonstration of the errors into which the Americans are apt to fall, — errors which are practically unavoidable while our officials are under the necessity of acting upon partial information. I believe that the Spaniards have in many cases been surprised to find American citizens among imprisoned malcontents. I know of numerous instances in Porto Rico of ardent Spanish sympathizers who have astonished their friends by exhibiting naturalization certificates after the occupation of their district by the United States troops. I call to mind the owner of a foundry and machine shop, an officer of volunteers, engaged upon Spanish government contracts. When the Spanish work was finished, and the American about to begin, he promptly advanced his claim as an American citizen to preferment over alien competitors.

Such instances are beyond doubt representative. Few who are to-day enjoying American favor belong to the most worthy class. This is a matter of extreme seriousness. Above and beyond the comparatively petty consideration as to whether we are rewarding according to merit is the effect of this spectacle upon the people at large. When Porto Ricans see us so easily "buncoed" by men whom they have ostracized, their opinion of us must suffer. This already begins to appear. As I was sitting one day in the rotunda of the Hotel Ingleterra, in San Juan, in company with Admiral Schley, an interpreter presented a fellow Porto Rican, whom the admiral received with his usual approachableness and courtesy. I afterward heard that the price of that introduction was five dollars!

The ridiculous affair at Fajardo, though in itself a matter of no great importance, affords a complete and picturesque illustration of the manner in which we Americans have been duped by the wily natives. At the beginning of the war, the more influential citizens of this little town were the most ardent Spaniards imaginable. I have seen letters from one of them, speaking of the defense Fajardo could be expected to make in the event of an American invasion. The unanimity with which they assured the Spanish officials of their determination to die rather than yield was inspiring. But when the monitors Amphitrite and Puritan anchored in the harbor, and sent a detachment of marines ashore to tend the Cape San Juan light, about five miles from the town, the aspect of affairs changed at once. These ardent Spaniards, foreseeing the American occupancy of the island, and having also an alluring vision of political preferment, waited upon the commander of the warships. Fajardo, they said, was ultra-American; its inhabitants burned to welcome their saviors, their friends, their brothers in the love of liberty. They, being the most prominent citizens, could rally round them nearly a thousand men, and would undertake, if furnished arms, to hold the town until the arrival of the United States troops. Nevertheless, as there were some twenty-five representatives of the Guardia Civile in Fajardo, the Americans would confer a favor by landing and driving them away.

Just what motives induced the commander of the expedition to assent to their proposition cannot now be determined. If any reliance was to be placed in their representations, he might have

considered it a shrewd move to annoy the enemy. As things fell out, he lost nothing but his colors, — the only American flag captured during the war. At all events, some marines were landed and marched up to the town, the twenty-five members of the Guardia Civile passing out on the other side. After considerable palaver, the American flag was raised and arms were given to the natives. Meanwhile, Governor-General Macias had been informed of the affair, and had dispatched about four hundred troops from Rio Grande, thirty miles away. When news of this came, Fajardo was thrown into pitiable confusion. The peons scattered to the hills. Their valiant leaders scampered to the lighthouse, — all but three, and those the most valued, who were taken aboard a warship in a condition of profound mental depression. As to their wives and families, the lighthouse was good enough for them; as to the American flag, it was left idly floating over the abandoned town for the incoming Spaniards to pull down and trail in the dust.

There was a fight that night. The entire Spanish force attacked the lighthouse, lost about eleven men in killed and wounded, and then retired. During the defense of the building, fourteen marines and one officer constituted the number actively engaged. All were Americans. The Porto Ricans lay huddled in the safest corner, having lost all desire to die for their beloved Americanos. The next day, the whole litter of patriots was bundled aboard ship and taken to Ponce, where they recovered fortitude, and commenced to estimate the fabulous sums which the Spanish government would give for their heads.

Having had an extended acquaintance with these people in Ponce, I went to Humacao shortly after the cessation of hostilities. The military governor of the district, Ubervilliers by name, was highly amused at my description of the refugee "insurgents" from Fajardo. He told me they were entirely at liberty to return unmolested, as they were too insignificant to invite Spanish vengeance. However, they did not return until after the 12th of September. During the interim, they contented themselves with writing their friends accounts of their intimacy with the American officials, and their assured prominence in the future government of the island.

This, you say, is all very trivial and unimportant. So it would be but for what it represents. The officers of our army and navy have shown an unfortunate even if natural disposition to put faith in these flamboyant enthusiasts, whose treachery, linked with vain expectations and their consequent disappointment, is likely to aggravate the difficulties of mild though firm control.

Beside the perplexities arising from native depravity and American indiscretion, we shall find ourselves confronted by an ugly assortment of problems relative to the civil administration of the island. It will be no easy task to undo the mischief wrought by centuries of Spanish misrule. A single instance of the intolerable abuses awaiting remedy at our hands is the present system of levying taxes. Once, in conversation with a wealthy native planter, I happened to speak of the methods in use here at home. He listened with unmistakable interest, and when I had finished he pressed me for further information. "Ah, yes, señor," said he, "I understand all you have said, but you leave out the main point. Tell me, *whom do you have to bribe?*"

Heretofore, in every village, one or more representatives of the Spanish conservative party have dominated local affairs. To them the government applied when information was wanted, and appointments were always made with respect to their wishes. In return, these petty autocrats were expected to keep a thumb on the pulse of public opinion, and

to stand ready at any time to do yeoman service for the cause of Spain.

The land taxes fell into two classes, the Madrid and the municipal. Under Spanish rule, every village was a municipality, and its taxes sustained the local government, paid a percentage to the district government, and supported numerous public officials and their friends. The Madrid taxes maintained the general government, supported the army, navy, and church of the island, and remitted a surplus to Spain. The chief power of the local autocrat came into play in the system of levying these various taxes. To show how the system operated, I will take for example a sugar estate. The value of the crop was sworn to by the owner. If he did not stand in the good graces of the officials, he was obliged to submit to an excessive valuation; on the other hand, if he was close to the local autocracy, he could represent his crop at half its worth. Official favoritism meant all the difference between wealth and bankruptcy.

Now, to the Porto Ricans their future taxation is the most important issue. A fair assessment on land, whether developed or not, is beyond their comprehension. They naturally wish to cultivate an intimacy with their new governors, and therein lies the opportunity of those who have obtained an acquaintance among the Americans.

Another problem before us is the policing of the island. The constabulary system of Spain was remarkably complete. Every municipality had its detachment of the Guardia Civile, whose business it was to be personally acquainted with the inhabitants. A member of the guard was judge, jury, and executioner combined, — efficient beyond comparison, — and yet his license to shoot any offender on refusal of surrender was open to tremendous abuse. Where the officer's deposition was sufficient evidence to justify such a shooting, the ordinary citizen was naturally reluctant to cross him. It speaks well for this picked corps of Spanish veterans that instances of summary shooting were extremely rare, only one having occurred in recent years. How well it speaks for the natives can be readily appreciated. Terrorized to the point of absolute obedience, the Porto Ricans have acquired an undeserved reputation as law-abiding citizens. Moreover, the system engendered a ferocious hatred, which is ready to spring into flame whenever the restraining fear is removed, as is shown by the recent outrages — murder and incendiarism — committed in the name of revenge.

Now that the two splendid organizations, the Guardia Civile and the Guardia del Ordon Publico, have been entirely removed, the problem is pressing. To be sure, it is contrary to our whole conception of military practice to send the private soldier to patrol the countryside, like a policeman "traveling" his beat. Yet without some visible reminders of governmental authority the native will consider himself unrestrained. If our system of county sheriffs is to be introduced, we must provide each sheriff with a posse of American deputies. The shrievalty in a native's hands is much more likely to be used as a means of revenge than as an instrument of justice. Perhaps the best possible solution would be the organization of a system of mounted police similar to that in South Africa or in the Canadian Northwest. Without some force other than that now existing, lynch law, with all its attendant evils, will probably be introduced by American adventurers.

Next to that for lighter taxation, the Porto Rican's chief prayer is for better roads. There are at present three classes of roads in the island: *carenteras del Rey*, or military highways, which are excellent; ordinary *carenteras*, which are but poor apologies for country roads; and bridle paths. Almost all the money devoted to road-building has been expended upon the first class of thorough-

fares. The ordinary country roads are sufficient in extent, but they are at times impassable. Fortunately, the island is not without resources to meet the expense of development in this respect. Spain has left Porto Rico with a clean sheet as regards indebtedness. If the seven military departments — Bayamon, Arecibo, Mayaguez, Ponce, Guayama, Humacao, and the island of Vieques — were organized similarly to our counties, they could float bonds and improve their own roads. Moreover, the Porto Ricans are justified in their demand for adequate highways. The present conditions are intolerable. It has been costing the sugar planters around Juncos more than six pesos to haul a hogshead of sugar (whose gross value is but forty-five pesos) downhill, some twelve or thirteen miles to the seaboard.

Another problem of urgent importance, and one which cannot be solved without incidental injustice to somebody, is that of exchange. In 1894 Spain coined provincial money to take the place of the Mexican dollars until then in circulation. The new peso, or dollar, weighed but four hundred grains, as against four hundred and twenty grains in the Mexican dollar, and four hundred and twelve grains in the American. The government proceeded to fix the value of the Mexican coin at but ninety-five per cent of that of the new peso, and set a date on which the legality of the former as tender was to cease. The total amount of this issue was six million pesos, of which sum the Spanish government made ten per cent by the transaction. This debased currency will now have to be demonetized, and the rate at which demonetization shall be effected is a source of no little speculation to the natives.

Whoever undertakes this task must bear in mind a few considerations which are of prime importance to the island as a whole. Most of the ready money, probably three fourths of it, is to-day in the hands of the Spaniards. Spain long ago announced her intention of making the Porto Rican provincial coinage legal tender in the mother country at ninety-five per cent, which meant that the government owned a large amount of it, and saw no other way of getting rid of it. Now, all the governmental money, and large sums belonging to the Spanish officials and wealthy residents whose past record has made them afraid to stay in the country, will, of course, leave the island. Porto Rico will consequently be subjected to a money famine for some time. If, however, the rate of exchange is fixed at such a figure as to give an inflated value to the provincial money, all the outgoings will consist of American gold and will be of much larger volume, with the result that, though the provincial money will be more plentiful, the Americans will lose by having to exchange it at an inflated value two, three, perhaps even five times over. Most of the natives argue that if the United States government really has the good of the island at heart, it should accept their native currency peso for dollar, recouping itself for the initial outlay by a process of gradual taxation. It is a little difficult, however, to understand why the United States should make up to the Porto Ricans what they have lost by Spanish dishonesty and extortion.

Still further difficulties await us in the religious affairs of Porto Rico. The natives are nominally Roman Catholics, the Protestant church at Ponce being the only one of its kind on the island. But to the Porto Ricans the priest has been better known as a temporal oppressor than as a spiritual guide. Paid by the state, he performed his duties pretty much as he pleased. All Porto Rican mothers are eager enough to have their children baptized, but few of the natives seek the marriage ceremony, the lower classes preferring the economy of primitive savages. Nor is there much reason to hope for improvement under the new régime. With the outgoing of Spanish government,

there is absolutely no means of support for the Catholic Church; and I do not think that any Protestant denomination would succeed much better financially just at present. The peons regard the Church as part and parcel of the Spanish system, and they include it in their violent hatred of all things Castilian. They possess at best but little religious sentiment or principle, making up for it in superstition. That the clergy now in the island, many of whom are vicious, dissolute men, could or would assume the task of bringing these degenerates into a state of moral order is out of the question. If our Irish Catholic clergy could be substituted for them, the condition would be greatly improved. Yet even they could expect no adequate support from the natives.

Now, for all these national embarrassments which we have accepted, what reward do we reap? A strategic position in a possible series of future naval operations. There lies a palpable gain. But the foremost consideration is commercial. What, then, are the opportunities for American capital, American brains, and American energy, in this new possession of ours?

It is the easiest thing in the world to assert in a by and large way that the island is open for development. It is not so easy to determine the exact lines on which such development might be profitably directed. The bald statement that Porto Rico is destitute of railways, docks, trolley lines, good roads, — in a word, destitute of the machinery of commerce and convenience, — is enough to arouse the lively interest of American capitalists. Yet the operators of such machinery must draw their revenues from the small spendings of large numbers; and though Porto Rico is thickly populated, only the rich (or between one and two per cent of its people) can be relied upon to spend money for railway tickets, or for illuminating gas, or for electric lights, or for any other such luxury.

When the American workman, earning a dollar and a half a day, pays five cents twice daily for transportation, he is expending six and two thirds per cent of his wages. A Porto Rican of the same relative wealth is earning but fifty cents (Spanish), and would have to spend forty per cent of his earnings if his nickels were reduced to a gold basis. Undoubtedly, the peons will become richer, but until they do they will rarely ride. Arrangements have been completed to build a trolley road from Ponce to its port, or *playa*. The financial prospects of the undertaking are instructive. In war time, when the number of stage-coaches had been doubled because of the increased traffic due to the presence of the American army, some twenty vehicles filled all the requirements. These coaches carried passengers for one real, or six and a quarter cents (American), and made about three trips daily. Consequently, if the new road takes in fifty dollars in gold a day, it will be doing all that can be expected.

Ponce has also a gas plant. During the war it was closed for lack of fuel, and it has not yet resumed operations. It has a capacity of twenty thousand cubic feet, and when once the holder was full the works shut down for a couple of days. That this should have been possible in a city of forty thousand inhabitants is a sufficient commentary upon the advisability of inaugurating municipal enterprises in Porto Rico.

It would be impossible for a steam railroad to penetrate to the centre of the island without enormous expense for construction. If the island were encircled, the road would be some three hundred miles long. Suppose that this road handled every ton of goods exported, and hauled its freights an average distance of one hundred miles; also suppose that it handled an equal amount of importation tonnage: the traffic would then

reach a total of twenty-five million ton-miles. If the almost prohibitive rate of three cents a ton-mile were received, the aggregate yearly freight revenue would be seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or ten per cent of the cost of the railroad, — and this upon the assumption that the road could be constructed for twenty-five thousand dollars a mile.

The situation becomes clearer when we compare these conditions with the figures of productive railroad enterprise in America. In 1867, in the United States, 1.925 cents were received for freight per ton-mile; in 1877 the rate was 1.286 cents; in 1887 it became .984 of a cent; and in 1896 the fraction was further reduced to .806. Moreover, the average cost of construction has been above sixty thousand dollars per mile. Yet even with our gratuitous assumptions in favor of the Porto Rican undertaking, we find that its income would be extremely low. No American road receives less than fifteen per cent, if it pays dividends. We must note also that the receipts from passenger traffic in this country are equal to about half those received from freight charges, — a condition which is an impossibility in Porto Rico. A freight aggregate of two hundred and fifty thousand tons will seem a small amount to supply a million people, but the actual freight taken from place to place in Porto Rico last year was probably less than fifty thousand tons. In all such calculations as this, it must be remembered that the products of the tropics are relatively large in value and small in weight.

The supreme opportunity for Americans in Porto Rico lies, not in the development of modern facilities, but in the tillage of the soil. The agricultural methods at present employed are extremely crude and wasteful. The full productive capacity of the island has never been reached. Beside the two main staples, there are inviting possibilities in cocoa, pineapples (fresh and canned), dried cocoanut meat, bayberry leaves, and a thousand other products. Still, the chief importance must always attach to coffee and sugar. Coffee may be grown on any of the hill lands. Labor is cheap, particularly agricultural labor. The field workers have been receiving a daily stipend of fifteen cents in gold, and in addition a half pound of *bacalao*, or salt codfish, and two plantains. The consequent cost of production has been a little over three dollars and a half per hundredweight, the coffee selling for from twelve to fourteen dollars in gold. Yet, when business is conducted on a gold basis, the laborers' wages will be approximately doubled; so the percentage of profit will be materially diminished. On the other hand, a tree now produces about one pound annually, while English growers in other tropical countries have increased the yield to eight pounds, by proper tilth and by recourse to such well-known agricultural devices as "topping," of which the Porto Ricans are still ignorant.

The raising of sugar costs the native planter about two and a half cents a pound. He gets only a little more than a ton to the acre, while its cultivation takes forty dollars. The best extraction on the island secures but seventy-two per cent of the cane in juice, and about eight and a half per cent in sugar. The Porto Rican ploughs his land with four yoke of oxen and five men, the labor alone costing him five and a half dollars an acre, and he plants his cane with spades, at an expense of seven dollars. Compare this with what *can* be done! An increase to twelve per cent extraction and a yield of four tons of sugar by the mere introduction of modern machinery; proper selection of canes for seed, thus increasing the sucrose contents of the juice from eight degrees Baumé to eleven; ploughing with a tandem plough, cutting three inches deeper than the kind now employed, at only a dollar and seventy-five cents for labor per acre; increasing the yield of cane thirty or forty per cent

by a little judicious manuring, — here are possibilities that mean wealth to American investors, and unexampled prosperity to the island of Porto Rico.

The news of General Henry's recent measures brings with it great hopes for the future. He has but lately dissolved the island Cabinet with Rivera at its head, and in future will do the work with Americans. He has divided the lands, according to their value, into three classes, and fixed an equable rate of taxation for each. He is organizing an American police force for San Juan, and promises to extend its functions over the whole island when its organization is perfected. Such measures are not only eminently just in themselves, but indicate a thorough knowledge of the conditions with which he has to deal.

William V. Pettit.

SOME ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

Lord Kelvin once observed "that no real advance could be made in any branch of physical science until practical methods for a numerical reckoning of phenomena were established." [1] The same remark applies with equal pertinence to social science. We can make no advance until we can measure our phenomena in such a way as to be able to institute fair comparisons between different times, different places, different classes of individuals.

It was for the realization of some such thought that the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem was originally organized, and it is in this spirit that it has been prosecuting its work for the past six years. The use of alcoholic drinks has produced physical, social, economic, moral, and political evils of such magnitude that all recognize their existence, and a large body of devoted persons give much time to fighting these evils in various ways. And yet, in spite of the mass of literature upon the subject, it cannot be said that we have any considerable body of information which commands the confidence of impartial minds. It was in the hope of contributing toward the world's fund of accurate knowledge upon this subject, though not in the expectation of giving final results in any one department, that the Committee of Fifty undertook its work. One of its sub-committees published in 1897 a report upon the legislative aspects of the case, a summary of which, by President Eliot, was printed in The Atlantic Monthly for February, 1897. The Physiological Sub-Committee has been carrying on experiments and investigations in a number of the biological laboratories of the country, the results of which may be given to the public before long. Other committees are at work upon other phases of the subject, and the Economic Sub-Committee has just completed an investigation into some of the economic aspects of the problem, which will soon be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That there is a demand for the kind of information which this sub-committee hopes to give is shown by the numerous attempts which have been made in the past to supply it. As far back as 1839, de Gerando published the much-quoted statement that 75 per cent of the cases of pauperism in the United States were due to drink. He referred for proof to the New York Observer, vol. vi., and to the Christian Almanack for 1824; but a

[1] Quoted from a report, in Nature, vol. xxviii. p. 91, of a lecture delivered May 3, 1883, before the Institution of Civil Engineers.

careful search in both of these authorities has failed to yield the least justification, or even suggestion, of this fraction. More recently, Mr. Boies, in his excellent work entitled Prisoners and Paupers, has not only given confident estimates of the amount of criminality, pauperism, and insanity caused by alcohol, but has endeavored to charge up against alcohol the losses for which it is responsible. He has even added a touch of the dramatic to his argument by clothing it in the form of a court record, in which Alcohol is summoned before the "Court of Public Welfare of the People of the United States," to show cause why he should not be fined $289,984,000 on account of the damage inflicted upon the people. This figure is arrived at by multiplying three fourths of the number of prisoners and one half of the number of paupers and insane in the United States, as returned in the census of 1890, by $2000; this sum being taken to represent the capitalized value of each individual who becomes a public burden. In this trial a good deal of testimony is introduced by the prosecution, and many persons are quoted as giving estimates of the amount of crime, pauperism, and insanity due to drink; but the prisoner presents no testimony on his own behalf, and is "dumb before the court."

If Mr. Boies had really appreciated the magnitude of the liquor interest, he would at once have recognized the artistic mistake of introducing so opulent a prisoner into his allegory unaccompanied by eminent and learned counsel. Even a lawyer's apprentice might have made some such reply as the following. There is no evidence that three fourths of the crime of the country are due to alcohol alone. Alcohol appears as the first of several causes in but 31 per cent. We should therefore reduce the number of criminals whose value figures in the bill to 26,539 at the most. Of the almshouse population, not 50 per cent, but at most 37 per cent, have come to their poverty through the use of liquor, either directly or indirectly. This fact cuts down the number of paupers appearing in the bill to 27,026. If we take for the insane the Massachusetts figures, in the absence of any general investigation, we have at the most but 39 per cent, including the "not ascertained" cases which by any possibility could be charged to liquor. This reduces the insane in the bill to 38,039, and the aggregate of the three classes ruined through liquor to 91,604. On Mr. Boies's own estimate of $2000 apiece, the bill ought not to exceed $183,208,000. But Alcohol already pays toward the support of the government $183,000,000 a year, so that it pays in a single year almost exactly the capitalized value of its victims. Or if, to put the comparison in a simpler form, we take Mr. Boies's estimate of the annual loss of productivity of these persons as $200 per capita, and compare that with the annual contribution of the prisoner toward the expenses of the state, we see that while the annual loss would be $18,320,800, the annual contribution of Alcohol toward the expenses of the government is actually ten times that amount.

These figures are given, not for the sake of criticising a meritorious book, but to show the great difficulty of establishing any kind of a balance sheet, with our present knowledge. In spite of the many figures already published, we have not yet gained enough accurate information to enable us to establish even a tentative balance sheet. For while we have found it necessary to reduce Mr. Boies's percentages, and thus his total bill against liquor, by a large amount, certain other items, which are quite beyond the power of any one to calculate, should be added to it in order to make it complete. We should first of all add the burden thrown upon private charities by liquor, and for this sum we have not even approximate figures. We should also add the loss of productivity of those who may not become public charges at all, but who

are serious burdens upon their own families. We shall perhaps never be able to get more than a vague estimate of this sum. We must therefore give up the seductive but delusive idea of showing the total cost of alcohol to the country.

Yet some progress has been made, and though our knowledge is still fragmentary, several additions of much value have been recently made to it. Besides the Twelfth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, published in 1881, and the figures of the eleventh census, which have a bearing upon this subject, a very full and valuable report was issued in 1896, by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, on The Relations of the Liquor Traffic to Pauperism, Crime, and Insanity in that state. In 1897 the Federal Department of Labor published the results of an investigation made by it into a number of economic questions connected with liquor. Lastly, we shall soon have the report of the Economic Sub-Committee of the Committee of Fifty. The chairman of this committee was originally President Francis A. Walker, who served it with characteristic interest and enthusiasm until his death in 1897. The committee at present consists of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, as chairman; Dr. Z. R. Brockway, director of the Elmira Reformatory; Dr. John Graham Brooks, of Cambridge; Dr. E. R. L. Gould, of New York; Professor J. F. Jones, of Marietta; and the writer of this paper, who has acted as its secretary from the beginning. The active work of the committee has been conducted, since 1896, by Mr. John Koren, who was one of the two authors of The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects. In the pages that follow, an attempt will be made to show what light is thrown by these three reports upon the liquor question.

In general, it may be said that the investigation of the Department of Labor contributes items for the credit side of Alcohol's account, while the reports of the Committee of Fifty and of the Massachusetts Bureau give items for the debit side. The Department of Labor has carefully investigated the amount of produce which goes into the production of various kinds of alcoholic liquor, the value of the product, the capital invested, the number of persons employed, and the amount contributed as taxes toward the expenses of government. Most of these statistics apply to the year of the investigation, 1896; others apply to the census year, 1890. They are not strictly comparable, therefore, but together they present an imposing picture of the amount of human activity spent upon the production and sale of liquor, and of the aggregate wealth represented by that product.

The different grains alone entering into the production of various liquors in 1896 amounted to 58,000,000 bushels. In comparison with the total consumption of the country, the production of alcoholic drinks used up .93 per cent of the corn, 11 per cent of the rye, and 40 per cent of the barley. The total capital invested was estimated at over $957,000,000, of which 59 per cent was found in the retail trade exclusively, and 15 per cent in the retail combined with some other business. The value of the product for 1896 was not given, but the census figures show that in 1890 the total was estimated at over $289,000,000, of which $182,000,000 represent the value of malt liquors, $104,000,000 that of distilled liquors, and $2,800,000 that of vinous liquors.

Such a large product — and it was doubtless larger in 1896 than in 1890 — must have employed the activity of a good many persons. An exact census of the whole country was not made by the Department of Labor, but an estimate based upon a careful canvass of a limited area is published in the report, and this shows that there were 191,519 proprietors of establishments interested

in the various forms of the liquor traffic, employing 241,755 persons. In some cases but a part of the time of the employees was given to the liquor traffic in itself. It was estimated that if their entire time had been given, 172,931 persons, mostly of the male sex, would have been employed. Taking this figure and adding it to the number of proprietors, we learn as a result that the liquor traffic sufficed to give support to over 364,000 bread-winners; and if we assume that each of these maintains on the average a family of four persons, we have a sum total of 1,800,000 persons supported by the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, entirely apart from the farmers who produce the raw material, the transportation agencies which carry it, and the owners of real estate who draw rents from it. If this population were spread out over New England, it would suffice to people the states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut as densely as they were peopled in 1890, and would send eight Senators to the United States Senate.

The value of this interest is fully appreciated by the government, and the total revenue collected from it by the federal government, states, counties, and cities in 1896 was over $183,000,000. This traffic, therefore, not only supports a large number of people and furnishes a market for 58,000,000 bushels of agricultural products, but also contributes toward the expenses of government a sum larger than the entire cost of managing the federal government before the civil war, and as much as its ordinary expenditures, excluding interest on the public debt, in most of the twenty years following.

It is unfortunate that we are not able to compare the value of the liquor product with the amount paid in taxation in the same year. Even allowing for a considerable increase in the liquor product for 1896, it would appear that the tax forms a large element in its value. The liquor trade is thus seen to be a machine for contributing taxes to the various governments, — and a highly efficient machine, if we look simply at the immediate results. In 1896 it furnished more than was furnished by the customs duties or any other single item of federal revenue. It has therefore come to play an important part both in the creation of individual wealth and in the support of the government.

How far is this economic force delusive? How far is the wealth created calculated to destroy rather than to increase the well-being of mankind? In order to answer this question, we must turn to the report of the Committee of Fifty, and study that part of it which relates to poverty and crime. The investigation of these topics was not easy. Both pauperism and crime present peculiar difficulties of their own, which beset the path and even baffle the ingenuity of the statistician.

In studying pauperism, we are met at once by the familiar experience that it is not always easy to answer with a simple "yes" or "no" the question, "Is the poverty of an individual due to the use of liquor?" In many cases several causes coöperate. The use of stimulants may have intensified the natural laziness of the individual, or it may have brought on sickness, or it may have led to a premature senility. And it may be difficult to state whether the poverty should be attributed to liquor in all of these cases, or to laziness, sickness, and old age respectively. It may be possible in the future to devise some satisfactory method of combining different causes. Indeed, such methods have been suggested. But in the absence of any recognized statistical device for representing all phases of a complex subject, it seemed wiser simply to ask the question as it is ordinarily asked, it being understood that liquor was to be given as a cause of poverty only when it appeared so prominently in the life history of the individual con-

cerned that any reasonable person would have no hesitation in attributing the poverty to liquor as the predominant factor in the case.

The investigation of crime presents even greater difficulties. In studying this subject, it seemed unwise, indeed impossible, to put the question in so simple a form. Crime implies an intentional act; poverty is only an economic condition. To account for an intentional act, we must know the motives which led to it; and the motives of men are almost always the result of many influences. In the case of criminals, therefore, we did not merely ask the question whether liquor was or was not *the* cause of the crime, but we also asked whether it figured as a first, second, or third cause, and how it compared in importance with lack of industrial training and unfavorable environment. The resulting tabulation was, consequently, more intricate in the case of crime than in the case of poverty, and hence it is not so easy to determine exactly what share liquor has played in causing crime. We believe, however, that the matter is represented as simply as the circumstances of the case permit. It goes without saying that, in such an investigation, it would be illogical to include under the term "crime" offenses which consist in the use of liquor itself or in a violation of liquor laws. The investigation of the committee was confined to state's prisons and reformatories, and shows the effect of liquor in causing the more serious crimes against persons and property, commonly known as felonies. We did not endeavor to investigate liquor habits. People often confuse the liquor habits of the inmates of institutions with the cause of their poverty or depravity. This is an obvious mistake. A person may be a drunkard, and yet have committed a crime upon which his habits had no influence; or a man may be only a moderate or occasional drinker as a matter of habit, and yet have committed some impulsive crime when exceptionally under the influence of alcohol.

In the study of pauperism and crime alike, we could not canvass the entire country owing to the great expense. We could only take samples here and there. Thus, the influence of liquor upon poverty and destitution was tested by a careful inquiry into the cases treated by 33 charity organization societies, 60 almshouses, and 11 societies and schools for the care of destitute children. Over 52,000 such cases were studied. The figures for crime are based upon the study of over 13,000 convicts, confined in 17 prisons and reformatories, distributed throughout 12 states. But while we cannot present totals for the whole country, it is believed that the cases studied are representative, and that averages based upon them may be applied to the United States without serious error. Great care was taken in the selection of those through whom the information was first gathered. The investigations were not undertaken by a single enumerator, or a group of enumerators, sent out to question the paupers and prisoners, nor in turn did we rely upon the formal records of institutions. In every case, some one intimately associated with the persons concerned — often the chaplain or warden of a prison, or the superintendent of an almshouse, or the secretary of a charity organization society — undertook, by a careful study of the individual circumstances, to answer our questions. As only those institutions and societies were asked to cooperate in which it was possible to secure the aid of some one who was at once interested, intelligent, and impartial, it is believed that the highest confidence can be placed in their returns.

If we now ask what this inquiry yielded, the first answer to be made is that it teaches us the danger of mere estimates or guesswork, and also the futility of making broad generalizations about such matters. We found that the figures

differed considerably in different parts of the country, according to the industrial character of the population and its nationality. We also found a marked difference between the inmates of almshouses and the applicants of the charity organization societies. It appeared, moreover, that it is of the first importance to know, what has rarely been asked in previous inquiries, whether liquor was a direct or an indirect cause of the poverty in question. In the case of the clients of the charity organization societies, we found that 18 per cent owed their poverty to the personal use of liquor, and that 9 per cent could trace it to the intemperance of others, especially of husbands, parents, or guardians. As in some instances both these causes contributed, the aggregate number of cases which were due, directly and indirectly, to the liquor habit was somewhat less than the percentage obtained by adding these two percentages together, and amounted to 25 per cent. In the case of the almshouses, the liquor habit played a much larger part. In over 32 per cent of the paupers studied their condition was found to be due to the personal use of liquor, while in over 8 per cent it was due to the intemperate habits of others. In all, 37 per cent of the cases could be traced to liquor in one way or the other. These figures are considerably smaller than the vague estimates made by such people as de Gerando, but they are also considerably higher than the figures obtained from the printed reports of societies, or than the figures based upon the liquor habits of paupers. Fortunately, our confidence in their general accuracy is confirmed by the results of the investigation made by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, and published in its Twenty-Sixth Annual Report. This showed that in Massachusetts alone about 39 per cent of the paupers in almshouses had been brought to their condition by the personal use of liquor; and that 10 per cent, some of whom may have been included in the 39 per cent, had come there through the intemperate habits of parents, guardians, or others. As the figures for individual charity organization societies in Massachusetts show a larger percentage of poverty due to liquor than the average obtained for the United States, it is to be expected that the almshouses of Massachusetts will likewise show a percentage above the general average. These figures, therefore, by the mere fact that they are somewhat higher than our general average, confirm our belief in the reliability of our investigation. The highest percentage of destitution due to liquor is naturally found in the case of the societies for the rescue of children; the fault here being, not on the part of the children themselves, but on the part of their natural guardians. Not less than 45 per cent of the cases investigated were found to involve liquor as a cause of the destitution of children.

If we consider the different classes of the poor which go to make up these general percentages, we find a great diversity. The males uniformly show a much larger percentage of poverty due directly to liquor than the females; but the latter, as might be expected, show many more cases due to the intemperate habits of others. The women and children are the greatest sufferers from the intemperate habits of those who should be their bread-winners and protectors.

A study of nationalities likewise shows a great diversity, but it is a diversity in which the different nationalities almost invariably keep the same rank. Thus, whether we study the paupers in almshouses or the applicants for aid from the charity organization societies, the Irish yield the largest percentage of cases due to liquor; the Italians, Russians, Austrians, and Poles, the smallest. Between these two extremes the native-born Americans fall midway, being, as a rule, more addicted to liquor than the Germans and Scandinavians, but less so than the English, Canadians, and Scotch. The colored

race, however, as compared with the white, shows a good record. Uniformly, the Negroes return fewer cases of poverty and pauperism due to liquor than the whites. The tables of the report distinguish still other classes, grouped according to the political condition and the nativity of parents. Each group has its own characteristics, the naturalized citizens making, as a rule, an unfavorable showing as compared with the citizens born on the one hand, and the aliens on the other. These figures and the figures regarding parent nativity, giving as they do percentages for various combinations, offer much food for thought, but cannot be quoted at length within the limits of this paper.

The study of criminals is beset with peculiar difficulties, from the very nature of the case. Of the 13,402 whose life histories were studied for our report, it appeared that their crime stood in some direct or indirect connection with liquor in 50 per cent; but in only 31 per cent of the cases was liquor set down as the first cause; in the others it was simply contributory, but was not the principal outward circumstance inducing the crime. These figures indicate that many of the current guesses regarding the effect of liquor upon crime are exaggerated as far as they apply to offenses which do not in themselves involve liquor as a necessary element. The complexity of the subject, however, precludes the possibility of making any exact computation of that part of the cost of supporting criminals which is occasioned by the use of liquor; 50 per cent, or even 31 per cent, of the total would probably be excessive.

While the greater part of the report of the Economic Sub-Committee is devoted to the statistical study of pauperism and crime, other topics are also taken up. Among them, special investigations are made of the influence of liquor upon the Indians and upon the Negroes of the South, and the result of this latter investigation confirms at all points the statistical figures already quoted. These studies, made on the spot by persons especially familiar with Negro life, and especially competent to form an opinion, indicate that the liquor habit is not the worst vice of the Negroes, and that, on the whole, it is much less prevalent among them than among the whites.

One chapter of the report deals with the saloon as a factor in the social life of the city. A generation ago, Charles Loring Brace pointed out the peculiar position occupied by the saloon in large cities, and the manner in which it caters to the social needs of the man who works with his hands. "The liquor shop is his picture gallery, club, reading room, and social *salon* at once."[1]

Investigations made by well-qualified correspondents of the committee in several large cities (New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco) confirm this observation. The saloon naturally varies with the character and nationality of the population which surrounds it, and with the city in which it is located; but that it supplies many wants besides the craving for intoxicants is seen in the fact that saloons flourish even among such races as the Jews, who are exceptionally temperate in the use of stimulants.

The report of the Committee of Fifty contents itself with presenting facts. From what has been said of its plan and purpose, it is evident that the time has not come for it to give any utterance with regard to practical ways and means; nor does the writer feel that enough is known to justify him in expressing, personally and unofficially, an opinion respecting the relative efficacy of the different methods of combating intemperance.

The facts presented, however, do warrant the belief that a careful study of the purely economic aspects of the subject must be of value to practical work-

[1] The Dangerous Classes of New York, 1872, p. 64.

ers. That such an investigation is expected to be useful is seen from the generous readiness with which persons engaged in the practical work of philanthropy and the care of criminals and paupers have assisted in collecting material for the report. And while this does not deal with specific ways and means, it does point out certain economic forces which should be taken account of in all practical measures. The magnitude of the liquor interest is in itself of importance, as showing the force which is sure to be opposed to any radical proposals which aim at complete prohibition. It would obviously be impossible, suddenly and in a short time, to wipe out a trade which supports 1,800,000 persons, and involves a capital of $957,000,000. It is not surprising that those whose livelihood is connected with this business should resist to the uttermost such attempts. Even the farmers, who sell 58,000,000 bushels of produce, have a considerable interest in the matter, as well as the landowners who rent buildings, and the railroads and steamboats which furnish transportation. There is no reason, however, to suppose that those who live by this traffic would not be quite as willing to take up some other enterprise, if it offered the same profits and the same opportunities for employment. Any measure, therefore, that is aimed at the liquor traffic will improve its chances of success if it can, at the same time, create a new field of employment for those who will inevitably be thrown out of work by the restriction of the consumption of alcohol.

Our committee has not entered into this investigation in detail, for lack of time; but it is obvious that such means of amusement as the bicycle, the camera, and most out-of-door sports are important competitors of the saloon, and that the producers of these articles constitute a part of the economic force directly opposed to the liquor traffic. In a sense, the interests of the producers of light drinks are opposed to those of the producers of heavy drinks, and, as shown by the figures of the Department of Labor, they are greater. The total product of distilled liquors in 1890 was $104,000,000, while that of malt liquors was $182,000,000; and this interest is constantly growing, as may be seen from the figures giving the consumption of malt liquors and distilled liquors for a period of years. While the consumption of the latter is estimated to have fallen since 1840 from 2.52 gallons per capita to 1 gallon, that of the former has risen from 1.36 to 15.16 gallons. This tendency has been quite marked within the past few years. Thus, from 1891 to 1896 there was a considerable falling off in the consumption of distilled spirits, with practically no increase in the consumption of malt liquors.

The increase in the use of lager beer is regarded by many persons as a dangerous symptom; and Mr. Boies, putting together the figures which show the increase in its consumption and the figures which show the increase in crime, and arguing *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, infers that one is the cause of the other. It is, however, quite proper to point out, in reply to this argument, that the greater part of beer (from 83 to 95 per cent) consists of water, and only a very small part of alcohol. The analyses made by Professor Chittenden of malt liquors consumed in the United States show the percentage of alcohol to vary from 8.9 per cent to .67 per cent; the smaller figure is probably nearer the truth, for the bulk of the cheap beer consumed in our country, than the larger one. Now, it is undoubtedly the alcohol, and not the water in the beer, that produces intoxication, and leads in some cases to pauperism and crime. Even assuming the alcohol in beer to average 4 per cent, it would still be true that the consumption of alcohol per capita has been steadily falling. Whatever one may think of the effect of beer in itself, therefore, and

of the present amount of poverty and crime due to liquor, our progress seems at least to have been in the right direction.

But there are other economic forces which work unequivocally and intentionally in the direction of moderation. All employers of labor have a direct concern in the soberness of their employees; and in certain enterprises, in which the disasters due to negligence may be great, such as railroad and steamboat transportation and many manufactures, this interest has already led them to exercise a strong pressure in favor of sobriety among those who work for them. The investigation made by the Department of Labor into this matter is most suggestive. Circulars were addressed by it to large employers of labor throughout the country. Many circulars, as usually happens, were unanswered; but over 7000 establishments, employing 1,700,000 persons, took the trouble to reply. In transportation lines alone 713 employers replied, representing 458,000 employees. Of those who answered the specific inquiry regarding liquor, 5363 reported that means were taken to ascertain the habits of employees, and 1794 stated that they prohibited, either in whole or in part, the use of intoxicating drinks by their employees. In very few of these cases did the motive of philanthropy or public spirit seem to count for much. Sobriety was insisted upon from motives of pure self-interest. Of those who restricted their employees, only 28 gave as their reason, "to make good example for their employees;" 2, "to guard against temptation;" and 2, "for the good of employees." In the large majority of cases, the object was either to prevent accident, or to secure better work, closer economy, or stricter accountability in positions of trust. The increasing refinement and precision of machinery, the higher speed at which it is run, the greater intensity with which people work, the immense responsibility often placed upon a single man, render a clear head and steady nerves an absolute necessity in many trades, and their number is constantly increasing. In the employers of labor, therefore, the advocates of temperance find another powerful economic interest which can be enlisted on their side.

But the employees, too, have special interests, apart from the desire to retain their places and earn good wages, which make for temperance. The development of labor organizations, and the increase in their power and responsibilities, have given them a strong incentive to watch the habits of their members. A great change has taken place in their practice in this respect. In the early part of the century, drinking was incorporated in the rules and regulations of some of the societies as a regular institution; the place of meeting was commonly in a public house; the rations of grog were a privilege, the withdrawal of which might involve a strike. But the unions can no longer afford to subject their members to this temptation. The magnitude of their financial operations necessitates the election of temperate men to the higher offices, while the development of an elaborate system of insurance benefits gives each member a direct interest in the sobriety of his fellows. No member of a union likes to see his contributions, which he has laboriously saved from small earnings, squandered in the support of a drinking fellow member.

The importance of conciliating public opinion during strikes furnishes another powerful motive for maintaining temperance in the unions. The result is that already many by-laws and rules of our larger unions contain special clauses inculcating moderation. In some cases, no steps are to be taken to reinstate a man discharged on account of drunkenness; in other cases, a man is excluded from the union who engages in the liquor traffic; in still others, men are

fined who attend meetings in an intoxicated condition; while, in very many cases, any person who loses his work, falls sick, or meets with an accident on account of the use of liquor is excluded from the benefits which he would otherwise enjoy. The Trades and Labor Council of Fort Wayne, Indiana, goes so far as to provide that "the Council shall never, on any occasion where it is giving a demonstration, celebration, excursion, picnic, ball, or entertainment of any description, sell intoxicating liquors itself, or grant the privilege to sell intoxicating liquors to any person or persons, firm, society, or company." Here is another economic force, already powerful and constantly growing, which is committed to moderation, and which might perhaps be reinforced and stimulated to greater activity.

The importance of this interest is recognized by many trade-union leaders, such as John Burns, who is a teetotaler, Samuel Gompers, and others. Mr. Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, in a letter to the writer says: "I think I could convince you or any one that trade unions have done more to instill temperate habits, not only in drink, but in all things, among the workers, than all other agencies combined."

An economic interest allied to that of the trade unions is found in the numerous and powerful fraternal orders of the country. At a congress held at Baltimore in November, 1898, delegates were present who represented a membership of over 2,000,000. According to the reports then made, there were benefit certificates in force at the end of the year amounting to over $33,000,000,000, and $34,000,000 had been distributed during the year to disabled members and beneficiaries of deceased members. We have here another powerful social influence on the side of moderation. It is true that all life insurance companies have a direct interest in the sobriety of their policy holders. The peculiarity of the trade unions and of the fraternal societies is that this pecuniary interest is represented, not by a soulless corporation, but by the friends, neighbors, and fellow workers of the insured themselves. We not only have the economic interest, but we also have the means of social pressure, which is a factor of very great moment in such matters.

Since the early part of the century, when temperance societies began to be formed, there has been a strong moral movement in the United States and in other countries, directed against the evils of the liquor habit. In many cases the arm of the law has been invoked, and this has resulted in an elaborate, complicated, and constantly changing body of liquor legislation. The facts set forth in this paper give us a partial view of some economic forces which, in the evolution of society, have come to stand for moderation, and suggest that the moral agencies of reform may yet find in purely economic elements their most powerful allies.

Henry W. Farnam.

IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

II. EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

In the history of our civic progress, the problems that may be grouped under the head of education early had the advantage of harmonious treatment. The public schools gave a unity to educational effort that was slow in asserting itself in philanthropic endeavor. With the sentiment chiseled on one of the sides of the Boston Public Library, "The Commonwealth requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty," the public school system has grown, till no American community is too small or too poor to have its schoolhouse, no city district so rich and cultivated as not to need one. All other educational movements dovetail into it. But it sometimes seems as if the excellence of the idea and the magnitude of the machine had dazed us, for we stand aside to watch the wheels go round, with a strange sense of individual irresponsibility. We talk proudly and bravely, and let local shortcomings grow into common abuses. We do more to supplement the work of the public school than to improve it; and now no problem in the field of civic education is more urgent than reform of the school system by the personal interest of parents.

Fortunately, public spirit is turning to this fundamental problem. In a few cities, the curious spectacle is presented of the teachers summoning the parents to come to the schools and offer criticisms. And these invitations are accepted. In Brooklyn, for instance, in the winter of 1898, it was not unusual for the school halls to be crowded by parents who came in hundreds. But in a number of cities the abuses in the schools have been such as to invite, with a very direct invitation, more vigorous measures. A recent illustration is afforded in Buffalo. A school association was formed. In June, 1896, it appointed a visiting committee, who, at a public meeting in March, 1898, presented a report that was a severe arraignment for bad sanitation and overcrowding, and later published the report in press and pamphlet. Within three years similar investigations have been carried on at Boston, Cleveland, New Haven, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and San Francisco. In Cleveland, where several basements were found to be utilized as schoolrooms, a committee of the common council investigated the matter, and made a rousing statement. In Chicago, an educational commission was recently appointed by Mayor Harrison, which, after studying the school systems of various cities and consulting leading educators, recommended changes and offered suggestions for the management of the schools. In New York, the Public Education Association, composed of women, called a conference, a year ago, of similar associations in other cities, with such success that another congress is to be held in Philadelphia this year.

The common, hasty judgment is that political control is alone responsible for the evils that have crept into the school system. In response to that idea has come the formation of bodies, of which the Independent Women Voters Association and the Public Schools Association of Boston are good examples. It is their purpose to eliminate politics from the School Board, by the election to it of capable men and women who have no interests at heart but those of the schools. The premise, however, is not entirely sound. The appropriation of many thousands of dollars, to be expended for contracts or in the payment of salaries to those who have no vote,

does offer strong temptations to politicians. But the investigations by citizens show also that, making allowance for the greater cost of public than of private work, much of the condition complained of is due to the recent very rapid growth of the cities. The fact was pointed out at Buffalo, for instance, that the average growth in population jumped from 4000 a year in the decade from 1870 to 1880 to more than 10,000 a year in the following decade. The former annual provision of new accommodations was, therefore, most inadequate; and yet, every year, in the absence of definite census returns for an argument, the School Board had hesitated to make the larger demand for new structures which actual conditions required.

The important point is the evidence of the increasing popular supervision of the public schools. No department of city government now receives more earnest attention from city charter reformers. In none are more experiments tried, in an effort to eliminate objectionable features; nor is there any public work in which women have taken a more prominent part. So closely is the welfare of the child connected with the school that such a condition is natural, and for this task a woman is well fitted. Tradition is nothing to her, since she did not found the system; her mother love is not dazed by the splendor of statistics; and there could scarcely be a surer way to drive her to a demand for the ballot than the assertion that in one city 2000 women teachers receive smaller pay than do the voting sweepers of the streets. At its meeting in 1896, the General Federation of Women's Clubs officially adopted, as the cause it would specially work to advance, the system of public education, from the kindergarten to the university. At that time 2000 clubs had membership in the state federations. The larger clubs, if their efforts are diversified, almost invariably have a committee on education. The big Wednesday Club of St. Louis, for example, is credited with having secured the passage of the School Age Bill by the legislature. It established also a free kindergarten for poor children under the legal school age, out of which grew the kindergarten association. The Chicago Woman's Club, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the country, has done important work through its department on education. For one thing, it raised $40,000 in three months to make the manual training school at Glenwood possible. In good contrast, it gave an illustration of how it thought the schools should be cleaned. The recurrence in many different cities of the club name Woman's Educational and Industrial Union is properly indicative of the direction which women's earnest efforts take. Mixed clubs, such as the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, usually include an educational department. In city after city, also, women have worked their way into the School Board.

Aside from this external reformatory force, there has been a strong influence working within the school system itself. It dates from about 1870. Since that time, manual training, kindergarten, nature study, and the study of literature have appeared, the high school has been generally developed, and the whole system has had a new impulse. This is due in part to changes in its urban organization which need not here be specified. Industrial training schools and courses have been grafted on the system of public education, in an effort to make it more practical. In Denver, Washington, Chicago, St. Paul, Baltimore, Boston, Cambridge, Brookline, Portland (Maine), Springfield (Massachusetts), Camden (New Jersey), New York, Cleveland, Louisville, Toledo, Philadelphia, and some other cities, there are, as a part of the public school system, institutions which offer such training. The creation of many of these institutions is interesting, illustrating how individual influence

affects urban education. At Louisville, in 1892, the beneficence of an individual presented the lot, building, and equipment of a manual training school to the public school system. At Toledo, the organization of such a school was made possible by the legacy of a citizen, and the supplementary gifts of his sons and others. At Philadelphia, in response to the request of an individual, a course in woodwork was established in 1880 at one school, for classes which met two days a week. The success of the experiment led the Board of Education to take charge of it the next year, and place it on a permanent basis. In 1885 the boys' manual training school had grown out of it. The result was so cheering that in four years another such school was opened. These schools are ranked as of high school grade. As for the girls, sewing is common, and cooking is by no means rare, nowadays, in the city schools. The general course is again illustrated by Philadelphia, where sewing was introduced in 1880 in the girls' high and normal schools, and extended to the elementary grades in 1885. Cooking was brought into the girls' grammar schools two years later. Boston is said to be the leader in the number of cooking and manual training departments in the public schools. Chicago took up the work for girls in the present school year, and is about to try the experiment of a commercial training school as a part of her system. Washington has a business high school, and Philadelphia has just opened a school for commerce.

In several cities are to be found special industrial training schools, considerably advanced, and not a part of the public school system. The first of these was established at Chicago, in 1882, under the patronage of the Commercial Club, and while not free was largely helped by an endowment fund furnished by individuals. Other schools of this kind are the manual training school of Washington, the technical school of Cincinnati, the University of St. Louis, the New York trade school, and the Baron de Hirsch trade schools, also in New York. The facilities of the last are soon to be increased by the expenditure of $2,000,000 or more. Other of these institutions are in the care of philanthropic societies, and even of churches. For instance, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Children's Aid Society, and the United Hebrew Charities, in New York, are among those which maintain industrial or training schools. Beyond these, again, are such monuments to individual civic spirit and philanthropy as the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, Cooper Union in New York, the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago. At some of these tuition is entirely free. At others, as at Pratt Institute, a merely nominal charge is made, to be expended in the advancement of the work. At all, classes by day and by night are opening better and wider avenues of profitable employment to thousands of young men and women of the cities. Still other cases represent the associated effort of so many public-spirited citizens as to be properly looked upon as belonging to the whole community. In New Bedford (Massachusetts), a few months ago, there was laid the corner stone of the first building in the United States especially designed for a textile school, where theory will be offered as well as practice; and Trenton, after years of talk, has now secured an art school for workmen in the potteries.

The extension of the system of public instruction at its base, by the establishment of kindergartens, dates from 1871. In the next year the matter came up at St. Louis, and a committee reported to the authorities that the only "play school" that received the direct support of a Board of Education was in Newark, New Jersey. In 1873 one was opened at St. Louis, and carried on by supplementing the city appropriation with private mu-

nificence. Philadelphia, which quickly took and has long kept the lead in the movement, was without city kindergartens until 1887. But associated private effort, under the title of the Sub-Primary School Association, had been so active for seven years that the city system was able to start with 32 kindergartens and more than 1100 pupils. The movement has spread very irregularly, but lately with great speed. How irregular was the early kindergarten development is shown by some figures selected from the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1895–96. At that time, Boston was credited with 62, Detroit with only 1, Chicago with 37, St. Louis 95, New York 15, Milwaukee 39, Springfield (Massachusetts) 4, and Denver 25. There are now few cities in the United States without a school of this kind. Kindergartens founded by private philanthropy preceded official schools. Perhaps there is no more welcome instance of that sort than the success which last fall crowned the efforts of the District Colored Woman's League of Washington, in conjunction with the Columbian Association, to have kindergartens adopted in the city's school system. For two years the league had maintained a training school for young colored women, so that teachers might be ready when the time came. In most cases, municipal adoption of the kindergarten has not gone so far that private associations do not still find a field for work in supplementing them. In the limits of the old city of New York, for example, where in 1898 the number of public kindergartens was put at only 42, 15 others were maintained by the kindergarten association. Again, at Cleveland, the Free Kindergarten and Day Nursery Association relieved the pressure on the public kindergartens by about an equal number under its own direction. The beginnings of the movement may be studied in Tacoma, where some earnest women, comprising the kindergarten association, conducted one free kindergarten in a room which the School Board lent. Contemporaneously with this effort, the third international kindergarten convention held meetings in Philadelphia. In New York, last summer, kindergartens were opened on the play piers.

It need scarcely be added that in the cities this movement is conducted by philanthropic and even religious bodies, as well as by those whose first object is education. Two concomitant movements have grown out of it: the training schools for kindergartners, as illustrated by the work of the Chicago Froebel Association, and an effort to bring the home and school into closer relationship. In Duluth, for instance, where there were 15 kindergartens in 1897, the Board of Education reported that, during the fiscal year, 45 mothers' meetings had been held in connection with them, 1827 visits had been made by kindergartners to the children's homes, and a mothers' club had been successfully organized, — "all this for the sake of broader acquaintance and sympathy." At Dayton, Ohio, each of the 12 kindergartens connected with the public schools has a mothers' club, and in some cities courses of lectures are offered to mothers. Another interesting development is in the way of coöperation. At Cincinnati there is a kindergarten association which maintains 5 kindergartens (the first founded in the city) and a kindergartners' training school. To encourage the spread of the system, the association volunteered to organize and supervise kindergartens which might be supported by other organizations or by individuals, and to furnish these with pupil assistants from the training school, free of expense. Fifteen church and charitable associations and 9 private kindergartens promptly availed themselves of the offer.

Many trials, of varying wisdom, have recently been made to improve the intellectual quality of the instruction which

is given in the public schools. Of these, none is of greater value than the effort directed toward teachers. It has acted in multiplying normal schools and making a psychological study of childhood. It raises the standard of appointment; it provides lectures, institutes, and summer schools for teachers; and — though only lately, and still in little measure — it encourages higher salaries. Improvement in textbooks and in facilities for instruction, and rearrangement of courses, are other commendable results. But the impulse is not thus exhausted. With a generosity that in some cases is unwise, it adds demands for drawing, music, and physical culture. Against some of these efforts, which the less imaginative of the community tersely blast as "fads," protest has arisen. It is pointed out that while doubtless creditable to the heart, and representing a high ideal of education, they would take the scant time of pupils from the essentials of instruction, scatter their attention, and absorb money needed in other ways. In at least two Western cities which have come under my notice, drawing and music were offered in the public schools; but the school funds ran short during the winter, and the community had the choice of closing the schools or keeping them open by a popular subscription. However advisable the ornamental branches may be, it would seem good sense to provide first for the essentials of education. An example has been furnished lately by Providence, where, last fall, the school committee, forced to cut their coat according to their cloth, discussed the choice of three propositions: (1) to reduce the school year by two months; (2) to cut the salaries of teachers; (3) to discontinue a number of branches of study recently introduced. The third course was chosen.

Possibly, the effort of this nature to which least objection can be made is the now popular one to bring art into the schools by means of casts and pictures. Boston was the pioneer in the movement with a Public School Art League which was founded in 1892. As yet, the universal idea is, to make no demand upon the public funds for the work, but by popular subscription and individual gift to encourage the adornment of the rooms of the public schools, so that the old bareness may give place to a beauty both uplifting and gratifying. The idea is credited to John Ruskin; yet as far back as 1870, ten years before the formation of the Art for Schools Association in London, there had been an attempt on the part of two individuals to bring art into Boston schools. When the league was formed, the movement rapidly radiated from the city, reaching the immediate suburbs, and also Salem and Springfield. At Brookline the movement started the same year as in Boston, with a meeting of parents at one of the schools. So, gaining impetus as it traveled, it spread over the whole country. Books, pamphlets, and catalogues have been published on the subject. In the State Library of New York and in the Public Library at Boston there are permanent exhibitions of such works of art. An exhibition of this sort which was held in Brooklyn three years ago, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, was better than any similar exhibition that has been held in New England. In Philadelphia, in 1896, there was an exhibition under the auspices of the Civic Club. Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, and Milwaukee are notable Western centres of the movement. At Cleveland an Art Education Society has been founded, and at Rochester and some other cities the movement is under the patronage of a woman's club. Exhibitions are the popular means for awakening interest in the matter. They not only raise money to purchase works of art, but suggest gifts for individuals to make, whence, in some cases, memorial rooms have resulted.

Within a few years vacation schools

have appeared. Here the educational purpose is secondary to the wish to take the children off the streets, and to entertain and interest them. The movement has met with large success. In New York city there were half a dozen vacation schools in 1896. In the summer of 1897 there were ten, all in the poorer districts, and crowded to their utmost capacity. At one of them, on the first day, which was insufferably hot, there was such a throng about the doors that it was merely an act of humanity to open them an hour before the appointed time. Then a thousand tickets of admission were issued. In New York this work was charitable, the instruction being paid for by voluntary contributions. With the season of 1898 it became part of the public educational system. All these schools are in the poorer districts, and, to their credit be it recorded, teachers and principals often volunteer to do the work, in continuance of their winter labors and without compensation. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Newark, Hartford, Cambridge, and Buffalo are other cities in which the movement has started. It is a very interesting one, full of picturesque details; and here again, as so often, private philanthropy precedes official action.

School savings banks, of which the avowed purpose is "to teach children to save," are educational mainly in the phrase. Two methods are used, — the stamp and the direct deposit. In 1897 the savings bank had been adopted in 280 schoolhouses of 63 American communities, and pupils had deposited $451,211, mainly in pennies; about one third of this amount was still on deposit.

The School Children's Street-Cleaning Leagues, inaugurated in New York by Colonel Waring, and since copied in many cities, aim to lead children to a higher sense of civic duty. Object lessons in the principles of city government and the machinery of elections have a similar general purpose. So have lectures on local urban history,[1] such larger courses as the Old South course in Boston, and the excursions for school children to patriotic shrines. It is common to extend to pupils of the public schools special privileges in admission to, or use of, many of the things which do much in cities to stir the intellectual life.

Efforts for the intellectual betterment of the public schools, by extension of the course or its refinement, have their counterpart in efforts for its material advancement. A good deal of this is forced on the system. Buildings have been enlarged reluctantly to meet the insistent demands of growing population, and, except in a few new buildings in the larger cities, the sanitary advance has barely kept pace with the general gain in that direction. Yet it is impressive to learn how far the village school has been left behind by the system in our great modern cities. A report of the Board of Education of the metropolis, at the beginning of the fall term of 1897, showed that within three years it had expended $8,000,000 for sites for school buildings. Within eighteen months it expected to open more than thirty new schools, some of which would cost $300,000 each, and would provide for between 1800 and 2500 pupils. In the fall of 1898 the estimates for the coming year asked for $24,500,000 for the schools. The newer buildings, in ex-

[1] An interestingly liberal example of this is to be found in the City History Club of New York. Started only in 1895, it had risen to the dignity in 1898 of having more than sixty teachers and nearly a thousand members, and it hired a theatre for a rally of its classes. A newspaper, speaking of the club, said: "Its work is based on the principle that we must know a thing before we can love it. Its hope is to teach the people of New York to know the city — its history, traditions, growth, and conditions — so well that they will not only love it, but will know all about it, and be able to think, talk, work, and vote intelligently and affectionately for it."

terior design and interior sanitary and pedagogical equipment, are equal to the best model schools in the world. But the interest in healthful surroundings is carried beyond the scrutiny of new buildings. The demand that old buildings be improved, though less spectacular in its results, is quite as important. Daily medical inspection of schools, a practice which had its beginning in Boston, has been productive of such important discoveries that other cities are falling into line. In an argument by the superintendent of instruction at Springfield, Massachusetts, for baths in the public schools, an idea appears which is quite new in the United States, but which has been accepted in Germany. At least, it shows with what proper seriousness we are coming to regard the hygienic condition of city schools. To be classed with these movements are the occasional swimming lesson and the familiar fire drill.

Comment on the universities and colleges opens a wide field. We have more institutions, creations of private or state munificence, which take one or other of these ambitious names, than we have great cities. The point pertinent to this review is that nearly all of the larger cities and many of the "second class" contain not only institutions of higher technical or manual training, but also schools of higher academic instruction. These, by means of their scholarships, financial aid to worthy poor students, and low tuition fees where any are charged, extend in practice the system of public instruction to the furthest limit. In many of our cities, it is now possible, for one who lives at home, to pass from the kindergarten to the end of the university course without paying a cent for tuition. His instruction will form a harmonious whole, and he will make the progress in perfect gradation. Nor will he feel himself entirely indebted to private munificence even in his later work. The Western universities derive their support from the state; and in the East it is usual for a city in which a college is situated to own free scholarships in it. At Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania received its magnificent site as a gift from the city. The higher education, though less general, is become little less democratic than the intermediate, and recent years have seen its field opened to girls. Another point to be noted is that the high schools of our cities to-day stand virtually where the colleges stood fifty years ago. They give nearly as good training, and have generally longer student rolls.

It is hard to feel the confidence and enthusiasm for the intellectual chances which cities offer to their adults that one feels for those offered to their youth. But the movement is becoming very characteristic. The majority of those who avail themselves of the instruction of lectures, libraries, galleries, and museums are persons who have profited by the earlier opportunity, and the value does not seem doubtful nor the outlay incommensurate with the work. The success of University Extension lectures, and the wide adoption of the system, make it a feature of urban life. In addition, an interesting experiment in free lectures to the people has been made in New York, under the management of the Board of Education, and is spreading to other cities. They are addressed to adults, are delivered in the evening in the schoolhouses, and are practically a lecture extension of the public school system, or "a people's university." They began at New York in 1889. In 1896–97 the number of lectures was 1066, in thirty-three centres, with an attendance of nearly 500,000. The cost was only $40,000. In 1897–98 there were forty-one centres and nearly 1600 lectures. The listeners are almost all workingmen and their families. The subjects treated are serious, but of universal interest. A recent annual report says that the intellectual advance is no less remarkable than is the statistical success of the lec-

tures. Courses are now given which eight years ago would have been impossible. Within the last few months, a number of lectures on sanitation, civil government, and American history have been given in Italian and colloquial Hebrew; and for a course on educational topics some of the most eminent educators in the country were obtained. Chicago, Brooklyn, and a few other cities have since adopted the plan; the course at Chicago having had the backing of the Field Columbian Museum, Northwestern University, Lake Forest University, and Armour Institute; that at Brooklyn, of the Brooklyn Institute. Public-spirited citizens, not officially connected with education, have also taken up the work; in Philadelphia the University Extension Society joined this year with the Board of Education for the purpose, while in Boston the Twentieth Century Club provided, in 1898, a course of six free evening lectures at each of six public schools. Most of the lectures, following the rule in other cities, had illustration by stereopticon, piano, or blackboard; and at two of the schools all were pertinent to one general subject. These lectures have been continued this year on Saturday mornings, in a smaller way; but the city, under the guidance of Mayor Quincy, has taken up the evening lectures in school and other halls. The Lowell lectures at Boston, founded by the bequest of a private individual, have been carried on for about sixty years. Five lectures are delivered each week from October to May, in a hall seating 800 persons. The high praise is bestowed on these that, by their excellence, they have given in America a dignity to the term "popular lecture" which is elsewhere unknown. In another city an historical society provided in 1898 a course of lectures; and it is needless to say of what an endless round of clubs, papers, and lectures, all instructive in purpose, the social life of cities is made up. In New York, again, the Educational Alliance does a great work. It is said that its building is daily visited by nearly 6000 persons, to attend lectures, clubs, classes, etc.

From the lectures one comes to the great public libraries. Their foundation has been one of the earliest and possibly most striking proofs, after the parks, that our cities are outgrowing the first stage of development. In that stage even the large increase in city wealth left little chance for higher demands; but our public libraries are said to-day to contain more books than those of France, Great Britain, and Germany combined. The libraries of the cities are of various creation. Boston's splendid building and magnificent administration give evidence of municipal largess and breadth of view. In Chicago, the three great libraries, now working in harmony, show how generously individuals add to official provision. The public library of New York, homeless as yet, illustrates a city's combination and use of private beneficence. Philadelphia, in her recent vote of $1,000,000 for a building for a public library which has long had corporate existence, is an instance of gradual development; while St. Louis, which recently paid nearly $500,000 for a site for a library structure which it had not the money in hand to build, represents the effort at an earlier stage. Allegheny City and Pittsburg have received their libraries as gifts from a citizen, on the condition that they be maintained, at least in part, by taxation. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the donor, said, in emphasizing this condition: "I am clearly of the opinion that it is only by the city maintaining its public libraries, as it maintains its public schools, that every citizen can be made to feel that he is a joint proprietor of them."

Libraries have branches which are of great service in nearly every case. In Boston, a department called the Home Library brings books directly to the tenements. A tenement house is selected to

be the neighborhood library for two or three months. A number of good books and children's magazines are taken there and lent, and once a week a "person of sense," as Dr. Hale has put it, meets the children and talks the books over. When the time is up, the library is passed on to another place. A similar work, though managed a little differently, is carried on in Chicago. The New York Free Circulating Library is also engaging in this work; and last summer, through the interest of other associations, traveling libraries made their appearance in the vacation schools and playgrounds. In several cities there are libraries in the public schools. At Buffalo, where ten schools were so provided this year, the libraries are under the direction of the public library. A thousand books are put in a library, and three times a year there is a transfer between the schools, so that the pupils in each have access to 3000 volumes during the year. A writer, in attempting to sum up the civic duty of an ideal librarian, said, in the Century magazine for March, 1897, that it was "to adapt the contents of shelves and tables to the specific manufacturing, commercial, and artistic needs of a community, as at Worcester; to name works illuminating the living question of the hour, as at Providence; to court helpful relations with the schools, as at Detroit."

Provision of opportunities for the study of art comes later in the cities, whether its impulse be of private or of public origin. New York, Boston, and Chicago have their notable public galleries. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is the largest in the country. Washington has its Corcoran Gallery; Baltimore its Walter Collection, to which the public have access; and Pittsburg, largely through the generosity of a citizen who has given the endowment of $50,000 a year for the purchase of American paintings, has begun to form an interesting collection, and holds annual exhibitions which rank high, and for which there is an international commission of award. As lately as November, 1897, Philadelphia appropriated by popular vote $200,000 for the erection of an art gallery. A collection of paintings belonging to a citizen had been offered to the city on condition that a building be erected to contain them. These works of art, said to represent the expenditure of $1,000,000, enable the Philadelphia art gallery to open its career with paintings valued at $5,000,000, — happily not the only indication of their artistic worth. It also has a large endowment fund (by a legacy) for annual purchases. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, was the direct outgrowth of a public meeting held in 1869. It was ten years later that the legislature permitted the park board to begin the erection of the present building on park lands. The consideration was an agreement by the society to admit the public free on four days of the week and holidays, besides giving special privileges to public school pupils and teachers. But the museum owes its collections to the public spirit of individuals. In New York, the spring exhibitions of the various art societies, of clubs, and of the Academy of Design have also that educational value which belongs to a city's higher life. In Philadelphia, at the exhibitions of the Academy of the Fine Arts, the Civic Club arranges free evening receptions, the tickets for which are distributed through societies, guilds, manufactories, etc. Attendants in each gallery explain the pictures. In Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts has received nothing from city or state save the land on which it stands; but it grants privileges similar to those of the Metropolitan Museum, and only one fourteenth of the persons who now visit it pay an admission fee. Private generosity has provided it with treasures and furnished a substantial endowment, and annual private subscriptions meet the current expenses.

For instruction in art, opportunities have improved rapidly within a few years. The "art atmosphere" is indeed still missing; but those traditions which contain its subtle suggestion are beginning to appear around the Art Students' League in New York, while Copley Square in Boston has begun to be likened to the "Quartier" in Paris. In New York, the art schools of the Metropolitan Museum, of Cooper Union (free), and of the National Academy of Design (free) perform a different but valuable function. The league, which has been called the most powerful and active academic art school in the country, has some fifteen hundred men and women enrolled in its classes every winter. It is self-supporting. In Philadelphia, the Academy of the Fine Arts has two hundred and fifty pupils in advanced work, and the city pays for free scholarships in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art, the Art Academy, and the School of Design for Women. In Washington, the free classes at the Corcoran Gallery are so well attended that the accommodation has been recently doubled. Cincinnati is proud of its Art Academy; Detroit of the school in its Museum of Art, organized in 1889. Both occupy splendid buildings, and both offer, as do some other art societies, traveling scholarships. In Detroit, Sunday museum lectures for the people have lately become a unique and popular feature. Chicago, besides its large gallery and school, has originated a peculiar and pleasant development of the art purpose in forming a collection of pictures from which the poor can take a picture as one would take a book from a public library. The borrower takes it home and keeps it for two weeks, and then returns it, to renew the loan or to draw another. The Civic Club of Philadelphia also manages a circulating gallery. In each of the larger cities, within the last few years, there have been free loan exhibitions of good paintings in the poorest quarters of the city, the interest in which is sometimes stimulated by asking visitors to name their favorite pictures.

In other museums American cities have thus far made but little progress. The American Museum of Natural History in New York, which is probably the best outside of the national collection in Washington, was organized about the same time as the Metropolitan Museum, on similar lines, and has had a similar history. The additions of 1898 to its structure include a lecture hall to seat twenty-five hundred persons, which is an index to its educational function. The Field Columbian Museum at Chicago is an outgrowth of the World's Fair. The meeting of citizens in the summer of 1893 resolved "to establish in Chicago a great museum that shall be a fitting memorial of the World's Columbian Exposition, and a permanent advantage and honor to the city." Very generous private donations were made, and extensive purchases and many gifts secured large and valuable exhibits from distant lands. The remarkable collection was housed in the Fair's Art Building. It has already become a great institution, — has inaugurated popular lectures, established a publication series, and sent out some scientific expeditions. In some of the older cities, as Philadelphia and Boston, there are excellent historical collections on public view. Within a few years local historical societies have sprung up, indeed, in nearly all the cities, and have gathered collections of interest and preserved many an historic shrine. The new Philadelphia commercial museums fill an immense building with a collection of natural and manufactured products, to which every city in the United States, it is said, has contributed, and all countries in the world.

Museum exhibits in the department of natural history are supplemented by small collections of flora and fauna in the parks of many cities. These rarely deserve, or assume, the title of botani-

cal and zoölogical gardens. The value, interest, and instructiveness of the exhibits, however, are bringing them rapidly into favor. The Arnold Arboretum at Boston — not strictly a municipal possession — is one of the famous gardens of the world; Philadelphia is arranging a botanical garden on a strip of river bank that has long been an eyesore; New York has made liberal provision of land in Bronx Park for a garden, which public spirit is splendidly equipping. In St. Louis, Shaw's Garden, a unique gift, is just cause for pride. It is not only an exhibition, but a school of botany. The donor gave the land for it and another tract for its endowment, and both scientific botany and market gardening are taught. Philadelphia and Cincinnati have for some years had notable zoölogical gardens. Philadelphia's garden contains more than 1000 living animals, and was visited in 1897 by nearly 200,000 persons. Chicago has an important collection in one of the parks. New York, which has recently furnished the land (in Bronx Park) for a "zoo," found public spirit ready to face the task of raising $250,000 by private gift for buildings and collections. The garden will be by far the largest of its kind in the world. In line with this movement is the city aquarium in New York, which was opened in Battery Park on December 10, 1896, and has gained a popularity measured by 10,000 admissions in a day.

Music has a place in city problems and progress. By unofficial patronage, which is very liberal, New York has become one of the great musical cities of the world. In no European capital is the opera given on a grander scale, and the National Conservatory of Music of America does a large work in the line of musical education. New Orleans has its French opera company; and many cities have musical societies that, where the foreign element is large, have a distinct effect on the city life. Boston, in maintenance of its claim to culture, does the most for pure music. It has a music commission, officially appointed, to preserve the excellence of public music. It has a permanent orchestra, thanks to the generosity of an individual citizen, who cheerfully meets deficits in the thought that thus he makes it possible for citizens to hear the best music at popular prices; and the New England Conservatory of Music, which has an expense account of $250,000 a year, enrolls about twenty-three hundred pupils. In Baltimore the Peabody Institute does a large work of this sort, and Cincinnati has in the endowed College of Music a conservatory of high worth. Chicago supports a permanent orchestra by subscription; Pittsburg has one as a detail of the Carnegie Institute, though it has not required a subsidy; New York was stirred to make a serious effort to secure one, and Indianapolis, thanks to the enterprise of its women, is in a fair way to succeed. Cincinnati maintained such an orchestra some years ago, and Buffalo has had one, largely through the generosity of an individual. In Boston, again, free organ concerts, serially arranged and with instructive programmes, have been tried with success; and in a number of cities there are annual musical festivals.

So, from the kindergarten and the university with its millions of endowment, from the whir of machinery in the technical school and the stillness of the public library, as well as from the crowded lecture hall, comes the impulse of education into the throbbing life of a great city. The improvement within a few years has been very marked. Not all is gained; much must yet be done in many ways. But it was never possible before, in any land, to chronicle such diverse and earnest activity for the upbuilding of the culture and the character of the whole people. These movements are without precedent in human history.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

MISS WILKINS: AN IDEALIST IN MASQUERADE.

On any walk or drive in rural New England, in the springtime, one is sure to find on some abandoned farm an unkempt old apple orchard. The gnarled and twisted trees uphold on their rotting trunks more dead than living branches, and bear, if at all, only a few scattered and ghostly blossoms. And in that group of pitiable trees, dying there in the warm sunshine, there will be nothing to suggest life and joyousness except the golden woodpeckers with their flickering flight, and the bluebirds with their musical, low warble. If, indeed, the orchard stands upon a sloping hillside, one can glance away and see in the valley prosperous villages, smiling, fertile farms, and other orchards, well kept, healthy, and looking from their wealth of blossoms like white clouds stranded. But if one be of a pessimistic complexion, he can shut his eyes to that pleasanter prospect, gaze only at the old orchard, and think of it as typical of New England. So, in fact, in its limited degree, it is; but almost to the ultimate degree of exactness is it typical of the New England village which Miss Wilkins delights to draw. In place of the worn-out trees there are gnarled and twisted men and women. There are, of course, the young people, with their brief, happy time of courtship, to take the place in it of the birds; but her village, like the orchard, is a desolate and saddening spectacle. In that community of Pembroke which she has celebrated, what twisted characters! Barney Thayer refuses to marry Charlotte Barnard because, as the result of a quarrel with her father, Cephas, he hastily vows never to enter the house again. Not the anger of his mother, not the suffering of his sweetheart, not even jealousy of handsome Thomas Paine, — who, seeing her forsaken, makes bold to woo, — has power to move him from his stubborn stand. The selfish pride of Cephas is so great that he lets his daughter's happiness be destroyed rather than admit himself wrong, or take the smallest step to reconcile him with her lover. Barney Thayer inherits his self-will from his mother, a woman of indomitable will, who rules her family with an iron hand. When she hears that Barney has refused to marry Charlotte, she forbids him ever to step within her door again; when her youngest son, Ephraim, who has a weak heart and whom the doctor has forbidden her to whip, disobeys her, she whips him, and he dies; when her daughter Rebecca falls in love with William Berry, she forbids the marriage for a trivial cause, and when Rebecca, denied the legitimate path of love, steps aside into the other way, she disowns and casts her out. She loses all her children rather than yield to them the least shadow of her authority. Charlotte Barnard's cousin, Sylvia Crane, leaving her own house on the Sunday night of Charlotte's quarrel with Barney to comfort her, misses the weekly call of Richard Alger, her lover. His nature, compounded of habit and pride and stubbornness, does not let him come again, once his pride has been offended, once his habit has been broken. Silas Berry — William Berry's father — is determined to sell his cherries for an exorbitant price. When the young people refuse to buy, he tells William and Rose, his children, to invite them to a picnic and cherry-picking. When the guests are departing, he waylays them to demand payment for his cherries. He outrages common decency with his mean trickery, but he has his way. Nearly every character in the book is a monstrous example of stubbornness, — of that will which enforces its ends, however trivial, even to self-destruction.

The people are not normal; they are hardly sane. Such is Miss Wilkins's village, and it is a true picture; but it wholly represents New England life no more than the dying apple orchard wholly represents New England scenery.

But the purpose of this comparison is to set forth a truth comforting to those who wish to believe that a race full of good qualities has not yet run its full course, and not to pick a quarrel with the author. The realist makes it his boast that he tells the truth, but he exercises as rigid a selection in incidents and characters as the most arrant romancer, and, as this novel of Pembroke aptly illustrates, tells a story often as far away from average truth. As a matter of fact, there is small meaning in the terms "realism" and "romanticism." The logical application of the principles of either would lead to the production of the unreadable. That wise Frenchman who said that style is the man said everything. Art is the expression of personality. A certain definite character, with a gift for expression, more or less great, is acted upon by a certain environment and reacts upon it, with certain literary results. A striking novel like Pembroke is a miracle no more than a thunderstorm, but is the result of natural causes working in accordance with natural laws. If Pembroke gives a picture of New England life which is more fairly to be called incomplete than inaccurate, the reason lies in the personality of the writer and the nature of her environment, the two factors of her limitations. And so the real task is, not to find fault with her for not going outside the circle of her talent, but to measure the length of its radius, and to guess, if possible, what determined it.

May it be many years before that intimate biography appears from which alone can be gathered the knowledge necessary to understand fully the causes of Miss Wilkins's qualities and limitations; but from the known circumstances of her life a few inferences may be drawn which will in a measure account for them. The known facts are meagre enough, and do not include the date of her birth in Randolph, Massachusetts. Her father, an architect and builder, a graduate of the building trades, and not of the technical schools, was a native of cosmopolitan Salem, and a descendant from Bray Wilkins, a prominent Puritan who played his part as judge in that New England inquisition before which the witches stood their lamentable trial. Her mother was of the Holbrooks of Holbrook, — "fine, 'genteel' people of the old sort." Her formative years were passed in Brattleboro, Vermont, where her father kept a store, and her schooling was not in the contemporary sense extensive. Her most valuable education in all likelihood was derived in part from her own observation of life, and in part from her own independent reading, to the excellence of which as literature occasional references in her writings to such authors as Marvel and Herrick bear significant witness. On leaving Brattleboro she returned to Randolph, where she has lived ever since. The events of her quiet life have been the publication of her books. These appeared in the following order: A Humble Romance, stories, 1887; A New England Nun, stories, 1891; Jane Field, a novel, 1892; Young Lucretia, stories for children, 1892; Giles Corey, Yeoman, a play, 1893; Pembroke, a novel, 1894; Madelon, a novel, 1896; Jerome, a novel, 1897; and Silence, stories, 1898.

This biographical sketch, brief and imperfect as it is, will, if examined attentively, be found to contain much which explains the nature and the direction of the author's talent. It appears, for example, that her opportunities for the observation of life have been only those afforded by two country towns, — in the impressionable days of her girlhood, by one. Of Brattleboro, I know only that it is a prosperous village in

the lovely Connecticut Valley, with the Green Mountains behind it, and the hills of New Hampshire before it. But many another Vermont town I know well, and I suppose myself safe in assuming that the current of life and progress has followed substantially the same course there as elsewhere in the state.

In general, the development of the Vermont village has been marked by three periods. The first is that of the founders. The pioneers came and builded it in the wilderness. Energy and hope were high, and faith in the ultimate good fortunes of the new community was complete. Of course no village in that stage of development now exists.

The second period begins when the faith and energy of the founders are passed away, and the village lives an isolated, humdrum life, unbroken by any incident more exciting than the arrival of the daily stage. If the village is built high and far away upon a hill, it probably survives in this second stage of development to this day. It has its general store, serving as a club for the men; its little square schoolhouse, where elementary instruction is given to the children; its church, to which a minister from some more prosperous community drives on an occasional Sunday and charitably holds service. It is inhabited mainly by old men and old women; for the young people have gone out into the world to seek their fortunes. In such a village as this will be found those rare beings, Yankees who talk the full Yankee dialect. They are, for the most part, simple and sane folk with a large fund of humor and shrewdness, who lead happy and healthful lives. They are drawn with a comprehension and sympathy the most complete, and with a touch infinitely loving, in the sweet and wholesome works of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. Yet these people, who in Mr. Robinson's books live in a Yankee Arcadia upon which the sophisticated have every reason to turn envious glances, are the same as those who, interpreted by a different temperament, make Pembroke seem a town of battling lunatics. Both writers tell the truth. There is another side to the shield which shows so fair in Mr. Robinson's exhibiting hands. In these little remote communities can be found personalities which, if weak, have narrowed and deadened, or which, unchecked by any effective public opinion, have assumed forms of willful distortion. In them live people who, having no large matters upon which to exercise naturally active minds, give importance to trifles; who, lacking social life, grow morbid and wrong-headed. And among them it is easy to find such perverted strength of will as that shown by Barney Thayer, or such contemptible meanness as that of old Silas Berry. From such a village, and from the lonely farms about it, come the saddening inmates of the two insane asylums of Vermont, — Vermont, which has a smaller population than the city of Boston!

The third period is that of most of the larger valley towns. To them, about 1850, came the railway and the telegraph, and by bringing them into touch with the great world gave them a renaissance into life and activity. Brattleboro is in that third stage. It should have been well begun, but still far from completely attained when Miss Wilkins lived there as a child. The older people then alive should have been relics of the narrower day. They should have been sprinkled through the population of the revived community like old wooden buildings in the midst of smart brick blocks in a growing town, — the subjects of many a story, their eccentricities the material of many a joke. Any one who has lived in such a village at a time not too far removed from its period of transition knows that the local store of anecdote — sometimes, in truth, a precious one — has been furnished by the queer doings of just such people. Generally these stories are told as humorous, but if one has

the bent he may take them as pathetic; and there are other stories, too, which he may hear, if he have ears, that are grim and tragic enough.

What influence the accident of this environment had upon Miss Wilkins becomes plain when we consider that the best part of any story-teller's equipment lies in his store of vivid childhood memories. There is evidence that Miss Wilkins remembers the time when the electric cars did not slide, with griding trolley, through the streets of modern, prosperous Randolph. In no book of hers are there mountains such as those which stand behind and in front of Brattleboro, nor is there any broad and beautiful river perpetuating her memories of the Connecticut. The scenery — never in any case much dwelt upon — is that of a flat country, of eastern Massachusetts, of Randolph. And from Randolph, too, she got her knowledge of the trade of shoemaking as it was before the days of the factory. But the circumstance that her formative period was spent in Brattleboro, and the internal evidence of her work, otherwise than in the exceptions named, suggest, if they do not command, the conclusion that the larger part of her material was obtained there. The narrow field for the observation of life thus afforded her was still further restricted, of course, by the fact of her sex. Had she been a boy, she would have roamed the fields, gone fishing and hunting, had the privilege of sitting in the country store and listening to the talk of the men of evenings; she would have taken an interest in the local politics, and have learned to look at life as the men look at it, with the larger and more catholic view which is theirs not by virtue of greater insight, but by virtue of the undeniably larger, freer lives they are permitted to live. As she was a girl, her outlook was confined to the household; her sources of information were the tales of gossiping women, which would naturally relate mostly to the family quarrels and dissensions that are the great tragedies of their lives.

To the restriction of environment and of sex must also be added the restriction of temperament. Miss Wilkins has a keen and deep sense of humor, but it is never so keen and deep as her sense of the pathetic, and when a scene or a situation is in quarrel between them, her sense of humor is sure to come lamely off. The most distinctly humorous of her stories, and also one of her best and best known, is The Revolt of Mother. In this, a situation which in the hands of a writer more exclusively humorous would be laughable becomes in hers one over which it seems heartless to smile, so clearly is its underlying pathos revealed. Without burdening too much the weary back of heredity we may recall her witch-persecuting Puritan ancestors in Salem, and, remembering Hawthorne's similar ancestry, say to ourselves that she was probably a serious, imaginative child, with a faculty for brooding over questions of conduct, who could be expected to feel the pathos in the humorous stories, and deeply to relish the grim and tragic ones. She should have had a memory for detail even greater than that which children commonly possess, and because, as her biography shows, she was of the strain of New England gentlefolk and of a sensitive, imaginative disposition, the hardness and the narrowness of the lives which interested her must have seemed more painful than they ever did to those who lived them. For this is the fallacy of the sensitive: to attribute their own sensitiveness to those grown callous to hardship, and to pity them accordingly.

Here, then, was a powerful mind, fond of the dramatic, interested in the problem of the will, — as any child whose ancestors have debated predestination and freedom of the will time out of mind has a perfect right to be, — thrown into a community in which persons of broad culture and knowledge of the world are

rare, and in which the more striking deviations from the commonplace are provided by personalities deformed by ungenerous circumstance. To her sensitiveness, the narrowness and poverty of many of the lives would seem notably pitiful; to her dramatic imagination and inborn taste for metaphysics, the strange tragedies of morbid conscientiousness and perverted will would appeal as problems of absorbing interest. With an outlook upon life restricted at best, and still further limited by the peculiarly serious quality of her mind, with few or no distractions, how could she do otherwise than observe and brood and wonder, until the special portion of the life about her which she saw clearly and which interested her most should be known to her in every detail of its physical accompaniments, in every one of its psychological nooks and crannies? However painfully and slowly she may have spelled out the A B C's of its lives and characters, she came at last to know the whole alphabet, to be its absolute and tyrannous mistress, able to write with it whatever story she might wish. Is it any wonder that such a mind, working on such material, should have produced as its first work such stories as compose the volume entitled A Humble Romance?

This book, which appeared in 1887, came with the force of a new revelation of New England to itself. The literary merit of the stories was remarkable. The short, terse sentences, written in the simplest, homeliest words, had a biting force. Its skillfully lavish use of homely detail, always accurate, always significant, gave it an astonishing reality. The paragraphs were as simple and direct as the sentences, and each advanced the story swiftly and easily upon its predestined course. There was no wavering from the direct line, there were no stumbling-blocks of impertinent description or incident, no superfluities even. There was no annoying striving after elegance of diction, no self-conscious attempt at cleverness of phrase or an artistic manner. Everywhere was the sharp definiteness of the writer who sees clearly. Everywhere was the unconsciousness of an absorbed artist, not preoccupied with theories of art, with personal vanities, with fear of the critics or anxiety to please the public, but dominated by the one idea of setting down accurately the definite vision which her imagination had conceived and matured, and which now of necessity must be born. The stories had, furthermore, a certain rare quality which always gives strength to fiction. It is the air on the part of the author of being exterior to his story and irresponsible for it, of seeming to say, "I do not explain, I do not justify, I find no fault, I neither laugh over them nor grieve; these events are not of my invention, — they happened. I report them, and allege nothing about them except that they are true." It is this quality, as much as any, which gives a peculiar impressiveness to the tales of Guy de Maupassant. So far as method is concerned, his story called in its English version A Bit of String might have been written by Miss Wilkins.

A good literary style is always more or less of a miracle. It cannot be acquired by industry, it cannot be taught in the schools. Like any other aptitude of the mind it may be trained and perfected, but it is essentially a gift of nature. A gift of nature, then, we must call Miss Wilkins's style; but the especial form of its development may be accounted for in part by the fact that she served her apprenticeship as a writer of stories for children and young people, — a capital school in which to practice clearness and simplicity of phrase and directness of narrative. And as young people are avid of detail and great lovers of the realistic method, — for example may be cited their love of Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's Travels, and Pilgrim's Progress, — writing for children could but strengthen any natural inclination to

these qualities of style. But excellent as in many respects the style of this first book was, it yet had numerous and serious blemishes. Although direct references to bygone writers and now and then the use of a word in an obsolete sense showed Miss Wilkins to be acquainted with literature of a good sort, her style was deficient in grace, in music, as if written by one whose ear is untrained by any attentive listening to the rich harmonies of old prose. And it was deficient also in correctness and in elegance: it was to some degree an uneducated and uncultured style. She could be so tasteless as to speak of cottages as being "natty," and of an attractive woman as being the "merry feature of the place;" she could stoop to use such a newspaperish phrase as "sacred edifice" instead of "church;" she did not avoid such colloquialisms as "the girl colored *up*," "the air *felt like* snow," as the use of "directly" in the sense of "at once," of "quite" in the sense of "very," of "smart" in the sense of "efficient;" she was ignorant enough to speak of "calm equanimity," and to say that a girl looked into another person's eyes "directly with no circumlocution;" she was frequently ungrammatical, as when she said of one of her characters that he "chose the site of his buildings because *they* would be easily accessible to the railway;" she invariably split her infinitives; occasionally she even failed to be clear. This sentence is certainly puzzling: "Some might have questioned if her subtle fineness of strength was on a plane equal enough to admit of any struggle." This criticism of detail only serves to make plain that, as the biographical sketch implies, Miss Wilkins, as a writer, belongs to the noble army of the self-made. These defects of form show how much, in the beginning, she was hampered by the lack of a liberal education in literature, just as the limitations of substance show how much she is hampered by the lack of a liberal education in life. Imagination is a quality the manifestations of which are various. There have been persons of restricted lives who have written, and written well, of kinds of life which they had never seen; but I think they have not done so whose dependence lay upon the mastery of homely detail. For such, the immediate vision of their eyes, or, better yet, the vivid memories of the life which lay about them in childhood, are the only source of effective writing. The romancer, the poet, the philosopher, may live and die in his own library and yet write well, but the novelist who reports men in their habit as they lived must write of the life he knows. And as Miss Wilkins is such a writer, the limitations of her environment determine the scope of her work, and they are unfortunately great. If we keep them in mind, the fact is not surprising that of the twenty-eight stories in A Humble Romance every one is told from the point of view of some woman, — and that there are very few which do not deal with one of those family or neighborhood quarrels which have been referred to as the staple of the women's gossip in small country towns. The book is, in fact, a collection of twenty-eight special cases of unhappiness among a peculiarly isolated and small-minded class of countrywomen. Their mental attitude is caught with astonishing precision, but by this very success the stories gain an atmosphere at once narrow and mean. They are saved from being unpleasant by their undeniable pathos, and by being so thoroughly human, if petty, as readily to excite sympathy. As the author may not be asked to spoil her effect by labeling her incidents special cases, it becomes easy to see how distorted and untruthful an impression of New England life — an impression all the more untruthful in the general because so accurate in the particular — she would succeed unconsciously in conveying. By the path of this analysis we come in sight once more of the dying apple orchard of the opening simile.

Continuing along this path a little farther, we find ourselves standing fairly in the midst of the gnarled and twisted trunks; for observe, at least seventeen of the stories are tales of happiness postponed, or misery caused by an unbending will, which, abnormally developed, has become the master of its possessor instead of the servant of his intellect. They are stories of people who won't simply and solely because they won't.

I confess that in considering Miss Wilkins's work I ask myself again and again, with a never failing and perhaps impertinent curiosity, what circumstances in her life could so have revealed to her and impressed upon her imagination the awful power for evil of a perverted will. But her favorable environment and Puritan ancestry make it easy to understand how the problem of the will, once it had attracted her attention, should appeal with extraordinary force to one of her analytic, brooding, somewhat sombre temperament, and how it should seem to be laid upon her, as with a heavy hand, to embody her impressions in dramatic form. The dramatic value of unreasonable stubbornness is her own personal discovery, the particular thing which gives her work psychological interest and distinction. I know of no writer who has treated it so persistently, so variously, who has seemed so infatuated with it. In no study of New England character — in the form either of history or of fiction — has the native strength of will been made so prominent. Consciously or unconsciously, she has seized upon it and set it forth as the keystone of New England character. It is not the exclusive possession of New England people, of course; but that it is in a marked degree characteristic no one can doubt. The stubborn Puritan came to no relaxing land, but to one from which only dogged perseverance could wring a living, and so it is not strange if his descendants have acquired a character which may be described as granitic. Psychologists and pathologists have found a study of abnormal conditions to be most profitable; Miss Wilkins has followed in their footsteps, and has studied the will in its perversities. But as from disease we may learn what health is, so from her abnormal people we may learn what is the normal New England character. Notable for its significance in the case of such poverty-stricken people as those whom Miss Wilkins describes is the fact that their contests of will, their long-drawn battles of stubbornness, are seldom fought for sordid ends. I spoke just now of the atmosphere of A Humble Romance as being "mean:" it is so on account of the family bickerings of which it is full; but these bickerings have their fine aspect in that they are almost always upon some question of personal dignity, or freedom, or point of ethical opinion. These people are nonconformists to their backbones. They are fanatics or martyrs according to the point of view. Were the theatre upon which they moved larger, or their own natures more generously cultivated, so that their rebellions should be upon really vital points, their tragedy would have beauty, and perhaps grandeur. The old Puritans exercised their stubbornness upon a great issue; these country descendants, living in narrow ways and thinking narrow thoughts, exercise their stubbornness upon petty issues. That is the only difference. And these perverted and abnormal wills — baleful forces in characters diseased — attest the real strength of New England character. It is easy to understand the success of a book which reproduces with a great wealth of accurate and homely detail a life which is still close to the richest and most cultivated of us, and which is of the very fibre of our thought and character, — a book which, in a land where women are the larger portion of the reading public, is written exclusively from the feminine point of view; but I choose to think that it was mainly the insistence upon a fine basic quality of

New England character which made A Humble Romance come with all the force of a new revelation of New England to itself.

This long examination of A Humble Romance would be disproportionate were not this first book, and its succeeding sister volume, A New England Nun, in a way a brief memorandum of Miss Wilkins's entire message to the world, which her later work, for the most part, only serves to amplify and make clear. When one begins to read the novels, the short stories assume almost the aspect of preliminary sketches of their scenes and episodes, for they are similar not only in substance, but in method. Those cogent reasons which publishers urge, reinforced by the ambition which every writer of fiction feels to try his hand in the most important form of his art, made it inevitable that, sooner or later, Miss Wilkins should write novels. But, natural as it was, it is none the less regrettable. For years she studied the shorter form and wrote in it, — years which necessarily left their indelible impress upon her talent. Some acute person once said that every author learns to think in the length in which he is accustomed to write, — the paragrapher in the length of paragraphs, the editorial writer in the length of editorial articles, the historian in the length of the monograph or full-bodied history. Miss Wilkins, whose earliest and longest training has been in the short story, thinks in the length of the short story. Her novels, with the apparent exception of Jane Field, which is simply a short story of unusual extent, have the air of a chronological series of short stories about the same people. She has never been able to see the larger proportions of the novel in their proper perspective. Moreover, in writing short stories she taught herself, with a thoroughness the results of which she will never be able wholly to overcome, a genuine mastery of the short, terse sentence. To its telling force as used by her in A Humble Romance tribute has been paid. The value of that tribute is not diminished by the suspicion that the sentences were short so invariably because the author at that time lacked the ability to combine clauses and subclauses into a compact, forcible whole, or by the admission that, effective as they are in the short stories, they grow monotonous when page of them follows page throughout a long book. Their lack of variety can be seen, their monotony can be guessed, from these typical quotations from A Conquest of Humility, in A Humble Romance: —

"The young girl trembled and caught hold of her mother's dress; her eyes grew big and wild. Hiram Caldwell drove up the road. He met the gaze of the people with solemn embarrassment. But he was not so important as he had been. There was a large, white-headed old man who drew the larger share of attention. He got lumberingly out of the buggy when Hiram drew rein at the gate. Then he proceeded up the gravel walk to the house. The people stood back and stared. No one dared speak to him except Mrs. Erastus Thayer. She darted before him in the path; her brown silk skirts swished."

"Her features were strong and fine. She would have been handsome if her complexion had been better. Her skin was thick and dull."

Mastery in the methods of the short story, and a fixed habit of writing in short sentences, are not the most useful qualifications to bring to the task of writing novels. Many lessons of technique have to be laboriously unlearned by the writer thus trained when he attempts the new and ampler form. That Miss Wilkins has succeeded in overcoming the results of her earliest training in any measure is due, no doubt, to the artistic restlessness which is one of her most marked characteristics. She has written for children; she has written society verses; she wrote little prose

poems in the day, fortunately brief, when they were popular under the absurd name of "etchings" or "pastels in prose;" she has tried her hand more than once at the drama, as Giles Corey, Yeoman, remains to witness; she has written a detective story; she has tried historical fiction; and she has composed romances not only of the kind in which passionate love is the theme, but also of the kind in which, as in Hawthorne, idealistic beauty is the end. Some of these experiments have been so obviously outside the range of her abilities that those who have watched her progress with a loving solicitude — and these are not a few — have trembled for her future. But whether partial failures or full successes, they showed artistic health, a talent curious about itself and ambitious to miss no possible development, a commendable desire to find out for itself its own strength and its own limitations. And these experiments have served their useful purpose in developing both her talent and her style.

As a result of her practice in so many varieties of composition, she has advanced much in her understanding of the form of the novel; but it has had its chief effect, naturally enough, upon her style. In the art of constructing sentences she has made really remarkable gain. Those who are interested in style simply as style will find much to reward their curiosity in tracing her progress from the direct bald statements of her earliest manner through the florid sentences of Madelon and the long loose ones of Jerome to the really excellent prose style which she at last attains in Evelina's Garden, a story in her latest work, Silence. But the point here is that the practice which gave her talent its direction was not of the kind to fit her for the writing of novels. She made herself a specialist in the beginning, and, like all specialists, made her irretrievable sacrifice of possibilities of development.

In the novels, as in the short stories, the will is still the theme. Willfulness, of a good or bad kind, is still the predominating characteristic of the people, from stern Jane Field, whose sense of justice and whose self-confident determination to judge moral questions for herself lead her stubbornly to pursue the path of crime, to haughty Jerome, ready to sacrifice everything good and sweet in life upon the altar of his own inordinate, willful pride. But Pembroke — her first real novel, and to my mind unquestionably the best — contains the most complete summary of her observations upon the stubbornness of the New England character. Its plot, which has already been roughly outlined, shows clearly enough why it should be, in an artistic sense, her most successful novel. The scene and the characters are those which she knows in every detail of their interior and exterior life; its psychological problems are those which have most interested her, and upon which she has thought most deeply and persistently. The novel is great by its fidelity to life, by its dignity of theme, and by its social significance. On the other hand, it has the expected and unavoidable defects. The first impulse of the reader is to dispute the assumption that such a community as Pembroke ever existed; but on reflection he will admit that although it may not actually exist, it could be easily assembled, and that the exaggeration of which it is indubitably guilty is due to a legitimate selection, for the purpose of artistic emphasis, of circumstances unusual in combination, but in themselves and separately usual enough. Then, being the study of an entire community, it lacks any broad central current of interest. The reader is lost in a multitude of details, episodes, and characters, out of which he emerges rather with a sense of the undesirableness of an uncontrollable will than with any definite idea of one or two supremely interesting characters or of a connected chain of events. The sense of confusion inevita-

ble in a study of a community is increased by the writer's inability, already noted, not to deal with separate episodes as if they were short stories. It is owing to this lack of homogeneity, partly necessary, partly due to want of skill, that what one remembers about the novel are particular pages and passages of great beauty and strength. Many people would refer to Pembroke, I think, as the novel which contained — let us say for example — that capital description of the boy Ephraim's solitary, joyous coasting, pages remarkable for their rich blending of humor and pathos.

In two important technical respects Jerome is a better novel than Pembroke; for it has a strong central interest in the personality of its hero which binds its many short-story-like episodes together, and its style, in Miss Wilkins's later acquired manner of flowing sentences pleasantly varied in cadence and in length, makes it much more easily readable. Jerome himself, however, is a most unsympathetic person. The reader cannot help feeling a growing impatience with this wrong-headed young man, who, in a way repugnant to all common sense, insists upon taking the very roughest and hardest road to the success for which his strength of character plainly destines him. Besides, the plot, slight and weak at best, shocks one's sense of average probabilities. But worse than all, Miss Wilkins departs from that fine impartiality of the disinterested observer, which gives such force to her short stories and to Pembroke, and becomes a preacher and a sentimentalist. The book is written to insinuate an accusation against the present social system. Now, a story must by its nature be an appeal to the emotions, and to a logical person any attempt to influence him upon matters of fact and reason by a story touched with emotion, and made up of selected, even if true incidents, must and always will be annoying. It is fighting in ambush, and no novel with a purpose should ever be written which does not proclaim itself such on its title-page. Those who wish to hear a song will not turn out to hear a sermon. This particular offender is redeemed, however, by many excellent pages of narrative, description, and character drawing, in which Miss Wilkins reaches as high levels of artistic achievement as she has ever attained. Although not the strongest of her novels, it is easily the most readable.

In all its pages, there are none which are more pleasant than those which deal with Squire Merritt's family, and with his three friends, Eliphalet Means, John Jennings, and Colonel Lamson. In all that has been said heretofore about Miss Wilkins's work, the idea has been conveyed that she knows no other side of New England life than that typified by the dying apple orchard. As a matter of fact, not only the Merritts and their friends, but handsome Thomas Paine in Pembroke, and the Gordons and Parson Fair in Madelon, are witnesses to her understanding of the old-time New England gentry, — charming people, charmingly drawn, whom it is a great pleasure to meet in her generally graceless world, and her success with whom leads to the hope that there may yet come from her some more comprehensive and generally truthful picture of New England life. Perhaps it is because she knows how gracious and beautiful New England life can be at its best that Miss Wilkins has cried out so sharply over its deformities, as is the wont of sensitive natures knowing the good and seeing the evil. A plausible argument could indeed be made to show that the best realists are idealists at heart, whose very sensitiveness has made them more ready than the average person to perceive ugly realities, and who have consciously or unconsciously tried to rouse sluggish humanity to endeavor by unsparing pictures of the petty and the mean and the ignoble in human life. Were such an argument to be made Miss Wilkins would furnish a telling example;

for back of all her work is the idea, the sense of the mystery of human life, the question, "Why is this?" and she gently pushes selected incidents and characters before you, as if filled with the desire to learn, from any one who knows, the meaning of these problems, — clues doubtless, each one in its degree, to the answer to the Great Problem. Her preoccupation with the mystery of life shows itself in little ways, — in the sense which some persons have of the unreality of her people; in her indifference to scenery, which she may well consider as of small moment in comparison with human beings; in her indifference to accuracy in antiquarian detail as compared with artistic truth. Behind all her work one feels that he encounters the questioning eyes of an idealist. Although she is ranked in the popular judgment as a realist, there is in her work the purest vein of romance and ideality, and even a certain touch of mysticism and allegory, which allies her, however distantly, to the literary family of Hawthorne. These qualities may be noticed even in her early short stories, and in Pembroke their presence, in spite of their bungling and mechanical expression here, is to be perceived in the physical deformity which seems to accompany Barney Thayer's deformity of character. They show themselves most conspicuously, if not most agreeably, however, in Madelon. Like her other volumes in describing the fortunes of people of various kinds and degrees of stubbornness, it is unlike them in having romantic love for its theme, and in presenting as one of its principal characters, Lot Gordon, a man in whom mysticism and ideality are unexpectedly the most notable qualities. They show themselves most charmingly in Evelina's Garden, a little tale which is a gem of its kind, and which shows that Miss Wilkins can command at least a hesitating comparison to the author of the most beautiful American romances. It is to be hoped that she will cast aside in favor of this kind of work the tales of antiquarian interest, such as Silence itself, which ought to be moving but is not, and The Little Maid at the Door. She does not breathe freely in the musty atmosphere of colonial history. Her Puritans, with their stilted speech, are uncommonly tiresome.

How is such a writer to be classified? I think she cannot be classified at all. A modest and conscientious artist, unfortunately limited by an imperfect education in books, and by an equally imperfect experience of life; who has cultivated her great natural gift for expression to the best of her opportunities and ability, and used it to set forth as vividly as possible such few of the multitudinous aspects of life as her temperament and environment have permitted her to see, — that is Miss Wilkins. Only writers of mediocre ability — natural imitators — can be put in a class and accurately labeled. A really original writer, like Miss Wilkins, no matter how limited, is *sui generis*. She can be described, she cannot be classified. But if she must have her tag, the most nearly satisfactory will be that which declares her an idealist masquerading in the soiled and ragged cloak of realism.

Charles Miner Thompson.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

ST. PETERSBURG; JOURNEY TO WESTERN EUROPE.

VII.

For the last few years the health of my father had been going from bad to worse, and when my brother Alexander and I came to see him, in the spring of 1871, we were told by the doctors that with the first frosts of autumn he would be gone. He had continued to live in the old style, in the Stáraya Konúshennaya, but everything had changed around him in this formerly aristocratic quarter. The rich serf-owners, who once were so prominent there, had gone. After having spent in a most reckless way the redemption money which they had received at the emancipation of the serfs, and after having mortgaged and remortgaged their estates in the new land banks which preyed upon their helplessness, they had withdrawn at last to the country or to provincial towns, there to sink into oblivion. Their houses had been taken by "the intruders," — rich merchants, railway builders, and the like, — while in nearly every one of the old families which remained a young life struggled to assert its rights upon the ruins of the old one. A couple of retired generals, who cursed the new ways, and relieved their griefs by predicting for Russia a certain and speedy ruin under the new order, or some relative occasionally dropping in, were all the company my father had in his house. Out of our many relatives, numbering nearly a score of families at Moscow alone in my childhood, two families only had remained in the capital, and these had joined the current of the new life, the mothers discussing with their girls and boys such matters as schools for the people and women's universities. My father looked upon them with contempt. My stepmother and my younger sister, Pauline, who had not changed, did their best to comfort him; but they themselves felt strange in their unwonted surroundings.

My father had always been unkind and most unjust toward my brother Alexander, but Alexander was utterly incapable of holding a grudge against any one. When he entered the sick-room, with the deep, kind look of his large blue eyes and with a smile revealing his infinite kindness, and when he immediately discovered what could be done to render the sufferer more comfortable in his sick-chair, and did it as naturally as if he had left the sick-room only an hour before, my father was simply bewildered; he stared at him without being able to understand. Our visit brought life into the dull, gloomy house; nursing became more bright; my stepmother, Pauline, the servants themselves, grew more animated, and my father felt the change.

One thing worried him, however. He had expected to see us come as repentant sons, imploring his support. But when he tried to direct conversation into that channel, we stopped him with such a cheerful "Don't bother about that; we go on very nicely," that he was still more bewildered. He looked for a scene in the old style, — his sons begging pardon — and money; perhaps he even regretted for a moment that this did not happen; but he regarded us with a greater esteem. We were all three affected at parting. He seemed almost to dread returning to his gloomy loneliness amidst the wreckage of a system he had lived to maintain. But Alexander had to go back to his service, and I was leaving for Finland.

When I was called home again, I hurried to Moscow, to find the burial cere-

mony just beginning, in that same old red church where my father had been baptized, and where the last prayers had been said over his mother. As the funeral procession passed along the streets, of which every house was so familiar to me in my childhood, I noticed that the houses had changed little, but I knew that in all of them a new life had begun.

Less than twelve months later, in a house within a stone's throw of my father's, I received Stepniák, clothed as a peasant, he having escaped from a country village where he had been arrested for socialist propaganda amongst the peasants; and a couple of doors further on, we held one of our secret meetings at the house of Nathalie Armfeld, the Kara "convict" whom George Kennan has so touchingly described in his book on Siberia.

VIII.

The next year, early in the spring, I made my first journey to Western Europe. In crossing the Russian frontier, I experienced, even more intensely than I was prepared to do, what every Russian feels on leaving his mother country. So long as the train runs on Russian ground, through the thinly populated northwestern provinces, one has the feeling of crossing a desert. Hundreds of miles are covered with low growths which hardly deserve the name of forests. Here and there the eye discovers a small, miserably poor village buried in the snow, or an impracticable, muddy, narrow, and winding village road. But everything — scenery and surroundings — changes all of a sudden, as soon as the train enters Prussia, with its clean-looking villages and farms, its gardens, and its paved roads; and the sense of contrast grows stronger and stronger as one penetrates further into Germany. Even dull Berlin seemed animated, after our Russian towns.

And the contrast of climate! Two days before, I had left St. Petersburg thickly covered with snow, and now, in middle Germany, I walked without an overcoat along the railway platform, in warm sunshine, admiring the budding flowers. Then came the Rhine, and later Switzerland bathed in the rays of a bright sun, with its small, clean hotels, where breakfast was served out of doors, in view of the snow-clad mountains. I never had realized before so vividly what Russia's northern position meant, and how the history of the Russian nation had been influenced by the fact that the main centres of its life had to develop in high latitudes, as far as the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Only then I fully understood the uncontrollable attraction which southern lands have exercised on the Russian people, the colossal efforts which they have made to reach the Black Sea, and the steady pressure of the Siberian colonists southward, further into Manchuria.

At that time Zürich was full of Russian students, both women and men. The famous Oberstrasse, near the Polytechnic, was a corner of Russia, where the Russian language prevailed over all others. The students lived as most Russian students do, especially the women; that is, upon almost nothing. Tea and bread, some milk, and a thin slice of meat cooked over a spirit lamp, amidst animated discussions upon the latest news of the socialistic world or the last book read, — that was their regular fare. Those who had more money than was needed for such a mode of living gave it all for the "common affairs," — the library, the Russian review which was going to be published, the support of the Swiss labor papers. As to their dress, the most parsimonious economy reigned in that direction. Pushkin has written in a well-known verse, "What hat may not suit a girl of sixteen?" Our girls at Zürich seemed defiantly to throw this question at the population of the old Zwinglian city: "Can there be a simplicity in dress which does not become a

girl, when she is young, intelligent, and full of energy?"

With all this, the busy little community worked harder than any other students have ever worked since there were universities in existence, and the Zürich professors were never tired of showing the progress accomplished by the women at the university as an example to the male students.

The International Workingmen's Association was then at the height of its development. Great hopes had been awakened in the years 1840–48 in the hearts of European workers. Only now we begin to realize what a formidable amount of socialist literature was circulated in those years by socialists of all denominations, Christian socialists, state socialists, Fourierists, Saint-Simonists, Owenites, and so on; and only now we begin to understand the depth of this movement, and to discover how much of what our generation has considered the product of contemporary thought was already developed and said — often with great penetration — during those years. The republicans understood then under the name of "republic" a quite different thing from the democratic organization of capitalist rule which now goes under that name. When they spoke of the United States of Europe, they understood the brotherhood of workers, the weapons of war transformed into tools, and these tools used by all members of society for the benefit of all; not only the reign of equality as regards criminal law, but particularly economic equality. The nationalists saw in their dreams the Young Italy, the Young Germany, and the Young Hungary taking the lead in far-reaching agrarian and economic reforms.

The defeat of the June insurrection at Paris, of Hungary by the armies of Nicholas I., and of Italy by the French and the Austrians, and the fearful reaction which followed everywhere in Europe, totally destroyed that movement. Its literature, its achievements, its very principles of economic revolution and universal brotherhood, were simply forgotten, lost, during the next twenty years.

However, the understanding which was reached by some English workers and a few French workers' delegates to the London International Exhibition of 1866 became quite unexpectedly the starting point for a formidable movement, which soon spread all over Europe, and included several million workers. The hopes which had been dormant for twenty years were awakened once more, when the workers were called upon to unite, "without distinction of creed, sex, nationality, race, or color," to proclaim that "the emancipation of the workers must be their own work," and to throw the weight of a strong, united, international organization into the evolution of mankind, — not in the name of love and charity, but in the name of justice, of the force that belongs to a body of men moved by a reasoned consciousness of their own aims and aspirations.

Two strikes at Paris, in 1868 and 1869, more or less helped by small contributions sent from England, Germany, and Spain, insignificant though they were in themselves, became the origin of an immense movement in which the solidarity of the workers of all nations was proclaimed in the face of the rivalries of the states. The idea of an international union of all trades, and of a struggle against capital with the aid of international support, carried away the most indifferent of the workers. The movement spread like wildfire in France, Italy, and Spain, bringing to the front such a number of intelligent, active, and devoted workers, and attracting to it such a number of men, young and old, from the wealthier educated classes, that a force never before suspected to exist grew stronger every day. If the movement had not been arrested in its growth

by the ill-omened Franco-German war, great things would probably have happened in Europe, deeply modifying the aspects of our civilization, and undoubtedly accelerating human progress; but the crushing victory of the Germans brought about abnormal conditions in Europe, and stopped for a quarter of a century the normal development of France.

All sorts of partial solutions of the great social question had currency at that time among the workers: coöperation, productive associations supported by the state, people's banks, gratuitous credit, and so on *ad infinitum*. Each of these solutions was brought before the "sections" of the association, and then before the local, regional, national, and international congresses, and eagerly discussed. Every annual congress of the association marked a new step in advance, in the development of ideas about the great social problem which stands before our generation and calls for a solution. The amount of intelligent things which were said at these congresses, and of scientifically correct, deeply thought over ideas which were circulated, — all being the results of the *collective* thought of the workers, — has never yet been sufficiently appreciated; but there is no exaggeration in saying that all schemes of social reconstruction which are now in vogue under the name of "scientific socialism" or "anarchism" have their origin in the discussions and reports of the congress of the International Association. The few educated men who joined the movement have only put into a theoretical shape the criticisms and the aspirations which were expressed in the sections, and subsequently in the congresses, by the workers themselves.

The war of 1870–71 had hampered the development of the association, but had not stopped it. In all the industrial centres of Switzerland numerous and animated sections of the International existed, and thousands of workers flocked to their meetings, at which war was declared upon the existing system of private ownership of land and factories, and the near end of the capitalist system was proclaimed. Local congresses were held in various parts of the country, and at each of these gatherings the most arduous and difficult problems of the present social organization were discussed, with a knowledge of the matter and a depth of conception which alarmed the middle classes even more than did the numbers of adherents who joined the sections, or groups, of the International. The jealousies and prejudices which had hitherto existed in Switzerland between the privileged trades (the watchmakers and the jewelers) and the rougher trades (weavers, and so on), and which had prevented joint action in labor disputes, were disappearing. The workers asserted with increasing emphasis that, of all the divisions which exist in modern society, by far the most important is that between the owners of capital and those who not only come into the world penniless, but are doomed to remain producers of wealth for the favored few.

Italy, especially middle and northern Italy, was honeycombed with groups and sections of the International; and in these the Italian unity so long struggled for was declared a mere illusion. The workers were called upon to make their own revolution, — to take the land for the peasants and the factories for the workers themselves, and to abolish the oppressive centralized organization of the state, whose historical mission always was to protect and to maintain the exploitation of man by man.

In Spain, similar organizations covered Catalonia, Valencia, and Andalusia; they were supported by, and united with, the powerful labor unions of Barcelona. The International had no less than eighty thousand regularly paying Spanish members; it embodied all the active and thinking elements of the population; and by its distinct refusal to meddle with the

political intrigues during 1871–72 it had drawn to itself in an immense degree the sympathies of the masses. The proceedings of its provincial and national congresses, and the manifestoes which they issued, were models of a severe logical criticism of the existing conditions, as well as admirably lucid statements of the workers' ideals.

In Belgium, Holland, and even in Portugal, the same movement was spreading, and it had already brought into the association the great mass and the best elements of the Belgian coal miners and weavers. In England, the always conservative trade unions had also joined the movement, at least in principle, and were ready to support their Continental brethren in direct struggles against capital, especially in strikes. In Germany, the socialists had concluded a union with the rather numerous followers of Lassalle, and the first foundations of a social democratic party had been laid. Austria and Hungary followed in the same track; and although no international organization was possible at that time in France, after the defeat of the Commune and the reaction which followed (Draconic laws having been enacted against the adherents of the association), every one was persuaded, nevertheless, that this period of reaction would not last, and that France would soon join the association again and take the lead in it.

While I was in Switzerland, wanting to know all about the Workingmen's Association, I joined the local section. I also asked my Russian friends where I could learn more about the great movement which was going on in other countries. "Read," was their reply, and they brought me large numbers of books and collections of newspapers for the last two years. I spent days and nights in reading, and received a deep impression which nothing will efface; the flood of new thoughts awakened is associated in my mind with a tiny clean room in the Oberstrasse, commanding from a window a view of the blue lake, with the mountains beyond it, where the Swiss fought for their independence, and the high spires of the old town, — that scene of so many religious struggles.

Socialistic literature has never been rich in books. It is written for workers, for whom one penny is money, and its main force lies in its small pamphlets and its newspapers. Moreover, he who seeks for information about socialism finds in books little of what he requires most. They contain the theories or the scientific arguments in favor of socialist aspirations, but they give no idea how the workers accept socialist ideals, and how the latter could be put into practice. There remains nothing but to take collections of papers and read them all through, — the news as well as the leaders, perhaps even more than the leaders. Quite a new world of social relations and methods of thought and action is revealed by this reading, which gives an insight into what cannot be found anywhere else, — namely, the depth and the moral force of the movement, the degree to which men are imbued with the new theories, their readiness to carry them out in their daily life and to suffer for them. All discussions about the impracticability of socialism and the necessary slowness of evolution are of little value, because the speed of evolution can only be judged from a close knowledge of the human beings of whose evolution we are speaking. What estimate of a sum can be made without knowing its components?

The more I read, the more I saw that there was before me a new world, unknown to me, and totally unknown to the learned makers of sociological theories, — a world that I could know only by living in the Workingmen's Association and by meeting the workers in their every-day life. I decided, accordingly, to spend a couple of months in such a life. My Russian friends en-

couraged me, and after a few days' stay at Zürich I left for Geneva, which was then a great centre of the international movement.

The place where the Geneva sections used to meet was the spacious Masonic Temple Unique. More than two thousand men could come together in its large hall, at the general meetings, while every evening all sorts of committee and section meetings took place in the side rooms, or classes in history, physics, engineering, and so on were held; free instruction being given to the workers by the few, very few, middle-class men who had joined the movement, and mainly by French refugees of the Paris Commune. It was a people's university as well as a people's forum.

One of the chief leaders of the movement at the Temple Unique was a Russian, Nicholas Ootin, — a bright, intelligent, and active man; and the real soul of it was a Russian lady, who was known far and wide amongst the workers as Madame Olga. She was the working force in all the committees. Both Ootin and Madame Olga received me cordially, made me acquainted with all the men of mark in the sections of the different trades, and invited me to be present at the committee meetings. So I went, but I preferred being with the workers themselves. Taking a glass of sour wine at one of the tables in the hall, I used to sit there every evening amid the workers, and soon became friendly with several of them, especially with a stone-mason from Alsace, who had left France after the insurrection of the Commune. He had children, just about the age of the two whom my brother had so suddenly lost a few months before, and through the children I was speedily on good terms with the family and their friends. I could thus follow the movement from the inside, and know the workers' view of it.

The workers had built all their hopes on the international movement. Young and old flocked to the Temple Unique after their long day's work, to get hold of the scraps of education which they could obtain there, or to listen to the speakers who promised them a grand future, based upon the common possession of all that man requires for the production of well-being, and upon a brotherhood of men, without distinction of caste, race, or nationality. All hoped that a great social revolution, peaceful or not, would soon come and totally change the economic conditions. No one desired class war, but all said that if the ruling classes rendered it unavoidable through their blind obstinacy, let it be war, if only it should bring with it well-being and liberty to the downtrodden masses.

One must have lived among the workers at that time to realize the effect which the sudden growth of the association had upon their minds, — the trust they put in it, the love with which they spoke of it, the sacrifices they made for it. Every day, week after week and year after year, thousands of workers made sacrifices in order to support the life of each group, to secure the appearance of the papers, to defray the expenses of the congresses, to support the comrades who had suffered for the association, — nay, even to be present at the meetings and the manifestations. Another thing that impressed me deeply was the elevating influence which the International exercised. Most of the Paris Internationalists were almost total abstainers from drink, and all had abandoned smoking. "Why should I nurture in myself that weakness?" they said.

Outsiders never realize the sacrifices which are made by the workers. No small amount of moral courage was required to join openly a section of the International Association, and to face the discontent of the master and a probable dismissal at the first opportunity, with the long months out of work which

usually followed. Even a few pence given for the common cause represent a burden on the meagre budget of the European worker, and many pence had to be disbursed every week. Frequent attendance at the meetings means a sacrifice, too. For us it may be a pleasure to spend a couple of hours at a meeting, but for men whose working day begins at five in the morning those hours have to be stolen from necessary rest.

I felt this devotion as a standing reproach. I saw how eager the workers were to gain instruction, and despairingly few were those who volunteered to aid them. I saw how much the toiling masses needed to be helped by men possessed of education and leisure, in their endeavors to spread and to develop the organization; but how few and rare were those who came to assist without the intention of making political capital even of that helplessness! More and more I began to feel that I was bound to cast in my lot with them. Stepniák says, in his Career of a Nihilist, that every revolutionist has had a moment in his life when some circumstance, maybe unimportant in itself, has brought him to pronounce his oath of giving himself to the cause of revolution. I know that moment; I lived through it after one of the meetings at the Temple Unique, when I felt more acutely than ever before how cowardly are the educated men who hesitate to put their education, their knowledge, their energy, at the service of those who are so much in need of that education and that energy. "Here are men," I said to myself, "who are conscious of their servitude, who work to get rid of it; but where are the helpers? Where are those who come to serve the masses, not to utilize them for their own ambitions?"

Gradually, some doubts began to creep into my mind as to the soundness of the agitation which was carried on at the Temple Unique. One night, a well-known Geneva lawyer, Monsieur A., came to the meeting, and stated that if he had not hitherto joined the association, it was because he had first to settle his own business affairs; having now succeeded in that direction, he came to join the labor movement. I felt shocked at this cynical avowal, and when I communicated my reflections to my stonemason friend he explained to me that this gentleman, having been defeated at the previous election, when he sought the support of the radical party, now hoped to be elected by the support of the labor vote. "We accept their services for the present," my friend concluded, "but when the revolution comes, our first move will be to throw all of them overboard."

Then came a great meeting, hastily convoked, to protest, as it was said, against the calumnies of the Journal de Genève. This organ of the moneyed classes of Geneva had simply ventured to suggest that mischief was brewing at the Temple Unique, and that the building trades were going once more to make a general strike, such as they had made in 1869. The leaders at the Temple Unique called the meeting. Thousands of workers filled the hall, and Ootin asked them to pass a resolution, the wording of which seemed to me very strange, and concluded a hurried speech in support of it with the words, "If you agree, citizens, with this resolution, I will send it to the press." He was going to leave the platform, when somebody in the hall suggested that discussion would not be out of place; and then representatives of all branches of the building trades stood up in succession, saying that the wages had lately been so low that they could hardly live upon them; that with the opening of the spring there was plenty of work in view, of which they intended to take advantage to increase their wages; and if an increase were refused they would begin a general strike.

I was furious, and next day hotly re-

proached Ootin for his behavior. "As a leader," I told him, "you were bound to know that a general strike was really spoken of." In my innocence I did not suspect the real motives of the leaders, and it was Ootin himself who made me understand that a strike at that time would be disastrous for the election of the lawyer, Monsieur A.

I could not reconcile this wire-pulling by the leaders with the burning speeches I had heard them pronounce from the platform. I felt disheartened, and spoke to Ootin of my intention to make myself acquainted with the other section of the International Association at Geneva, which was known as the Bakúnists. The name "anarchist" was not much in use then. Ootin gave me at once a word of introduction to another Russian, Nicholas Joukovsky, who belonged to that section, and, looking straight into my face, he added, with a sigh, "Well, you won't return to us; you will remain with them." He had guessed right.

IX.

I went first to Neuchâtel, and then spent a week or so among the watchmakers in the Jura Mountains. I thus made my first acquaintance with that famous Jura Federation which for the next few years played an important part in the development of socialism, introducing into it the no-government, or anarchist, tendency.

At that time, the Jura Federation was becoming a rebel against the authority of the general council of the International Workingmen's Association. The association was essentially a workingmen's movement; it had its origin in a union concluded between workers across the Channel for mutual support in labor struggles, and its first public steps were internationally supported strikes. The workers understood it as a labor movement, not as a political party, and in east Belgium, for instance, they had introduced into the statutes a clause in virtue of which no one could be a member of a section unless employed in a manual trade; even foremen were excluded.

The workers were federalist in principle. Each nation, each separate region, and even each local section had to be left free to develop on its own lines. But the middle-class revolutionists of the old school who had entered the International, imbued as they were with the notions of the centralized, pyramidal secret organizations of earlier times, had introduced the same notions into the Workingmen's Association. Beside the federal and national councils, a general council was nominated at London, to act as a sort of intermediary between the councils of the different nations. Marx and Engels were the leading spirits of the London general council. It soon appeared, however, that the mere fact of having such a central body became a source of substantial inconvenience. The general council was not satisfied with playing the part of a correspondence bureau; it strove to govern the movement, to approve or to censure the action of the local federations and sections, and even of individual members. When the Commune insurrection began in Paris, — and "the leaders had only to follow," and could not say whereto they would be led within the next twenty-four hours, — the general council insisted upon directing the insurrection from London. It required daily reports about the events, gave orders, favored this and hampered that, and thus put in evidence the disadvantage of having a governing body, even within the association. It set people thinking about the uselessness of any government, democratic though its origin may be. This was the first spark of anarchism.

The separation between leaders and workers which I had noticed at Geneva did not exist in the Jura Mountains. There were a number of men who were more intelligent, and especially more

active, than the others; but that was all. James Guillaume, one of the most intelligent and broadly educated men I ever met, was a proofreader and the manager of a small printing office. He was then translating a novel from German into French, and was paid eight francs — one dollar and sixty cents — for sixteen pages!

In a little valley in the Jura hills there is a succession of small towns and villages, whose French-speaking population was entirely employed, at that time, in the various branches of watchmaking. Whole families used to work in small workshops; in one of them I found another leader, Adhemar Schwitzguebel, with whom, also, I afterward became very closely connected. He sat among a dozen young men who were engraving lids of gold and silver watches. I was asked to take a seat on a bench, or table, and soon we were all engaged in a lively conversation upon socialism, government or no government, and the coming congresses.

In the evening a heavy snowstorm raged; it blinded us and froze the blood in our veins, as we struggled to the next village. But, notwithstanding the storm, about fifty watchmakers, chiefly old people, came from the neighboring villages and towns, — some of them as much as seven miles distant, — to join a small informal meeting that was called for that evening.

The very organization of the watch trade, which permits men to know one another thoroughly and to work in their own houses, where they are free to talk, explains why the level of intellectual development in this population is higher than that of workers who spend all their life from early childhood in the factories. There is more independence and more originality among them. But the absence of a division between the leaders and the masses in the Jura Federation was also the reason why there was no question upon which every member of the federation would not strive to form his own independent opinion. Here I saw that the workers were not a mass that was being led and made subservient to the political ends of a few men; their leaders were simply their more active brethren, — initiators rather than leaders. The clearness of insight, the soundness of judgment, the capacity for disentangling complex social questions, which I noticed amongst these workers, especially the middle-aged ones, deeply impressed me; and I am firmly persuaded that if the Jura Federation has played a prominent part in the development of socialism, it is not only on account of the importance of the no-government and federalist ideas of which it was the champion, but also on account of the expression which was given to these ideas by the good sense of the Jura watchmakers. Without their aid, these conceptions might have remained mere abstractions for a long time.

The theoretical aspects of anarchism, as they were then beginning to be expressed in the Jura Federation; the criticisms of state socialism — the fear of an economic despotism, far more dangerous than the merely political despotism — which I heard formulated there; and the revolutionary character of the agitation, appealed strongly to my mind. But the equalitarian relations which I found in the Jura Mountains, the independence of thought and expression which I saw developing in the workers, and their unlimited devotion to the cause appealed far more strongly to my feelings; and when I came away from the mountains, after a week's stay with the watchmakers, my views upon socialism were settled. I was an anarchist.

A subsequent journey to Belgium, where I could compare once more the centralized political agitation at Brussels with the economic and independent agitation that was going on amongst the clothiers at Verviers, only strengthened my views. These clothiers were one of

the most sympathetic populations that I ever knew of in Europe.

X.

During my journey I had bought a number of books and collections of socialist newspapers. In Russia, the books were "unconditionally prohibited" by censorship; and some of the collections of newspapers and reports of international congresses could not be bought for any amount of money, even in Belgium. "Shall I part with them, while my brother and my friends would be so happy to see them at St. Petersburg?" I asked myself; and I decided that by all means I must take them into Russia.

I returned to St. Petersburg via Vienna and Warsaw. Jews, it was said, lived by smuggling on the Polish frontier, and if I could succeed in discovering one of them, my books surely would be carried in safety over the border. However, to stop at a small railway station to hunt for smugglers, while all other passengers continued on their journey, would have been too unreasonable; so I took a side branch of the railway and went to Cracow. "The capital of old Poland is near to the frontier," I thought, "and I shall find there some Jew who will lead me to the men I seek."

I reached the once renowned and brilliant city in the evening, and early next morning went out from the hotel on my search. What was my bewilderment when at every street corner, and wherever I turned my eyes in the otherwise deserted market place, I saw a Jew, wearing the traditional long dress and locks of his forefathers, and watching for some Polish nobleman or tradesman who might send him on an errand and pay him a few coppers for the service. I wanted to find *one* Jew; and now there were too many of them. Whom should I approach? I made the round of the town, and then, in my despair, I decided to accost the Jew who stood at the entrance gate of my hotel, — an immense old palace, of which, in former days, every hall was filled with elegant crowds of gayly dressed dancers, but which now performed the most prosaic function of giving shelter and food to a few occasional travelers. I explained to the man my desire of smuggling in a rather heavy bundle of books and newspapers.

"Very easily done, sir," he replied. "I will just bring to you the representative of the Universal Company for the International Exchange of Rags and Bones. They carry on the largest smuggling business in the world, and he is sure to oblige you." Half an hour later he really returned with the representative of the company, — a most elegant young man, who spoke in perfection Russian, German, and Polish.

He looked at my bundle, weighed it with his hands, and asked what sort of books were in it.

"All severely prohibited by Russian censorship: that is why they must be smuggled in."

"Our business," he said in reply, "is costly silks. If I were going to pay my men by weight, according to our silk tariff, I should have to name you a quite extravagant price. And then, to tell the truth, I don't much like meddling with books. The slightest mishap, and 'they' would make of it a political affair, and then it would cost the Universal Rags and Bones Company a tremendous sum of money to get clear of it."

I probably looked very sad, for the elegant young man who represented the Universal Rags and Bones Company immediately added: "Don't be troubled. He [the hotel commissionnaire] will arrange it for you in some other way."

"Oh yes. There are scores of ways to arrange such a trifle, to oblige the gentleman," jovially remarked the commissionnaire, as he left me.

In an hour's time he came back with another young man. This one took the bundle, put it by the side of the door, and said: "It 's all right. If you leave

to-morrow, you shall have your books at such a station in Russia," and he explained to me how it would be managed.

"How much will it cost?" I asked.

"How much are you disposed to pay?" was the reply.

I emptied my purse on the table, and said: "That much for my journey. The remainder is yours. I will travel third class!"

"Wai, wai, wai!" exclaimed both men at once. "What are you saying, sir? Such a gentleman travel third class! Never! No, no, no, that won't do. . . . Five dollars will do for us, and then one dollar or so for the commissionnaire, if you are agreeable to it, — just as much as you like. We are not highway robbers, but honest tradesmen." And they bluntly refused to take more money.

I had often heard of the honesty of the Jewish smugglers on the frontier; but I had never expected to have such a proof of it. Later on, when our circle imported many books from abroad, or still later, when so many revolutionists and refugees crossed the frontier in entering or leaving Russia, there was not a case in which the smugglers betrayed any one, or took advantage of circumstances to exact an exorbitant price for their services.

Next day I left Cracow; and at the designated Russian station a porter approached my compartment, and, speaking loudly, so as to be heard by the gendarme who was walking along the platform, said to me, "Here is the bag your highness left the other day," and handed me my precious parcel.

I was so happy to have it that I did not even stop at Warsaw, but continued my journey directly to St. Petersburg, to show my trophies to my brother.

XI.

Serfdom was abolished in Russia. But quite a network of habits and customs of domestic slavery, of utter disregard of human individuality, of despotism on the part of the fathers, and of hypocritical submission on that of the wives, the sons, and the daughters, had developed during the two hundred and fifty years that serfdom had existed. Everywhere in Europe, at the beginning of this century, there was a great deal of domestic despotism, — the writings of Thackeray and Dickens bear ample testimony to it; but nowhere else had that tyranny attained such a luxurious development as in Russia. All Russian life, in the family, in the relations between commander and subordinate, military chief and soldier, employer and employee, bore the stamp of it. Quite a world of customs and manners of thinking, of prejudices and moral cowardice, of habits bred by a lazy existence, had grown up; and even the best men of the time paid a large tribute to these products of the serfdom period.

Law could have no grip upon these things. Only a vigorous social movement, which would attack the very roots of the evil, could reform the habits and customs of every-day life; and in Russia this movement — this revolt of the individual — took a far more powerful character, and became far more sweeping in its criticisms, than anywhere in Western Europe or America. "Nihilism" was the name that Turguéneff gave it in his epoch-making novel, Fathers and Sons.

The movement is wholly misunderstood in Western Europe. In the press, for example, nihilism is continually confused with terrorism. The revolutionary disturbance which broke out in Russia toward the close of the reign of Alexander II., and ended in the tragical death of the Tsar, is constantly described as nihilism. No greater mistake, however, could be made. To confuse nihilism with terrorism is as wrong as to confuse a philosophical movement like stoicism or positivism with a political movement like, let us say, repub-

licanism. Terrorism was called into existence by certain special conditions of the political struggle at a given historical moment. It has lived, and has died. But nihilism has impressed its stamp upon the whole of the life of the educated classes of Russia, and that stamp will be retained for many years to come. It is nihilism, divested of some of its rougher aspects, — which were unavoidable in a young movement of that sort, — which gives now to the life of a great portion of the educated classes of Russia a certain peculiar character which we Russians regret not to find in the life of Western Europe. It is nihilism, again, in its various manifestations, which gives to many of our writers that remarkable sincerity, that habit of "thinking aloud," which astounds Western European readers.

First of all, the nihilist declared war upon what may be described as "the conventional lies of civilized mankind." Absolute sincerity was his distinctive feature, and in the name of that sincerity he gave up, and asked others to give up, those superstitions, prejudices, habits, and customs which their own reason could not justify. He refused to bend before any authority except that of reason, and in the analysis of every social institution or habit he revolted against any sort of more or less masked sophism.

He broke, of course, with the superstitions of his fathers, and in his philosophical conceptions he was a positivist, an agnostic, a Spencerian evolutionist, or a scientific materialist; and while he never attacked the simple, sincere religious belief which is a psychological necessity of feeling, he bitterly fought against the hypocrisy that leads people to assume the outward mask of a religion which they repeatedly throw aside as useless ballast.

The life of civilized people is full of little conventional lies. Persons who hate each other, meeting in the street, make their faces radiant with a happy smile; the nihilist remained unmoved, and smiled only for those whom he was really glad to meet. All those forms of outward politeness which are mere hypocrisy were equally repugnant to him, and he assumed a certain external roughness as a protest against the smooth amiability of his fathers. He saw them wildly talking as idealist sentimentalists, and at the same time acting as real barbarians toward their wives, their children, and their serfs; and he rose in revolt against that sort of sentimentalism which, after all, so nicely accommodated itself to the anything but ideal conditions of Russian life. Art was involved in the same sweeping negation. Continual talk about beauty, the ideal, art for art's sake, æsthetics, and the like, so willingly indulged in while every object of art was bought with money exacted from starving peasants, inspired him with disgust, and all the criticisms which Tolstoy now makes against art were expressed forty years ago in the sweeping assertion, "A pair of boots is more important than all your refined talk about Shakespeare."

Marriage without love, and familiarity without friendship, were equally repudiated. The nihilist girl, compelled by her parents to be a doll in a Doll's House, and to marry for property's sake, preferred to abandon her house and her silk dresses, put on a black woolen dress of the plainest description, crop off her hair, and go to a high school, in order to win there her personal independence.

The nihilist carried his love of sincerity even into the minutest details of every-day life. He discarded the conventional forms of society talk, and expressed his opinions in a blunt and terse way, even with a certain affectation of outward roughness.

Two great Russian novelists, Turguéneff and Goncharóff, have tried to represent this new type in their novels. Goncharóff, in Precipice, taking a real but

unrepresentative individual of this class made a caricature of nihilism. Turguéneff was too good an artist, and had himself conceived too much admiration for the new type, to let himself be drawn into caricature painting; but even his nihilist, Bazároff, did not satisfy us. We found him too harsh, especially in his relations with his old parents, and, above all, we reproached him with his seeming neglect of his duties as a citizen. Russian youth could not be satisfied with the merely negative attitude of Turguéneff's hero. Nihilism, with its affirmation of the rights of the individual and its negation of all hypocrisy, was but a first step toward a higher type of men and women, who are equally free, but live for a great cause. In the nihilists of Chernyshévsky, as they are depicted in his far less artistic novel, What is to be Done? they saw better portraits of themselves.

"It is bitter, the bread that has been made by slaves," our poet Nekrásoff wrote. The young generation actually refused to eat that bread, and to enjoy the riches that had been accumulated in their fathers' houses by means of servile labor, whether the laborers were actual serfs or slaves of the present industrial system.

All Russia read with astonishment, in the indictment which was produced at the court against Karakózoff and his friends, that these young men, owners of considerable fortunes, used to live three or four in the same room, never spending more than five dollars apiece a month for all their needs, and giving at the same time their fortunes for starting coöperative associations, coöperative workshops (where they themselves worked), and the like. Five years later, thousands and thousands of the Russian youth — the best part of it — were doing the same. Their watchword was, "Vnaród!" (To the people be the people.) During the years 1860–65, in nearly every wealthy family a bitter struggle was going on between the fathers, who wanted to maintain the old traditions, and the sons and daughters, who defended their right to dispose of their life according to their own ideals, and refused to follow the career prescribed to them by their elders. Young men left the military service, the counter, the shop, and flocked to the university towns. Girls, bred in the most aristocratic families, rushed penniless to St. Petersburg and Moscow, eager to learn a profession which would free them from the domestic yoke, and some day, perhaps, also from the possible yoke of a husband. After hard and bitter struggles, many of them won that personal freedom. Now they wanted to utilize it, not for their own personal enjoyment, but for carrying to the people the knowledge that had emancipated them. In every town of Russia, in every quarter of St. Petersburg, small groups were formed for self-improvement and self-education; the works of the philosophers, the writings of the economists, the historical researches of the young Russian historical school, were carefully read in these circles, and the reading was followed by endless discussions. The aim of all that reading and discussion was to solve the great question which rose before them. In what way could they be useful to the masses? Gradually, they came to the idea that the only way was to settle amongst the people, and to live the people's life. Young men went into the villages as doctors, doctors' helpers, teachers, village scribes, even as agricultural laborers, blacksmiths, woodcutters, and so on, and tried to live there in close contact with the peasants. Girls passed teachers' examinations, learned midwifery or nursing, and went by the hundred into the villages, devoting themselves entirely to the poorest part of the population.

When I returned from Switzerland I found this movement in full swing.

XII.

I hastened, of course, to share with my friends my impressions of the International Workingmen's Association and my books. At the university I had no friends, properly speaking; I was older than most of my companions, and a difference of a few years is an obstacle to complete comradeship, at that age. It must also be said that since the new rules of admission to the university had been introduced in 1861, the best of the independent and rich young men were sifted in the gymnasia, and did not gain admittance to the university. Consequently, the majority of my comrades were good boys, laborious, but taking no interest in anything besides the examinations. I was friendly with only one of them: let me call him Dmitri Kelnitz. He was born in South Russia, and although his name was German he hardly spoke German, and his face was South Russian rather than Teutonic. He was very intelligent, had read a great deal, and had seriously thought over what he had read. He loved science and deeply respected it, but, like many of us, he soon came to the conclusion that to follow the career of a scientific man meant to join the camp of the Philistines, and that there was plenty of other and more urgent work that he could do. He attended the university lectures for two years, and then abandoned them, giving himself entirely to social work. He lived anyhow; I even doubt if he had a permanent lodging. Sometimes he would come to me and ask, "Have you some paper?" and having taken a supply of it, he would sit perhaps at the corner of a table for an hour or two, diligently making a translation. The little that he earned in this way was more than sufficient to satisfy all his limited wants. Then he would hurry to a distant part of the town to see a comrade or to help a needy friend; or he would cross St. Petersburg on foot, to a remote suburb, in order to obtain free admission to a college for some boy in whom the comrades were interested. He was undoubtedly a gifted man. In Western Europe a man far less gifted would have worked his way to a position of political or socialist leadership. No thought of such a thing ever entered the brain of Kelnitz. To lead men was by no means his ambition, and there was no work too insignificant for him to do. This trait, however, was not distinctive of him alone; all those who had lived some years in the students' circles of those times were possessed of it in a high degree.

Soon after my return Kelnitz invited me to join a circle which was known amongst the youth as "the Circle of Tchaykovsky." Under this name it played an important part in the history of the social movement in Russia, and under this name it will go down to history. "Its members," Kelnitz said to me, "have hitherto been mostly constitutionalists; but they are excellent men, with minds open to any honest idea; they have plenty of friends all over Russia, and you will see later on what you can do." I already knew Tchaykovsky, and a few other members of this circle. Tchaykovsky had won my heart at our first meeting, and our friendship has remained unshaken for twenty-seven years.

The beginning of this circle was a very small group of young men and women, — one of whom was Sophie Peróvskaya, — who had united for purposes of self-education and self-improvement. Tchaykovsky was of their number. In 1869 Nechâieff had tried to start in Russia a secret revolutionary organization, and to secure this end he resorted to the ways of old conspirators, without recoiling even before deceit when he wanted to force his associates to follow his lead. Such methods could have no success in Russia, and very soon his society broke down. All the members were arrested, and some of the best and purest of the Russian youth went to

Siberia before they had done anything. The circle of self-education of which I am speaking was constituted in opposition to the methods of Necháieff. The few friends had judged, quite correctly, that a morally developed individuality must be the foundation of every organization, whatever political character it may take afterward, and whatever programme of action it may adopt in the course of future events. This was why the Circle of Tchaykovsky, gradually widening its programme, spread so extensively in Russia, achieved such important results, and later on, when circumstances and the ferocious prosecutions of the government created a revolutionary struggle, produced that remarkable set of men and women who fell in the terrible contest they waged against autocracy.

At that time, however, — that is, in 1872, — the circle had nothing revolutionary in it. If it had remained a mere circle of self-improvement, it would soon have petrified, like a monastery. But the members found a suitable work. They began to spread good books. They bought the works of Lassalle, Bervi (on the condition of the laboring classes in Russia), Marx, and so on, — whole editions, — and distributed them among students in the provinces. In a few years, there was not a town of importance in "thirty-eight provinces of the Russian Empire," to use official language, where this circle did not have a group of comrades engaged in the spreading of that sort of literature. Gradually, following the general drift of the times, and stimulated by the news which came from Western Europe about the rapid growth of the labor movement, the circle became more and more a centre of socialistic propaganda among the educated youth, and a natural intermediary between numbers of provincial circles; and then, one day, the ice between students and workers was broken, and direct relations were established with working people at St. Petersburg and in some of the provinces. It was at that juncture that I joined the circle, in the spring of 1872.

All secret societies are fiercely prosecuted in Russia, and the Western reader will perhaps expect from me a description of my initiation and of the oath of allegiance which I took. I must disappoint him, because there was nothing of the sort, and could not be; we should have been the first to laugh at such ceremonies, and Kelnitz would not have missed the opportunity of putting in one of his sarcastic remarks, which would have killed any ritual. There was not even a statute. The circle accepted as members only persons who were well known and had been tested in various circumstances, and of whom it was felt that they could be trusted absolutely. Before a new member was received, his character was discussed with the frankness and seriousness which were characteristic of the nihilist. The slightest token of insincerity or conceit would have barred the way to admission. The circle did not care to make a show of numbers, and had no tendency to concentrate in its hands all the activity that was going on amongst the youth, or to include in one organization the scores of different circles which existed in the capitals and the provinces. With most of them friendly relations were maintained; they were helped, and they helped us, when necessity arose, but no assault was made on their autonomy.

The circle preferred to remain a closely united group of friends; and never did I meet elsewhere such a collection of morally superior men and women as the score of persons whose acquaintance I made at the first meeting of the Circle of Tchaykovsky. I still feel proud of having been received into that family.

P. Kropotkin.

THE LOVE STORY OF A SELFISH WOMAN.

NEVER did man bear a name better suited to his outward fashion than Pole. Tall, gaunt, stiff, with a certain dignity conferred by height rather than by proportion, the admirable descriptiveness of his name had been promptly discovered during his schooldays, and many a jest, exquisitely humorous to the originators, had resulted from it. At West Point this source of jovial persecution was not neglected, and in the numerous frontier garrisons to which his army career brought him it attracted the delighted attention of his comrades. With the passing of years, however, these obvious analogies between his form and his name came to convey a savor of honor in their fun, as when young Rodney described him to the mess at Lawrence as an admirable "flagpole," with always a vision of "glory" about his head. For Pole's calm strength had been proved in many an emergency, and no more brilliant officer than he answered to the roll call of the cavalry. It was promotion after the close of a famous Indian campaign which brought him to Fort Lawrence, where, as usual, his silence and reserve won him esteem rather than intimacy, and where curiosity and amusement divided garrison comment when he joined the ranks of Hilda Randolph's courtiers.

Hilda was the major's only daughter, an "army girl," who rode as well and shot as straight as any lieutenant, and reigned over her domain of youthful hearts with an imperious waywardness possible only to one who, in her limited kingdom, had never known revolt. Among her young and jolly followers Captain Pole looked out of place, and seemed not unconscious of his incongruity. But he serenely refused to be crowded out; and though he was made to perceive that coldness and formality succeeded his appearance, the subalterns dared not show outward disrespect to their superior officer.

Hilda, however, was unfettered by restrictions of military decorum. Many as were the pranks she played on all who sought her favor, nobody suffered so constantly and so humbly as Pole. Even his careless boyish rivals recognized this with half-shamed regret.

"It 's a pity to make a laughingstock of him!" young Rodney exclaimed one day, when there had been a more than usually conspicuous example of the girl's perversity. "He is a splendid chap, if you look at him seriously!"

"Why should I look at him seriously? He amuses me," she laughed. "I dare say I amuse him, also; and your pity is wasted, for here he comes again, as placid as though he had never been snubbed."

Yet it was not invulnerability so much as vitality that his devotion displayed. He was often obviously wounded in the fray, but his return to it was immediate.

"I treated you abominably," she declared to him one evening, gazing up at his grave countenance with petulant wonder in her eyes. "You were vexed — for a quarter of an hour! Is n't it possible for you to stay angry?"

"Not with you," he replied shortly.

"Why not?" she asked, and blushed suddenly over all her face and neck for knowledge of the answer she divined even as she uttered the question.

"Because I love you," he said, and walked away down the moonlit veranda.

Somehow, the abruptness of this statement, and its lack of clamor or demand, thrilled her, and her partner in the succeeding waltz found her in a surprisingly gentle mood.

But the mood passed quickly. No mood lasted long with Hilda Randolph except her natural gayety, which, like a

golden thread, flashed through everything she did, and made her a delight to all who did not oppose her. For this fair tyrant was turned aside by no such petty obstacles as the fancies and feelings of others. Hence, according to the fashion of human nature, which, despite theories to the contrary, is inclined to adore a tyrant, there were wider dismay and deeper regret when trouble befell her than a greater misfortune to many a worthier dweller in "officers' row" would have aroused.

It was an appalling calamity to associate with the splendid animation of the girl. Those who had not seen the accident spoke with lowered voices of the impossibility of conceiving Hilda Randolph crushed and senseless, while those who were present shuddered away from mention of it.

She had been trying a new horse over some hurdles, and, wild with high spirits, she ordered another rail added, in spite of the entreaties of the lieutenants who stood admiring her. The sight of Pole striding toward the hurdles, with determined remonstrance in his mien, gave the last spur to her recklessness.

"Behold him!" she cried, with a taunting laugh. "Does n't he look like a pair of huge scissors ambulant? I 'm sure he intends to clip me from my saddle, if I don't heed his warning!"

She waved her hand gayly to him, and touched her horse with the whip. The animal sprang forward and rose gallantly for the leap; but either his rider's haste or his own eagerness made him miscalculate the added height. His rear hoofs caught the top rail with a sharp click, and horse and woman fell in a struggling heap upon the further side of the hurdle.

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A week later Pole entered the little sitting room of Major Randolph's quarters, and found the major red-eyed with weeping. "My poor girl wants you," he said, as he grasped Pole's hand. "I 've told her it 's a cruel task she is putting on you — but when you see her" —

"Will you let me see her at once?" Pole interrupted hoarsely, extricating his hand, and walking toward the door of an inner room.

He knew that she was there, for he had helped to carry her home, and the surgeon had forbidden that she should be taken upstairs to her own room.

The major opened the door, without other word than a low "God help us all!"

Hilda lay motionless in some contrivance of the surgeon's intended to ease her injured spine. Her clear-cut face was worn with suffering, and white as the surrounding pillows. Yet she looked younger, even, than she used to look, and her dark eyes gazed up at him with an appeal as helpless and unreserved as a child's.

He knelt beside the bed, and touched the fingers which crept toward him.

"You must not tremble," she said faintly. "I want you to be strong."

"I will be strong," Pole whispered, and his trembling ceased.

She smiled, — a pale counterfeit of the brilliant smile which had discovered his heart to him when he first came to Lawrence.

"I never was a conventional girl," she went on softly; "but I am going to do what would not have seemed possible even to me last week. You will only know when you are dying how possible" —

"Dying!"

"Dying. I shall lie here and suffer three months, or perhaps six months. Every one is to hear that much about me, but the surgeon promised nobody except father and you should be told that there is no chance of my recovery. I shall die when my injury reaches a certain crisis, which nothing can avert. And I want you to help me to die — bravely!"

"God!" The cry broke from Pole's white lips.

"You believe in him, don't you?" she said. "Last week I thought I believed in him — if ever I thought about him. To-day I don't believe in him — or anything, but Death — and you — because you love me." She shut her eyes. "Don't stare at me with such a look," she murmured, "or I shall find no help in you."

"You shall never see such a look again," he gasped, hiding his quivering face among her pillows. "Only give me a moment now."

There was silence, — silence in which the man's soul went out in prayer, while she lay with frowning brows, suffering through all her tortured body, yet vaguely sorry that the hand which held hers grew so cold.

"Hilda!" he said at last, and the tenderness of the tone in which he uttered her name for the first time brought a fleeting color to her cheek. Very haggard he looked down at her; but his look was no longer an agonized protest; it was an oath of allegiance, whose loyal strength would never fail her. "I understand, and I" —

"Do you surely understand?" she faltered. "I love you no more than I did last week. But you love me, and there is nobody else who cares very much — not my father or any of those boys — and though I am not afraid — the surgeon says I am a brave girl — yet" — She shivered. "Death is strange, and I shall be lonely lying here waiting for it, unless — you hold my hand!"

He pressed his lips to her clinging fingers.

"So long as you live, and so long as I live afterward, I shall thank God that you gave me this trust," he said steadfastly.

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Weeks passed. Autumn slipped into winter. The small garrison was duller than usual, during that year's hibernation within the circle of frozen prairie; for they sorely missed their queen of revels. But they knew nothing of the sentence of death which overhung her illness; and when they were told that she and Pole had become engaged, the conditions of that saddest of troth-plighting were withheld from them. The ladies, who were admitted to Hilda's room at rare intervals of her sufferings, reported that, though a mere passive image physically, she was in spirit almost as gay as ever. The lieutenants, who saw her no more, glanced wistfully at her shaded windows when they went daily to inquire for her; but they shrank from the chance, which each inquiry risked, of possible admission to her changed presence, and they watched Pole's grave serenity through the long winter with an interest which deepened respect.

Within that sick-room, where suffering seemed to reign, a power yet mightier struggled for supremacy. Though Hilda's courage was unfailing, it was the strong patience of the love she had invoked which made those months endurable to her and her nurses. Pole was so gentle that she grew ashamed of her irritability. He was so steadfast that she came to despise her variability. His constant cheerfulness was irresistibly infectious. From being silent, Pole developed an instinct for recounting any event humorous or unusual in the garrison. He discovered that, when Hilda was able to listen, she liked to hear of his adventures or mishaps, even of his theories and his aspirations, and he laid bare his life and his mind to her. Only of his heart, on which she leaned so confidently and whose every throb was for her service, he made no disclosures.

"You cannot see him look at her or hear him speak to her without knowing that he worships her," the major said to his wife, who was Hilda's stepmother, and to whom the hopelessness of her illness had not been revealed. "Yet I never hear love talk, and I doubt if he has ever kissed her!"

"He is to give everything, and she is

to give nothing. Those are terms such girls as Hilda are apt to make with such men as Captain Pole, and I shall be surprised if she does n't throw him over when she is well again." Mrs. Randolph spoke coldly. She was not an unamiable woman, but she had all a plain woman's severity for the heedless cruelties to which they who have beauty are tempted. And the major, who was sworn to keep secret the doom toward which those slow weeks tended, turned away in helpless wrath and grief.

One March afternoon, when a blizzard raged over the prairie and darkness had shut in early, Pole sat at Hilda's bedside reading aloud. She was wonderfully free from pain, though, with an invalid's distrust, she hesitated to confess this immunity, lest it should end. But, as she lay physically at rest, her thoughts wandered from the reading to the reader. Her eyes dwelt wistfully on his worn face, now soberly intent upon the book, and sank to his disengaged hand, which lay on a table that stood within her reach. Slowly she stretched out her own hand and touched him.

He started slightly, and glanced at her, with the look of alert service that had grown familiar to her in his regard.

"How thin you are!" she murmured, spreading his strong brown fingers on her pale palm. "Even my hand seems plump beside yours."

"I 'm always thin," he said, smiling.

"A modern Don Quixote in body as well as mind" —

"Nobody ever accused me of a too fantastic imagination," he interrupted lightly, while his glance returned to the book. "And such was the chief characteristic of the Knight of La Mancha, as I remember him."

"Don't slander him because you will not let me say nice things to you, even indirectly!" she exclaimed. Then, still holding his fingers, she added very softly, "You may kiss me."

For an instant his blue eyes burned her with a passionate reproach which transfigured him. Then he drew away his hand, stumbled to his feet, and left the room.

He did not return until his usual hour on the next day, when his manner lacked nothing of its habitual serenity, — a serenity, she assured herself, that she would not again willingly disturb.

Another fortnight elapsed. April had arrived. According to the vagaries of a Northwestern spring, the snow on the prairie had disappeared beneath a couple of days' sunshine as fervid as July. The windows of Hilda's room were open to a soft breeze, and she lay watching them for the passing of Pole's tall figure, with a color in her cheeks and lips which had not been there for months, — a color the sight of which brought a sudden flush to his countenance, and as sudden a pallor, when he entered.

"You are better!" he exclaimed.

"I have just discovered that I am," she whispered breathlessly.

"I have seen that you were freer of pain, and stronger from day to day, but I dared not" — He broke off, clasping her hand tightly in both his own. "Being better may not mean getting well. Yet — yet be brave, sweet, even braver than you always are, and I believe life will come back to you, and all life should bring to you."

His head sank on their joined hands for a moment, during which, amidst the tumult of her soul, her clearest perception was the swift whitening six months had wrought on that bowed head.

"I would not tell my father until I had told you," she faltered presently.

He rose. "He must know at once. There are ways and means we should discuss."

Then the major strolled in, as was his custom a dozen times a day, and, in the joyous excitement of his reception of her news, Pole left them together.

Upon consultation with the surgeon, who ascertained a positive improvement

in her condition, it was decided to summon a noted specialist from Chicago; and the great man wired that he would arrive within a week.

The hours of that week alternately raced and halted with Hilda Randolph, according as fear or hope prevailed; but Pole betrayed no sign of emotion after the first, — only he refused to discuss chances with her.

"You will need all your strength to receive the doctor. You cannot afford to waste any of it in maddening conjectures," he said, and, as always, his steadfastness was the staff upon which she leaned.

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Though it was not generally known that life or death hung upon the coming of the specialist, his arrival was watched with many a prayer from barracks as well as from "officers' row." For a garrison bears this resemblance to a large family, that calamity to one of its members draws all close together.

The major and Pole waited at the latter's quarters for the verdict, after the great doctor's visit to Hilda. When the two surgeons entered, Pole rose and mechanically stood at attention. The major broke into half-sobbing questions.

"She will live. She will entirely recover. In fact, she is so nearly well now that only every one's conviction that her case was hopeless has prevented her improvement from being visible long since."

The newcomer spoke slowly, gazing keenly at the changes that passed over Pole's white face.

"Sit down! You will fall!" he interrupted himself sharply, and with a swift spring forward prevented the fulfillment of his warning, as Pole sank helplessly into his arms.

"Overload the strongest, mule or man, and he breaks down," he said testily, in reply to the major's amazed representations of Pole's robust vigor. "I saw that this man had reached the limit of his endurance, at my first glimpse of him when he met me at the railway station."

Pole returned languidly to consciousness. He submitted to the care bestowed upon him; but when the major said it was his right to see Hilda even before her father, the lids drooped again over his haggard eyes.

"She must not be left alone, and I cannot go to her — yet," he faltered.

The major, nothing loath, set forth upon his happy mission, and the physicians presently left Pole to repose. As his senses cleared fully, the thought of Hilda, in this new dawn of life, lacking the one sympathy to which she had clung in the shadow of death rallied the courage which physical exhaustion had for a moment overpowered.

"I am a coward," he muttered, rising slowly. "Neither just to her nor just to myself."

It was the post dinner hour, and he encountered nobody as he walked up the parade to the major's quarters. The door of Hilda's room was ajar, and, after hearing a faint sound that seemed to answer his knock, he entered.

He went no further than the threshold.

Hilda lay with her face hidden, her whole figure shaken with such sobs as no suffering, bodily or mental, had ever before forced from her.

Pole leaned back against the wall and stared at her. She was less ready to meet life, when it now suddenly confronted her, than a long winter's training had made her to meet death.

A moment he stood motionless; then, quietly, as he had come, he went away.

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The garrison delighted in discussing several facts and many rumors in the course of the ensuing week. First, there was general rejoicing over the announcement that Hilda Randolph would soon be among them again, as blithe and bonnie as she had ever been. Then, Captain Pole was reported too ill for duty, and, oddly enough, the colonel's visits to him

were more numerous than the surgeon's. Lastly, they woke one morning to the news that Pole had departed, by the early train, on a "six months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond seas."

Such were the facts. As for the rumors, only a community as idle and as intimate as that of a frontier post can reckon the number of them. They were rumors which included a whisper that Captain Pole had applied for an exchange to another regiment, and were not discredited by the assertions of Major Randolph and his wife that Hilda's engagement was unbroken, but prolonged until Captain Pole's return from a necessary visit to Europe.

And all the while there lay on Hilda's restless, eager heart, as she began to resume the ordinary ways of life, a letter, — a letter written firmly in the large, clear writing which concerned itself mostly with "company accounts;" for Pole had no family, and few correspondents.

My Dearest [this letter said], — I may so address you, because there is no claim in words which merely declare a truth of which you are as well aware as I. You will forgive me for leaving Lawrence without seeing you, when I tell you that the first thought the assurance of your safety brought me was bitterness that life would take you from me more utterly than death could have taken you. Sweet, I cannot stay, and break, as I am in honor bound to break, the bond between us, which was pledged only for a need which has ceased. You are free to welcome the youth and happiness to which you are restored, and you must not shadow your freedom with any self-reproach for me. You gave me a trust, the remembrance of which will always be precious to me. God bless you!

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After a brief stay in England, Pole went to Switzerland. Having spent most of the years of his manhood upon the plains and prairies of our frontier, he had long desired to climb some of the world's high mountains. In this crisis of his life, he treated himself with the courageous common sense that he would have bestowed upon a friend in similar case.

He offered his days and nights of weariness, his hours of despair, such chance of forgetfulness as the scenes he had desired and the occupations he believed would be congenial might give them. He had never been beaten in any undertaking. He did not mean to be beaten now.

He was gratified to prove an excellent mountain climber, patient, unflagging, and wary. He liked the cheery comradeship of the guides, and they liked him. It was when he rested, between expeditions, in the large towns that the battle he was waging threatened most to go against him, and he longed for the moment when the guides, who prescribed these periods of repose, agreed that work should begin again.

One afternoon he returned to his hotel at Vevay, after arranging for an ascent of the Dent du Midi the next day. He was standing on the terrace, inspecting with satisfaction a sky which promised fine weather for the morrow, when the porter informed him that an American lady, who had just arrived, wished to see him in her private sitting room. She had mentioned no name, merely saying that she was an old friend. Nor was there anything to be learned from the hotel books, as the gentleman of the party had not yet registered.

Vaguely curious, — for he had few old friends outside the army, and none whom he was likely to meet in Switzerland, — Pole followed the servant upstairs. Then he heard himself announced from the threshold of a small room, and the door closed behind him.

Through a glory of sunset light he beheld Hilda advancing to meet him, but such a Hilda as he had known only in his

most blessed dreams, — a Hilda whose eyes were sweet, whose outstretched hands were tremulous with something that needed no translating, and he took her in his arms.

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Hours later, they sat together in one of those vine-hung balconies which adorn Swiss hotels in such profusion. He had been told all about her futile endeavors to write him a letter that would bring him back to her, and all about her successful efforts to persuade an uncle to bring her to Europe for the summer, and to this old town, whither, his London bankers had informed her, his letters were forwarded.

"I used to think many thoughts of you, through those weeks and months last winter," she said softly. "But I never thought so good a soldier would run away."

"Even a soldier should run away to avoid a greater defeat," he answered, smiling. "I feared that, if I stayed, I should allow your gratitude to make you sacrifice yourself."

"And you are not afraid that it may be my gratitude which has brought me half across the world?"

"It is not gratitude," he murmured, bending closer to her.

"No, it is not gratitude, — nor is it remorse! I am as selfish as I have always been, dear, dear, dearest," she whispered. "But the woman who needed your help to meet death has discovered that she cannot live without you."

Ellen Mackubin.

THE ELDERS' SEAT.

Between the mill and the miller's house in Hagar the mill stream made a broad pool with a yellow bottom of pebbles and sand. It was sometimes called the Mediterranean. If you wished to cross the mill stream, there was a plank below, which was good to jounce on, also, though apt to tip you into the water. The pool was shallow, about twenty feet across, and as long as you might care to go upstream, — as far as the clay bank, anyway, where Chub Leroy built the city of Alexandria. Jeannette Paulus walked all over Alexandria to catch a frog, and made a mess of it, and did not catch the frog. That is the way of things in this world. Alexandria fell in a moment, with all her palaces and towers. But there were other cities, and commerce was lively on the Mediterranean.

On the nearer side, against the gray, weather-beaten flank of the miller's house was a painted bench, for convenience of the morning sun and afternoon shade; and I call it now the Elders' Seat, because Captain David Brett and others were often to be seen sitting there in the sun or shade. I remember the minister was there, and Job Mather, the miller, whenever his grist ran low, so that he let his stern millstones cease to grind. These were the three to whom the Elders' Seat seemed to us to belong by right of continuance, because our short memories ran not to the contrary. Captain David was well in his seventies, the miller not far behind, and Mr. Royce already gray-haired. They sat and watched the rise and fall of cities, the growth and decay of commerce, the tumult of conquests, and the wreck of high ambition. They noticed that one thing did not change nor cease, namely, the ripple of the stream; just as if, in history, there really were a voice distinguishable that went murmuring forever.

After the fall of Alexandria Damas-

cus was built, but inland, so that it had to be reached by caravan; and Moses Durfey laid the foundations of Byzantium where the pool narrowed into rushing water, and Venice was planted low in a marshy place hard by the seven hills of Rome. But you must know that Bobby Bell built the city of Rome absurdly, and filled it with potholes to keep frogs in and floating black bugs, so that it was impossible to hold it against the Carthaginians. There were wars in those days. These were the main marts of trade, but there were quays and fortresses elsewhere; and it should be told sometime how the Barbary pirates came down. Rome was in a bad way, for Bobby had one aquarium in the Campus Martius, and another where the Forum should have been. There was nothing flourishing but the aqueducts.

The three Elders would sit leaning forward, watching the changes of fortune and event that went on from hour to hour by the Mediterranean. The captain smoked his pipe; the minister rested his chin on his cane; the miller's hands were on his knees, his large white face stolid, his heavy lips seldom moving. He was a thinking man, the miller, — a slow-moving, slow-speaking, persistent man, and a fatalist in his way of thinking, though he used no such term; it was his notion of things.

They talked of old history out of Gibbon and Grote and the Seven Monarchies, and they talked of things that had happened to them as men in the world; but the things which they thought of most often, in watching the children and the mill stream, they said little about, for these had not happened a thousand or two years before, nor twenty or thirty, but just sixty or seventy. And this was why they came so often to the Elders' Seat, because something dim and happy seemed to come up to them, like a mist, from the mill stream, where the children quarreled and contrived.

"I 'll tell ye what ailed Rome," said Captain David. "She needed to be keeled and scraped. She fouled her bottom, by gum!"

The minister answered slowly: "No, she was rotten within. She lost the faith in God and in man that keeps a people sound."

"Ho! Well, by gum, then she wa'n't handled right."

The miller rubbed his thumb slowly on the palm of his hand. "She was grinded out," he said. "She could n't help it. Corn can't keep itself from meal when the stones gets at it. No more a man can't keep his bones from dust, nor a people can't, either, I 'm thinking, when its time comes."

The minister shook his head. "I don't like that."

"I do' know as I do, either. And I do' know as that makes any difference."

"Ho!" said the captain. "Bobby 's got a new frog!"

And Chub Leroy cried out in despair: "Look out, Bobby! You 're stepping on the Colosseum!"

I would not pretend to say how long the Elders' Seat had stood there, or how many years the Elders had come to it now and again; but I remember that it seemed to us very permanent, in a world of shifting empires, where Alexandria was suddenly walked upon and deserted, and Venice went down the current in a rainy night, and was spoken of no more. We could not remember when it had not stood in its place. It was a kind of Olympus to us, or Delphi, where we went for oracles on shipping and other matters.

Afterward we grew up, and became too old to dabble and make beautiful things of gray clay, except Chub Leroy, who is still doing something of that kind, cutting and building with clay and stone. But the Elders' Seat remained, and the Elders watched other children, as if nothing had happened. Only, Captain Da-

vid had trouble to keep his pipe in his mouth. So that when the Elders' Seat took its first journey, it seemed very difficult for us to understand, — even for those who were too old to dabble in gray clay.

It was not more than a quarter of a mile from the mill, past the drug store, the Crocketts' house, where Captain David lived, and so on by the cross-roads, to the minister's, with the graveyard just beyond. I remember how very yellow and dusty the road was in the summer of '86, so that the clay bottom cracked off in flat pieces, which could be gathered up; and then, if you climbed the wall with care enough, you could scale them at woodchucks. August was sultry and still. The morning-glories drooped on Captain David's porch, and the pigeons on the roof went to sleep more than was natural.

The minister and Job Mather sat, one afternoon, in the Elders' Seat; for Captain David, he had not gone out through his gate those many days. There was history enough in process on the Mediterranean. The Americans and Carthaginians were preparing to have a battle, on account of docks that ran too near together. The Elders discovered that they did not care about it.

The miller got to his feet, and lifted one end of the bench. "Come," he said gruffly. "Le' 's move it."

"Hey!" said the minister, looking troubled and a bit lost. Then his lips trembled. "Yes, Job. That 's so, Job. We 'd better move it."

The children came up from the Mediterranean in a body, and stared. It was much to them as if, in Greece, the gods had risen up and gone away, for unknown reasons, taking Olympus with them. The old men went along the yellow, dusty road with very shuffling steps, carrying the Elders' Seat, one at each end, till they turned into Captain David's garden and put it down against the porch. Mrs. Crockett came to the door, and held up her hands in astonishment. Captain David was helped out. He was faded and worn with pain. He settled himself in the Elders' Seat. It did not seem possible to say anything. The captain smoked his pipe; the minister rested his chin on his cane; the miller's hands were on his knees, his large white face stolid and set.

"I 'm goin' to shell them peas tomorrow," began the captain at last. Then his voice broke, and a mist came into his eyes.

"I bet ye the Americans is lickin' the Carthaginians."

On the contrary, the Americans and Carthaginians, with other nations, were hanging over the picket fence, staring and bewildered. What was the use of mere human wars, if primeval things could be suddenly changed? The grass might take a notion to come up pink or the seas to run out at the bottom, and that sort of thing would make a difference.

The sun dropped low in the west, and presently Chub Leroy, who built the city of Alexandria ten years before, came slowly along in the shadow of the maples, and St. Agnes Macree was with him. She was old Caspar Macree's granddaughter, and he was a charcoal burner on the Cattle Ridge long ago. They were surprised to see the Elders' Seat, and stopped a moment. St. Agnes looked up at him and smiled softly, and Chub's eyes kept saying, "Sweetheart, sweetheart," all the time. Then they went on.

"I remember" — said Captain David, and stopped short.

"Eh! So do I," said the minister.

"You do! Well, by gum! Ho! Job, do you remember? Ain't it the dumbdest thing!"

The miller's heavy face was changed with a slow, embarrassed smile. And all these three sat a long time very still, while the sunlight slanted among the

morning-glories and the pigeons slept on the roof.

There came a day in September when the minister and the miller were alone again on the Elders' Seat, but Captain David lay in his bed near the window. He slept a great deal, and babbled in his half dreams: sometimes about ships and cordage, anchorage in harbors and whaling in the south seas; and at times about some one named "Kitty." I never heard who Kitty was, but it was odd. He said something or other "wa'n't right." He took it all in good part, and bore no grudge to any one for it: it seemed only natural, like coming to anchor in a familiar place.

"When a man gets legs like mine," he said, "it 's time he took another way o' gettin' round. Somethin' like a fish 'd be my notion. Parson, a man gets the other side o' somewhere, he can jump round lively-like, same as he was a boy, eh?"

The minister murmured something about "our Heavenly Father," and Captain David said softly: —

"I guess he don't call us nothin' but boys. He says, 'Shucks! 't ain't nat'-ral for 'em to behave.' Don't ye think, parson? Him, he might see an ol' man like me an' tell him, 'Glad to see ye, sonny;' same as Harrier in Doty's Slip. The boys come in after a year out, or mebbe three years, an' ol' man Harrier, he says, 'Glad to see ye, sonny;' an' the boys gets terrible drunk. He kep' a junk shop, Harrier."

The minister tried to answer, but could not make it out.

"I see a ship go down sudden-like. It was in '44. It was inside Cape Cod. Somethin' blowed her up inside. Me, I 've took my time, I have. What ye grumblin' about, parson?"

In the morning the shutters were closed, and all about the house was still. The pigeons were cooing on the roof of the porch; and Captain David was dead, without seeing any reason to grumble. Down at the mill the miller watched his monotonous grinding slowly.

The Elders' Seat was moved once more after Captain David died, not back to the Mediterranean, but further up the yellow road and into the minister's yard, facing westward. From there the captain's white slab could be seen through the cemetery gate. The two Elders occupied the seat some years, and then went in through the gate.

But the Elders' Seat and its journeys from place to place seemed to have some curious meaning, hardly to be spelled. I imagine this far, at least: that at a certain point it became to the Elders more natural, more quiet and happy, to turn their eyes in the direction the captain had gone than in the direction they had all come. It pleased them then to move the Elders' Seat a little nearer to the gate. And when the late hour came, it was rather a familiar matter. The minister went in to look for his Master; and the miller, quite according to his notion of things.

Arthur Colton.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

VI. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE; IN WAR TIME; BOSTON RADICAL CLUB.

I MUST here ask leave to turn back a little in the order of my reminiscences, my narrative having led me to pass by certain points that I wish to mention.

The great comfort which I had in Parker's preaching came to an end when my children attained an age at which it appeared desirable that they should attend public worship. Concerning this my husband argued as follows: —

"The children [our two eldest girls] are now of an age at which they should receive impressions of reverence. They should, therefore, see nothing at the Sunday service which would militate against that feeling. At Parker's meeting, individuals read the newspapers before the exercises begin. A good many persons come in after the prayer, and some go out before the conclusion of the sermon. These irregularities offend my sense of decorum, and appear to me inadmissible in the religious education of the family."

It was a grievous thing for me to comply with my husband's wishes in this matter. I said of it to his friend, Horace Mann, that to give up Parker's ministry for any other would be like going to the synagogue when Paul was preaching near at hand. Parker was soon made aware of Dr. Howe's views, but no estrangement ensued between the two friends. He did, indeed, write my husband a letter, in which he laid great stress upon the depth and strength of his own concern in religion.

My husband cherished an old predilection for King's Chapel, and would have been pleased if I had chosen to attend service there. My mind, however, was otherwise disposed. Having heard Parker, at the close of one of his discourses, speak in warm commendation of James Freeman Clarke, announcing at the same time that Mr. Clarke was about to begin a new series of services at Williams Hall, I determined that I would hear him.

With Mr. Clarke I had already some slight acquaintance, having once heard him preach at Freeman Place Chapel, and having met him on divers occasions. It is well known that, during his first pastorate in Boston, he once invited Theodore Parker to occupy his pulpit. The feeling against the latter was then so strong as to cause an influential part of the congregation to withdraw from the society, which thereafter threatened to decline for want of funds. Some years later Mr. Clarke resigned his charge, and went abroad for a prolonged stay, possibly with indefinite ideas as to the future employment of his life. He was possessed of much literary and artistic taste, and might easily have added one to the number of those who, like George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and others, had entered the Unitarian ministry, to leave it, after a few years, for fields of labor in which they were destined to achieve greater success.

Fortunately, the suggestion of such a course, if entertained by him at all, did not prevail. Mr. Clarke's interest in the Christian ministry was too deeply grounded to be easily overcome. Returning from a restful and profitable sojourn in Europe, he sought to gather again those of his flock who had held to him and to one another. He found them ready to welcome him back with unabated love and trust. It was at this juncture that I heard Theodore Parker make the mention of him which brought him to my remembrance; bringing me also, very reluctantly, to his new place of worship.

The hall itself was unattractive, and the aspect of its occupants decidedly unfashionable. Indeed, a witty friend of mine once said to me that the bonnets seen there were of so singular a description as constantly to distract her attention from the minister's sermon. This absence of fashion rather commended the place to me; for I had had in my life enough and too much of that church-going in which the bonnets, the pews, and the doctrine appear to rest on one dead level of conventionalism.

Mr. Clarke's preaching was as unlike as possible to that of Theodore Parker. While his ministrations were not wanting in the critical spirit, and were characterized by very definite views of the questions which at that time were foremost in the mind of the community, there ran through their whole course an exquisite tone of charity and good will. He had not the philosophic and militant genius of Parker, but he had a genius of his own, poetical, harmonizing. In after years I esteemed myself fortunate in having passed from the drastic discipline of the one to the tender and reconciling ministry of the other. The members of the congregation were mostly strangers to me, yet I felt from the first a respect for them. In process of time I came to know something of their antecedents, and to make friends among them. With John Albion Andrew — afterward our great war governor — I was already well acquainted. He had grown to be a dear familiar in our household before he became known to the world at large as governor of Massachusetts. He was, indeed, a typical American of the best sort. Most happy in temperament, with great vitality and enjoyment of life, he united in his make-up the gifts of quick perception and calm deliberation. His judgments were broad, sound, and charitable, his tastes at once simple and comprehensive. He was at home in high society, and not less so among the lowly. He was very genial, and much "given to hospitality," but without show or pretense. He had been one of the original members of the Church of the Disciples, and had certainly been drawn toward Mr. Clarke by a deep and genuine religious sympathy.

After some years of attendance at Williams Hall, our society, somewhat increased in numbers, removed to Indiana Place Chapel, where we remained until we were able to erect for ourselves the commodious and homelike building which we occupy to-day. Our minister was a man of much impulse, but of more judgment. In his character were blended the best traits of the conservative and of the liberal. His ardent temperament and sanguine disposition bred in him that natural hopefulness which is so important an element in all attempted reform. His sound mind, well disciplined by culture, held fast to the inherited treasures of society, while a fortunate power of apprehending principles rendered him very steadfast, both in advance and in reserve. In the agitated period which preceded the civil war, and in that which followed it, he, in his modest pulpit, became one of the leaders, not of his own flock alone, but of the community to which he belonged. I can imagine few things more instructive and desirable than was his preaching in those troublous times, so full of unanswered question and unreconciled discord. His church was like an organ, with deep undertones and lofty, aspiring treble, — the master hand pressing the keys, the heart of the congregation responding with a full melody. Festivals of sorrow were held in Indiana Place Chapel, and many of them, — James Buchanan's hollow fast, a day of mourning for John Brown, and, saddest and greatest of all, a solemn service following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. We were led through these shadows of death by the radiant light of a truly Christian faith, which our pastor ever held before us. Among the many who

stood by him in his labors of love was a lady possessed of rare taste in the arrangement of floral and other decorations. We came at last to confer on her the title of the flower saint. On the occasion last mentioned, when we entered the building, full of hopeless sorrow, we saw pulpit and altar adorned with a rich violet pall, on which, at intervals, hung wreaths of white lilies. So something of the pomp of victory was mingled with our bitter sense of loss. The nation's chief was gone, but with the noble army of martyrs we now beheld him, crowned with the unfading glory of his work.

Mr. Clarke's life possesses an especial interest from the fact of its having been one of those rare lives which start in youth with an ideal, and follow it through manhood to old age; parting from it only at the last breath, and bequeathing it to posterity in its full growth and beauty. This ideal appeared to him in the guise of a free church, whose pews should not be sold, whose seats should be open to all, with no cumbrous encounter of cross-interests, — a church of true worship and earnest interpretation, which should be held together by the bond of veritable sympathy. This living church he built out of his own devout and tender heart. A dream at first, he saw it take shape and grow, and when he flitted from its sphere he felt that it would stand and endure.

Let me here record my belief that society rarely attains anywhere a higher level than that which all must recognize in the Boston of the last forty years. The religious philosophy of the Unitarian pulpit; the intercourse with the learned men of Harvard College, more frequent formerly than at present; the inheritance of solid and earnest character, most precious of estates; the nobility of thought developed in Margaret Fuller's pupils; the cordial piety of such leaders as Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke, and Edward Everett Hale; the presence of leading authors, — Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, — all these circumstances combined have given to Massachusetts a halo of glory which time should not soon have power to dim.

The decade preceding the civil war was indeed a period of much agitation. The anomalous position of a slave system in a democratic republic was beginning to make itself keenly felt. The extension of the slave system to the new territories, soon to constitute new states, became the avowed purpose of Southern politicians. The conscience of the North, lulled by financial prosperity, awoke but slowly to an understanding of the situation. To enlighten this conscience was evidently the most important task of public-spirited men. Among other devices to this end, a newspaper was established in Boston with the name of The Commonwealth. Its immediate object was to reach and convince that important portion of the body politic which distrusts rhetoric and oratory, but which sooner or later gives heed to dispassionate argument and the advocacy of plain issues.

My husband took an active interest in the management of this paper, and indeed assumed its editorship for one entire winter. In this task I had great pleasure in assisting him. We began our work together every morning, — he supervising and supplying the political department of the paper, I doing what I could in the way of social and literary criticism. Among my contributions to the work were a series of notices of Dr. Holmes's Lowell lectures on the English poets, and a paper on Mrs. Stowe and George Sand.

The Commonwealth, which still exists, though in a different form, did good service in the battle of opinion which unexpectedly proved a prelude to the most important event in our history as a nation.

Sometime in the fifties, my husband spoke to me of a very remarkable man,

of whom I should be sure to hear sooner or later. This man, Dr. Howe said, seemed to intend to devote his life to the redemption of the colored race from slavery, even as Christ had willingly offered his life for the salvation of mankind. It was enjoined upon me that I should not mention to any one this confidential communication; and to make sure that I should not, I allowed the whole matter to pass out of my thoughts. It may have been a year or more later that Dr. Howe questioned me thus: "Do you remember that man of whom I spoke to you, — the one who wished to be a savior for the negro race?" I replied in the affirmative. "That man," said the doctor, "will call here this afternoon. You will receive him. His name is John Brown." Thus admonished, I watched for the visitor, and prepared to admit him myself when he should ring at the door. This took place at our house in South Boston, where it was not at all undignified for me to open my own door. At the expected time I heard the bell ring, and, on answering it, beheld a middle-aged, middle-sized man, with hair and beard of amber color streaked with white. He looked a Puritan of the Puritans, forceful, concentrated, and self-contained. We had a brief interview, of which I remember only my great gratification at meeting one of whom I had heard so good an account. I saw him once again at Dr. Howe's office, and then heard no more of him for some time.

I cannot tell how long after this it was that I took up the Transcript, one evening, and read of an attack made by a small body of men on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Dr. Howe presently came in, and I told him what I had just read. "Brown has got to work," he said. I had already arrived at the same conclusion. The rest of the story is matter of history: the failure of the slaves to support the movement initiated for their emancipation, the brief contest, the inevitable defeat and surrender, the death of the rash, brave man upon the scaffold. All this is known, and need not be repeated here. In speaking of it, my husband assured me that John Brown's plan had not been so impossible of realization as it appeared to have been after its failure. Brown had been led to hope that, upon a certain signal, the slaves from many plantations would come to him in such numbers that he and they would become masters of the situation with little or no bloodshed. Neither he nor those who were concerned with him had it at all in mind to stir up the slaves to acts of cruelty and revenge. The plan was simply to combine a considerable body of them in a position so strong that the question of their freedom would be decided then and there, possibly without even a battle.

I confess that the whole scheme appeared to me wild and chimerical. Of its details I knew nothing. None of us could exactly approve an act so revolutionary in its character, yet the great-hearted attempt enlisted our sympathies strongly. The weeks of John Brown's imprisonment were very sad ones, and the day of his death was one of general mourning in New England. Even there, however, people were not all of the same mind. I heard a friend say that John Brown was a pig-headed old fool.

The record of John Brown's life has been fully written, and by a friendly hand. I will only mention here that he had much to do with the successful contest which kept slavery out of the territory of Kansas. He was a leading chief in the border warfare which swept back the pro-slavery immigration attempted by some of the wild spirits of Missouri. In this struggle, he one day saw two of his own sons shot by the Border Ruffians (as the Missourians of the border were then called), without trial or mercy. Some people thought that this dreadful sight had maddened his brain, as well it might.

I remember of him one humorous anecdote related to me by my husband. At one time, during the border war, he had taken several prisoners, and among them a certain judge. Brown was always a man of prayer. On this occasion, feeling quite uncertain as to whether he ought to spare the lives of the prisoners, he retired into a thicket near at hand, and besought the Lord long and fervently to inspire him with the right determination. The judge, overhearing this petition, was so much amused at it that, in spite of the gravity of his own situation, he laughed aloud. "Judge ——," cried John Brown, "if you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty!"

This brings me to the period of the civil war. What can I say of it that has not already been said? Its cruel fangs fastened upon the very heart of Boston, and took from us our best and bravest. From many a stately mansion father or son went forth, followed by weeping, to be brought back for bitterer sorrow. The work of the women in providing comforts for the soldiers was unremitting. In organizing and conducting the great bazaars which were held in furtherance of this object, many of these women found a new scope for their activities, and developed abilities hitherto unsuspected by themselves.

Prominent among the helpers called out by the war was our noble war governor, John Albion Andrew. He would sometimes seek a refuge with us, when overpowered with the stress of official duties. He was a man in whom great geniality of temperament was united with an unwavering faith in principles, and a determination to abide by them. He was frequently called to the Capitol, and had much intercourse with President Lincoln. Soon after the close of the war he fell a victim to its long-continued fatigues and anxieties, and died of apoplexy, greatly mourned and honored.

During the war Washington was naturally the centre of interest. Politicians of every grade, adventurers of either sex, inventors of all sorts of military appliances, and simple citizens, good and bad, flocked thither in large numbers.

My own first visit to it was in the late autumn of 1861, and was made in company with James Freeman Clarke, Governor Andrew, and my husband. Dr. Howe had already passed beyond the age of military service, but was enabled to render valuable aid as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, and also on the commission which had in charge the condition and interests of the newly freed slaves.

Although Dr. Howe had won his spurs, many years before this time, in the guerrilla contest of the Greek struggle for national life, his understanding of military operations continued to be remarkable. I do not remember that, throughout the course of the war, he was ever deceived by an illusory report of victory. He would carefully consider the plan of the battle, and when he said, "This looks to me like a defeat," the later reports were sure to justify his surmise.

As we approached the city, I saw, from time to time, small groups of armed men seated on the ground, near a fire. Dr. Howe explained to me that these were the pickets detailed to guard the railroad. The main body of the enemy's troops was then stationed in the near neighborhood of Washington, and the capture of the national capital would have been of great strategic advantage to their cause. To render this impossible, the large army of the Potomac was encamped around the city, with General McClellan in command. Within the city limits mounted officers and orderlies galloped to and fro. Ambulances, drawn by four horses, were driven through the streets, stopping sometimes before Willard's Hotel, where we had all found quarters. From my window I

saw the office of the New York Herald, and near it the ghastly advertisement of an agency for embalming and forwarding the bodies of those who had fallen in the fight or who had perished by fever. William Henry Channing, nephew of the great Channing, and heir to his spiritual distinction, had left his Liverpool pulpit, deeply stirred by love of his country and enthusiasm in a noble cause. On Sundays, his voice rang out, clear and musical as a bell, within the walls of the Unitarian church. I went more than once with him and Mr. Clarke to visit camps and hospitals. It was on the occasion of one of these visits that I made my first attempt at public speaking. I had joined the rest of my party in a reconnoitring expedition, the last stage of which was the headquarters of Colonel William Greene, of the 1st Massachusetts heavy artillery.

Our friend received us with a warm welcome, and presently said to me, "Mrs. Howe, you must speak to my men." Feeling my utter inability to do this, I ran away and tried to hide myself in one of the hospital tents. Colonel Greene twice found me and brought me back to his piazza, where at last I stood, and told, as well as I could, how glad I was to meet the brave defenders of our cause, and how constantly they were in my thoughts.

Among my recollections of this period I especially cherish that of our interview with President Abraham Lincoln, arranged for us by our kind friend, Governor Andrew. The President was laboring at this time under a terrible pressure of doubt and anxiety. He received us in one of the drawing rooms of the White House, where we were invited to take seats, in full view of Stuart's portrait of Washington. The conversation took place mostly between the President and Governor Andrew. I remember well the sad expression of Mr. Lincoln's deep blue eyes, the only feature of his face which could be called other than plain. Mrs. Andrew, being of the company, inquired when we could have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln named to us the day of her reception. He said to Governor Andrew, apropos of I know not what, "I once heerd George Sumner tell a story." The unusual pronunciation fixed in my memory this one unimportant sentence. The talk, indeed, ran mostly on indifferent topics.

When we had taken leave, and were out of hearing, Mr. Clarke said of Mr. Lincoln, "We have seen it in his face, hopeless honesty; that is all." He spoke as if he felt that it was far from enough.

None of us knew then — how could we have known? — how deeply God's wisdom had touched and inspired that devout and patient soul. At the moment few people praised or trusted him. Why did he not do this, or that, or the other? He a President, indeed! Look at this war, dragging on so slowly! Look at our many defeats and rare victories! Such was the talk that one constantly heard regarding him. The most charitable held that he meant well. Governor Andrew was one of the few whose faith in him never wavered.

Meanwhile, through evil and good report, he was listening for the mandate which comes to one alone, bringing with it the decision of a mind convinced and of a conscience resolved. When the right moment came, he issued the proclamation of emancipation to the slaves. He sent his generals into the enemy's country. He lived to welcome them as victors, to electrify the civilized world with his simple, sincere speech, to fall by the hand of an assassin, to bequeath to his country the most tragical and sacred of her memories.

It would be impossible for me to say how many times I have been called upon to rehearse the circumstances under which I wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic. I have also had occasion

more than once to state the simple story in writing. As this oft-told tale has no unimportant part in the story of my life, I will briefly add it to these records.

I distinctly remember that a feeling of discouragement came over me, as I drew near the city of Washington, at the time already mentioned. I thought of the women of my acquaintance whose sons or husbands were fighting our great battle; the women themselves serving in the hospitals, or busying themselves with the work of the Sanitary Commission. My husband was beyond the age of military service, my eldest son but a stripling; my youngest was a child of not more than two years. I could not leave my nursery to follow the march of our armies, neither had I the practical deftness which the preparing and packing of sanitary stores demanded. Yet, because of my sincere desire, a word was given me to say, which did strengthen the hearts of those who fought in the field and of those who languished in the prisons.

We were invited, one day, to attend a review of troops at some distance from the town. While we were engaged in watching the manœuvres, a sudden movement of the enemy necessitated immediate action. The review was discontinued, and we saw a detachment of soldiers gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut off from retreat. The regiments remaining on the field were ordered to march to their cantonments. We returned to the city very slowly, of necessity, for the troops nearly filled the road. Mr. Clarke was in the carriage with me, as were several other friends. To beguile the rather tedious drive, we sang, from time to time, snatches of army songs; concluding, I think, with

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground;
His soul is marching on."

The soldiers seemed to like this, and answered back, "Good for you!" Mr. Clarke said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it.

I went to bed that night as usual, and slept quite soundly, according to my wont. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen, which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible only while the matter was fresh in my mind.

At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, with the reflection, "I like this better than most things that I have written."

The poem, which was soon after published in The Atlantic Monthly, was somewhat praised on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. I knew, and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard now and then of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers.

As the war went on, it came to pass that Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a public lecture in Washington, and recounted some of his recent experiences. Among them was the following: —

He and the other Union prisoners occupied one large, comfortless room, in which the floor was their only bed. The official in charge of their quarters told them, one evening, that the Union army had just been terribly defeated. While they sat together in great sorrow, the negro who waited upon them whispered to one man that the officer had given them false information, and that, on the contrary, the Union soldiers had achieved an important victory. At this good news they all rejoiced, and presently made the walls ring with my Battle Hymn, which they sang in chorus, Chaplain McCabe leading. The lecturer recited the poem with such effect that those present began to inquire, "Who wrote this Battle Hymn?" It became one of the leading lyrics of the war. In view of its success, one of my good friends said, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she will ever do." I was not of this opinion, feeling myself still "full of days' works," although I did not guess at the new experiences which then lay before me.

While the war was still at its height, I received a kind letter from Hon. George Bancroft, conveying an invitation to attend a celebration of the poet Bryant's seventieth birthday, to be given by the New York Century Club, of which Mr. Bancroft was the newly elected president. He also expressed the hope that I would bring with me something in verse or in prose, to add to the tributes of the occasion.

Having accepted the invitation and made ready my tribute, I repaired to the station on the day appointed, to take the train for New York. Dr. Holmes presently appeared, bound on the same errand. As we seated ourselves in the car, he said to me, "Mrs. Howe, I will sit beside you, but you must not expect me to talk, as I must spare my voice for this evening, when I am to read a poem at the Bryant celebration."

"By all means let us keep silent," I replied. "I also have a poem to read at the Bryant celebration."

The good doctor had overestimated his powers of abstinence from the interchange of thought which was so congenial to him. He at once launched forth in his ever brilliant vein, and we were within a few miles of our destination when we suddenly remembered that we had not taken time to eat our luncheon.

I find in my diary of the time this record: "Dr. Holmes was my companion. His ethereal talk made the journey short and brilliant."

The journal further says: "Arriving in New York, Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes, who was to be his guest. He was good enough to wait upon me, also; carried my trunk, which was a small one, himself, and lent me his carriage. He inquired about my poem, and informed me as to when it would be expected, in the order of exercises. . . .

"At 8.15 drove to the Century Building, which was fast filling with well-dressed men and women. Was conducted to the reception room, where I waited with those who were to take part in the performances of the evening."

I will add here that I saw, among others, N. P. Willis, already infirm in health, and looking like the ghost of his former self. There also was Dr. Francis Lieber, who said to me in a low voice, "Nur verwegen" (Only be audacious).

"Presently, a double line was formed to pass into the hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant, and I brought up the rear, Mr. Bryant giving me his arm. On the platform were three armchairs, which were taken by the two gentlemen and myself."

The assemblage was indeed a notable one. The fashion of New York was well represented, and the foremost artists, publicists, and literary men of the city were present. Mr. Emerson had come on from Concord. Christopher Cranch

united with other artists in presenting to the venerable poet a portfolio of original drawings, to which each had contributed some work of his own. I afterward learned that T. Buchanan Read had arrived from Washington, having in his pocket his newly composed poem on Sheridan's Ride, which he would gladly have read aloud, had the committee found room for it on their programme. A letter was received from the elder R. H. Dana, in which he excused his absence on account of his seventy-seven years and consequent inability to travel. Dr. Holmes read his verses very effectively. Mr. Emerson spoke rather vaguely. For my part in the evening's proceedings, I will once more quote from the diary: —

"Mr. Bryant, in his graceful reply to Mr. Bancroft's address of congratulation, named me as 'she who has written the most stirring lyric of the war.'"

After Mr. Emerson's remarks my poem was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform, and read it well, I think, as every one heard me, and the large room was crammed. The last two verses were applauded. George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, followed me, and Dr. Holmes followed him. This was, I suppose, the greatest public honor of my life.

I was requested to leave my poem in the hands of the committee for publication in a volume which would contain the other tributes of the evening. Dr. Holmes told me that he had declined to do this, and said in explanation, "I want my honorarium from The Atlantic Monthly." We returned to Boston twenty-four hours later, by night train. Eschewing the indulgence of the sleeper, we talked through the dark hours. The doctor gave me the nickname of "Madame Comment" (Madam How), and I told him that he was the most perfect of traveling companions.

The Boston Radical Club appears to me one of the social developments most worthy of remembrance in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Its meetings were held on the first Monday of every month, and the proceedings were limited to the reading and discussion of a paper, which rarely occupied more than an hour. On looking over the list of essayists, I find that it includes the most eminent thinkers of the day, in so far as Massachusetts is concerned. Among the speakers mentioned are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Hedge, David A. Wasson, O. B. Frothingham, John Weiss, Colonel Higginson, Benjamin Peirce, William Henry Channing, C. C. Everett, and James Freeman Clarke.

I remember, at one of these meetings, a rather sharp passage at arms between Mr. Weiss and James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Weiss had been declaiming against the insincerity of the pulpit, which he recognized in ministers who continue to use formulas of faith which have ceased to correspond to any real conviction. The speaker confessed his own shortcoming in this respect. "All of us," he said, — "yes, I myself have prayed in the name of Christ, when my own feeling did not sanction its use."

On hearing this, Mr. Clarke broke in. "Let Mr. Weiss answer for himself," he said, with some vehemence of manner. "If in his pulpit he prayed in the name of Christ, and did not believe in what he said, it was John Weiss that lied, and not one of us."

He afterward asked me whether he had shown any heat when he spoke. I replied, "Yes, there was heat, but it was good heat."

Another memorable day at the club was that on which the eminent Protestant divine, Athanase Coquerel, spoke of religion and art in their relation to each other. After a brief but interesting review of classic, Byzantine, and mediæval art, M. Coquerel expressed his dissent from the generally received opinion that the Church of Rome had always been fore-

most in the promotion and patronage of the fine arts. The greatest of the Italian masters, he averred, while standing in formal relations with that Church, had often shown opposition to its spirit. Michael Angelo's sonnets revealed a state of mind intolerant of ecclesiastical as of other tyranny. Raphael, in the execution of a papal order, had represented true religion by a portrait figure of Savonarola. Holbein and Rembrandt were avowed Protestants. He considered the individuality fostered by Protestantism as most favorable to the development of originality in art.

With these views Colonel Higginson did not agree. He held that Christianity had reached its highest point under the dispensation of the Catholic faith, and that the progress of Protestantism marked its decline. This assertion called forth a most energetic denial from Dr. Hedge, Mr. Clarke, and myself.

I must mention a day on which, under the title of an essay on Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes favored the club with a very graphic exposition of old-time New England Calvinism. The brilliant doctor's treatment of this difficult topic was appreciative and friendly, though by no means acquiescent in the doctrines presented. Nevertheless, Wendell Phillips thought the paper, on the whole, unjust to Edwards, and felt that there must have been in his doctrine another side not fully brought forward by the essayist. These and other speakers were heard with much interest, and the meeting was one of the best on our record.

I have heard it said that Wendell Phillips's orthodoxy was greatly valued among the anti-slavery workers, especially as the orthodox pulpits of the time gave them little support or comfort. I was told that Edmund Quincy, one day, saw Parker and Phillips walking arm in arm, and cried out: "Parker, don't dare to pervert that man! We want him as he is."

I was thrice invited to read before the Radical Club. The titles of my three papers were, Doubt and Belief, Limitations, Representation and How to Secure it.

I must mention one more occasion at the Radical Club. I can remember neither the topic nor the reader of the essay, but the discussion drifted, as it often did, in the direction of Woman Suffrage, and John Weiss delivered himself of the following sentence: "When man and woman shall meet at the polls, and he shall hold out his hand and say to her, Give me your quick intuition, and accept in return my ratiocination" — A ringing laugh here interrupted the speaker. It came from Kate Field.

Mr. Emerson had a brief connection with the Radical Club; and this may be a suitable place in which to give my personal impressions of the Prophet of New England.

In recalling Mr. Emerson, we should analyze his works sufficiently to be able to distinguish the things in which he really was a leader and a teacher from other traits peculiar to himself, and interesting as elements of his historic character, but not as features of the ideal which we are to follow. Mr. Emerson objected strongly to newspaper reports of the sittings of the Radical Club. The reports sent to the New York Tribune by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton were eagerly sought and read in very distant parts of the country. I rejoiced in this. It seemed to me that the uses of the club were thus greatly multiplied and extended. It became an agency in the church universal. Mr. Emerson's principal objection to the reports was that they interfered with the freedom of the occasion. When this objection failed of adoption, he withdrew from the club almost entirely, and was never more heard among its speakers.

I remember hearing Mr. Emerson, in his discourse on Henry Thoreau, relate that the latter had once determined to

manufacture the best lead pencil that could possibly be made. When he attained his end, parties interested at once besought him to place this excellent article on the market. He said: "Why should I do this? I have shown that I am able to produce the best pencil that can be made. This was all that I cared to do." The selfishness and egotism of this point of view did not appear to have entered into Mr. Emerson's thoughts. Upon this principle, which of the great discoverers or inventors would have become a benefactor to the human race? Theodore Parker once said to me, "I do not consider Emerson a philosopher, but a poet lacking the accomplishment of rhyme." This may not be altogether true, but at least it is worth remembering. There is something of the seer in Mr. Emerson. The deep intuitions, the original and startling combinations, the sometimes whimsical beauty of his illustrations, — all these belong rather to the domain of poetry than to that of philosophy. The high level of thought upon which he lived and moved and the wonderful harmony of his sympathies are his great lesson to the world at large. In spite of his rather defective sense of rhythm, his poems are divine snatches of melody. I think that, in the popular affection, they may outlast his prose.

I was once surprised, in hearing Mr. Emerson talk, to find how extensively read he was in what we may term secondary literature. Although a graduate of Harvard, his reading of foreign literatures, ancient and modern, was mostly in translations. I should say that his intellectual pasture ground had been largely within the domain of belles-lettres proper.

He was a man of angelic nature, pure, exquisite, just, refined, and human. All concede him the highest place in our literary heaven. First class in genius and in character, he was able to discern the face of the times. To him was intrusted not only the silver trump of prophecy, but also that sharp and two-edged sword of the Spirit with which the legendary archangel Michael overcomes the brute Satan. In the great victory of his day, the triumph of freedom over slavery, he has a record not to be outdone and never to be forgotten.

A lesser light of this time was the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. I remember him first as of a somewhat vague and vanishing personality, not much noticed when his admired brother was of the company. This was before the beginning of his professional career. A little later, I heard of his ordination as a Unitarian minister from Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who had attended, and possibly taken part in, the services. The poet Longfellow had written a lovely hymn for the occasion. Mr. Hale spoke of "Sam Longfellow" as a valued friend, and remarked upon the modesty and sweetness of his disposition. "I saw him the other day," said Mr. Hale. "He showed me a box of colors which he had long desired to possess, and which he had just purchased. Sam said to me, 'I thought I might have this now.'" He was fond of sketching from nature. Years after this time, I heard Mr. Longfellow preach at the Hawes Church in South Boston. After the service, I invited him to take a Sunday dinner with Dr. Howe and me. He consented, and I remember that, in the course of our conversation, he said: "Theodore Parker has made things easier for us young ministers. He has demolished so much which it was necessary to remove."

The collection entitled Hymns of the Spirit, and published under the joint names of Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, is a valuable one, and the hymns which Mr. Longfellow himself contributed to the repertoire of the denomination are deeply religious in tone; and yet I must think that among Unitarians of thirty or more years ago he was held to be something of a skeptic. Thomas G. Appleton was speaking of him in my

presence, one day, and said: "He asked me whether I could not get along without the idea of a personal God. I replied, 'No, you —— ——.'" Mr. Appleton shook his fist, and was very vehement in his expression; but his indignation had reference solely to Mr. Longfellow's supposed opinions, and not at all to his character, which was esteemed of all men.

Julia Ward Howe.

A NEW ENGLAND HILL TOWN.

II. ITS REVIVAL.

I.

One would suppose that a decadent Massachusetts hill town — stricken in its industries, cursed with an abnormal heredity, dwarfed and crippled and malformed as to its personal and individual life — would be the most discontented community in the whole realm.

But no; contentment is the chief vice of Sweet Auburn, and the native religion is largely to blame for it. Christian, Paulinist, or Edwardsian, — every one of us holds a fatalistic philosophy. Theoretically, our people believe in free will; practically, they are determinists; hence, a basking, lethargic, subtropical acquiescence in things as they are.

When the gospel of "manifest destiny" goes leagued with bucolic inertia, it gets itself kneeling devotees by the chapelful. Religion, as well as commerce, follows the line of least resistance. Find Europe with its gleaming harness buckled on, and its many-barbed, brain-besmeared mace already in hand, and you may preach a crusade. The highways will speedily be covered with pious marauders, getting sure salvation to their souls. Find a torpid village, half dozing in languorous, sun-warmed, poppy-lulled disinclination, and there you may preach a Moslem doctrine of devout submission. You may hope erelong to see that village sound asleep in its chair.

We contentedly adore this village, because we are too lazy to visit any better place. You can find "natives" in Sweet Auburn who have never ventured beyond the visible horizon. Few of our villagers have traveled a hundred miles from home. The civil war called a stalwart half dozen into the South; three or four of our men took up claims in the West, and returned disappointed. Now and then some local sage is summoned to Greenfield to serve on a jury. In midsummer the railway contrives a sweltering excursion to Crescent Beach, and, unable to resist the fascination of a half-fare ticket, we stuff a basket with sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and go in for misery. But whenever we move at all we misrepresent Sweet Auburn, which is a community of Blue Points.

We take this town so seriously. Where indeed were greatness more fitly employed or more suitably displayed than in this paragon of villages? See how we trip and batter one another, in our efforts to gain public trust! See how eager every man becomes, in his desire to multiply his municipal responsibilities! There is "Square" Glenn, notary, road commissioner, auctioneer, newspaper correspondent, undertaker, and trustee of several estates. That's what we call a man, — a pocket Titan!

There is, if you ever happened to think of it, a sort of equality between the greatness of little men and the littleness of great men. Square Glenn and Julius

Cæsar, — might they not drain a convivial bumper to their dominant passion? Each would rather be first in a little Alpine village than second at Rome. But observe: Cæsar had seen Rome; Square Glenn has seen nothing bigger than Ciderville.

What Sweet Auburn really needs is to have fun poked at it. If I were not so tender-hearted, I should poke fun at it myself. I should be conferring a magnificent ethical and sociological benefaction upon our village, if I could only enable it to get for but a moment the urban point of view.

Strange, what notions we have of the city. The older people will tell you about the time they went to Boston; with an equal shudder they will tell you about the time they had their teeth out. The one suggests the other. Their ears still ring with the city's rattle and clangor. Their feet still ache from its stony pavements. Their involuntary locomotor nerve tracts still spring in terror at the apparition of glittering equipages bearing down relentlessly upon them. One such day was sufficient. Back to tranquil Sweet Auburn they hied them then, and vowed a vow to remain there till the trump of angelic reveille.

The younger generation take rather more leniently to urban existence. Some have even lived in the city during protracted periods. Such understand all things. Once quartered in a cheap boarding house in a back street in Springfield, they are qualified to pronounce upon high life. Or perchance a buxom country lass becomes a servant in Hartford, and having formulated a strictly culinary interpretation of that beautiful city, returns to her native hamlet. Wonderful tales she tells, and in Sweet Auburn, at least, hearing is believing. "When I was in Hartford, I seen a man that seen a man that said he seen the devil." Then in vain would Richard Burton and Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain and Joseph Twitchell stand with their hands on their hearts and their eyes turned up to heaven, and swear that in Hartford there was no devil! This is not funny; it is pathetic.

Yet, underneath piety, underneath immobility, and underneath our complete and exhaustive ignorance, lies fundamentally imbedded a fourth and a greater cause. It is the adamantine substratum which sustains contentment, and incidentally sustains all things else. Its name is stinginess.

See how this works! If we were not so minutely, so cautiously stingy, we should pay up the minister's back salary. The minister would then liquidate his historic indebtedness. When the debts were once disposed of, the minister could honorably leave town. When there was no more minister, the religion of the land would lapse into consequent decay. There would be an end of fatalism. The village would ask itself whether it were really necessary to submit to itself. Dissolution would result.

Our stinginess has set apart and ordained as its priestess the Old Lady Goodspeed. Nathan Goodspeed, her husband, who was locally reputed to be "right up an' daown, like a sheep's hind leg," built the wallet factory, operated it profitably for some thirty years and more, and died "pretty well heeled," bequeathing his entire fortune to his wife. Now, the Old Lady Goodspeed, whose acquisitive shrewdness is equaled only by her powers of retention, has since mounted guard over the treasure hoard with unslumbering vigilance. Her sole indulgence is a hired man, cheapest to be had, named John Perkins. She manipulates John in rigid accordance with the exigencies of the estate. Skeptics need only observe the ingathering of the cherries, to be convinced of this.

John must not shake the cherry tree; that would bruise the fruit. No, John must ascend a stepladder, and pluck the cherries one by one; and while he

plucks them he must whistle. It is so designated in the scroll: I wonder why! Does the gathering of small fruit tend to pucker the lips? I "don't sense it that way;" neither, I fancy, does John, for ever and anon the whistling ceases. Then is a lace-capped head thrust out of a dormer window, and a gentle voice calls sweetly: "John! *John!* I don't hear you whistling! *Whistle*, John! I *like* to hear a man whistle at his work."

In the whistling of John Perkins I find a token or an emblem of absolute immutability. Things will stay put. You cannot scare us with omens of progress. We shall banish every suggestion of improvement, because improvement will cost money.

Clearly, then, whatever help is to succor the decadent hill town must come from without, and not from within. Writing of Montana, I could afford to be optimistic. Montana has youth, courage, elasticity, and ambitious, expansive energy. Its progress is the normal result of resident forces. Sweet Auburn, on the other hand, has already spent its vitality. It is bowed and bent. Its blood runs tepid. Its sight is dim. It is garrulous and egotistic. It promises nothing from resident forces. Religion means to it, not aspiration, but acquiescence; enterprise means, not exhilaration, but fatigue; experience means, not satisfaction, but perplexity; novel information means, not enrichment, but rebuke; the accumulation of property means, not the funding of increasing potentialities, but the mere hoarding of sterile and dormant acquisitions.

Sweet Auburn is a concentrated sample or essence of what the pistoled ranchman is wont to term "the effete East."

II.

"How shall he get wisdom," queries an ancient classic, — "how shall he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and whose talk is of bullocks?" That is, I suspect, the most venerable expression of disdain for the farmer's intellectual capacity. That is the hinge or centre from which have radiated for hundreds of years innumerable fan rays of contempt. Here in Massachusetts, as chance has directed, the aspersion finds a chivalric statement by way of faint praise. You have a manner of saying that the New England agricultural classes are "very intelligent," — meaning, if I mistake not, that they are very intelligent *for farmers!*

There is a certain more or less rational basis for your conclusions. We of Sweet Auburn are a gullible folk. We have never grown up, and we never shall. We conserve, even to our latest years,

> "The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything."

Experience is what we need, says social therapeutics; and the whole round world knows we are getting it, but somehow we seem never to get enough. Traveling oculists, with smug, shaven faces and mysterious gold earrings, do treasonable things to our crystalline lenses; but we turn no less pliant attention to the representations of the itinerant dentist. That man of science, having extracted our teeth and made off with a "deposit," never returns to bring us the finished product which was to emerge, at no distant day, from his remote laboratory. Then, instead of learning that one must seek treatment of a reputable practitioner, or be fraudulently dealt with, we are only thereby made ready to pay tribute to the next Kickapoo Indian who pitches his conical dispensary in Ichabod's cow pasture. The rural mind disregards negative factors in every consideration. It doggedly goes on so disregarding. We still fall easy prey to book agents; we still feed tramps, as who should say, "If you come within a mile of here, drop in;" we bid against ourselves at auctions; we have implicit faith in the power of "divining rods" to locate hidden springs;

we are agreed that a "rose-back" pig will fatten auspiciously; we are even somewhat credulous of "Western loans," and we have a sensation of glossy, satin-like satisfaction when made aware that wealthy investment companies have "heard us well spoken of" in the Rockies. Kant says this is an age of criticism: so it is, but not in Sweet Auburn.

Add to our gullibility a modicum of dialect, and to dialect add uncouthness of garb, and you have the farmer as travestied upon the stage and as lampooned by the public press. You fail to realize that such characteristics result, not from native deficiency, but from isolation and neglect. You overlook the fact that many a hard-headed, clear-thinking, capable fellow is holding the plough and discoursing of bullocks. You forget that the pursuit of agriculture has numbered among its devotees such inspired souls as Amos of Tekoa, Cincinnatus of Rome, Cædmon of Whitby, Petrarca of Vaucluse, Burns of Ayr, Millet of Barbizon, and George Fuller of Deerfield. You forget, too, that it takes brains to farm.

Work in a factory, and what are you? A dolt and a stupid drudge. Man has made the machine, and the machine has unmade the man. Work on a farm, and what are you? Ah, thank God, you are the defter, and the wiser, and the brimfuller of versatile, polytechnic resourcefulness every day of your rustic life. Division of labor is here reduced to a sociologic absurdum. Where the laborers are few, each must be all. The farmer is merchant, executive manager, political economist, carpenter, machinist, woodman, icecutter, physician, veterinary, weather prophet, biologist, chemist, cobbler, barber, brewer, and systematic theologian. Specialists rise into occasional prominence. A farmer moved my barn, a farmer repaired Helen's watch, a farmer papered our parlor, a farmer revamped Topsham's harness. If there is anything like intellectual stimulus or tonic in manual training, we are getting our share of it.

Or compare the yeoman's employment with the stultifying tram-horse routine of the petty merchant, or salesman, or accountant. Such will have brains that tick like metronomes, whereas our ideas — and the praise is to our occupation — go singing a varied melody. Change the farm for the shop or the office? Not we.

Yet another kindly circumstance: the practice of agriculture leaves the attention disengaged much of the time. Here, as in jail, one may think. But what shall one think about? Ploughs and bullocks? Yes, to be sure, but what beside?

The shrewdest among us — save only in haying time, when evening finds us too weary for intellectual toil or recreation — read good books and reputable journals. Our "public library," whose shelves are heaped high with volumes purchased with an eye single to quantity, nevertheless contains not a little standard fiction. Packets of newspapers from New York, Boston, and Springfield come in on the morning train. We swear by the "Trybune." Best of all, we have read and pondered, and re-read and digested, a celebrated collection of devotional writings, done into stately English many centuries ago by William Tyndale, and little bettered by subsequent revisions. Israel had never heard of Lord Tennyson; Cap'n Anthony knew nothing of James Russell Lowell; but both are familiar with the matchless lyrics and elegies of David and Isaiah. Great literature, then, and public affairs ought to share with religion the hospitality of the rustic mind. Sometimes they do.

The defect — and, with things as they are, the pitiable and irremediable defect — in the higher life of Sweet Auburn is the lack of touch with inspiring personalities. No printed page can do the work of heart and hand and speak-

ing voice. Survey your own intellectual heritage, and ask yourself how weighty a share of it came to you otherwise than through the mediation of living souls. Wherever in Sweet Auburn a cultured, city-bred guest is made welcome, I find a response to things human; wherever a son has gone to the "Aggie" College or a daughter to "Smith's," I find an interest in large concerns. Smith is co-educational. When a girl enters Smith, the whole family goes along with her. Would that such cases were commoner!

The mental energies of Sweet Auburn go sailing, for the most part, upon "the stagnant goose pond of village gossip." They do so because there is no one to show them a fairer roadstead. But gossip like ours is superb; never was goose pond more irresistibly alluring.

I have observed that gossip in Sweet Auburn consists of two somewhat distinct elements, — the legend and the mythus. The legend begins with fact, and ends with fancy. It is magnified and idealized history. I am not afraid of the legend. I intend so to order my ethical career as fearlessly to endure unsympathetic scrutiny, through whatever chromatic or achromatic lenses this village may focus upon me. Ah, but the mythus, — the real black beast is the mythus! The mythus begins with fact, and ends with philosophy. Walk wide of the mythus.

Mrs. Hawkins, a newcomer, refrains from relating her entire biography from the cradle until now. That, says the mythus, is because she is a grass widow. Mrs. Weaver is similarly reticent. The mythus explains that she ran away with her coachman. Miss Charity Ann is wan and pale. The mythus declares that she rues her betrothal to Jim Asa. Wilkins Glenn had a shoebox under his arm. Heaven help us, what had Wilkins Glenn in the shoebox? A bottle of rum, says the mythus. The Little Giant walks down the north road. The rural mind, pouncing upon so important a morsel of information, elaborates it into an intellectual square meal. Watch the mythus a-cooking. The Little Giant, in walking down the north road, is headed for the post office. The Little Giant goes in quest of a letter. The letter is from a lady. The lady is young and rich and beautiful and indubitably adorable; else why should the Little Giant desire her letter? The young and rich and beautiful and indubitably adorable lady is manifestly in love with the Little Giant, or she would never have written. "Jerusalem crickets!" the Little Giant is to be married directly.

Is not this the contrivance of genius? We have here a hundred potential novelists; we have thrice a hundred sleuth-hounds, with throbbing hot Pinkerton blood in their veins.

Wendell Phillips was not far from right. The Puritan's idea of hell is a place where everybody has to mind his own business. Sweet Auburn is heaven. We desire to behold you in cross-section, and we approximate success. We quiz you with shameless pertinacity. The Old Lady Goodspeed, having caught Helen in her web, said, "Did he propose to you?" Helen was silent. "Dew tell; proposed to you, did he?" No answer. "Waal, I want to know! Up an' popped the question, an' hain't been keepin' comp'ny more 'n a month! Psho!" Still no reply. "Then why on airth did n't you accept him?" There is comfort in all this. It prepares one for Judgment Day. What possible inspection could be more pitilessly searching than the kind we already endure?

Strange, you say, this insatiable interest in people! Equally strange, say I, is your confession that when you lay ill in the hospital you counted the flies on the ceiling, and the flowers in the wall paper, and the panes of glass in the window sash. Sweet Auburn is a kind of hospital. To us, at least, nothing is trivial, no one insignificant. My neigh-

bor is twenty feet tall. I have learned to tell his "team" a mile away. I know the jingle of his sleigh bells. I can recognize the beat of his horse's hoofs at night. Mrs. Noah hastens to prayer meeting in winter time to see who is there, but in summer, when the windows are all open, she remains serenely at home; she has trained her analytic ear to distinguish each particular voice, as the people sing. If a man passes while we are at table, we lean awry to peer out at him. When Mr. Clifton Johnson came into town with his camera, Sweet Auburn was eating its dinner. To my personal knowledge, all the Goodspeeds rushed from the table, and went down on their knees to peer under the parlor window blinds; the Hezekiah household could be seen successively at three different sides of their homestead, and the Ichabods deployed upon their front "stoop," — still chewing. A stranger and a camera, — oh, the bliss!

No educational system in all this broad land produces intellects quite like ours. We can observe, we can remember, we can take time to think, we grapple a problem with the sort of canine tenacity that never lets go. Our genius is of the Teutonic order, — patient, prehensile, inerrant; Sweet Auburn is a little Heidelberg. The trouble is, we lack discipline and we lack inspiration. The most magnificent possibilities lie undeveloped.

They will tell you in Sweet Auburn that all the nation's great men were bred in the country, — wherein they are nearer right than wrong. Even here in our midst I could show you lads of unmistakable promise. Genius is nine parts character; the prize is to him who dares, not merely to him who can; the supreme desideratum is self-fulfillment. And the rigorous isolation of the farm, particularly in the period of childhood and early youth, fosters self-reliance, nurtures self-assertion, and crushes in its poisonous bud the impulse to sell one's intellectual birthright by seeking to be another, and not one's self. A mind so circumstanced knows no such thing as classicism; it is romantic in its every motive. Therefore, under normal conditions, a gifted personality matured in isolation is the kind that will come to greatness when it meets an adequate opportunity. But the conditions of life in Sweet Auburn are not normal. Just here is the pathos of the hill town. We who are capable of appreciating the merits of Thackeray and Hawthorne and George Eliot are discoursing of bullocks. We who are susceptible to the fine inspirations of history and poetry and the varied study of nature are employing our bravest energies to determine what is inside Wilkins Glenn's problematical shoebox. We live in an intellectual and social Sahara.

See, for instance, how the curse has fallen upon our æsthetic life! There is not one good picture in our whole village, — no, not one. It is not so much that I abhor the tawdry crayon portraits, the cheap lithographs of Alderney heifers, and the flamboyant calendars. It is the pretentious substitutes for real art that stir my indignation. Our people become rapturously effervescent over the Bodenhausen Madonna reproduced on glass with a rococo edging of filmy gilt, and a prop to stand up by. Jim Asa, viewing that wonder, exclaims, "Ain't she slick?" And what of the long and narrow etchings by the indefatigable Field? We cross ourselves before them with pious adoration. Yes, and the photographic marvels so lately put upon the bourgeois market, — groups of white-draped figures holding lyres or trumpets or other pseudo-Hellenic symbols, — these too elicit our admiration. But chiefest is that shoddy Madonna. M. Charles Blanc says the test of artistic appreciation is to behold Raphael's Stanze: if you weep, there is hope for you; if you do not, why, eat, drink, and be merry, — to-morrow you die. Clearly, M. Charles Blanc had never seen the

Bodenhausen Madonna reproduced on glass, with a prop to stand up by. That, thinks Sweet Auburn, is the ultimate criterion of taste.

Moreover, we are musical, after our uncouth fashion. There is an instrument of one kind or another in nearly every house. Indeed, I never saw a community where so many people could sing by note, or where so many could play. However, you will never hear it said in the hills that music has charms to soothe the savage breast; our music never soothes. It inebriates, but does not cheer. Still, having heard no better, we like it. Isolation is not good for music. See what has happened in China!

"What do you think of aour choir?" asked Hezekiah. "Wa'n't that solo a booster?"

"Well," I replied, "Uncle Dwight has n't what one would call a cultivated voice."

"Dunno 'baout that," retorted the enthusiastic Hezekiah. "Saoun's as if he 'd been over it at least once with a harrow!"

And so it does. So, in truth, do the others. Nevertheless, our vocalists set forth upon heaven-scaling anthems with unexampled audacity.

Furthermore, we have developed a form of amateur theatricals known as the "drammer." There are gifted actors here and there in the hills: the "drammer," judiciously directed, might become a means of genuine culture; but left to go its own way, it degenerates into all sorts of vulgarity. The play itself is so inane, and at times so coarse, that it seems an insult to the human intellect that such unmitigated rubbish should exist.

Yet a fine play affords little opportunity for burnt cork and outrageous wigs and orange-colored Galway fringes; and with us the actor's make-up is a matter of the very first importance. Wilkins Glenn won undying fame, when playing Farmer Punkinseed, by covering all his teeth save three with black wax, to simulate advanced age; and there were not wanting those who believed that, such was his artistic sincerity, he had had his teeth drawn for that very occasion!

Such, then, is the higher life of Sweet Auburn, — versatile minds put to petty and unworthy uses, a native art instinct bowing down before vulgar mediocrity, a musical sense unconsciously outraged, a dramatic genius most grievously degraded. Sweet Auburn, as it stands today, is a great though a neglected opportunity.

III.

Somewhere in the city of Boston a Saratoga trunk is waiting to be packed. It will contain, among other things, an old violin, a sunshade hat, a case of pastels, a pair of hobnailed boots, and the works of William Morris. The baggage master, little appreciating the prophetic significance of what he is doing, will check that trunk to Sweet Auburn, Massachusetts.

Somewhere in Sweet Auburn an antique colonial homestead — weather-tinted to oxidized silver, and mossy-roofed with age — is standing untenanted. When Cyrus Glenn, the village carrier, sets down that particular trunk upon that particular doorstep, he too, like the Boston baggage master, will perform, though he know it not, an all but priestly function. For the arrival of your ponderous Saratoga means the advent of "folks who write, and paint, and dream;" it means the epiphany of courage and vigor, and the culture of the soul; it means the redemption of the rural waste, the revival of the hill town. Summer boarders? By no means! Social settlers you may choose to style yourselves; but I, who have endured for so long a time the aching desolation of Sweet Auburn, prefer to call you the heralds of a new era, the founders of a state.

Sweet Auburn will receive you, as it

received Mr. Clifton Johnson, with bucolic awe and curiosity. Mrs. Noah will call within twenty-four hours, to spy out the facts. Cyrus Glenn will be set upon at the village store, to render a complete inventory of the worldly goods he has carted from the station. Pretty Rachel, who delved in straw and excelsior unpacking your china, will suddenly become the most popular person in town. On Sunday the church will be packed with worshipers in search of "news." Marvelous stories — factual, legendary, and mythologic — will lash the "stagnant goose pond" into seething foam. It will promptly become the devouring ambition of every living soul in Sweet Auburn to force an entrance where angels (with city breeding) would fear to tread. In town, the problem is to "get hold of the people;" here they get hold of you.

The Saratoga trunk will prove itself the ark of a new covenant. I would give the world to watch you while you open its treasures, and to watch our villagers standing by, in mingled surprise and delight. See! Here is the pledge of a broad and beautiful and inspiring faith; here the promise of the ministry of literature, and of music, and of art, and of travel; here, again, the possibility of renewed material prosperity.

I would give the world, too, if in some future day — not many years remote — I might return to Sweet Auburn and view the changes your unselfish efforts have wrought. Behold the reconstructed hill town!

We have sidewalks now, and street lamps, and a neatly kept common, and handsome hedges, and flower beds upon our lawns. A beautiful driveway encircles the lake, and a path goes winding to the top of every craggy hill. Moreover, we have forbidden the desecration of rural majesty by the soulless advertiser. The rocky face of Danger Cliff no longer proclaims the merits of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, nor do a hundred mossy and lichened fences expound, as formerly, the total contents of the veterinary *materia medica*. We have modulated the polychromy of the "meetin'-haouse" horse sheds, whose north façade was once an unrelieved mass of zebras, acrobats, apes, equilibrists, golden chariots, and educated donkeys. Best of all, we have acquired the antiquary enthusiasm of Old Deerfield, and preserved the pristine beauty of our venerable colonial homesteads. Queen Anne has already met with deposition. And the reason? You have founded a village improvement society.

Ichabod, I find, has followed the example of a dozen other sturdy yeomen, and raised the mortgage on his farm. These amazing miracles, hitherto unheard of in the uplands, began to occur as soon as our people learned to rely upon the economic astuteness of their advisers at Kingsley Hall. We are no longer swindled by peddlers, no longer defrauded by far Western syndicates, no longer lured to financial destruction by "benefit orders," — the Iron Hall, the Solid Rock, the Golden Fleece (well named); we no longer encourage our boys to marry on nothing a year; we no longer incur the penalty of a glutted market by leaving our agricultural interests to the guidance of haphazard impulse. Coöperation (we pronounce the word with affectionate tenderness) has redeemed our ruined fortunes. We have learned to manage a coöperative creamery, a coöperative country store, a coöperative butcher shop, a coöperative bakery, and an effective scheme of coöperative production. Our novel prosperity has already enhanced the value of real estate. Newcomers of the most desirable sort are flocking into Sweet Auburn. We are the happiest town in the hills.

The Little Giant has found at Kingsley Hall a band of powerful allies. His "meetin' haouse" — like the town hall and the district schoolhouses — has been tastefully decorated; the choir, carefully

reorganized and trained by residents at Kingsley, makes music fit for the worship of God; the gospel hymns have yielded precedence to the stately melodies of Barnby and Haydn and Händel; the Sunday-school library is replenished with the choicest children's books in the world; and the Little Giant's flock have achieved so much in the way of social aptitude and facility that a church sociable at last deserves the name it bears. But, best of all, it is apparent that a higher type of Christianity has been developed. We have now an unmistakable public sentiment; we are escaping from individualism; we have broader sympathies, finer impulses, a more extended ethical horizon, loftier and incomparably more beautiful ideals.

See! I have shown you a vision. The prize is not merely the rejuvenation of the upland; it is not merely its renaissance: it is the creation of a social order inconceivably finer than was ever yet known in the hills.

Your sphere of influence will extend far beyond Sweet Auburn. Forth by every highway will ride the vanguard of social conquest. Kingsley Hall will reduplicate its clubs and classes and Chautauqua coteries through half a county; for twenty villages are readily accessible from your rustic capital. All shall be yours.

We stand, as it were, in the parting of the ways. Upward may we hill folk ascend into a noble humanity, or — as I showed in a former paper — descend to a pitiful degradation. Here there is set before your philanthropy an open door.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

MEADOW FROGS.

Ere yet the earliest warbler wakes
Of coming spring to tell,
From every marsh a chorus breaks, —
A choir invisible, —
As though the blossoms underground
A breath of utterance had found.

Whence comes the liquid melody?
The summer clouds can bring
No fresher music from the sky
Than here the marshes sing.
Methinks the mists about to rise
Are chanting their rain prophecies.

John B. Tabb.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

I.

IN WHICH I THROW AMBS-ACE.

The work of the day being over, I sat down upon my doorstep, pipe in hand, to rest awhile in the cool of the evening. Death is not more still than is this Virginian land in the hour when the sun has sunk away, and it is black beneath the trees, and the stars brighten slowly and softly, one by one. The birds that sing all day have hushed, and the horned owls, the monster frogs, and that strange and ominous fowl (if fowl it be, and not, as some assert, a spirit damned) which we English call the whippoorwill, are yet silent. Later the wolf will howl and the panther scream, but now there is no sound. The winds are laid, and the restless leaves droop and are quiet. The low lap of the water among the reeds is like the breathing of one who sleeps in his watch beside the dead.

I marked the light die from the broad bosom of the river, leaving it a dead man's hue. Awhile ago, and for many evenings, it had been crimson, — a river of blood. A week before, a great meteor had shot through the night, blood-red and bearded, drawing a slow-fading fiery trail across the heavens; and the moon had risen that same night blood-red, and upon its disk there was drawn in shadow a thing most marvelously like a scalping knife. Wherefore, the following day being Sunday, good Mr. Stockham, our minister at Weyanoke, exhorted us to be on our guard, and in his prayer besought that no sedition or rebellion might raise its head amongst the Indian subjects of the Lord's anointed. Afterward, in the churchyard, between the services, the more timorous began to tell of divers portents which they had observed, and to recount old tales of how the savages distressed us in the Starving Time. The bolder spirits laughed them to scorn, but the women began to weep and cower, and I, though I laughed too, thought of Smith, and how he ever held the savages, and more especially that Opechancanough who was now their emperor, in a most deep distrust; telling us that the red men watched while we slept, that they might teach wiliness to a Jesuit, and how to bide its time to a cat crouched before a mousehole. I thought of the terms we now kept with these heathen; of how they came and went familiarly amongst us, spying out our weakness, and losing the salutary awe which that noblest captain had struck into their souls; of how many were employed as hunters to bring down deer for lazy masters; of how, breaking the law, and that not secretly, we gave them knives and arms, a soldier's bread, in exchange for pelts and pearls; of how their emperor was forever sending us smooth messages; of how their lips smiled and their eyes frowned. That afternoon, as I rode home through the lengthening shadows, a hunter, red-brown and naked, rose from behind a fallen tree that sprawled across my path, and made offer to bring me my

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Mary Johnston.

meat from the moon of corn to the moon of stags in exchange for a gun. There was scant love between the savages and myself, — it was answer enough when I told him my name. I left the dark figure standing, still as a carved stone, in the heavy shadow of the trees, and, spurring my horse (sent me from home, the year before, by my cousin Percy), was soon at my house, — a poor and rude one, but pleasantly set upon a slope of green turf, and girt with maize and the broad leaves of the tobacco. When I had had my supper, I called from their hut the two Paspahegh lads bought by me from their tribe the Michaelmas before, and soundly flogged them both, having in my mind a saying of my ancient captain's, namely, "He who strikes first ofttimes strikes last."

Upon the afternoon of which I now speak, in the midsummer of the year of grace 1621, as I sat upon my doorstep, my long pipe between my teeth and my eyes upon the pallid stream below, my thoughts were busy with these matters, — so busy that I did not see a horse and rider emerge from the dimness of the forest into the cleared space before my palisade, nor knew, until his voice came up the bank, that my good friend, Master John Rolfe, was without and would speak to me.

I went down to the gate, and, unbarring it, gave him my hand and led the horse within the inclosure.

"Thou careful man!" he said, with a laugh, as he dismounted. "Who else, think you, in this or any other hundred, now bars his gate when the sun goes down?"

"It is my sunset gun," I answered briefly, fastening his horse as I spoke.

He put his arm about my shoulder, for we were old friends, and together we went up the green bank to the house, and, when I had brought him a pipe, sat down side by side upon the doorstep.

"Of what were you dreaming?" he asked presently, when we had made for ourselves a great cloud of smoke. "I called you twice."

"I was wishing for Dale's times and Dale's laws."

He laughed, and touched my knee with his hand, white and smooth as a woman's, and with a green jewel upon the forefinger.

"Thou Mars incarnate!" he cried. "Thou first, last, and in the meantime soldier! Why, what wilt thou do when thou gettest to heaven? Make it too hot to hold thee? Or take out letters of marque against the Enemy?"

"I am not there yet," I said dryly. "In the meantime I would like a commission against — your relatives."

He laughed, then sighed, and, sinking his chin into his hand and softly tapping his foot against the ground, fell into a reverie.

"I would your princess were alive," I said presently.

"So do I," he answered softly. "So do I." Locking his hands behind his head, he raised his quiet face to the evening star. "Brave and wise and gentle," he mused. "If I did not think to meet her again, beyond that star, I could not smile and speak calmly, Ralph, as I do now."

"'T is a strange thing," I mused, as I refilled my pipe. "Love for your brother-in-arms, love for your commander if he be a commander worth having, love for your horse and dog, I understand. But wedded love! to tie a burden around one's neck because 't is pink and white, or clear bronze, and shaped with elegance! Faugh!"

"Yet I came with half a mind to persuade thee to that very burden!" he cried, with another laugh.

"Thanks for thy pains," I said, blowing blue rings into the air.

"I have ridden to-day from Jamestown," he went on. "I was the only man, i' faith, that cared to leave its gates; and I met the world — the bachelor world — flocking to them. Not a

mile of the way but I encountered Tom, Dick, and Harry, dressed in their Sunday bravery and making full tilt for the city. And the boats upon the river! I have seen the Thames less crowded."

"There was more passing than usual," I said; "but I was busy in the fields, and did not attend. What 's the lodestar?"

"The star that draws us all, — some to ruin, some to bliss ineffable, — woman."

"Humph! The maids have come, then?"

He nodded. "There 's a goodly ship down there, with a goodly lading."

"*Videlicet*, some fourscore waiting damsels and milkmaids, warranted honest by my Lord Warwick," I muttered.

"This business hath been of Edwyn Sandys' management, as you very well know," he rejoined, with some heat. "His word is good: therefore I hold them chaste. That they are fair I can testify, having seen them leave the ship."

"Fair and chaste," I said, "but meanly born."

"I grant you that," he answered. "But after all, what of it? Beggars must not be choosers. The land is new and must be peopled, nor will those who come after us look too curiously into the lineage of those to whom a nation owes its birth. What we in these plantations need is a loosening of the bonds which tie us to home, to England, and a tightening of those which bind us to this land in which we have cast our lot. We put our hand to the plough, but we turn our heads and look to our Egypt and its fleshpots. 'T is children and wife — be that wife princess or peasant — that make home of a desert, that bind a man with chains of gold to the country where they abide. Wherefore, when at midday I met good Master Wickham rowing down from Henricus to Jamestown, to offer his aid to Master Bucke in his press of business to-morrow, I gave the good man Godspeed, and thought his a fruitful errand and one pleasing to the Lord."

"Amen," I yawned. "I love the land, and call it home. My withers are unwrung."

He rose to his feet, and began to pace the greensward before the door. My eyes followed his trim figure, richly though sombrely clad, then fell with a sudden dissatisfaction upon my own stained and frayed apparel.

"Ralph," he said presently, coming to a stand before me, "have you ever an hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco in hand? If not, I" —

"I have the weed," I replied. "What then?"

"Then at dawn drop down with the tide to the city, and secure for thyself one of these same errant damsels."

I stared at him, and then broke into laughter, in which, after a space and unwillingly, he himself joined. When at length I wiped the water from my eyes it was quite dark, the whippoorwills had begun to call, and Rolfe must needs hasten on. I went with him down to the gate.

"Take my advice, — it is that of your friend," he said, as he swung himself into the saddle. He gathered up the reins and struck spurs into his horse, then turned to call back to me: "Sleep upon my words, Ralph, and the next time I come I look to see a farthingale behind thee!"

"Thou art as like to see one upon me," I answered.

Nevertheless, when he had gone, and I climbed the bank and reëntered the house, it was with a strange pang at the cheerlessness of my hearth, and an angry and unreasoning impatience at the lack of welcoming face or voice. In God's name, who was there to welcome me? None but my hounds, and the flying squirrel I had caught and tamed. Groping my way to the corner, I took from my store two torches, lit them, and stuck them into the holes pierced in the mantel shelf; then stood beneath the clear flame, and looked with a sudden sick distaste upon the disorder which the light be-

trayed. The fire was dead, and ashes and embers were scattered upon the hearth; fragments of my last meal littered the table, and upon the unwashed floor lay the bones I had thrown my dogs. Dirt and confusion reigned; only upon my armor, my sword and gun, my hunting knife and dagger, there was no spot or stain. I turned to gaze upon them where they hung against the wall, and in my soul I hated the piping times of peace, and longed for the camp fire and the call to arms.

With an impatient sigh, I swept the litter from the table, and, taking from the shelf that held my meagre library a bundle of Master Shakespeare's plays (gathered for me by Rolfe when he was last in London), I began to read; but my thoughts wandered, and the tale seemed dull and oft told. I tossed it aside, and, taking dice from my pocket, began to throw, breaking the law with small compunction. As I cast the bits of bone, idly, and scarce caring to observe what numbers came uppermost, I had a vision of the forester's hut at home, where, when I was a boy, in the days before I ran away to the wars in the Low Countries, I had spent many a happy hour. Again I saw the bright light of the fire reflected in each well-scrubbed crock and pannikin; again I heard the cheerful hum of the wheel; again the face of the forester's daughter smiled upon me. The old gray manor house, where my mother, a stately dame, sat ever at her tapestry, and an imperious elder brother strode to and fro among his hounds, seemed less of home to me than did that tiny, friendly hut. To-morrow would be my thirty-sixth birthday. All the numbers that I cast were high. "If I throw ambs-ace," I said, with a smile for my own caprice, "curse me if I do not take Rolfe's advice!"

I shook the box and clapped it down upon the table, then lifted it, and stared with a lengthening face at what it had hidden; which done, I diced no more, but put out my lights and went soberly to bed.

II.

IN WHICH I MEET MASTER JEREMY SPARROW.

Mine are not dicers' oaths. The stars were yet shining when I left the house, and, after a word with my man Diccon, at the servants' huts, strode down the bank and through the gate of the palisade to the wharf, where I loosed my boat, put up her sail, and turned her head down the broad stream. The wind was fresh and favorable, and we went swiftly down the river through the silver mist toward the sunrise. The sky grew pale pink to the zenith; then the sun rose and drank up the mist. The river sparkled and shone; from the fresh green banks came the smell of the woods and the song of birds; above rose the sky, bright blue, with a few fleecy clouds drifting across it. I thought of the day, thirteen years before, when for the first time white men sailed up this same river, and of how noble its width, how enchanting its shores, how gay and sweet their blooms and odors, how vast their trees, how strange the painted savages, had seemed to us, storm-tossed adventurers, who thought we had found a very paradise, the Fortunate Isles at least. How quickly were we undeceived! As I lay back in the stern with half-shut eyes and tiller idle in my hand, our many tribulations and our few joys passed in review before me. Indian attacks; dissension and strife amongst our rulers; true men persecuted, false knaves elevated; the weary search for gold and the South Sea; the horror of the pestilence and the blacker horror of the Starving Time; the arrival of the Patience and Deliverance, whereat we wept like children; that most joyful Sunday morning when we followed my Lord de la Warre to church;

the coming of Dale with that stern but wholesome martial code which was no stranger to me who had fought under Maurice of Nassau; the good times that followed, when bowl-playing gallants were put down, cities founded, forts built, and the gospel preached; the marriage of Rolfe and his dusky princess; Argall's expedition, in which I played a part, and Argall's iniquitous rule; the return of Yeardley as Sir George, and the priceless gift he brought us, — all this and much else, old friends, old enemies, old toils and strifes and pleasures, ran, bitter-sweet, through my memory, as the wind and flood bore me on. Of what was before me I did not choose to think, sufficient unto the hour being the evil thereof.

The river seemed deserted: no horsemen spurred along the bridle path on the shore; the boats were few and far between, and held only servants or Indians or very old men. It was as Rolfe had said, and the free and able-bodied of the plantations had put out, posthaste, for matrimony. Chaplain's Choice appeared unpeopled; Piersey's Hundred slept in the sunshine, its wharf deserted, and but few, slow-moving figures in the tobacco fields; even the Indian villages looked scant of all but squaws and children, for the braves were gone to see the palefaces buy their wives. Below Paspahegh a cockleshell of a boat carrying a great white sail overtook me, and I was hailed by young Hamor.

"The maids are come!" he cried. "Hurrah!" and stood up to wave his hat.

"Humph!" I said. "I guess thy destination by thy hose. Are they not 'those that were thy peach-colored ones'?"

"Oons! yes!" he answered, looking down with complacency upon his tarnished finery. "Wedding garments, Captain Percy, wedding garments!"

I laughed. "Thou art a tardy bridegroom. I thought that the bachelors of this quarter of the globe slept last night in Jamestown."

His face fell. "I know it," he said ruefully; "but my doublet had more rents than slashes in it, and Martin Tailor kept it until cockcrow. That fellow rolls in tobacco; he hath grown rich off our impoverished wardrobes since the ship down yonder passed the capes. After all," he brightened, "the bargaining takes not place until toward midday, after solemn service and thanksgiving. There 's time enough!" He waved me a farewell, as his great sail and narrow craft carried him past me.

I looked at the sun, which truly was not very high, with a secret disquietude; for I had had a scurvy hope that after all I should be too late, and so the noose which I felt tightening about my neck might unknot itself. Wind and tide were against me, and an hour later saw me nearing the peninsula and marveling at the shipping which crowded its waters. It was as if every sloop, barge, canoe, and dugout between Point Comfort and Henricus were anchored off its shores, while above them towered the masts of the Marmaduke and Furtherance, then in port, and of the tall ship which had brought in those doves for sale. The river with its dancing freight, the blue heavens and bright sunshine, the green trees waving in the wind, the stir and bustle in the street and market place thronged with gayly dressed gallants, made a fair and pleasant scene. As I drove my boat in between the sloop of the commander of Shirley Hundred and the canoe of the Nansemond werowance, the two bells then newly hung in the church began to peal and the drum to beat. Stepping ashore, I had a rear view only of the folk who had clustered along the banks and in the street, their faces and footsteps being with one accord directed toward the market place. I went with the throng, jostled alike by velvet and dowlas, by youths with their estates upon their backs and naked fan-

tastically painted savages, and trampling the tobacco with which the greedy citizens had planted the very street. In the square I brought up before the Governor's house, and found myself cheek by jowl with Master Pory, our Secretary, and Speaker of the Assembly.

"Ha, Ralph Percy!" he cried, wagging his gray head, "we two be the only sane younkers in the plantations! All the others are horn-mad!"

"I have caught the infection," I said, "and am one of the bedlamites."

He stared, then broke into a roar of laughter. "Art in earnest?" he asked, holding his fat sides. "Is Saul among the prophets?"

"Yes," I answered. "I diced last night, — yea or no; and the 'yea' — plague on 't — had it."

He broke into another roar. "And thou callest that bridal attire, man! Why, our cow-keeper goes in flaming silk to-day!"

I looked down upon my suit of buff, which had in truth seen some service, and at my great boots, which I had not thought to clean since I mired in a swamp, coming from Henricus the week before; then shrugged my shoulders.

"You will go begging," he continued, wiping his eyes. "Not a one of them will so much as look at you."

"Then will they miss seeing a man, and not a popinjay," I retorted. "I shall not break my heart."

A cheer arose from the crowd, followed by a crashing peal of the bells and a louder roll of the drum. The doors of the houses around and to right and left of the square swung open, and the company which had been quartered overnight upon the citizens began to emerge. By twos and threes, some with hurried steps and downcast eyes, others more slowly and with free glances at the staring men, they gathered to the centre of the square, where, in surplice and band, there awaited them godly Master Bucke and Master Wickham of Henricus. I stared with the rest, though I did not add my voice to theirs.

Before the arrival of yesterday's ship there had been in this natural Eden (leaving the savages out of the reckoning) several thousand Adams, and but some threescore Eves. And for the most part, the Eves were either portly and bustling or withered and shrewish housewives, of age and experience to defy the serpent. These were different. Ninety slender figures decked in all the bravery they could assume; ninety comely faces, pink and white, or clear brown with the rich blood showing through; ninety pair of eyes, laughing and alluring, or downcast with long fringes sweeping rounded cheeks; ninety pair of ripe red lips. The crowd shouted itself hoarse and would not be restrained, brushing aside like straws the staves of the marshal and his men, and surging in upon the line of adventurous damsels. I saw young men, panting, seize hand or arm and strive to pull toward them some reluctant fair; others snatched kisses, or fell on their knees and began speeches out of Euphues; others commenced an inventory of their possessions, — acres, tobacco, servants, household plenishing. All was hubbub, protestation, frightened cries, and hysterical laughter. The officers ran to and fro, threatening and commanding; Master Pory alternately cried "Shame!" and laughed his loudest; and I plucked away a jackanapes of sixteen who had his hand upon a girl's ruff, and shook him until the breath was well-nigh out of him. The clamor did but increase.

"Way for the Governor!" cried the marshal. "Shame on you, my masters! Way for his Honor and the worshipful Council!"

The three wooden steps leading down from the door of the Governor's house suddenly blossomed into crimson and gold, as his Honor with the attendant Councilors emerged from the hall and stood staring at the mob below.

The Governor's honest moon face was quite pale with passion. "What a devil is this?" he cried wrathfully. "Did you never see a woman before? Where 's the marshal? I 'll imprison the last one of you for rioters!"

Upon the platform of the pillory, which stood in the centre of the market place, suddenly appeared a man of a gigantic frame, with a strong face deeply lined and a great shock of grizzled hair, — a strange thing, for he was not old. I knew him to be one Master Jeremy Sparrow, a minister brought by the Southampton a month before, and as yet without a charge, but at that time I had not spoken with him. Without word of warning he thundered into a psalm of thanksgiving, singing it at the top of a powerful and yet sweet and tender voice, and with a fervor and exaltation that caught the heart of the riotous crowd. The two ministers in the throng beneath took up the strain; Master Pory added a husky tenor, eloquent of much sack; presently we were all singing. The audacious suitors, charmed into rationality, fell back, and the broken line re-formed. The Governor and the Council descended, and with pomp and solemnity took their places between the maids and the two ministers who were to head the column. The psalm ended, the drum beat a thundering roll, and the procession moved forward in the direction of the church.

Master Pory having left me, to take his place among his brethren of the Council, and the mob of those who had come to purchase and of the curious idle having streamed away at the heels of the marshal and his officers, I found myself alone in the square, save for the singer, who now descended from the pillory and came up to me.

"Captain Ralph Percy, if I mistake not?" he said, in a voice as deep and rich as the bass of an organ.

"The same," I answered. "And you are Master Jeremy Sparrow?"

"Yea, a silly preacher, — the poorest, meekest, and lowliest of the Lord's servitors."

His deep voice, magnificent frame, and bold and free address so gave the lie to the humility of his words that I had much ado to keep from laughing. He saw, and his face, which was of a cast most martial, flashed into a smile, like sunshine on a scarred cliff.

"You laugh in your sleeve," he said good-humoredly, "and yet I am but what I profess to be. In spirit I am a very Job, though nature hath seen fit to dress me as a Samson. I assure you, I am worse misfitted than is Master Yardstick yonder in those Falstaffian hose. But, good sir, will you not go to church?"

"If the church were Paul's, I might," I answered. "As it is, we could not get within fifty feet of the door."

"Of the great door, ay, but the ministers may pass through the side door. If you please, I will take you in with me. The pretty fools yonder march slowly; if we turn down this lane, we will outstrip them quite."

"Agreed," I said, and we turned into a lane thick planted with tobacco, made a detour of the Governor's house, and outflanked the procession, arriving at the small door before it had entered the churchyard. Here we found the sexton mounting guard.

"I am Master Sparrow, the minister that came in the Southampton," my new acquaintance explained. "I am to sit in the choir. Let us pass, good fellow."

The sexton squared himself before the narrow opening, and swelled with importance.

"You, reverend sir, I will admit, such being my duty. But this gentleman is no preacher; I may not allow him to pass."

"You mistake, friend," said my companion gravely. "This gentleman, my worthy colleague, has but just come from the island of St. Brandon, where he

preaches on the witches' Sabbath: hence the disorder of his apparel. His admittance be on my head: wherefore let us by."

"None to enter at the west door save Councilors, commanders, and ministers. Any attempting to force an entrance to be arrested and laid by the heels if they be of the generality, or, if they be of quality, to be duly fined and debarred from the purchase of any maid whatsoever," chanted the sexton.

"Then, in God's name, let 's on!" I exclaimed. "Here, try this!" and I drew from my purse, which was something of the leanest, a shilling.

"Try this," quoth Master Jeremy Sparrow, and knocked the sexton down.

We left the fellow sprawling in the doorway, sputtering threats to the air without, but with one covetous hand clutching at the shilling which I threw behind me, and entered the church, which we found yet empty, though through the open great door we heard the drum beat loudly and a deepening sound of footsteps.

"I have choice of position," I said. "Yonder window seems a good station. You remain here in the choir?"

"Ay," he answered, with a sigh; "the dignity of my calling must be upheld: wherefore I sit in high places, rubbing elbows with gold lace, when of the very truth the humility of my spirit is such that I would feel more at home in the servants' seats or among the negars that we bought last year."

Had we not been in church I would have laughed, though indeed I saw that he devoutly believed his own words. He took his seat in the largest and finest of the chairs behind the great velvet one reserved for the Governor, while I went and leaned against my window, and we stared at each other across the flower-decked building in profound silence, until, with one great final crash, the bells ceased, the drum stopped beating, and the procession entered.

III.

IN WHICH I MARRY IN HASTE.

The long service of praise and thanksgiving was well-nigh over when I first saw her.

She sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow of a tall pew. Beyond her was a row of milk-maid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed, and beribboned like Maypoles. I looked again, and saw — and see — a rose amongst blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amidst glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonparella of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face, — found pride, wit, fire, determination, finally shame and anger. For, feeling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me one withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning. When I looked at her again, covertly, and from under my hand raised as though to push back my hair, she was pale once more, and her dark eyes were fixed upon the water and the green trees without the window.

The congregation rose, and she stood up with the other maids. Her dress of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

Anon came the benediction. Governor, Councilors, commanders, and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind; and we who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the other for a

long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded; the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four, bestowing themselves behind pulpits of turf. For one altar and one clergyman could not hope to dispatch that day's business.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid, she looked (womanlike) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess fresh from Arcadia wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high and all eyes, who dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

Corydon. "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

Phyllis. "A cow?"

Corydon. "Twa."

Phyllis. "How much tobacco?"

Corydon. "Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I 'm a Stewart, woman, an' the King's puir cousin."

Phyllis. "What household plenishing?"

Corydon. "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawfskin chairs an' twa-three rush, five pair o' sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes" —

Phyllis. "I 'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

"By ——!" he answered, with an angry laugh. "If they 're all like the sample I 've just left, I 'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuf-taffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd they were going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I 'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "If you keep on to that clump of willows, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stood still for a while and watched the slow sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the

blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of willows indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the babble of the stream which flowed through it; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even the most hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the one nursing his cheek, and the other her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out on the opposite bank and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great willow, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor, — probably disappointed of a wife, — with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing here and there like those of a hunted creature, met my own.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us be gone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the willows into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party. They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me and laid my hand upon my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

The meadow was now less thronged. The river, up and down, was white with sailboats, and across the neck of the peninsula went a line of horsemen, each with his purchase upon a pillion behind him. The Governor, the Councilors, and the commanders had betaken themselves to the Governor's house, where a great dinner was to be given. But Master Piersey, the Cape Merchant, remained to see the Company reimbursed to the last leaf, and the four ministers still found occupation, though one couple trod not upon the heels of another, as they had done an hour agone.

"I must first satisfy the treasurer," I said, coming to a halt within fifty feet of the now deserted high places.

She drew her hand from mine, and looked me up and down.

"How much is it?" she asked at last. "I will pay it."

I stared at her.

"Can't you speak?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "At what am I valued? Ten pounds — fifty pounds" —

"At one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, madam," I said dryly. "I will pay it myself. To what name upon the ship's list do you answer?"

"Patience Worth," she replied.

I left her standing there, and went upon my errand with a whirling brain. Her enrollment in that company proclaimed her meanly born, and she bore herself as of blood royal; of her own free will she had crossed an ocean to meet this day, and she held in passionate hatred this day and all that it contained; she was come to Virginia to better her condition, and the purse which she had drawn from her bosom was filled with gold pieces. To another I would have advised caution, delay, application to the Governor, inquiry; for myself I cared not to make inquiries.

The treasurer gave me my receipt, and I procured, from the crowd around him, Humfrey Kent, a good man and true, and old Belfield, the perfumer, for witnesses. With them at my heels I went back to her, and, giving her my hand, was making for the nearest minister, when a voice at a little distance hailed me, crying out, "This way, Captain Percy!"

I turned toward the voice, and beheld the great figure of Master Jeremy Sparrow sitting, cross-legged like the Grand Turk, upon a grassy hillock, and beckoning to me from that elevation.

"Our acquaintance hath been of the shortest," he said genially, when the maid, the witnesses, and I had reached the foot of the hillock, "but I have taken a liking to you and would fain do you a service. Moreover, I lack employment. The maids take me for a hedge parson, and sheer off to my brethren, who truly are of a more clerical appearance. Whereas if they could only look upon the inner man! You have been long in choosing, but have doubtless chosen" — He glanced from me to the woman beside me, and broke off with open mouth and staring eyes. There was excuse, for her beauty was amazing. "A paragon," he ended, recovering himself.

"Marry us quickly, friend," I said. "Clouds are gathering, and we have far to go."

He came down from his mound, and we went and stood before him. I had around my neck the gold chain given me upon a certain occasion by Prince Maurice, and in lieu of other ring I now twisted off the smallest link and gave it to her.

"Your name?" asked Master Sparrow, opening his book.

"Ralph Percy, Gentleman."

"And yours?" he demanded, staring at her with a somewhat too apparent delight in her beauty.

She flushed richly and bit her lip.

He repeated the question.

She stood a minute in silence, her eyes upon the darkening sky. Then she said in a low voice, "Jocelyn Leigh."

It was not the name I had watched the Cape Merchant strike off his list. I turned upon her and made her meet my eyes. "What is your name?" I demanded. "Tell me the truth!"

"I have told it," she answered proudly. "It is Jocelyn Leigh."

I faced the minister again. "Go on," I said briefly.

"The Company commands that no constraint be put upon its poor maids. Wherefore, do you marry this man of your own free will and choice?"

"Ay," she said, "of my own free will."

Well, we were married, and Master Jeremy Sparrow wished us joy, and Kent would have kissed the bride had I not frowned him off. He and Belfield strode away, and I left her there, and went to get her bundle from the house that had sheltered her overnight. Returning, I

found her seated on the turf, her chin in her hand and her dark eyes watching the distant play of lightning. Master Sparrow had left his post, and was nowhere to be seen.

I gave her my hand and led her to the shore; then loosed my boat and helped her aboard. I was pushing off when a voice hailed us from the bank, and the next instant a great bunch of red roses whirled past me and fell into her lap. "Sweets to the sweet, you know," said Master Jeremy Sparrow genially. "Goodwife Allen will never miss them."

I was in two minds whether to laugh or to swear, — for I had never given her flowers, — when she settled the question for me by raising the crimson mass and bestowing it upon the flood.

A sudden puff of wind brought the sail around, hiding his fallen countenance. The wind freshened, coming from the bay, and the boat was off like a startled deer. When I next saw him he had recovered his equanimity, and, with a smile upon his rugged features, was waving us a farewell. I looked at the beauty opposite me, and, with a sudden movement of pity for him, mateless, stood up and waved to him vigorously in turn.

IV.

IN WHICH I AM LIKE TO REPENT AT LEISURE.

When we had passed the mouth of the Chickahominy, I broke the silence, now prolonged beyond reason, by pointing to the village upon its bank, and telling her something of Smith's expedition up that river, ending by asking her if she feared the savages.

When at length she succeeded in abstracting her attention from the clouds, it was to reply, "I fear nothing," in a tone of the supremest indifference, after which she relapsed into her contemplation of the weather.

Further on I tried again. "That is Kent's, yonder. He brought his wife from home last year. What a hedge of sunflowers she has planted! If you love flowers, you will find those of paradise in these woods."

No answer.

Below Martin-Brandon we met a canoe full of Paspaheghs, bound upon a friendly visit to some one of the down-river tribes; for in the bottom of the boat reposed a fat buck, and at the feet of the young men lay trenchers of maize cakes and of late mulberries. I hailed them, and when we were alongside held up the brooch from my hat, then pointed to the purple fruit. The exchange was soon made; they sped away, and I placed the mulberries upon the thwart beside her.

"I am not hungry," she said coldly. "Take them away."

I bit my lip, and returned to my place at the tiller. This rose was set with thorns, and already I felt their sting. Presently she leaned back in the nest I had made for her. "I wish to sleep," she said haughtily, and, turning her face from me, pillowed her head upon her arms.

I sat, bent forward, the tiller in my hand, and stared at my wife in some consternation. This was not the tame pigeon, the rosy, humble, domestic creature who was to make me a home and rear me children. A sea bird with broad white wings swooped down upon the water, now dark and ridged, rested there a moment, then swept away into the heart of the gathering storm. She was liker such an one. Such birds were caught at times, but never tamed and never kept.

The lightning, which had played incessantly in pale flashes across the low clouds in the south, now leaped to higher peaks and became more vivid, and the muttering of the thunder changed to long, booming peals. Thirteen years before, the Virginia storms had struck

us with terror. Compared with those of the Old World we had left, they were as cannon to the whistling of arrows, as breakers on an iron coast to the dull wash of level seas. Now they were nothing to me, but as the peals changed to great crashes as of falling cities, I marveled to see my wife sleeping so quietly. The rain began to fall, slowly, in large sullen drops, and I rose to cover her with my cloak. Then I saw that the sleep was feigned, for she was gazing at the storm with wide eyes, though with no fear in their dark depths. When I moved they closed, and when I reached her the lashes still swept her cheeks, and she breathed evenly through parted lips. But, against her will, she shrank from my touch as I put the cloak about her; and when I had returned to my seat, I bent to one side and saw, as I had expected to see, that her eyes were wide open again. If she had been one whit less beautiful, I would have wished her back at Jamestown, back on the Atlantic, back at John o' Groat's House, or Land's End, or what other outlandish place, where manners were unknown, that had owned her and cast her out. Pride and temper! I set my lips, and vowed that she should find her match.

The storm did not last. Ere we had reached Piersey's the rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking; above Chaplain's Choice hung a great rainbow; we passed Tants Weyanoke in the glory of the sunset, all shattered gold and crimson. Not a word had been spoken. I sat in a humor grim enough, and she lay there before me, wide awake, staring at the shifting banks and running water, and thinking that I thought she slept.

At last my own wharf rose before me through the gathering dusk, and beyond it and above it shone out a light; for I had told Diccon to set my house in order, and to provide fire and torches, that my wife might see I wished to do her honor. I looked at that wife, and of a sudden the anger in my heart melted away. It was a wilderness vast and dreadful to which she had come. The mighty stream, the towering forests, the black skies and deafening thunder, the wild cries of bird and beast, the savages, uncouth and terrible, — for a moment I saw my world as the woman at my feet must see it, strange, wild, and menacing, an evil land, the other side of the moon. A thing that I had forgotten came to my mind: how that, after our landing at Jamestown, years before, a boy whom we had with us did each night fill with cries and lamentations the hut where he lay with my cousin Percy, Gosnold, and myself, nor would cease though we tried both crying shame and a rope's end. It was not for homesickness, for he had no mother or kin or home; and at length Master Hunt brought him to confess that it was but pure panic terror of the land itself, — not of the Indians or of our hardships, both of which he faced bravely enough, but of the strange trees and the high and long roofs of vine, of the black sliding earth and the white mist, of the fireflies and the whippoorwills, — a sick fear of primeval Nature and her tragic mask.

This was a woman, young, alone, and friendless, unless I, who had sworn to cherish and protect her, should prove myself her friend. Wherefore, when, a few minutes later, I bent over her, it was with all gentleness that I touched and spoke to her.

"Our journey is over," I said. "This is home, my dear."

She let me help her to her feet, and up the wet and slippery steps to the level of the wharf. It was now quite dark, there being no moon, and thin clouds obscuring the stars. The touch of her hand, which I perforce held since I must guide her over the long, narrow, and unrailed trestle, chilled me, and her breathing was hurried, but she moved by my side through the gross darkness unfalteringly enough. Arrived at the

gate of the palisade, I beat upon it with the hilt of my sword, and shouted to my men to open to us. A moment, and a dozen torches came flaring down the bank. Diccon shot back the bolts, and we entered. The men drew up and saluted; for I held my manor a camp, my servants soldiers, and myself their captain.

I have seen worse favored companies, but doubtless the woman beside me had not. Perhaps, too, the red light of the torches, now flaring brightly, now sunk before the wind, gave their countenances a more villainous cast than usual. They were not all bad. Diccon had the virtue of fidelity, if none other; there were a brace of Puritans, and a handful of honest fools, who, if they drilled badly, yet abhorred mutiny. But the half dozen I had taken off Argall's hands; the Dutchmen who might have been own brothers to those two Judases, Adam and Francis; the thief and the highwayman I had bought from the precious crew sent us by the King the year before; the negro and the Indians, — small wonder that she shrank and cowered. It was but for a moment. I was yet seeking for words sufficiently reassuring when she was herself again. She did not deign to notice the men's awkward salute, and when Diccon, a handsome rogue enough, advancing to light us up the bank, brushed by her something too closely, she drew away her skirts as though he had been a lazar. At my own door I turned and spoke to the men, who had followed us up the ascent.

"This lady," I said, taking her hand as she stood beside me, "is my true and lawful wife, your mistress, to be honored and obeyed as such. Who fails in reverence to her I hold as mutinous to myself, and will deal with him accordingly. She gives you to-morrow for holiday, with double rations, and to each a measure of rum. Now thank her properly."

They cheered lustily, of course, and Diccon, stepping forward, gave us thanks in the name of them all, and wished us joy. After which, with another cheer, they backed from out our presence, then turned and made for their quarters, while I led my wife within the house and closed the door.

Diccon was an ingenious scoundrel. I had told him to banish the dogs, to have the house cleaned and lit, and supper upon the table; but I had not ordered the floor to be strewn with rushes, the walls draped with flowering vines, a great jar filled with sunflowers, and an illumination of a dozen torches. Nevertheless, it looked well, and I highly approved the capon and maize cakes, the venison pasty and ale, with which the table was set. Through the open doors of the two other rooms were to be seen more rushes, more flowers, and more lights.

To the larger of these rooms I now led the way, deposited her bundle upon the settle, and saw that Diccon had provided fair water for her face and hands; which done, I told her that supper waited upon her convenience, and went back to the great room.

She was long in coming, so long that I grew impatient and went to call her. The door was ajar, and so I saw her, kneeling in the middle of the floor, her head thrown back, her hands raised and clasped, on her face terror and anguish of spirit written so large that I started to see it. Her clasped hands were never still. Now she raised them above her head; now, crouching low upon the floor, rested her forehead upon them; now flung them out before her, as though she pushed some object away. I stared in amazement, and, had I followed my first impulse, would have gone to her, as I would have gone to any other creature in so dire distress. On second thoughts, I went noiselessly back to my station in the great room. She had not seen me, I was sure. Nor had I long to wait. Presently she appeared, and I could have doubted the testimony of my eyes, so

changed were the agonized face and figure of a few moments before. Beautiful and disdainful, she moved to the table, and took the great chair drawn before it with the air of an empress mounting a throne. I contented myself with the stool.

She ate nothing, and scarcely touched the canary I poured for her. I pressed upon her wine and viands, — in vain; I strove to make conversation, — equally in vain. Finally, tired of "yes" and "no" uttered as though she were reluctantly casting pearls before swine, I desisted, and applied myself to my supper in a silence as sullen as her own. At last we rose from table, and I went to look to the fastenings of door and windows, and returning found her standing in the centre of the room, her head up and her hands clenched at her sides. I saw that we were to have it out then and there, and I was glad of it.

"You have something to say," I said. "I am quite at your command," and I went and leaned against the chimney-piece.

The low fire upon the hearth burnt lower still before she broke the silence. When she did speak it was slowly, and with a voice which was evidently controlled only by a strong effort of a strong will. She said: —

"When — yesterday, to-day, ten thousand years ago — you went from this horrible forest down to that wretched village yonder, to those huts that make your London, you went to buy you a wife?"

"Yes, madam," I answered. "I went with that intention."

"You had made your calculation? In your mind you had pitched upon such and such an article, with such and such qualities as desirable? Doubtless you meant to get your money's worth?"

"Doubtless," I said dryly.

"Will you tell me what you were inclined to consider its equivalent?"

I stared at her, much inclined to laugh. The interview promised to be interesting.

"I went to Jamestown to get me a wife," I said at length, "because I had pledged my word that I would do so. I was not overanxious. I did not run all the way. But, as you say, I intended to do the best I could for myself; one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco being a considerable sum, and not to be lightly thrown away. I went to look for a mistress for my house, a companion for my idle hours, a rosy, humble, docile lass, with no aspirations beyond cleanliness and good temper, who was to order my household and make me a home. I was to be her head and her law, but also her sword and shield. That is what I went to look for."

"And you found — me!" she said, and broke into strange laughter.

I bowed.

"In God's name, why did you not go further?"

I suppose she saw in my face why I went no further, for into her own the color came flaming.

"I am not what I seem!" she cried out. "I was not in that company of choice!"

I bowed again. "You have no need to tell me that, madam," I said. "I have eyes. I desire to know why you were there at all, and why you married me."

She turned from me, until I could see nothing but the coiled wealth of her hair and the bit of white neck between it and the ruff. We stood so in silence, she with bent head and fingers clasping and unclasping, I leaning against the wall and staring at her, for what seemed a long time. At least I had time to grow impatient, when she faced me again, and all my irritation vanished in a gasp of admiration.

Oh, she was beautiful, and of a sweetness most alluring and fatal! Had Medea worn such a look, sure Jason had quite forgot the fleece, and with those

eyes Circe had needed no other charm to make men what she would. Her voice, when she spoke, was no longer imperious; it was low pleading music. And she held out entreating hands.

"Have pity on me," she said. "Listen kindly, and have pity on me. You are a strong man and wear a sword. You can cut your way through trouble and peril. I am a woman, weak, friendless, helpless. I was in distress and peril, and I had no arm to save, no knight to fight my battle. I do not love deceit. Ah, do not think that I have not hated myself for the lie I have been. But these forest creatures that you take, — will they not bite against springe and snare? Are they scrupulous as to how they free themselves? I too was in the toils of the hunter, and I too was not scrupulous. There was a thing of which I stood in danger that would have been bitterer to me, a thousand times, than death. I had but one thought, to escape; how, I did not care, — only to escape. I had a waiting woman named Patience Worth. One night she came to me, weeping. She had wearied of service, and had signed to go to Virginia as one of Sir Edwyn Sandys' maids, and at the last moment her heart had failed her. There had been pressure brought to bear upon me that day, — I had been angered to the very soul. I sent her away with a heavy bribe, and in her dress and under her name I fled from — I went aboard that ship. No one guessed that I was not the Patience Worth to whose name I answered. No one knows now, — none but you, none but you."

"And why am I so far honored, madam?" I said bluntly.

She crimsoned, then went white again. She was trembling now through her whole frame. At last she broke out: "I am not of that crew that came to marry! To me you are the veriest stranger, — you are but the hand at which I caught to draw myself from a pit that had been digged for me. It was my hope that this hour would never come. When I fled, mad for escape, willing to dare anything but that which I left behind, I thought, 'I may die before that ship with its shameless cargo sets sail.' When the ship set sail, and we met with stormy weather, and there was much sickness aboard, I thought, 'I may drown or I may die of the fever.' When, this afternoon, I lay there in the boat, coming up this dreadful river through the glare of the lightning, and you thought I slept, I was thinking, 'The bolts may strike me yet, and all will be well.' I prayed for that death, but the storm passed. I am not without shame. I know that you must think all ill of me, that you must feel yourself gulled and cheated. I am sorry — that is all I can say — I am sorry. I am your wife — I was married to you today — but I know you not and love you not. I ask you to hold me as I hold myself, a guest in your house, nothing more. I am quite at your mercy. I am entirely friendless, entirely alone. I appeal to your generosity, to your honor" —

Before I could prevent her she was kneeling to me, and she would not rise, though I bade her do so.

I went to the door, unbarred it, and looked out into the night, for the air within the room stifled me. It was not much better outside. The clouds had gathered again, and were now hanging thick and low. From the distance came a rumble of thunder, and the whole night was dull, heavy, and breathless. Hot anger possessed me: anger against Rolfe for suggesting this thing to me; anger against myself for that unlucky throw; anger, most of all, against the woman who had so cozened me. In the servants' huts, a hundred yards away, lights were still burning, against rule, for the hour was late. Glad that there was something I could rail out against, I strode down upon the men, and caught them assembled in Diccon's cabin, dicing

for to-morrow's rum. When I had struck out the light with my rapier, and had rated the rogues to their several quarters, I went back through the gathering storm to the brightly-lit, flower-decked room, and to Mistress Percy.

She was still kneeling, her hands at her breast, and her eyes, wide and dark, fixed upon the blackness without the open door. I went up to her and took her by the hand.

"I am a gentleman, madam," I said. "You need have no fear of me. I pray you to rise."

She stood up at that, and her breath came hurriedly through her parted lips, but she did not speak.

"It grows late, and you must be weary," I continued. "Your room is yonder. I trust that you will sleep well. Good-night."

I bowed low, and she curtsied to me. "Good-night," she said.

On her way to the door, she brushed against the rack wherein hung my weapons. Among them was a small dagger. Her quick eye caught its gleam, and I saw her press closer to the wall, and with her right hand strive stealthily to detach the blade from its fastening. She did not understand the trick. Her hand dropped to her side, and she was passing on, when I crossed the room, loosened the dagger, and offered it to her, with a smile and a bow. She flushed scarlet and bit her lips, but she took it.

"There are bars to the door within," I said. "Again, good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and, entering the room, she shut the door. A moment more, and I heard the heavy bars drop into place.

Mary Johnston.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

At a dinner of the Tokyo Harvard Club, more than a year ago, I turned to the Japanese vice minister for foreign affairs, and, in my capacity as an American sovereign, I made him this proposition: "Give us those two cruisers you are building in the United States, and for them we will give you the Philippines." The proposal itself is hardly worth noting, except as an index of Yankee confidence in the results of the war, as at that hour Commodore Dewey's fleet was only just entering Manila Bay, and its now famous breakfast had not been eaten. Of far greater significance was the manner in which the offer was received, as showing a marked indisposition on the part of the Japanese to acquire the Philippines at any price.

The reply was of course diplomatic, and equally of course courteous; for he to whom the proposal was addressed was an Oriental and a Japanese gentleman. But apart from the jocoseness of a mere dinner-table colloquy, the surprising feature of the attitude, since ascertained, of many intelligent Japanese on the Philippine question is that it is precisely that of my distinguished neighbor at the Harvard feast. To Americans, especially those who gave ready credence to the absurd stories rife a year ago concerning Japan's ambitious designs upon the Hawaiian group, this indifference to the acquisition of the far richer domain of the Philippines, a group geographically her own, must be surprising, if not incredible. It is certainly an extraordinary and at first sight inexplicable fact, that at the moment when a well-nigh irresistible wave of imperialism is sweeping over the great Western republic, which for a century has despised every ambition

of the kind, this Oriental empire, to which, since its emergence into the modern world, ambition has been the very breath of national existence, is practically abjuring all imperial claims.

Dwellers in Japan, however, have become accustomed to extraordinary situations, and furthermore, to intelligent observers upon the spot, with any knowledge of the empire's past history and of the present national consciousness growing out of that history, the modesty of its present mood is readily explicable.

It should be kept in mind, in any estimate of the disposition of these islanders, that they are a people who, to a greater extent than any other nation of the modern world, have had whatever advantage or enjoyment may come from the policy of attending exclusively to their own affairs and of living a wholly self-contained life. Japan has indeed emerged from her long isolation, and is now living in the full tide of the rivalries and ambitions of the world's great powers. But even the force of the eager current upon which she has embarked has not availed to sweep away the abiding influence of those two and a half centuries of strict seclusion in which she fashioned and perfected for herself a refined civilization, and gained for herself a unique happiness. In the present deeper national consciousness there lingers not only the tradition, but the actual memory of that self-contained, peaceful life, itself so lately swept away, and to that memory the nation's real heart still clings with an abiding tenacity. Eager as are the leaders of the modern régime to learn and to appropriate whatever of Western thought and life may contribute to the success of the new career upon which the nation has entered, this one potent factor — its experience of isolation — is still of vital effectiveness, in spite of all outward change, and it must be taken into account in any intelligent estimate of the powers now shaping Japanese thought or influencing Japanese policy. There is a marvelous charm even to the foreigner in the thought of the singular felicity which this nation so lately enjoyed in its freedom from all disagreeable intrusions and all wearing ambitions; and if the alien laments with such keen regret the swift disappearance of the old idyllic life, it is not surprising that the national consciousness continues to be vitally affected by the memory and the glamour of it.

It is this sub-consciousness which, perhaps more than aught else, has kept Japan so calm and dignified in the face of the deadly affront given to her pride in being forced by the alliance of European powers to give up the fruits of her victorious struggle with China. Justly incensed as the people were and still are, and great as has been the access of their indignation since the unworthy motives for the outrage have been revealed by later events, it may yet safely be said that the Japanese are to-day devoutly thankful that the Liaotung peninsula is not theirs. The conservative instinct of the nation was strongly opposed to its acquisition, even in the flush of victorious conquest, and since then that instinct has perceptibly gained in force and volume.

It is a notable fact that the only valid charge brought against the foreign policy of Marquis Ito was that, in the peace negotiations, by insisting on the cession of territory which Japan did not really need or want, he brought upon the empire sore humiliation, embittering its soul in the very flush of its triumph. The quiet dignity, also, with which, without a whisper of protest, the nation surrendered Wei-hai-wei to England, when it would have been so easy, on the European plan, to find pretexts for retaining it, is testimony to the same point.

Whatever ideal Japanese imperialism has in view, it is plainly not that of territorial aggrandizement. Its vision is intensive rather than extensive. It is the memories of old Japan of which the

people are proud; it is the glory of new Japan which they seek to enhance. It is the spirit of the old self-contained life which leads them to cherish and maintain, even in the rush and whirl of the new career on which they have entered, whatever they can save from the beauty and peace of their centuries of seclusion.

Reinforcing this *a priori* indisposition to enlarge the borders of the empire are the enormous practical difficulties and expense entailed by the administration of its newly acquired colony of Formosa. Valuable as the island is, from almost every point of view, it is taxing the resources and abilities of the home government to such a degree that doubtless there exists, though of course it is not expressed, a strong regret that the Triple Alliance did not include in its demand the surrender of all the territorial fruits of the Japanese victories. There is no gainsaying the fact that at present Japan looks upon Formosa as a burden, and as a hindrance to her own development.

Apart, also, from the consideration of the expense incurred by the new acquisition, unforeseen problems involved in its administration are proving a source of great perplexity to the government, as well as of concern to the whole nation. These problems are of much interest at this time, as furnishing an indication of what may be in store for the United States in the imperial policy upon which she now seems bent.

Already, for example, the status of the colony in relation to the empire has become a vexed question of party politics at home, bringing into acrimonious dispute the meaning and scope of the Constitution, which, it would seem, never had in view the acquisition of outlying territory. One of the chief underlying causes of the fall of the Matsukata Cabinet was the question brought up by the removal of Judge Takano, who had been chief justice of Formosa. Though proving himself to be an incorruptible judge, he was deposed and ordered home, for political reasons. He declined to submit to the decree of the Cabinet, on the ground that, under the Constitution, he could not be removed except by impeachment; but it is still a mooted question whether Formosa is an integral part of the empire under the guaranties of the Constitution, or whether it is subject to the practical despotism of the old régime, and to be governed by imperial ordinances. The theoretical problems growing out of such a situation seem at present insoluble, and many of the practical difficulties insurmountable.

Again, in its new rôle as a colonial administrator, the empire finds itself facing the task of managing a heterogeneous population such as has never before come under its sway, its supreme felicity hitherto having been the extraordinary homogeneity of its subject masses, arising from their long seclusion. Its hermit life gave this nation, originally composed of various racial elements, time and opportunity for the most thorough assimilation; so that the Japanese are to-day essentially homogeneous, — perhaps, indeed, the only civilized people who can lay claim to that distinction. Herein lies, in great measure, the secret of Japan's uniqueness and of the charm it exerts upon the foreigner. In these days of the flow and flux of races, a civilized nation, forty millions strong, compacted into a unity of thought and of custom nowhere else to be found, is an object of absorbing interest.

It will readily be seen that because of this homogeneity the task of governing the Japanese has heretofore been an easy one. There is probably no more docile or law-abiding community on earth than that to be found in this island realm; and this is true largely because the ruling powers have had but one sort of material to work upon, and therefore only the simplest governmental problems to solve.

Idyllic conditions, however, have their disadvantages. They afford no training

to meet change, and cultivate no power of adaptation to new circumstances. The Japanese, with all their eager zeal for adopting new things, are conspicuously lacking in the faculty of adapting themselves to them. The mere change of a time-table on one of their railroads results in throwing the line into almost inextricable confusion for days. So it happens that the government, suddenly confronted with the task of administering a colony made up of unusually heterogeneous elements, is all at sea in its Formosan policy, and has thus far made a dead failure of it. The situation has proved far too complicated for the Japanese mind to grasp. The population of the new territory is of too mongrel a nature to come within the scope of governmental vision or consciousness, and so its management has become a byword of reproach.

Whether the American commonwealth, with its power of swift assimilation, so efficient in compacting into national unity the Old World races who have flocked to its shores, and with its marvelous faculty of adapting itself to new conditions, will be successful in the solution of the vastly larger and more complicated problems involved in the government of the Philippines, is becoming a question of curious interest to the Japanese. In the contemplation of their own failure, it will be a most valuable object lesson for them.

On the other hand, the most serious outcome of the failure of the Japanese, the demoralization of their civil service, hitherto a service of the cleanest character, may well furnish an object lesson of the gravest significance to the American republic on its entrance into the field of colonial administration. The inevitable has happened. The incompetency of the officials sent to administer the new colony, the opportunities for corruption which have there been opened up as rewards for political service, have had the effect of bringing the Japanese to look upon the science of government in the modern and baleful light of the spoils system. So wholly, indeed, are their minds captivated by the vision of the new politics of which Formosa's administration has proved so fruitful an example, that something like a tidal wave of political greed is sweeping over the whole nation. Cabinet changes, heralded as triumphs of the principle of party government, turn out to be simply mad scrambles for the spoils of office. For the first time in the history of Japan, old and tried officials have been displaced in obedience to the demands of a hungry horde of political "workers." How far the colonial experiment is the direct cause of this lamentable state of affairs may be a matter of question, but at all events the coincidence is certainly significant.

Whether the Western republic, with a civil service by no means so clean as Japan has hitherto enjoyed, will be able to withstand the enormous access of corruption which its rich acquisitions in the East will inevitably engender, is sure to be also a question of most instructive interest to the Japanese, as well as of the greatest concern to the best minds of the republic itself.

While thus, from the a priori point of view, and also because of important practical considerations, there is on the part of Japan a decided and growing indisposition to acquire the Philippines for herself, there is a preference, no less marked, as to the nation which she wants for her neighbor in those islands. Curiously enough, the origin of the preference now to be noted, as well as of the indifference already dwelt upon, may be traced, like so much else in this queer land, to the influences of its long seclusion from the world. Japan came forth from that seclusion a nation of children. Babes in diplomacy, they were quickly overreached by the trained guile of the Western world, and only just now are emerging from the bondage in which they were then imprisoned. But chil-

dren though they then were, and in many regards still are, they have enjoyed, and in a great degree are yet enjoying, one inestimable advantage of childhood, namely, that keenness of perception by which the child can detect, as by a flash of lightning, the real character of those by whom he is surrounded. For quick and accurate intuitional knowledge of character, commend me beyond all others to this nation of children, so long kept from so-called knowledge of the world.

While the nation has been held in the diplomatic leading strings of the Western powers, and while many of these powers have been scheming for its favor and regard since it has been recognized as the coming potent factor in the Eastern situation, Japan has kept steadfast to her first and instinctive preference for the one power which has never gone out of its way to curry favor with her. She has, it is true, exploited the other nations, in her search for all the good things in the Western world which might contribute to her progress. She has seemed at times to coquet with England, with France, with Germany, but in each case it has been only for special ends. There has been all the time but one genuine love and preference, and that is for the nation which, in her early modern childhood, her quick perceptions recognized as her sincere and disinterested friend. It was not that America first discovered and opened Japan to the world; it was not that alone of the Western powers she refunded her share of the ill-gotten Shimonosiki spoils; it was not even that, from the first, the Western republic was seen to have no "axe to grind" in its professions of friendship for the rejuvenated empire. It is for none of these things that Japan has so steadfastly cleaved to her first love. These were mere incidents in the course of that love, which has been continuously a deep undercurrent of real sentiment, based upon an instinctive recognition of American magnanimity. Russia, from the beginning, has been the object of an equally strong instinctive dread, which it is now and always will be impossible to overcome. England, admired and respected as the masterful nation of the world, has never won the Japanese heart. Because the people were quick to feel the unconquerable British prejudice against all Asiatics, no genuine affection has ever existed between the island empires of the East and the West. France, in turn, has appealed to the æsthetic sensibilities of the Japanese; but there the friendship ends, for it rests on nothing solid or enduring. Germany, with its impressive imperialism and its spirit of intense loyalty to the Fatherland, has struck a responsive chord in the Japanese breast, which always thrills at the watchwords of empire and loyalty. But apart from this sentiment, there is nothing in common between the German nature and the Japanese. Had there ever been, Germany, together with France, has forfeited all possible claims to the nation's regard by joining hands with Russia to inflict upon Japan its bitter humiliation. England and America alone, among all the powers of the West, can now count the rising empire of the East as a friend; and as between the two, there is no shadow of doubt where the preference lies. Japan, for many reasons, would hesitate long before forming an alliance with England alone; but should the latter join hands with America, instinct as well as policy would draw this nation with irresistible force into the triple compact which might dominate the peace of the world. And this friendship of hers, heartfelt toward America, diplomatic toward England, is far more than the result of mere instinct. It is based also upon an intelligent appreciation of the part which the Anglo-Saxon race is to play in the future development and destiny of the world. Japan, not only as the outcome of her own conspicuous failure as a colonial administrator, but even more largely from the

development of her historic sense, from her keen observation of great world movements since she has come into the world, has not failed to note the fact that there is something in the Anglo-Saxon blood which makes the nations in whose veins it runs the benefactors of all lands that come under their sway. England is known to Japan, as to the rest of the world, as an eager and perhaps somewhat unscrupulous land-grabber. But Japan sees very clearly, what the rest of the world must acknowledge, that if England is a land-grabber, she is also, everywhere and always, a land-grubber and cultivator; that in some large and generous way she has blessed every people upon whom she has laid her powerful hand. She alone, thus far, has succeeded in the rôle of colonial administrator. She alone, among all the nations which have essayed the difficult task, has been guided by an intelligent self-interest to make her colonies integral parts of her empire, to grant them practical autonomy, and, taught by her early disastrous experiment with America, never again to exploit them for her selfish benefit, or to lay upon them the burden of taxation for the purpose of swelling the coffers of the home treasury.

Japan has also seen and weighed the fact that Russia, France, Germany, and Spain, all the other powers which have entered the field of colonial empire, have adopted the opposite policy. Now that Spain has met condign punishment for the inevitable but flagrant misrule of her dependencies, the merits of England's wise administration stand out in bold relief to the keen eyes of the oldest and youngest of the empires, as it tries, for its own guidance, to learn the drift of the world movement upon the current of which it has embarked.

It is true, as Japan and all the world know, that America, Anglo-Saxon though she is, in entering the field of colonial empire, enters it as a novice, and is likely, therefore, to make egregious blunders at the start. It is also true, and patent to all acquainted with the present political condition of the republic, that its civil service, now in only the first stages of genuine reform, is almost wholly lacking in material for the new field of work; that America has not, and cannot have for many years, anything like the corps of trained colonial administrators to whom England owes in large measure her splendid success. Yet Japan would much rather see America than England in possession of the Philippines. All the dangers just now pointed out as incident to colonial enterprise are recognized as merely incidental and temporary. Deep down under all these surface indications Japan sees the clear grit, the indomitable pluck, and the sober common sense of our race. The want of experience, the lack of material for administrative service, and the initial opportunities for corruption are shortcomings which she perceives must sooner or later disappear before the strength of the Anglo-Saxon nature reinforced by the ingenuity, the fertility of resource, the conscious freedom, and the eager enterprise which distinguish the American branch of that masterful race. It is for this reason that Japan, instinct with the spirit of progress as she now is, has a glad welcome for America in the East. Strong in her sympathies for a country which, like herself, has too long dwelt in selfish isolation, she longs to see America, so well fitted for the task by race and training, take up the new responsibilities thrust upon her, and give the impress of her character to this world of the Orient that is so greatly in need of such influence. Japan would not give one of her cruisers for the possession of the Philippines; but she would lend America the whole navy of which she is so proud, could she have for her near neighbor the nation whose friendship she trusts.

Arthur May Knapp.

POLITICS AND THE JUDICIARY.

Is it safe to leave the selection of judges to campaign committees or to party bosses?

Recently, the boss of New York city declined to renominate for the Supreme Court a judge who had served upon the bench with honor and efficiency for twenty-eight years. The reason given was that the judge had "refused to recognize his obligations to Tammany Hall."

In the election of November, 1897, the candidates for the highest judicial office in the state of New York, — the chief justiceship of the Court of Appeals, — upon the Republican and the regular Democratic tickets, were named by the state committees of their respective parties. Apparently the people were not consulted. No nominating convention was held, and all the people had to do was to ratify at the polls the choice of their party leaders. To these leaders, this method has other advantages besides its simplicity and directness. Being irresponsible and uncontrolled, they are able the more easily to exact from the candidate a campaign contribution in proportion to the office conferred. In a recent election, Tammany Hall received, "for the purpose of advancing the cause of the Democratic party," the sum of $5000 from its candidate for the office of justice of the City Court, and the sum of $8830 from its candidate for the office of justice of the Supreme Court. Both of these candidates were elected. In their position upon the bench, will they be able to forget or disregard the circumstances under which they were selected? Will they, nevertheless, be independent, impartial, and fearless? Will they, none the less, retain the traditional respect and affection of the people?

These questions involve the integrity of the courts, and hence the foundations of our social and political system. They should not be answered, therefore, without deliberation and investigation. How has this control of the judiciary by party bosses and campaign committees arisen, and to what extent does it prevail? It is a comparatively modern outgrowth of the system of selecting judges by popular election, and is a radical departure from the method provided by the founders of our general government.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the selection of the judiciary was deemed fundamental and far-reaching, and was considered with corresponding seriousness and candor. For a long time it presented many puzzling aspects, although suggestions were not lacking. In the plan or outline of government presented, at the opening of the Convention, by Edmund Randolph, the national judges were to be chosen by the national legislature as a whole. But this idea received little encouragement, since the Convention at once assented to the objection raised by Wilson and Madison, that such a large body as the national legislature would hardly be able to perform so important a function without intrigue, partiality, and concealment.

A like objection was made to the selection of these judges by the Senate or smaller and more dignified branch of the national legislature, as was proposed in the scheme subsequently presented to the Convention by Charles Pinckney. Public bodies, argued Wilson and Gorham with much force, feel no personal responsibility. These statesmen favored the only other alternative presented, — the proposal of Patterson, — the appointment of the national judges by the national Executive, because they thought it would centre the responsibility for the selection. Wilson urged that such appointment by the Executive should be uncontrolled; but Gorham argued that

it should be "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." A similar practice had prevailed in Massachusetts for a hundred and forty years, a fact that had great force as a precedent. At first, however, the Convention hesitated, and Pinckney's plan of election by the Senate found more favor. It was supported by Luther Martin, Bedford, Sherman, Ellsworth, and Randolph, and was even agreed to, — the Southern States with Connecticut outvoting the three great commonwealths, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Thus the smaller states aimed to check the threatened supremacy of the larger, by increasing the influence of the Senate, in which all the states were to be equally represented.

Evidently, this vote was effected more through jealousy than by argument. It was not accepted as final, and the struggle was soon renewed. In the hope yet of maintaining their point through a compromise, Randolph proposed that personal responsibility be secured by requiring the vote of each Senator, in the election of judges, to be registered on the official journal; and Ellsworth was willing to concede a negative in the executive upon the election by the Senate, provided the latter could override such veto by a two-thirds vote. But these overtures were stoutly resisted. Gorham insisted upon the wisdom of his suggestion, and he gradually gained to his support Wilson, Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Sherman, and Randolph. The Convention reconsidered its vote, and finally followed the Massachusetts precedent. From that time to the present the national judiciary have been appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and the system in practice has fulfilled the hopes and testified to the wisdom of its founders. As a rule, the judges of the United States courts have been learned in the law, and independent, fearless, and impartial in its interpretation. Their decisions have uniformly commanded obedience and respect within their jurisdiction, and have exercised a constantly increasing influence upon the courts and jurisprudence of foreign nations.

Nevertheless, this is not the mode of selecting judges now generally prevalent in the judicial systems of the several states. As the states in conventions modified their constitutions into conformity with the new general government, a few did, indeed, follow the precedent established in 1787. Thus appointment by the Executive became the law of Pennsylvania in 1790, of Delaware and Kentucky in 1792, of Louisiana in 1812, of Indiana in 1816, of Maine and Missouri in 1820, and of New York in 1821. But the majority of the old states and nearly all of the new ignored the Massachusetts principle, and adopted the Virginia practice, — the election of judges by the legislature. This method — the one urged in vain upon the Convention of 1787 by Edmund Randolph — had been used by Virginia, Connecticut, New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Georgia in the Colonial era, and was retained by them under statehood. It became the law of Vermont in 1793, of Ohio in 1802, of Mississippi in 1817, of Illinois in 1818, of Alabama in 1819, of Arkansas in 1836, and of Florida in 1838.

During the eighteenth century, these two plans, derived from Massachusetts and Virginia respectively, were the only ones adopted in the United States for the selection of judges. Such was the strength of Colonial precedent and the prevalence of conservative sentiment. During the supremacy of the Federalist party, the principle became firmly established throughout the United States that only through an indirect selection of judges — by the governor, with or without the consent of the Council or of the Senate, or by the legislature — could the people secure their rights and liberties under an independent and impartial administration of the law. A suggestion

— had any one presumed to make it — that judges be elected directly by the people would have been stoutly resisted. It would have been deemed a menace to the integrity of the courts and to the fundamental principles of republican government.

Nevertheless, after the accession to power of Jefferson and his party, at the beginning of the present century, such a suggestion was soon made, and in various ways was persistently promoted. It appeared at first as an incident and a consequence of the propaganda of democracy. In the election of 1801, the party of Jefferson secured control of the executive and legislative branches of the general government; but it acquired no immediate influence over the national judiciary. This department, under the Constitution, was not directly affected by the shifting tides of popular election. In fact, the Federalists had taken pains to postpone as long as possible the appointment of anti-Federalists to the national judiciary. At the very end of their rule, they had endeavored, by creating new circuit courts and filling them with judges of Federalistic sympathies, to anticipate the growth of litigation, and to perpetuate the Federalistic development of the law.

At this situation Jefferson and his fellow Republicans were greatly exasperated. "They have retired into the judiciary as a stronghold," said Jefferson. "The nation declared its will by dismissing functionaries of one principle and electing those of another in the two branches, executive and legislative, submitted to their election. Over the judiciary department the Constitution has deprived them of their control."

To the Jeffersonians, therefore, the traditional system of appointment for the selection of judges, preventing as it did their complete triumph, took on the aspect of a wrongful limitation of the power of the popular majority, and of a serious defect in the Constitution. To the correction of this evil and to the conquest of the judiciary they now bent their energy. They would gladly have made the attempt to accomplish this purpose by substituting a system of popular election through an amendment of the Constitution of the United States. But such an attempt did not promise success. Even had such an amendment been approved by the people, its adoption would have been difficult owing to the complicated political processes prescribed for its enactment. Since in addition it would have met the determined opposition of the Federalist party and the conservative temper of the people, it could hardly have prevailed.

Without attempting, therefore, to alter the method of selecting the national judiciary, they determined to accomplish their purpose more directly by unseating the obnoxious judges themselves through the coöperation of the Executive with the party majority in Congress. They first attacked the newly established circuit courts. Jefferson, in his first message, suggested that the Federalist measure creating these courts be repealed, on the ground that they were not required by the existing volume of litigation. His suggestion and his excuse were at once adopted by his followers in Congress; and their introduction of a bill for that purpose led to the first great struggle over the judiciary. The repeal was stoutly resisted by the Federalists, as an unconstitutional attempt to remove the national judges. But the Jeffersonians made light of the constitutional objection, and finally carried the repeal, though by only a small majority. Thus by one stroke they cut off all the circuit judges.

The crusade next took the form of impeachment. In Pennsylvania, — a strong anti-Federalist state, — in January, 1803, with the aid of the district attorney, Alexander J. Dallas, and the governor, Thomas McKean, the legislature entertained articles of impeachment

against Judge Addison of the Court of Common Pleas and removed him from office. Jefferson himself urged on the attack. In February of the same year, in a special message to the national House of Representatives, he presented complaints against Judge Pickering of the United States Court for the district of New Hampshire, intimating that the Constitution had confided in the House of Representatives "a power of instituting proceedings of redress." Taking this cue, the House promptly preferred articles of impeachment before the bar of the Senate; and though it transpired at the trial that the accused was insane, and hence not a fit subject for judicial process, still such was the party discipline that all objections were overborne and he was removed from office.

Made bold by these successes, they now prepared to attack the Supreme Court itself. One of its members, Samuel Chase, of Maryland, had made himself particularly obnoxious by his overbearing manners and his devotion to Federalism. In May, 1803, in an address to the grand jury at Baltimore, he still further invited an attack by denouncing openly and severely the course of the Republican majority in Congress. The latter seized the opportunity. They arraigned Justice Chase before the bar of the Senate, and hoped by his impeachment to break down the independence of the courts. Few incidents in American history exceed this in dramatic interest. The Senate Chamber was transformed into a court-room, with crimson benches for the Senators and a raised seat for the presiding officer. The scene recalled the trial of Warren Hastings in the House of Lords, ten years before, and the chief actors were no less conspicuous. The presiding officer was the unscrupulous and inscrutable Aaron Burr, who, though Vice-President of the United States, had lately stained his hands with the blood of Alexander Hamilton. The chief prosecutor was the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, then but thirty-one years of age, and already the acknowledged leader of the House; while the chief counsel for the defense was Luther Martin, the brilliant but erratic leader of the Maryland bar.

In the issues raised and the consequences entailed, this trial was even more remarkable. As a court of impeachment, the Senate had for its guidance no binding legal precedents and no rules of procedure. Nor did Randolph and his associates prove ready or capable guides. Their charges themselves set forth little more than errors of judgment or infirmities of temper. When subjected to the keen analysis of the defendant's counsel, they revealed no misdemeanor known to law nor any cause for impeachment. Even the party refused to sustain them. The attempt ignominiously failed, and the integrity of the courts was saved. Henceforth it was tacitly acknowledged that impeachment was an impracticable method for the promotion of party supremacy.

Nevertheless, the struggle kindled a deep distrust of the courts in the rank and file of the Jeffersonians. They deemed the system of appointment in the selection of judges to be inconsistent with what Jefferson called "a jealous care of the right of election by the people." Hence they did not cease the agitation; they turned it into a new channel. Having found the national judiciary impregnable, they now attacked the state courts. In many of the states they already controlled the legislative and executive departments and dominated public sentiment. In the states, therefore, they were able gradually to extend the principle of popular election to the selection of judges by amending the state constitutions. They also took care to incorporate that principle into the constitutions of the new states as they were successively received into the Union.

At first this movement advanced slowly. Arising in Ohio in 1802, it spread

into Georgia in 1812, Indiana in 1816, and New York in 1826. For many years it was confined, as in the case of Ohio, to the selection of inferior judges. But in 1832 Mississippi, discarding election by the legislature, boldly adopted election by the people for the selection of her entire judiciary; and she was soon followed by the great state of New York. In 1846 New York reorganized her judicial system. Commissioners were appointed to revise and simplify the rules and practice of the courts, and the selection of all judges was taken from the governor and intrusted to the people. Thereupon the movement was greatly accelerated. During the ensuing twenty years it spread into many of the older states by amendments to their constitutions, and it became part of the judicial system of every state that was newly organized. Prior to 1802, in no state had a judge been elected by the people; in 1866, of the thirty-six states that constituted the Union nearly two thirds selected their judges by popular vote.

Nevertheless, the movement did not spread without serious checks, especially in the more conservative communities. In Massachusetts, for example, in the Constitutional Convention of 1853, the Democratic element, under the lead of Benjamin F. Butler, persistently urged the popular election of judges. They were stoutly resisted by the ablest thinkers and debaters of the Convention, including Richard Henry Dana, Joel Parker, Simon Greenleaf, and Rufus Choate. Though at first defeated, the effort was repeatedly renewed, and was finally successful. The principle of popular election was adopted by the Convention. When, however, its recommendations were submitted to popular discussion, the struggle was renewed upon the stump, and the innovation was rejected by the popular vote. Massachusetts has faithfully adhered to her traditional and well-tried policy of selecting her judges by appointment.

Again, shortly after the suppression of the Rebellion, under the influence of Congress and of Federal precedent, there occurred a marked reaction in favor of the principle of appointment. This is to be observed in the constitutions framed in 1868 under the so-called reconstruction acts of Congress, in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. But the reaction was confined to these extreme Southern States, and in only one of them — Mississippi — has it been maintained. The others have steadily drifted into the selection of all their judges by popular vote, and this is to-day the practice of every other Western state. In short, of the forty-five states that now comprise the United States, in five the higher judges are elected by the legislature, in seven they are appointed by the governor by and with the advice and consent of the Council or Senate, while in thirty-three they are elected by popular vote.

Thus the people have more and more taken to themselves the immediate selection of their magistrates. Popular representatives assembled in convention have framed constitutional amendments, which have been ratified at the polls by the people themselves. That the movement has been steady and decided is to be seen from the experience of the state of New York. As has been shown, this state in 1846 superseded its system of appointment by that of election. After a trial of twenty-seven years, when asked in 1873 again to indicate the preference between the two methods, the people voted by nearly three to one for the election of judges by popular vote.

Another quarter of a century has passed, and now for fifty years in New York the courts have been connected with popular elections. How has this association affected them? One effect is certain. As a rule, it has made the judge a prominent and active member of a political organization; in other words, a partisan in politics. A partisan he

must be to obtain the office, and a partisan he must be to keep it. The office of judge, like the other offices filled by popular vote, is subject to the conditions of popular elections; and these are in the exclusive control of the political parties. The nomination is made and the campaign is waged by them and for their benefit. The fact that now and then one party is compelled, by an emphatic demand of the public, the bench, or the bar, to accept as its candidate for judicial office the nominee of another party is an exception that proves the rule. Such a concession is made only through compulsion. It weakens the party as an organization. It gives over to the enemy one of the offices or strongholds, the possession of which increases the party discipline, influence, and power. If a political party is to exist and prevail, it needs every office within its gift, to bestow upon its adherents; either to reward distinguished service, to strengthen wavering allegiance, or to secure a generous campaign contribution. That the office of judge has proved to be no exception to this rule is seen from the examples cited at the beginning of this article. They are not the only ones. Thanks to recent state laws requiring sworn statements of campaign expenses by candidates for office, the facts are now open to the public. In New York, since the passage of such a law in 1890, Tammany Hall received, in 1890, $10,000 from its candidate for the Superior Court of the City of New York; in 1891, $6500 from its candidate for the Supreme Court, and $10,000 from its candidate for the Court of Common Pleas; in 1893, $5000 from its candidate for the Court of Common Pleas; in 1895, $5000 from its candidate for the Court of General Sessions, and $5000 from its candidate for the Supreme Court.

The contribution need not be called the purchase price of the office. It is enough to state that its payment is evidently obligatory upon the candidate by reason of his acceptance of the nomination. Being under obligation to his party for one of its most honored gifts, he manifests his gratitude by becoming one of its most generous supporters. Even in office his zeal does not flag. He participates in party councils and takes the stump in political campaigns. The faithful servant and generous supporter of his party, he is rewarded with a renomination at the end of his term.

Meanwhile, in the community where he is prominent as a politician, he also sits as a judge. In the interpretation of the law and in the trial of causes he may have to decide between the very men, as litigants or attorneys, with whom he is associated or to whom he is opposed, in the arena of politics. Possibly the cause brought before him has itself arisen out of, or is involved with, the political questions that agitate his community and receive the support or opposition of his party. At any moment his record or sympathy as a politician may come into contrast or conflict with his duty as a judge.

Even if his association with politics does not influence his judgment or conduct upon the bench, still it tends to weaken his hold upon public confidence and respect. Normally, the judge is regarded with a feeling of deep respect and of genuine affection; but this feeling is based upon a belief in his impartiality, independence, and fearlessness. By allying himself prominently with one class or party as opposed to another, — especially by participating in party strife and incurring political animosity, — he arouses in the former a hope of favor, and in the latter a fear of disfavor, in his judicial decisions. In both cases his office and function are undermined. The judiciary, while intrusted with preëminent powers, is nevertheless the weakest department of the government. The force and influence of its decisions rest solely upon the credit and respect with which they are received. The judicial

mandate loses much of its power if it be believed to come from a political partisan.

An even more subtle and serious danger may arise to the judicial office if, through its association with politics, it be made the agency for declaring or perpetuating some temporary party principle or purpose. In a determination to gain public office and control public policy, a party may not hesitate to compel even the judicial office to its assistance. Thus through the decisions and interpretation of the law would the party seek to justify and perpetuate its measures. The office of the judge would be degraded to the service of party politics. To be sure, under our form of government, it is an important duty and function of the judge to educe and declare the sovereign will of the majority as embodied in our constitutions, state and national; but when once this constitutional will has been determined it should not be modified or controlled by temporary political passion or caprice. Otherwise, we should have a government, not of laws, but of men.

It is not to be inferred that all judges elected by popular vote are corrupt. The evil influence of politics upon the bench has been largely counteracted by professional pride, by conservative public sentiment, and by a critical bar. Lawyers, as a class, are influential in politics, and do not easily submit to the imposition and burden of an incompetent or unworthy judge. They often dictate nominations for the bench. But even with these safeguards the evil is not obviated. It is too subtle. Men of the highest qualifications, intellectual and moral, for judicial office, when chosen under the prevalent system of popular election, can scarcely escape the baleful influences to which that system subjects them. An under-feeling of political obligation, a brooding dread of political decapitation, consciously or unconsciously qualify the judgment and disturb the mind. They at least prevent complete independence and repose. "It is plain," says Mr. Bryce, "that judges, when sucked into the vortex of politics, must lose dignity, impartiality, and influence."

In fact, the judiciary cannot escape the harmful power of politics so long as it is subject to popular election. The time has come for the states to return to the system of appointment. It is not contended that thereby all evil political influence would be obviated. Under a system of appointment, the selection of judges may at times be controlled by executive favoritism or by political considerations, but the possibility of such control is reduced to a minimum. The Executive can be held personally and directly responsible for his appointments to judicial office, and any departure from his duty can be rebuked at the polls.

Such a reform would be in harmony with a similar reform now in progress in municipal government. In recent years, in some of our great cities, notably New York and Boston, the method of appointment has been substituted for that of popular election in the selection of heads of departments and other similar officers. Thus we are to-day correcting the excesses to which the principles of democracy and of popular election have been carried. The various functions and factors in local and municipal government are being readjusted with less regard to party passion and advancement, and with more attention to an expeditious, economical, honest, and efficient transaction of the public business.

In this reaction toward better government, let us not neglect the judiciary, the very foundation of the state. The statesmen of 1787 were not old fogies. With deep solicitude and with comprehensive view for the future welfare of the government that they were framing, they established the system of appointment for the selection of judges, and we would do well to follow their example.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE GREASER.

Underfoot an illimitable wilderness of hot brown sand; overhead an illimitable wilderness of hot brown sky; sand and sky fused together at the far horizon; the great encircling desolation broken only by clumped sagebrush, mesquite, and Spanish bayonet, and by round bare hills; no limit to it anywhere within sight or within the range of imagination; over all, dominating earth and sky, the air and the glow, a deep silence, — such is the pitiless New Mexican waste. The eye that looks on it, the mind that contemplates it, is captivated by a spell. "Neglected and forgotten of God," he will say who views it as a stranger. The very thought of green pastures and still waters is alien and illusory. Of all strange corners of our strange West, this is the strangest; and it is the chosen and beloved abiding place of the strangest and least comprehensible of all those who make up our national character. It seems a pathless desert. What purpose could be served by beaten ways? Paths are made by travel and to be traveled; but here one would as well stop haphazard in any place. Yet there are countless thin, sinuous "trails," dissecting the immense empire of desolation into principalities and powers of barrenness. One does not find these paths by seeking; he comes upon them unaware and quite by chance. Winding across the dull sand, itself the product of ages of disintegration of the bleak hill ranges, they are marked only by a finer comminution of the sand into yellow dust under the slow grinding of hoofbeats. The trails are as characteristic as the wilderness they traverse and as the people who use them. In its waywardness each says: "Take your time; there is no hurry. The present moment is as sacred as any other."

Choose at will the least promising of all these ancient bypaths. In the burning noontide comes a slow gray burro, meek and patient; his head drooped, his eyes mere glinting peepholes in his outward shagginess, — every line, curve, and movement full of unobtrusive dignity. And this sedate aspect eminently befits his estate, for he is no ordinary beast; he is the bearer of the presiding genius of the desert, — the mestizo, the Greaser, half-blood offspring of the marriage of antiquity with modernity. Time cannot take from him the unmistakable impress of old Spain. But his Spanish appearance is not his dominant characteristic. His skin has been sunbrowned for centuries; his nose and cheeks are broad; his lips are thick; his brows are heavy, sheltering eyes soft, passionate, inscrutable. King in his own natural right, master of a blessed content, he is the strange progeny of parents who waged warfare against each other, and all but perished in the strife. They gave him no heritage save a blending of their own warring passions. Anomalous as he is, he is one of the few distinct types in our national life whose origin is fully known to us.

It is an old story, but one whose charm warrants its repetition, that the Spanish conquerors, having established themselves in Mexico, looked with discontented eyes for new and wider fields for adventure. They had heard fascinating tales of the magnificence of that race which they were to overcome in Mexico. The conquest made, the simple children of the western hemisphere, whose fabled wealth had been a lure and a snare to valor, were found to be poor, primitive folk, dwelling within bare stone and adobe walls which had been reared for protection against the raids of nomadic enemies. But, childlike in many things, they were wise in their love of peace, and were quick to see that it was desire for gold, rather than lust for blood, which

had brought the Spaniards. "We have naught to give. Behold, we are oppressed with our poverty. But our neighbors to the northward are rich, strong, and powerful. They dwell in seven cities of gold, decked with gems. In those cities you will find what you seek here in vain. Go, and leave us in peace." Coronado went with his followers, soldiers and priests and friars. On the way they heard rumors of the might and wealth of those they were to conquer. The zeal of arms was not stronger in the hearts of the soldiers than was the zeal of Christian conversion in the souls of the friars. For, taking one time with another, the Franciscans were not behind their secular brethren in the desire to impress eastern civilization upon this far new west. Sometimes priests and monks were leaders; sometimes they were mere camp followers of the army; but they were always present. When, after surmounting hardship and privation, the dauntless little band had made its way through the desert to its goal, again bitter disappointment lay in wait. Glowing tales had been sent to the mother country by the leaders of this foray, — tales of vast achievement of arms and of vaster pillage, big tales to justify these knightly vagabonds in prosecuting war without royal permit. What liars they were! But despite these gorgeous ancient lies, by little and little we have found out the truth concerning the vanquished natives of Mexico and its outlying provinces.

"The seven cities of the province of Cibola," writes Mr. H. O. Ladd, "were favorably situated in a valley. The most populous was named Macaque. Some of its houses were six and seven stories high; most of them were four stories high, ascended by ladders from terrace to terrace. Coronado reported to Mendoza that the town from which he wrote had about five hundred houses. The people wore cotton mantles, with fur and skins for winter covering, but generally went nearly naked in summer. They daily received instruction from priests selected from the aged men. The climate was variable, often cold, with occasional rain, and they provided themselves with firewood from cedars growing twelve or fifteen miles distant. They had no fruit trees, but their fields bore excellent grass and maize, which they ground more finely than did the natives of Mexico. The wild beasts of the country were bears, mountain lions, wild sheep and goats, deer and elk of great size, whose skins the people tanned and painted for clothing and ornament, and also embroidered. They were industrious, disposed to peace, and neither given to drunkenness nor cannibalism. They buried their dead with the implements of their occupations. They were fond of music, and sang in unison with those who played on flutes. Their worship, received from tradition, was mostly toward the waters; for by them their corn was made to grow, and their lives were thus preserved. Their women were well treated, and were clad in tunics of cotton and mantles of finely dressed deerskins, passing over the shoulder, fastened at the neck and falling under the other arm. Their hair behind the ear was fashioned like a wheel, and resembled the handle of a cup. Turquoises hung from the ears, and were used as necklaces and girdles. A man had but one wife, and lived single after her death. Their weapons were bows, spears, stone hatchets, and shields of hides. The people of Cibola withdrew their families to the mountains, and were at first unwilling to communicate to Coronado the information he desired concerning the neighboring provinces. They, however, were induced to send messengers to distant towns and invite them to a conference with the strangers. Few responded to the invitation. But the Cibolans declared their willingness to submit to the laws of the Spaniards, and to have their children instructed in their religion."

Here, then, were the raw materials — Spaniard and Pueblan — from which the Greaser was to be evolved in the course of time.

The apparent mission of the Spanish soldiers in the New Mexican desert was to work devastation. Had the soldiers been alone, it is more than likely that the abiding places of the village Indians would have been razed, and their ruins, with the bodies of the people themselves, left to burial by the wind-blown sands. But, whether by the mercy of Providence or by mere chance, it happened otherwise. The Franciscans were the mediators and intercessors with fate. The soldiers were but craftsmen in arms, not civilizing agents. Spanish soldiers have never civilized anything. It was through the self-sacrifice and devotion of those good brothers that the first thin enamel of European, not to say Christian manners was put upon the character of the Pueblan. The soldiers did not hesitate to pledge anything and everything, even their soldierly honor, to the subdued people, whenever those pledges were deemed expedient; nor did they hesitate to violate every pledge, when it suited their convenience. But the priests and friars were as nearly honest as it is possible for godly Spaniards to be. According to their light (not a very bright light) they kept faith.

There was another fable to which Coronado listened, — the myth of Quivera. When, after the ignominious failure of his expedition to the northeast, he returned with his little army to Mexico, certain of the priests and lay brothers chose to remain in the new territory, to begin the slow work of conversion and regeneration, — a work which has never been completed. It is impossible to eradicate original sin by legislative enactment; it is equally impossible to make over a race of pastoral pagans by force of arms or by the arbitrary dicta of professional religionists. The Indians had conceived a strong distrust of the whole conquering race; they could not discriminate. They had seen how empty of good the heart of a professed Christian could be, and they had suffered by that emptiness. The priests who remained after the departure of their armed allies boldly took big chances. They have had their story told many times. They were dropped neck and heels over the city walls. None the less, it may be, they are entitled to rank as Christian martyrs.

It was not until more than sixty years after Coronado's withdrawal that the first consistent attempts were made to plant permanent Spanish colonies in New Mexico. In 1598 Oñate entered the territory with a band of colonists, who brought large herds of domestic animals, and came prepared for home-building. With them were a goodly number of the ubiquitous friars. Oñate and his party meant to be friendly with the children of the soil. A conference was held with the several Pueblo tribes, whereat nearly all declared allegiance to the king of Spain. Two months later the first permanent missions were established. But Coronado's faithless vagabonds had laid too insecure a foundation for the upbuilding of comity. An Indian is slow to forget; until he has forgotten he cannot forgive. Undying enmity had grown up in the native heart toward the Spaniards. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put the broken confidence together again. Nominally and perforce the Pueblans were subjects of the Spanish throne; in reality they were still village Indians. Nominally and almost perforce they were good Catholics, — celebrating mass, meeting the money demands of the clergy, and submitting to the rites of Christian baptism; in reality they were still worshiping the gods of the sun, the wind, and the rain. Doubtless Oñate and his successors in office cherished the belief that their work was going well, and that the free native spirit had been thoroughly subdued and converted; but this submissive aspect

was only a little folding of the hands in sleep, merely a cat nap before a fierce awakening. There were eighty-two years of the era of Spanish colonial rule; then came the uprising in revolt, with uncompromising slaughter or expulsion of the immigrants, — an application of an elemental version of the doctrine of reciprocity. Those who were able fled; those who could not fly faster than the Pueblans could follow suffered death. Only some Spanish maids and matrons were held as captives, to become wives, and in due time mothers.

But Spanish domination was soon regained, and it endured until the time of Iturbide and the establishment of the Mexican Confederation. Then again Spanish blood was at a discount. Church and state together passed into control of the unregenerate half-breeds; and there followed a total eclipse of the pale light which had but half illumined the moral sky. Then, in sharp contrast, followed American annexation, with Bishop Lamy and his Jesuits; then — still sharper contrast — the real American incursion, with its railroad, its barbed-wire fences, and its public schools. And the Greaser is passing. It is now quite in order to write his obituary.

Some one — I think it was Mr. Herbert Spencer — has declared that the unmistakable mark of a high race of men is individualization, differentiation, heterogeneity, and variation from type. If that be a test, then we need not hesitate to say of the Greaser that he stands very low in the scale; for, to lapse into a Western mode of speech, he is all alike. Choose one, and you have a pattern from which all his brethren could be drawn, with only slight modifications in the items of beard and adipose.

Possibly the Greaser may seem more real if we put him down in figures. In 1540 the native population of New Mexico was, by approximation, 150,000. After three centuries it had declined to 45,000. Of the latter number, not more than two per cent were of European blood; about twenty per cent were considered pure-blooded Pueblans; the others were mestizos. Within the last fifty years, of course, there have been great accessions to the white population, but the numbers of the other classes have not changed materially. And the white distrusts the Indian, the Indian despises the Greaser, the Greaser hates the white; there is a perfect rondo movement of dislike and antagonism. It could not well be otherwise. Inborn and inbred race instincts are strong. The differences are such as cannot be reconciled by the mere dwelling together of conflicting elements. Amalgamation of those elements can never be made complete: the Greaser himself, for example, is not an amalgamation of the characters of his parents; he is only an emulsion. The course of life upon our frontier has been fruitful of practical demonstration of several problems in sociology. One of the clearest is that the Indian problem will not be determined by any process of race absorption. Sometimes, in the exigencies of frontier life, misfit marriages have occurred; but they were only matters of expediency, a compromise with the hard fate which for a time separated the pioneers from women of their own blood. As soon as this condition changed, and white wives had become in some degree commensurate to the demand, those misalliances ceased, and the half-caste households which had been already established served no better purpose than to stand as monuments of connubial folly. There can never be more than a thin overlapping of the margins of these races. As the advance of the whites becomes more aggressive, the red men will simply retreat, — grudgingly enough, no doubt, — until by and by they are crowded into the last ditch. This is very true of the life of New Mexico; and in that territory the discord is in three notes.

The Greaser, even more than the In-

dian, has resented the intrusion of American ideas and energy into his placid atmosphere. The steam engine has annihilated distance, which to the eye of the native dweller was the chief charm of those broad plains; the shriek of the steam whistle tears to tatters the mantle of long-enduring silence; the wire fence is an infuriating infringement upon wide-ranging freedom; and as for Protestantism, with its simplicity of manners, its harsh and uncompromising morality, its public schools, and its substitution of disturbing ideas for beloved formalism, it is an affront to all the big and little gods of ancient days. But the Greaser seems to see the hopelessness of rebellion. Though his serene forehead is drawn into a black scowl, though under his breath he swears a multitude of picturesque oaths, though in his heart he rages, he feels his helplessness. He will not in any wise sincerely adopt and conform to the new order of things, called civilization; he can do nothing save to withdraw within himself, there to ponder his impending doom. The fruitful river valleys were long his home, as they had been the home of the Pueblan before him; but the white man coveted these, also. As the valley towns have grown, supplanting adobe with red brick, covering the earthen walks and roads with harsh pavements of brick and stone, substituting restless commercial activity for the sleep of centuries, the Greaser has gathered his serape about him, mounted his burro, and gone out upon the desolate plains. Ask him where he will go next, and he has recourse to that quaint bit of speech which is the best index to his mental habit, "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?) Meanwhile, he rests in the sunlight; eating, drinking, smoking cigarettes wrapped in the sweet husk of the corn, — always smoking. The white slave of commercialism may take the land, may destroy every monument of ancient peace, may do what he will, if he but gives tobacco in exchange. One morning, seven or eight years ago, I was lounging in a small trading store in the western end of Socorro County, which was a base of supplies for the sheep-herders and cattlemen of the neighborhood. Presently there appeared a Greaser mounted upon burroback, a live sheep tied across the burro's rump. After a word or two of listless bargaining, the Greaser gave his sheep in exchange for a four-ounce package of the cheapest smoking tobacco. Had he been inclined to dicker, he might have secured a little more; but, like the rest of his kind, he was possessed by a certain large scorn of petty haggling. He preferred to take the proffered quarter pound, and return with another sheep when his pouch was empty.

The mention of that incident reminds me of one use which the white man has made of the Greaser; for there is one niche in the territorial life into which he fits, — sheep-herding. Sheep-raising is one of the industries in which the white man, taking a hint from his predecessors in the field, has invested largely. The original dwellers in the land had both wool and cotton. A good measure of success has attended the industry in these new hands, and this success is due, in part at least, to the occupation of the mestizos as herders. They are ideal sheep-tenders. There is a strong temperamental affinity between the dullness of the sheep and the indolence of the man. Sheep on those wide pastures require to be kept in large herds; forage is comparatively scant, and they must roam freely, picking what they can as they go. They are not to be driven; they must take their own slow time. The only need for human guardians of the herd is to see that strays are not suffered to escape, and that there are no ravages of wolves or mountain lions. There is a deadly monotony in the work, with only bleating inanity for companionship, with an infinity of nature's own wilderness before the eyes, and some-

times with no glimpse of other human beings for many days and weeks together, — only the thousands upon thousands, acres upon acres, of woolly backs and mutton heads upon which to rest one's eyes and thoughts. The American temperament will not bear solitariness. The insane asylums of the sheep-raising Western states and territories hold many victims of monotony-madness, — a disease well known wherever the whites are confined in broad solitudes. But this isolation suits the Greaser. There is no going mad for him. Mount him on the back of his burro, put him to tending a herd of sheep, and he is in his element.

That children of nature are childlike and bland has been often told us, but there is an accompanying element of their disposition which may well cause a thoughtful man to pause. They have a strong way of keeping their mouths shut, and allowing the other fellow to do the talking. That is one of the Greaser's strong points. No one can tell what a Greaser thinks; no one can say what masked batteries of passion lie back of his well-mastered eyes. To trust a Greaser is to take a long jump into utter darkness. That he is treacherous every one knows who has had to do with him; but he is not wholly blameworthy. We have it upon good authority that the natives of the territory were simple and honest. The trick of deception was caught from the first conquerors and from the later paleface of the much-speaking tongue. But the Greaser's power of deception is a perfect mastery of the art, beside which the skill of the Yankee is merely the bungling of a novice. As we say out West, the Greaser "puts up a good front." One must needs be by nature suspicious, or thoroughly schooled in the ways of the swart little man, to detect the danger lurking behind the soft shine of the eyes, in the curves of his smile, and in the few gently breathed words. Only physical courage is wanting to make him what we know as a "bad man." Physical courage he has none, — or at best but a little, and that thin. To be sure, he will fight, particularly when in his cups or when his jealousy is aroused; but he must fight with his own weapon, the knife. He is troublesome when he holds a knife, but he dreads the revolver, and of the great American fist he stands in honest fear. When he fights with his knife, so long as the odds are in his favor, he is a demon; but if he is scratched and catches sight of his own blood, that is the end of him. At heart he is the basest of cowards. This alone is enough to seal his doom. When the white nudges with his elbow and demands that the Greaser give more room, the poor little chap has not the "nerve" to jostle him again.

One who is dominated by the modern American spirit would be likely to predicate the downfall of the Greaser, upon the one fact that he is lacking in "enterprise." Nothing could be more truly said of him than that he is not "progressive." But he has got on very well. Left to himself under those genial skies, he has prospered in happy indolence, where the American with his creed of thrift has often failed. But the Greaser has the knack of it. He has never, like his successor, laid elaborate plans for to-morrow; he has mastered the faculty of being contented with each passing day. Perhaps no land is too barren to nourish the man who knows that trick. In New Mexico, the American is kept busy with his strenuous effort to make both ends meet. The Greaser is wiser: he does not expect them to meet, — does not want them to meet. He prefers to see the line of his placid days stretching away and away, after the manner of his ancient trails, toward the undefined horizon of his life. That is good enough for him.

Commerce, as a serious occupation in life, repels him. It is entirely foreign to his fixed and self-centred nature. Every tradition is against it. When the

Pueblans trafficked with other tribes, it was for the sole purpose of supplying pressing wants which they could not satisfy by the means at their command within their own communal life. And those wants were real, not imaginary. While the American fills his days with "hustling," the Greaser gets what is needful for breakfast, dreams away the morning, then gets what Providence vouchsafes for his next meal, and dreams again. Judging by our different standards, we must be slow to call the Greasers' life ideal; but we must concede that it is not altogether without charm. One who has lived with those simple people, letting himself lie open to the influences of the tranquil hours, is quick to catch the pleasurable thrill of this new order of laziness. Having experienced the idyllic repose, I am loath to say that it is not to be preferred to some of our own hot-footed, ineffective activity. There are so many ways of being lazy! I rather like the Greaser way.

But the invasion of this endless leisure by commerce has not provoked such strong resentment as has been aroused by the establishment of the public school. If commerce is repellent to the Greaser, the public school is revolting. While the poor Greaser stops his ears against the strident clamor of the Yankee invasion, and turns pale with nausea induced by its dizzy swirl, how is it possible to reconcile him to being instructed in the principles of which those hobgoblins are the offspring? The Yankee schoolmaster would teach idolatry of strange gods, — "practical" things. Geography? For the mestizo there is no geography save that of the broad scene bounded by his own sky-line; seas, continents, empires, are things of no significance.

The religious notions of the Greaser are, after all, the strongest moulding and motive force in the making of his social character. However mistaken he may have been in his conception, all of the signs and tokens of character which he displays to the world have been moulded under the influence of that religion which has been for the time his master. Every pagan people gives a strong outward expression of obedience to the formal exactions of its religion. This is particularly true of the mestizo, because of his inactive, negative mental constitution. But his nominal conformity is not a key to the rude theology which the man cherishes in his heart. Conformity makes the citizen; it never makes the man. Since the beginning of his race, the Greaser has been, with a few trifling exceptions, a Catholic devotee. He is born, married, buried, within the shadow of that Church; he prays and pays as it demands; it has a first mortgage upon him, but it is not a part of him. And after looking at the matter carefully for a time, one is led to believe that an attempt to foreclose the mortgage would snap the bond. For, though he is so exemplary a slave, he loves his freedom. Since he cannot have it outwardly, he makes some outward concessions, then builds his little imperium within: there neither priest nor soldier, Spaniard nor American, has admission; there he worships the phantoms of his dreams.

The student must grapple with difficulties in attempting to discover the *bona fide* faith of the Greaser, who knows so well how to say nothing, how to hide what lies in the deeps of his eyes. It is of no use to ask him what he thinks. The eternal hills may yield their secret treasures, but the soul of the Greaser remains an inscrutable mystery. "Faith in God" is the teaching of the priest, but the onlooker suspects that the Greaser's memory is longer and stronger than his confession of faith, and that there abides in his inner being an unyielding devotion to the old sun worship, in which the spirits of the ancient plainsfolk were grounded. It was a beautiful and poetic faith, not devoid of spiritual benefits. The Pueblan sun

worshiper had a rude religion, because he was of a rude folk. But he looked for the coming of an earthly savior, a deliverer from earthly ills and oppressions; he had this tradition before the Spanish conquest, and he still has it, — a little vague and dimmed by many disappointments, but not yet broken.

How much of this has been passed by the Pueblan to his love child, the Greaser? Quien sabe? In the larger strongholds of the Catholic Church, the cathedral cities and towns, the Greaser is held well in hand, and is drilled, schooled, catechised, to the point of perfect subjection. But in the remote fastnesses of mountain and desert, where priestly visitations are rare, no one can pretend to put his thumb upon the Greaser belief. And wherever the Greaser is, whether watching the sunrise from a hilltop or upon his knees in the cathedral, in no vital particular is he a Christian or an American. There is a strange order in New Mexico, continuing its rites to this day, —rites as rigorous as ever asceticism devised. This is the society *de los hermanos penitentes*, — the Penitent Brotherhood, — a study of which will show to what length and depth of zeal the Greaser will go when he is made to think it necessary. In the Lenten season the brotherhood is assembled for horrid trials of the flesh, when members are made to undergo such a course of self-inflicted punishment as fairly sickens the beholder. When it is over, and absolution has been given, there is the inevitable rebound from emotional excess, and for the remainder of the year the holy penitents range at the fullest length of their tether in all manner of vice, degradation, and lechery. But while that terrible ceremony may certainly be taken as a measure of religious zeal, it is not necessarily a measure of Catholic zeal.

There is one particular, however, in which the Greaser may be considered as in heart and soul a Catholic, and that is the earnest pursuit of opportunities for holding carnival on the multitudinous Church feast days. He can give instruction to any other reveler upon earth, of whatsoever caste or creed. The festival was also a Pueblan institution; but with the Indians it was a post-harvest Thanksgiving on a large scale, and had some meaning. With the Greaser, feast days occur at every whipstitch. Some are legitimate enough; some have no more foundation than myths invented by the local clergy in the days when they were intent upon converting the Indians by hook or by crook. There is the great day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a purely local institution, of purely local origin, but for that very reason of high sanctity. Religious ceremonies, of course, attend upon every day of festival; but in the eyes of the Greaser such ceremonies form a merely perfunctory prelude to the real business of the day, — a little tonic for the appetite, a little half-willing concession to the Church's power of restraint. But mass is only a cloud, the passing of which leaves the rest of the day in broad sunlight, and leaves him free to do what he will. A feast day is a time of richest gala dress, a time of outdoor and indoor games, of drinking, of dancing, of music and song, of every sensuous joy, — and all with the blessing hand of the jovial padre laid upon the head of the participant. The pages of many books might be filled with strange tales of those feast times, if they were to be considered seriatim; it suffices to say that they make the largest power in holding the Greaser and the Mother Church together.

The Pueblan houses were large communal structures, of many stories and many rooms; but that was a necessary precaution for the sake of strength to resist wandering and powerful enemies. That necessity has passed, and when the Greaser builds to-day, his corner stone is simplicity, his walls are plainness, his roof is artlessness. The raw

material lies ready to his hand; the willing sun lends its aid freely; roughest of rough roof timbers may be got with a little labor. What window so simple as a hole in the wall? What boon more beneficent than heaven's free air? The finished house is a small square box of dried mud, chinked as need be with fresh relays of mud; the floor is earthen. Sometimes the builder is moved, by spasmodic ambition or by the increase in his household, to make two rooms; more often there is but one. In the towns, where such things can be got without too great effort, the house may have a wooden bedstead, and perhaps a rough table and a wooden chair; but these are not essential. Men slept before there were bedsteads, ate before there were tables, and took their ease before there were chairs. A mat spread upon the floor is very good, when there is placed by its side a heaped kettle of fiery chili stew and a brimming gourd of pulque; and he who has once slept upon a mass of the shredded fibres of the maguey, or Spanish bayonet, will not be envious of the down couches of kings. God save the Greaser! How happy he is!

Clothing is reduced to its simplest terms. In the winter it is used for warmth; in the summer it serves only an Edenic purpose. To keep warm is very easy. The plains are populous with herds, and if skill to weave is wanting, tanned skins do just as well. Here again the maguey befriends the Greaser, for its strong fibres twisted together make an excellent thread. Every man is his own shoemaker, and the pliant sandals of fire-cured skin are of the essence of comfort for the feet. In the summer season a very little cotton cloth goes a great way, with either man or woman. Brilliant hues are preferred, of course. The hat is the man's crowning glory. Upon it he lavishes ungrudgingly all his scanty wealth, and the extent of its adornment with silver spangles, gems, and gewgaws is limited only by his ability to buy. The poorest of the poor will often be seen wearing a sombrero whose cost has been many times that of all the rest of his bodily furnishing. The women wear no hats; instead they wear bright scarfs, wound over and around the head, neck, and shoulders with a skill and an attractiveness won by long practice.

The abode of the Greaser has been styled "headquarters for dirt." He is himself, one could almost say, the very apotheosis of dirt, and the nooks of his house and the folds of his raiment are the inns of those skipping, crawling things that provoked Sancho Panza's immortal plaint. But the Greaser is proverbially hospitable; he does not give grudgingly of his substance to his tiny guests; what he has they are free to take. And he has his reward; he gets a little physical exercise now and again. He also gets entertainment. If he had no fleas to bite him, he would be likely to die of ennui. The manner of the Greaser's hospitality is still broader. No matter how poor his hovel or how meagre his board, the stranger is welcome. I should not like to call his apparent generosity a mere feint; but do not be too sure of him because you have eaten of his salt. If you sleep beneath his roof, keep one eye on his handy knife. That is the Spanish of his nature and his creed, and illustrates the uncertainties of life in a neighborhood where forgiveness of sin is a marketable commodity.

One must not be too curious to see his marriage certificate, for the marriage ceremony is an expensive luxury. Baptisms and death ceremonies must be paid for; but since the days of old the Church of the territory has looked with leniency upon a custom of mating *sans cérémonie*. There is no social penalty, for there is no blame attaching to a custom which has been in vogue amongst Pueblans, Spaniards, and Greasers from time immemorial. The Spaniards stole Pueblan women; the Pueblans stole Spanish wo-

men; their mongrel offspring take what they can get and are satisfied. If there is, nowadays, a certain laxity of surveillance upon the part of the spiritual guides, what matter? The wedding fee can well be suffered to pass. Though it is not paid, it is as good as put by into a sort of permanent sinking fund; for connubial unions, whether celebrated "by the book" or not, are fecund of other fees. Baptism, I have said, is always paid for. After all, the marriage service would be but a mockery among such folk as these, who are temperamentally incapable of observing its obligations.

As in all that goes to make manly character, the Greaser is a mere fragment of a man in stature. According to the artistic dictum, which pronounces the curve the line of beauty, the Greaser should assuredly be beautiful, for his make-up is superlatively rich in curves. His pudgy head and face bear an obtrusive lot of curling lines, which wriggle sinuously down over neck and shoulders, until they are lost in the portentous curve of his waistband. For he is fat. Rich or poor, idler and loafer, he never runs to leanness. The women are like the men. Perhaps you have heard or read of beautiful mestizo maidens? Travelers' tales! Save in the pictures of susceptible romanticists, I have never seen a beautiful Greaser girl. Sometimes in real life there is a certain tenderness of outline and form, a certain subflush of overripe color beneath the dusky skin, which, added to the glow of the eyes, give an effect of voluptuous charm that doubtless appeals to some. But whatever beauty the girl has in the first glamour of her youth is soon merged into the grim and ominous aspect of early old age. Roundness becomes rotundity; the hue of dark rose becomes the dye of butternut; the lissome, free walk becomes a flat-footed waddle. Only the inextinguishable light of the southern eyes remains to the end, — index of the passion which has burned to ashes all other elements of beauty. Men and women share in the possession of those wonderful eyes, and of the voice, which is the eyes' fitting mate, — soft, velvety, lifeless, as though expressly made to handle the vitiated but musical Spanish-Indian patois of the Southwest.

Daily round of duty there is none for the mestizo, beyond the effort of preserving his masterly inactivity, — the labor of keeping strenuously busy doing nothing. He has always been satisfied with the least measure of the dignity of labor. In the olden time there was a system of half-voluntary slavery in vogue throughout Mexico and its dependencies, and that system has stamped its mark indelibly upon the Greaser mind. The poor man formerly incurred indebtedness to another, binding himself to work for his creditor until the debt should be paid. But his money wage was small, and meanwhile he was compelled to buy his few necessaries of life from his creditor, with the result that he sank deeper and deeper into the mire of debt, until after a time he lost the hope, and even the ambition, to become free. Through the operation of this scheme of peonage, parents would mortgage their children, husbands would put a lien upon their wives and upon themselves, until this quasi-slavery grew to be an "institution" of considerable significance, whereby the workers gradually lost all thought of the manly integrity of work, and forfeited the true and only reward of the laborer. Nowadays the Greaser will not work unless he is driven; but the lawful authority to drive is gone. Corollary: The Greaser does not work, — unless the out-of-door idling of the sheep-herder can be called work. In the first days of American occupation of New Mexico, the streets of the towns along the Rio Grande were picturesque with groups of pack burros, heavy-laden with immense bundles of fagots and mesquite roots, brought from plain and hill, for sale as firewood, a sale which brought such few

stray coins as were necessary for replenishing the store of tobacco and pulque. Some of the burros were water carriers, with great earthen jars swung in pairs against their panting sides. That is all past. The Yankee's dirty coal train has crushed the burro with its bundle of roots; the Yankee pumping station has drowned the old water carrier. But that does not matter; nothing matters very much in New Mexico. If the Greaser is ragged, the desert air and the ineffable sunlight have a kindly warmth for the skin; and for the inner man there is chili colorado, pulque, and the sweet valley wine. Though the cursed gringo drives a sharp bargain, no bargain is intolerable which yields tobacco, the godfather of content.

To-day, at sunrise you will find the Greaser squatting against the eastern wall of his adobe hovel, basking, smoking, dreaming; in the glaring noon he shifts to the southern exposure, squats, smokes, dreams; when the gorgeous day dies he is by the western wall, stretched at his length, smoking and dreaming dreams, — dreams which he never tells.

William R. Lighton.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE BLIGHT.

In a Stanton Street tenement, the other day, I stumbled upon a Polish capmaker's home. There were other capmakers in the house, Russian and Polish, but they simply "lived" there. This one had a home. The fact proclaimed itself the moment the door was opened, in spite of the darkness. The rooms were in the rear, gloomy with the twilight of the tenement, although the day was sunny without, but neat, even cosy. It was early, but the day's chores were evidently done. The teakettle sang on the stove, at which a bright-looking girl of twelve, with a pale but cheery face, and sleeves brushed back to the elbows, was busy poking up the fire. A little boy stood by the window, flattening his nose against the pane and gazing wistfully up among the chimney pots where a piece of blue sky about as big as the kitchen could be made out. I remarked to the mother that they were nice rooms.

"Ah yes," she said, with a weary little smile that struggled bravely with hope long deferred, "but it is hard to make a home here. We would so like to live in the front, but we can't pay the rent."

I knew the front with its unlovely view of the tenement street too well, and I said a good word for the air shaft — yard or court it could not be called, it was too small for that — which rather surprised myself. I had found few virtues enough in it before. The girl at the stove had left off poking the fire. She broke in the moment I finished, with eager enthusiasm: "Why, they have the sun in there. When the door is opened the light comes right in your face."

"Does it never come here?" I asked, and wished I had not done so, as soon as the words were spoken. The child at the window was listening, with his whole hungry little soul in his eyes.

Yes, it did, she said. Once every summer, for a little while, it came over the houses. She knew the month and the exact hour of the day when its rays shone into their home, and just the reach of its slant on the wall. They had lived there six years. In June the sun was due. A haunting fear that the baby would ask how long it was till June — it was February then — took possession of me, and I hastened to change the subject. Warsaw was their old home. They kept a

little store there, and were young and happy. Oh, it was a fine city, with parks and squares, and bridges over the beautiful river, — and grass and flowers and birds and soldiers, put in the girl breathlessly. She remembered. But the children kept coming, and they went across the sea to give them a better chance. Father made fifteen dollars a week, much money; but there were long seasons when there was no work. She, the mother, was never very well here, — she had n't any strength; and the baby! She glanced at his grave white face, and took him in her arms. The picture of the two, and of the pale-faced girl longing back to the fields and the sunlight, in their prison of gloom and gray walls, haunts me yet. I have not had the courage to go back since. I recalled the report of an English army surgeon, which I read years ago, on the many more soldiers that died — were killed would be more correct — in barracks into which the sun never shone than in those that were open to the light. It is yet three months to the sun in Stanton Street.

The capmaker's case is the case of the nineteenth century, of civilization, against the metropolis of America. The home, the family, are the rallying points of civilization. But long since the tenements of New York earned for it the ominous name of "the homeless city." In its 40,000 tenements its workers, more than half of the city's population, are housed. They have no other chance. There are, indeed, wives and mothers who, by sheer force of character, rise above their environment and make homes where they go. Happily, there are yet many of them. But the fact remains that hitherto their struggle has been growing ever harder, and the issue more doubtful. The tenement itself, with its crowds, its lack of privacy, is the greatest destroyer of individuality, of character. As its numbers increase, so does "the element that becomes criminal for lack of individuality and the self-respect that comes with it." Add the shiftless and the weak who are turned out by the same process, and you have its legitimate crop. In 1880 the average number of persons to each dwelling in New York was 16.37. In 1890 it was 18.52; in 1895, according to the police census, 21.2. The census of 1900 will show the crowding to have gone on at an equal if not at a greater rate. That will mean that so many more tenements have been built of the modern type, with four families to the floor where once there were two. I shall not weary the reader with many statistics. They are to be found, by those who want them, in the census books and in the official records. I shall try to draw from them their human story. But, as an instance of the unchecked drift, let me quote here the case of the Tenth Ward, that East Side district known as the most crowded in all the world. In 1880, when it had not yet attained that bad eminence, it contained 47,554 persons, or 432.3 to the acre. In 1890 the census showed a population of 57,596, which was 522 to the acre. The police census of 1895 found 70,168 persons living in 1514 houses, which was 643.08 to the acre. Lastly, the Health Department's census for the first half of 1898 gave a total of 82,175 persons living in 1201 tenements, with 313 inhabited buildings yet to be heard from. This is the process of doubling up, — literally, since the cause and the vehicle of it all is the double-decker tenement, — which four years ago had crowded a single block in that ward at the rate of 1526 persons per acre, and one in the Eleventh Ward at the rate of 1774.[1] It goes on not in the Tenth Ward or on the East Side only, but throughout the city. When, in 1897, it was proposed

[1] Police census of 1895: Block bounded by Canal, Hester, Eldridge, and Forsyth streets: size 375 × 200, population 2628, rate per acre 1526. Block bounded by Stanton, Houston, Attorney, and Ridge streets: size 200 × 300, population 2244, rate per acre 1774.

to lay out a small park in the Twenty-Second Ward, up on the far West Side, it was shown that five blocks in that section, between Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Second streets and Ninth and Eleventh avenues, had a population of more than 3000 each. The block between Sixty-First and Sixty-Second streets, Tenth and Eleventh avenues, harbored 3580, which meant 974.6 persons to the acre.

If we have here to do with forces that are beyond the control of the individual or the community, we shall do well at least to face the facts squarely and know the truth. It is no answer to the charge that New York's way of housing its workers is the worst in the world to say that they are better off than they were where they came from. It is not true, in most cases, as far as the home is concerned: a shanty is better than a flat in a cheap tenement, any day. Even if it were true, it would still be beside the issue. In Poland my capmaker counted for nothing. Nothing was expected of him. Here he ranks, after a few brief years, politically equal with the man who hires his labor. A citizen's duty is expected of him, and home and citizenship are convertible terms. The observation of the Frenchman who had watched the experiment of herding two thousand human beings in eight tenement barracks in Paris, that the result was the "exasperation of the tenant against society," is true the world over. We have done as badly in New York. Social hatefulness is not a good soil for citizenship to grow in, where political equality rules.

Nor will the old lie about the tenants being wholly to blame cover the ground. It has long been overworked in defense of landlord usury. Doubtless there are bad tenants. In the matter of renting houses, as in everything else, men have a trick of coming up to what is expected of them, good or bad; but as a class the tenants have been shown all along to be superior to their surroundings. "Better than the houses they live in," said the first Tenement House Commission; and the second gave as its verdict that "they respond quickly to improved conditions." That is not an honest answer. The truth is that if we cannot check the indraught to the cities, we can, if we choose, make homes for those who come, and at a profit on the investment. Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated in our day, and it is time that it should be said so that everybody can understand. It is not a case of transforming human nature in the tenant, but of reforming it in the landlord builder. It is a plain question of the per cent he is willing to take.

So that we may get the capmaker's view and that of his fellow tenants — for, after all, that is the one that counts; the state and the community are not nearly so much interested in the profits of the landlord as in the welfare of its workers — suppose we take a stroll through a tenement house neighborhood and see for ourselves. We were in Stanton Street. Let us start there, then, going east. Towering barracks on either side, five, six stories high. Teeming crowds. Push-cart men "moved on" by the policeman, who seems to exist only for the purpose. Forsyth Street: there is a church on the corner, Polish and Catholic, a combination that strikes one as queer here on the East Side, where Polish has come to be synonymous with Jewish. I have cause to remember that corner. In this house a man killed his wife, and was hanged for it. Just across the street, on the stoop of that brown stone tenement, the tragedy was reënacted the next year; only the murderer saved the county trouble and expense by taking himself off, also. That other stoop in the same row witnessed a suicide. Why do I tell you these things? Because they are true. The policeman here will bear me out. They belong to the ordinary setting of life in a crowd such as this. It is never so little worth living, and therefore held so

cheap along with the fierce, unceasing battle that goes on to save it. You will go no further unless I leave it out? Very well; I shall leave out the murder after we have passed the block yonder. The tragedy of that is of a kind that comes too close to the every-day life of tenement house people to be omitted. The house caught fire in the night, and five were burned to death, — father, mother, and three children. The others got out; why not they? They stayed, it seems, to make sure none was left; they were not willing to leave one behind, to save themselves. And then it was too late; the stairs were burning. There was no proper fire escape. That was where the murder came in; but it was not all chargeable to the landlord, nor even the greater part. More than thirty years ago, in 1867, the state made it law that the stairs in every tenement four stories high should be fireproof, and forbade the storing of any inflammable material in such houses. I do not know when the law was repealed, or if it ever was. I only know that in 1892 the Fire Department, out of pity for the tenants and regard for the safety of its own men, forced through an amendment to the building law, requiring the stairs of the common type of five-story tenements to be built of fireproof material, and that to-day they are of wood, just as they always were. Only last spring I looked up the Superintendent of Buildings and asked him what it meant. I showed him the law, which said that the stairs should be "built of slow-burning construction or fireproof material;" and he put his finger upon the clause that follows, "as the Superintendent of Buildings shall decide." The law gave him discretion, and that is how he used it. "Hard wood burns slowly," said he.

The fire of which I speak was a "cruller fire," if I remember rightly, which is to say that it broke out in the basement bakeshop, where they were boiling crullers (doughnuts) in fat, at four A. M., with a hundred tenants asleep in the house above them. The fat went into the fire, and the rest followed. I suppose that I had to do with a hundred such fires, as a police reporter, before, under the protest of the Tenement House Committee and the Good Government Clubs, the boiling of fat in tenement bakeshops was forbidden. The chief of the Fire Department, in his testimony before the committee, said that "tenements are erected mainly with a view of returning a large income for the amount of capital invested. It is only after a fire in which great loss of life occurs that any interest whatever is taken in the safety of the occupants." The Superintendent of Buildings, after such a fire in March, 1896, said that there were thousands of tenement firetraps in the city. My reporter's notebook bears witness to the correctness of his statement, and it has many blank leaves that are waiting to be put to that use yet. The reckoning for eleven years showed that, of 35,844 fires in New York, 53.18 per cent were in tenement houses, though they were only a little more than 31 per cent of all the buildings, and that 177 occupants were killed, 523 maimed, and 625 rescued by the firemen. Their rescue cost the lives of three of these brave men, and 453 were injured in the effort. And when all that is said, not the half is told. A fire in the night in one of those human beehives, with its terror and woe, is one of the things that live in the recollection ever after as a terrible nightmare. Yet the demonstration of the Tenement House Committee, that to build tenements fireproof from the ground up would cost little over ten per cent more than is spent upon the firetrap, and would more than return the interest on the extra outlay in the saving of insurance and repairs, and in the better building every way, has found no echo in legislation or in the practice of builders. That was the fire chief's way to avoid "the great destruc-

tion of life;" but he warned the committee that it would "meet with strong opposition from the different interests, should legislation be requested." The interest of the man who pays the rent will not be suspected in this, so he must have meant the man who collects it.

Here is a block of tenements inhabited by poor Jews. Most of the Jews who live over here are poor; and the poorer they are, the higher rent do they pay, and the more do they crowd to make it up between them. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." It is only the old story in a new setting. The slum landlord's profits were always the highest. He spends nothing for repairs, and lays the blame on the tenant. The "district leader" saves him, in these days of Tammany rule come back, unless he is on the wrong side of the political fence, in which case the Sanitary Code comes handy to chase him into camp. A big "order" on his house is a very effective way of making a tenement house landlord discern political truth on the eve of an important election. Just before the last, when the election of Theodore Roosevelt was threatened, the sanitary force displayed such activity as it has not since up to the raid on the elevated roads, in the examination of tenements belonging very largely, as it happened, to sympathizers with the gallant Rough Rider's cause; and those who knew did not marvel much at the large vote polled by the Tammany candidate in the old city. The halls of these tenements are dark. Under the law, there should be a light burning, but it is one of the rarest things to find one. The thing seems well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. Two years ago, when the Good Government Clubs set about backing up the Board of Health in its efforts to work out this reform, which comes close to being one of the most necessary of all, — such untold mischief is abroad in the darkness of these thoroughfares, — the sanitary police reported 12,000 tenement halls unlighted by night, even, and brought them, by repeated orders, down to less than 1000 in six months. I do not believe the light burns in 1000 of them all to-day. It is so easy to put it out when the policeman's back is turned, and save the gas.

We had a curious instance at the time of the difficulties that sometimes beset reform. Certain halls that were known to be dark were reported sufficiently lighted by the policeman of the district, and it was discovered that it was his standard that was vitiated. He himself lived in a tenement, and was used to its gloom. So an order was issued defining darkness to the sanitary police: if the sink in the hall could be made out, and the slops overflowing on the floor, and if a baby could be seen on the stairs, the hall was light; if, on the other hand, the baby's shrieks were the first warning that it was being trampled upon, the hall was dark. Some days later, the old question arose about an Eldridge Street tenement. The policeman had reported the hall light enough. The president of the Board of Health, to settle it once for all, went over with me, to see for himself. The hall was very dark. He sent for the policeman.

"Did you see the sink in that hall?" he asked.

The policeman said he did.

"But it is pitch dark. How did you see it?"

"I lit a match," said the policeman.

Four families live on these floors, with Heaven knows how many children. It was here the police commissioners were requested, in sober earnest, some years ago, by a committee of very practical women philanthropists, to have the children tagged, so as to save the policemen wear and tear in taking them back and forth between the Eldridge Street police station and headquarters, when they got lost. If tagged, they could be assorted at once and taken to their homes.

Incidentally, the city would save the expense of many meals. It was shrewdly suspected that the little ones were lost on purpose in a good many cases, as a way of getting them fed at the public expense.

That the children preferred the excitement of the police station, and the distinction of a trip in charge of a brass-buttoned guardian, to the Ludlow Street flat is easy enough to understand. A more unlovely existence than that in one of these tenements it would be hard to imagine. Everywhere is the stench of the kerosene stove that is forever burning, serving for cooking, heating, and ironing alike, until the last atom of oxygen is burned out of the close air. Oil is cheaper than coal. The air shaft is too busy carrying up smells from below to bring any air down, even if it is not hung full of washing in every story, as it ordinarily is. Enterprising tenants turn it to use as a refrigerator as well. There is at least a draught of air, such as it is. When fire breaks out, this draught makes of the air shaft a flue through which the fire roars to the roof, and transforms what was meant for the good of the tenants into their greatest peril. The stuffy rooms seem as if they were made for dwarfs. Most decidedly, there is not room to swing the proverbial cat in any one of them. In one I helped the children, last holiday, to set up a Christmas tree, so that a glimpse of something that was not utterly sordid and mean might for once enter their lives. Three weeks after, I found the tree standing yet in the corner. It was very cold, and there was no fire in the room. "We were going to burn it," said the little woman, whose husband was then in the insane asylum, "and then I could n't. It looked so kind o' cheery-like there in the corner." My tree had borne the fruit I wished.

It remained for the New York slum landlord to assess the exact value of a ray of sunlight, — upon the tenant, of course. Here are two back-to-back rear tenements, with dark bedrooms on the south. The flat on the north gives upon a neighbor's yard, and a hole two feet square has been knocked in the wall, letting in air and sunlight; little enough of the latter, but what there is is carefully computed in the lease. Six dollars for this flat, six and a half for the one with the hole in the wall. Six dollars a year per ray. In half a dozen houses in this block have I found the same rate maintained. The modern tenement on the corner goes higher: for four front rooms, "where the sun comes right in your face," seventeen dollars; for the rear flat of three rooms, larger and better every other way, but always dark, like the capmaker's, eleven dollars. From the landlord's point of view, this last is probably a concession. But he is a landlord with a heart. His house is as good a one as can be built on a twenty-five-foot lot. The man who owns the corner building in Orchard Street, with the two adjoining tenements, has no heart. In the depth of last winter, I found a family of poor Jews living in a coop under his stairs, an abandoned piece of hallway, in which their baby was born, and for which he made them pay eight dollars a month. It was the most outrageous case of landlord robbery I had ever come across, and it gave me sincere pleasure to assist the sanitary policeman in curtailing his profits by even this much. The hall is not now occupied.

The Jews under the stairs had two children. The shoemaker in the cellar next door has three. They were fighting and snarling like so many dogs over the coarse food on the table before them, when we looked in. The baby, it seems, was the cause of the row. He wanted it all. He was a very dirty and a very fierce baby, and the other two children were no match for him. The shoemaker grunted fretfully at his last, "Ach, he is all de time hungry!" At the sight of the policeman, the young imp set up such a

howl that we beat a hasty retreat. The cellar "flat" was undoubtedly in violation of law, but it was allowed to pass. In the main hall, on the ground floor, we counted seventeen children. The facts of life here suspend ordinary landlord prejudices to a certain extent. Occasionally it is the tenant who suspends them. The policeman laughed as he told me of the case of a mother who coveted a flat into which she well knew her family would not be admitted; the landlord was particular. She knocked, with a troubled face, alone. Yes, the flat was to let; had she any children? The woman heaved a sigh. "Six, but they are all in Greenwood." The landlord's heart was touched by such woe. He let her have the flat. By night he was amazed to find a flock of half a dozen robust youngsters domiciled under his roof. They had indeed been in Greenwood; but they had come back from the cemetery to stay. And stay they did, the rent being paid.

High rents, slack work, and low wages go hand in hand in the tenements as promoters of overcrowding. The rent is always one fourth of the family income, often more. The fierce competition for a bare living cuts down wages; and when loss of work is added, the only thing left is to take in lodgers to meet the landlord's claim. The Jew usually takes them singly, the Italian by families. The midnight visit of the sanitary policeman discloses a state of affairs against which he feels himself helpless. He has his standard: 400 cubic feet of air space for each adult sleeper, 200 for a child. That in itself is a concession to the practical necessities of the case. The original demand was for 600 feet. But of 28,000 and odd tenants canvassed in New York, in the slumming investigation prosecuted by the general government in 1894, 17,047 were found to have less than 400 feet, and of these 5526 slept in unventilated rooms with no windows. No more such rooms have been added since; but there has come that which is worse.

It was the boast of New York, till a few years ago, that at least that worst of tenement depravities, the one-room house, too familiar in the English slums, was practically unknown here. It is not so any longer. The evil began in the old houses in Orchard and Allen streets, a bad neighborhood, infested by fallen women and the thievish rascals who prey upon their misery, — a region where the whole plan of humanity, if plan there be in this disgusting mess, jars out of tune continually. The furnished-room house has become an institution here, speeded on by a conscienceless Jew who bought up the old buildings as fast as they came into the market, and filled them with a class of tenants before whom charity recoils, helpless and hopeless. When the houses were filled, the crowds overflowed into the yard. In one case, I found, in midwinter, tenants living in sheds built of odd boards and roof tin, and paying a dollar a week for herding with the rats. One of them, a red-faced German, was a philosopher after his kind. He did not trouble himself to get up, when I looked in, but stretched himself in his bed, — it was high noon, — responding to my sniff of disgust that it was "sehr schoen! ein bischen kalt, aber was!" His neighbor, a white-haired old woman, begged, trembling, not to be put out. She would not know where to go. It was out of one of these houses that Fritz Meyer, the murderer, went to rob the poorbox in the Redemptorist Church, the night when he killed policeman Smith. The policeman surprised him at his work. In the room he had occupied I came upon a brazen-looking woman with a black eye, who answered the question of the officer, "Where did you get that shiner?" with a laugh. "I ran up against the fist of me man," she said. Her "man," a big, sullen lout, sat by, dumb. The woman answered for him that he was a mechanic.

"What does he work at?" snorted the policeman, restraining himself with an effort from kicking the fellow.

She laughed scornfully. "At the junk business." It meant that he was a thief.

Young men, with blotched faces and cadaverous looks, were loafing in every room. They hung their heads in silence. The women turned their faces away at the sight of the uniform. They cling to these wretches, who exploit their starved affections for their own ease, with a grip of desperation. It is their last hold. Women have to love something. It is their deepest degradation that they must love these. Even the wretches themselves feel the shame of it, and repay them by beating and robbing them, as their daily occupation. A poor little baby in one of the rooms gave a shuddering human touch to it all.

The old houses began it, as they began all the tenement mischief that has come upon New York. But the opportunity that was made by the tenant's need was not one to be neglected. In some of the newer tenements, with their smaller rooms, the lodger is by this time provided for in the plan, with a special entrance from the hall. "Lodger" comes, by an easy transition, to stand for "family." Only the other night I went with the sanitary police on their midnight inspection through a row of Elizabeth Street tenements which I had known since they were built, fifteen or sixteen years ago. That is the neighborhood in which the recent Italian immigrants crowd. In the house which we selected for examination, in all respects the type of the rest, we found forty-three families where there should have been sixteen. Upon each floor there were four flats, and in each flat three rooms that measured respectively 14×11, 7×11, and $7 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In only one flat did we find a single family. In three there were two to each. In the other twelve each room had its own family living and sleeping there. They cooked, I suppose, at the one stove in the kitchen, which was the largest room. In one big bed we counted six persons, the parents and four children. Two of them lay crosswise at the foot of the bed, or there would not have been room. A curtain was hung before the bed in each of the two smaller rooms, leaving a passageway from the hall to the main room. The rent for the front flats was twelve dollars; for that in the rear ten dollars. The social distinctions going with the advantage of location were rigidly observed, I suppose. The three steps across a tenement hall, from the front to "the back," are often a longer road than from Ludlow Street to Fifth Avenue.

They were sweaters' tenements. But I shall keep that end of the story until I come to speak of the tenants. The houses I have in mind now. They were Astor leasehold property, and I had seen them built upon the improved plan of 1879, with air shafts and all that. There had not been water in the tenements for a month then, we were told by the one tenant who spoke English that could be understood. The cold snap had locked the pipes. Fitly enough, the lessee was an undertaker, an Italian himself, who combined with his business of housing his people above and below the ground that of the padrone, to let no profit slip. He had not taken the trouble to make many or recent repairs. The buildings had made a fair start; they promised well. But the promise had not been kept. In their premature decay they were distinctly as bad as the worst. I had the curiosity to seek out the agent, the middleman, and ask him why they were so. He shrugged his shoulders. With such tenants nothing could be done, he said. I have always held that Italians are most manageable, and that, with all the surface indications to the contrary, they are really inclined to cleanliness, if cause can be shown, and I told him so. He changed the subject diplomatically. No doubt it was with him simply

a question of the rent. They might crowd and carry on as they pleased, once that was paid; and they did. It used to be the joke of Elizabeth Street that when the midnight police came, the tenants would keep them waiting outside, pretending to search for the key, until the surplus population of men had time to climb down the fire escape. When the police were gone they came back. We surprised them all in bed.

Like most of the other tenements we have come across on our trip, these were double-deckers. It is the type of tenement that is responsible for the crowding that goes on unchecked. It is everywhere replacing the older barracks, as they rot or are torn down.

This double-decker was thus described by the Tenement House Committee of 1894: "It is the one hopeless form of tenement construction. It cannot be well ventilated, it cannot be well lighted; it is not safe in case of fire. It is built on a lot 25 feet wide by 100 or less in depth, with apartments for four families in each story. This necessitates the occupation of from 86 to 90 per cent of the lot's depth. The stairway, made in the centre of the house, and the necessary walls and partitions reduce the width of the middle rooms (which serve as bedrooms for at least two people each) to 9 feet each at the most, and a narrow light and air shaft, now legally required in the centre of each side wall, still further lessens the floor space of these middle rooms. Direct light is only possible for the rooms at the front and rear. The middle rooms must borrow what light they can from dark hallways, the shallow shafts, and the rear rooms. Their air must pass through other rooms or the tiny shafts, and cannot but be contaminated before it reaches them. A five-story house of this character contains apartments for eighteen or twenty families, a population frequently amounting to 100 people, and sometimes increased by boarders or lodgers to 150 or more."

The committee, after looking in vain through the slums of the Old World cities for something to compare the double-deckers with, declared that, in their setting, the separateness and sacredness of home life were interfered with, and evils bred, physical and moral, that "conduce to the corruption of the young." The statement needs no argument to convince.

Yet it is for these that the "interests" of which the fire chief spoke rush into battle at almost every session of the legislature, whenever a step, no matter how short and conservative, is to be taken toward their improvement. No winter has passed, since the awakening conscience of the people of New York city manifested itself in a desire to better the lot of the other half, that has not seen an assault made, in one shape or another, on the structure of tenement house law built up with such anxious solicitude. Once a bill to exempt from police supervision, by withdrawing them from the tenement house class, the very worst of the houses, whose death rate threatened the community, was sneaked through the legislature all unknown, and had reached the executive before the alarm was sounded. The governor, put upon his guard, returned the bill, with the indorsement that he was unable to understand what could have prompted a measure that seemed to have reason and every argument against it, and none for it. But the motive is not so obscure, after all. It is the same old one of profit without conscience. It took from the Health Department the supervision of the light, ventilation, and plumbing of the tenements, which by right belonged there, and put it in charge of a compliant Building Department, "for the convenience of architects and their clients, and the saving of time and expense to them." For the convenience of the architect's client, the builder, the lot was encroached upon, until of one big block which the Tenement House Committee

measured only 7 per cent was left uncovered for the air to struggle through; 93 per cent of it was covered with brick and mortar. Rear tenements, to the number of nearly 100, have been condemned as "slaughter houses," with good reason, but this block was built practically solid. The average of space covered in 34 tenement blocks was shown to be 78.13 per cent. The law allowed only 65. The "discretion" that pens tenants in a burning tenement with stairs of wood for the builder's "convenience" cut down the chance of life of their babies unmoved. Sunlight and air mean just that, where three thousand human beings are packed into a single block. That was why the matter was given into the charge of the health officials, when politics was yet kept out of their work.

Of such kind are the interests that oppose betterment of the worker's hard lot in New York; that dictated the appointment by Tammany of a commission composed of builders to revise its code of building laws, and sneer at the "laughable results of the late Tenement House Committee." Those results made for the health and happiness and safety of a million and a half of souls, and were accounted, on every humane ground, the longest step forward that had yet been taken by this community. For the old absentee landlord, who did not know what mischief was afoot, we have got the speculative builder, who does know, but does not care so long as he gets his pound of flesh. Half of the just laws that have been passed for the relief of the people he has paralyzed with his treacherous discretion clause, carefully nursed in the school of practical politics to which he gives faithful adherence. The thing has been the curse of our city from the day when the earliest struggle toward better things began. Among the first manifestations of that was the prohibition of soap factories below Grand Street by the act of 1797, which created a Board of Health with police powers. The act was passed in February, to take effect in July; but long before that time the same legislature had amended it by giving the authorities discretion in the matter. And the biggest soap factory of them all is down there to this day, and is even now stirring up a rumpus among the latest immigrants, the Syrians, who have settled about it. No doubt it is all a question of political education; but are not a hundred years enough to settle this much, that compromise is out of place where the lives of the people are at stake, and that it is time our years of "discretion" were numbered?

And, please God, the time is at hand. Here, set in its frame of swarming tenements, is a wide open space, some time, when enough official red tape can be unwound, to be a park, with flowers and grass and birds to gladden the hearts of those to whom such things have been as tales that are told, all these dreary years, and with a playground in which the children of yonder big school may roam at will, undismayed by landlord or policeman. Not all the forces of reaction can put back the barracks that were torn down as one of the "laughable results" of that very Tenement House Committee's work, or restore to the undertaker his profits from Bone Alley of horrid memory. It was the tenant's turn to laugh, that time. Down half a dozen blocks, among even denser swarms, is another such plot, where football and a skating pond are being planned by the children's friends. We shall hear the story of these yet, and rejoice that the day of reckoning is coming for the builder without a soul. Till then let him deck the fronts of his tenements with bravery of plate glass and brass to hide the darkness within. He has done his worst.

We can go no further. Yonder lies the river. A full mile we have come, through unbroken ranks of tenements with their mighty, pent-up multitudes.

Here they seem, with a common impulse, to overflow into the street. From corner to corner it is crowded with girls and children dragging babies nearly as big as themselves, with desperate endeavor to lose nothing of the show. There is a funeral in the block. Unnumbered sewing machines cease for once their tireless rivalry with the flour mill in the next block, that is forever grinding in a vain effort to catch up. Heads are poked from windows. On the stoops hooded and shawled figures have front seats. The crowd is hardly restrained by the policeman and the undertaker in holiday mourning, who clear a path by force to the plumed hearse. The eager haste, the frantic rush to see, — what does it not tell of these starved lives, of the quality of their aims and ambitions? The mill clatters loudly: there is one mouth less to fill. In the midst of it all, with clamor of urgent gong, the patrol wagon rounds the corner, carrying two policemen precariously perched upon a struggling "drunk," a woman. The crowd scatters, following the new sensation. The tragedy of death and life in the slum have met together.

Many a mile I might lead you along these rivers, east and west, through the island of Manhattan, and find little else than we have seen. The great crowd is yet below Fourteenth Street, but the northward march knows no slackening of pace. As the tide sets uptown, it reproduces faithfully the scenes of the older wards, though with less of their human interest than here where the old houses, in all their ugliness, have yet some imprint of the individuality of their tenants. Only on feast days does Little Italy, in Harlem, recall the Bend when it put on holiday attire. Anything more desolate and disheartening than the unending rows of tenements, all alike and all equally repellent, of the uptown streets, it is impossible to imagine. Hell's Kitchen in its ancient wickedness was picturesque, at least, with its rocks and its goats and shanties. Since the negroes took possession it is only dull, except when, as happened last summer, the remnant of the Irish settlers make a stand against the intruders. Vain hope! Perpetual eviction is their destiny. Negro, Italian, and Jew, biting the dust with many a bruised head under the Hibernian's stalwart fist, resistlessly drive him before them, nevertheless, out of house and home. The landlord pockets the gate money. The old robbery still goes on. Where the negro pitches his tent, he pays more rent than his white neighbor next door, and is a better tenant. And he is good game forever. He never buys the tenement, as the Jew or the Italian is likely to do, when he has scraped up money enough to reënact, after his own fashion, the trick taught him by his oppressor. The black column has reached the hundredth street on the East Side, and the sixties on the West,[1] and there for the present it halts. Jammed between Africa, Italy, and Bohemia, the Irishman has abandoned the East Side uptown. Only west of Central Park does he yet face his foe, undaunted in defeat as in victory. The local street nomenclature, in which the directory has no hand, — Nigger Row, Mixed Ale Flats, etc., — indicates the hostile camps with unerring accuracy.

Uptown or downtown, as the tenements grow taller, the thing that is rarest to find is the home of the olden days, even as it was in the shanty on the rocks. "No home, no family, no morality, no manhood, no patriotism!" said the old Frenchman. Seventy-seven per cent of their young prisoners, say the managers of the state reformatory, have no moral sense, or next to none. "Weakness, not wickedness, ails them," adds the prison reformer; no manhood, that is to say. Years ago, roaming through the British Museum, I came upon an exhibit

[1] There is an advanced outpost of blacks as far up as One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Street, but the main body lingers yet among the sixties.

that riveted my attention as nothing else had. It was a huge stone arm, torn from the shoulder of some rock image, with doubled fist and every rigid muscle instinct with angry menace. Where it came from or what was its story I do not know. I did not ask. It was its message to us I was trying to read. I had been spending weary days and nights in the slums of London, where hatred grew, a noxious crop, upon the wreck of the home. Lying there, mute and menacing, the great fist seemed to me like a shadow thrown from the gray dawn of the race into our busy day with a purpose, a grim, unheeded warning. What was it? In the slum the question haunts me yet. They perished, the empires those rock-hewers built, and the governments reared upon their ruins are long since dead and forgotten. They were born to die, for they were not built upon human happiness, but upon human terror and greed. We built ours upon the bed rock, and its corner stone is the home. With this bitter mockery of it that makes the slum, can it be that the warning is indeed for us?

Jacob A. Riis.

IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

III. ÆSTHETIC PROGRESS.

One who would chronicle the development of American cities on strictly æsthetic lines faces a difficult undertaking, not because there is so much to record, but because the development is diversified, widely scattered, and lacking in harmony. But such a chronicle has value in showing a general realization of the shortcomings of our cities, from the æsthetic point of view, and a surprisingly common awakening of a wish to improve them. There is beginning to appear, also, an endeavor to harmonize these efforts, to treat conditions scientifically and systematically.

During the summer and autumn of the world's fair at Chicago, when the country was carried away by the exposition's unexpected beauty, it was common to hear it spoken of as "the white city" and "the dream city." In these terms was revealed a yearning toward a condition which we had not reached. To say that the world's fair created the subsequent æsthetic effort in municipal life were therefore false; to say that it immensely strengthened, quickened, and encouraged it would be true. The fair gave tangible shape to a desire that was arising out of the larger wealth, the commoner travel, and the provision of the essentials of life; but the movement has had a special impetus since 1893.

When one speaks of the æsthetic side of American cities, one thinks at once of their public buildings; of their parks, statues, and boulevards. But in any right conception of urban loveliness these would be only the special objects of a general and harmonious beauty. A great work in the creation of fairer cities is to be done in directions less striking. A boulevard may do less to improve the general appearance of a city than the putting of its wires underground; a beautiful park may give to it less natural charm than would be restored by the abatement of the smoke nuisance; and a statue may fail to impart the artistic character that an orderly sky-line and harmony in the façades of its business blocks would give. It was appreciation of this fact which the world's fair especially extended.

A newspaper of New York, in writing of local conditions, has said: "The opportunity lies before us, ample and inviting, and wholly ignored. The site of a future city north of the Harlem offers a field for improvement more magnificent than that for which Nero destroyed imperial Rome. With a Haussmann or a L'Enfant in our three millions of population, the ideal city, the city beautiful and perfect, would at least be suggested, but what are we doing with it? We are plodding along on village lines, with village methods, marring with patchwork improvements that disfigure, ignoring all the teachings of the past, unconscious of all the possibilities of the future. We are laying out the new districts of the Greater New York, not as the ideal city nor the city beautiful, nor even as a city of common sense. We are merely permitting it to grow up under the stimulus of private greed and of real estate speculation."

There is only one American city which has been laid out as a whole on an artistic design prohibitive to haphazard growth. That city is Washington. A detail of the Indianapolis plan also deserves praise. Of the others, the proudest boast of the "gridiron" plan, whose virtue is the very dubious one of regularity. This system has not even economy of intercommunication to recommend it, since the traveler has two sides of a right-angled triangle to traverse to any destination that is not on his own street. The vistas granted by diagonal avenues do much for the beauty of cities, as one sees abroad or in Washington. Their points of intersection and the centres whence they radiate make adornment easy with parks, circles, plazas, and statues. Consider the advantage which the mere topography of the city gives to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris over the Washington Arch in New York.

We shall not attain to cities really beautiful, then, until we learn artistically to plan them. Transformations may help us greatly, as London and Paris show; but the pity is that we displayed so little wisdom in the rare opportunity granted when our cities were yet on paper. After actual city building is begun, effort toward beauty is delayed by the strength of the demand for necessities. As long as each new year makes imperative many miles of paving, the laying of miles of sewers, extension of water, and protection from crime and fire over larger areas, it is explicable that weary taxpayers should suffer their ideal of a fairer city to grow dull. Rapid transit aided civic adornment in many ways, but in largely extending city lines an immediate effect was also to increase the burden of necessary expenditures. As a rule, however, the newer parts of our cities, with their broader streets, circles, and spaces set aside for adornment by turf and flowers, are better than older portions. This is hopeful and educating; and there is a widespread effort to mend existing conditions in the older parts, though a mended article can never be as good as one well made at first. Many of the new bridges are worthy of cities of high ideal. In Washington, the Civic Centre has done much in converting blind alleys into open thoroughfares. In San Francisco, a public-spirited woman, who has provided a worldwide competition of architects for artistic designs for the University of California, has recently offered to provide plans for beautifying the entire city by a similar international competition, and the city is well situated financially to avail itself of the chance. Cleveland also is fortunate in an opportunity for contemplating the simultaneous erection of a new court house, post office, library, city hall, and chamber of commerce. The wish has arisen to group these buildings, if possible, and to construct them on one harmonious architectural plan that shall create a magnificent centre of public business. In Philadelphia, the opportunities for municipal art have been a sub-

ject of most earnest discussion in as well as out of clubs, since the beauty of a temporary "court of honor," erected on Broad Street for the Peace Jubilee last fall, awoke to sudden consciousness the wish for a fairer city, and suggested dreams of its realization. New York is prouder, perhaps, of no portion of its area than of the heights where are rising in picturesque lavishness and splendor those structures that are now spoken of as "the city's crown." Moreover, during the last winter, the Architectural League took as the subject of discussion for its monthly dinners the ideal metropolis; and the plans there put forth by experts, seeking not the visionary, but the practical, for the adornment of the city, received a degree of respectful comment in the press of the large cities that, like the talk itself, was significant. Since such creative activity has always strongest hold on the imagination, it is proof of conscientiousness that actual efforts so often take a restrictive form. Movements typical of this are the attempts to abate the smoke nuisance, to supervise building operations with æsthetic as well as hygienic purpose, to control advertisements, to clean the streets, and to put the wires underground.

Several inventions have been patented to prevent dense smoke from the burning of soft coal, and various suffering cities have passed ordinances requiring that consumers be used. Others gain results perhaps as large by limiting the time during which such smoke may be allowed to come from the chimneys. The effort is much more notable than the gain. Restrictive building ordinances are strikingly illustrated in recent legislation against the construction of "sky scrapers." The winter and spring of 1898 furnished cases in point. In the spring, Chicago passed an ordinance which limited the height of buildings to 130 feet; and in Boston, where an ordinance limits the height to 125 feet, a significant discussion, dragging through the winter, resulted at last in the passage of a bill which imposed a limit of 90 feet upon buildings in Copley Square. Both these acts were interesting; Chicago's because, as the first city to put the steel-frame construction to the test, she has always taken a motherly pride in it. It was a surprise to Easterners to find her with aspirations higher even than the buildings. In Boston, no other consideration than the æsthetic really entered into the affirmative side of the argument. When an announcement was made that a sky scraper was about to rise in that chaste square bounded by Trinity Church, the Museum of Fine Arts, the splendid Public Library, and the New Old South, there was a flood of newspaper letters, in which architectural harmony and skylines were technically and feelingly discussed. But this familiar vent did not draw off the agitation. A petition of protest was circulated and numerously signed, and a bill was introduced in the legislature to limit the height of buildings on Copley Square to 80 feet. The fight was a long and hard one, for financial objections alarming to landowners were easily raised. It was notable, however, that the press sided with the supporters of the bill. It was argued that to guarantee the preservation of the beauty of a neighborhood by legislation which was prohibitive to inharmonious construction there, was to add as much to the value of the ground as the proposed restriction in building height would remove. One can hardly overestimate the importance of this animated discussion as revealing an awakened desire for handsomer cities. Boston is often commended for the civic pride and public spirit which made her new library possible; but here was an action which could be helped by no thought of the monument which it was incidentally raising to itself. The subject has since been seriously considered in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia.

Examples of the effort to control advertisements, for the preservation or increase of a city's attractiveness, are by no means as common as they should be; but Massachusetts may again be cited. In the winter of 1898 a bill was introduced in the legislature, providing that "no person shall place or maintain within 500 feet of a state highway or of a parkway or a boulevard an advertising sign, or a picture or a poster intended to serve as an advertisement, if the superficial area of said advertisement, either by itself or in connection with others placed within 20 feet of it, exceeds 10 square feet." In Chicago, an ordinance of similar purpose appeared in the autumn of 1897. It limited the size of advertising signs "within 400 feet of parks or boulevards" to "four feet in width by three in height." New York also has such a law. But no American city, so far as known, controls the buildings which often disgrace park entrances, though even this has been suggested.

Better street cleaning, since the success which attended the efforts of Colonel Waring in New York, has been the most popular direction for the municipal æsthetic effort to take. It has lately absorbed a good deal of the movement's enthusiasm, but one is not inclined to quarrel with its prominence. Good pavements are a demand which clean pavements involve, and together they may be said to be the essentials of municipal dignity. As a man is judged by his linen, a city is judged by its streets. Though the success of Commissioner Waring in New York gave special impetus to the present vigorous movement, yet, like every leader of a crusade, he was a natural product of his time. Increased familiarity with the better conditions abroad, the very desire for fairer cities, initiated an effort which gained the larger hope of success for the example which he gave under home conditions. In Hartford, Connecticut, there is a club of women that is interesting as a type of clubs which, singly and collectively, illustrate this form of civic spirit. It is called the Civic Club, and at this writing it has no printed report of its work. It had informal origin at a small luncheon, "where," as a member describes it, "the subject of our extremely dirty streets came up." There happened to be present a number of women of the sort generally known as "representative," and an organization was effected with the avowed object of cleaning the city. The club's policy has been from the first conservative, and it has maintained friendly relations with the municipal boards. As a result, its mere suggestions have accomplished much. Beginning with street cleaning, the club addressed letters to property holders, requesting coöperation; it induced the city to furnish cans for waste at the corners of the streets, and made it a punishable offense to scatter papers or refuse. A school league was then formed before the movement had been generally inaugurated; and Hartford was one of the first of the smaller cities to put its street cleaners in uniform. Extending its function to the promotion of "a higher public spirit and better social order in the community," the club has added other lines of work. If the Civic Club of Hartford, with its membership limited to 150, could do so much, we may be sure that there has been important effort in other cities. It is a work which women have especially taken in hand.[1] In Chicago, in 1897, a woman was appointed chief inspector of streets and alleys. She was the first woman to be appointed to such a position, but she filled it to better satisfaction than had been known before, having gained experience in similar duties for the Civic Federation. School children have been widely interested in the subject; and while the positive work which they do in the collection and removal of

[1] It is an open secret that Commissioner Waring, of New York, owed his appointment to the suggestion of a woman.

street waste is often considerable, the preventive work is of greater value. In Chicago the children formed a Clean City League, and in New York Colonel Waring established leagues in many of the schools. This plan, like most of his, was copied elsewhere.

It is not to be inferred, however, that citizenship always delegates such work to women and children. An example of masculine activity has been offered by the Merchants' Association of San Francisco. In 1897, 915 business firms were members; and to keep them and the public familiar with the work and aims of the association an eight-page paper was started, containing original articles and editorials on municipal questions. No advertisements were admitted, and five thousand copies a month were distributed freely. The streets were the first object of attack. Preliminary plans were prepared for an improved method of street cleaning, and then the association offered to see to the cleaning of any block within a certain district, if the merchants on that block would subscribe at a rate of not more than ten cents a day for a frontage of twenty-five feet. Subscriptions flowed in, and the plan was a success. Thus encouragement was given for undertaking the city contract, as an object lesson. A very low bid induced the board of supervisors to award the contract to the association's president. Its directors became his bondsmen, and the work was planned and managed by its officers. To insure success, $30,000 were raised by voluntary subscription to add to the city's appropriation, and the contract was triumphantly carried out. At the approach of its expiration, plans and specifications for perpetuating the system were prepared, and these were adopted by the city authorities.

But whatever the popular interest in this work, it is properly a city function. Upon the city itself must fall the chief burden. This is especially true of the removal of snow, slush, and mud. In fact, apart from the spirit which it illustrates, the popular interest is mainly of importance for its reactionary effect on officials. That is exemplified by New York's brief success, which was made possible by what is called the "reform element" in politics. The exact measure of that advance is thus significant. In 1888, only 53 miles of paved streets in the city were cleaned daily. In 1896–97, 433 miles were gone over from one to five times a day and kept clean. The distance traversed by sweepers each day was then longer than the railroad route from New York to Chicago. After the famous March blizzard of 1888, when the resources of the department were taxed to their utmost to remove the snow, 40,542 loads were carted away. In the winter of 1896–97, after each considerable snowstorm, 200,000 loads were removed, and in one day a fourth as many loads again as in the whole week after the blizzard. Moreover, 2000 men who had no pride in their work had been converted into a uniformed army of 2500 who were proud of their work, and who were sure of their positions as long as they were efficient. All difficulties were arranged by arbitration; the pay of the sweepers had been advanced from $600 to $720 a year; and the considerable increase in cost was held fully justified by results.

It is important to note that this change may be considered without the slightest partisan bias. This is generously made clear by Colonel Waring himself in his book. He declares: "The tendency to ascribe former defects of the Department of Street Cleaning in New York city to one political party, as such, seems to me not to be fair. I had this prevailing tendency myself, when I first took office; but my experience has taught me that it was a question, not of party, but of politics. . . . I am to this extent no more an anti-Tammany man than I should be an anti-Republican man

if Republicans had brought about the same defects had their party been in power."

The cheapest and easiest pavement to keep clean is a good one. The movement for the one is therefore the other's strongest ally. The discovery of commercially available asphalt and its preparation for paving has been a powerful factor in the results secured, but the demand for clean pavements will be found to lie back of much of the favor with which expensive asphalt has been received. Probably few persons realize how great the recent advance in this department of urban development has been. In most of our cities, nearly all the improved pavements have been laid within a dozen years. Forty-five years ago, in New York, the standard type was the cobblestone, and that was a luxury that was confined to the lower part of the city. The asphalt now in use was introduced in 1879. This was early, for even Washington got it only in 1878. A block was laid in front of one of the hotels. It was not until 1888 that a considerable stretch of asphalt was tried. Then it was put on ten blocks of Madison Avenue. In the three years ending December 31, 1893, 1,639,486 square yards were put down, at a cost of $5,500,000. This, in general terms, is the history of the progress in all the cities. In street cleaning and the improvement of pavements, we have lately attained to a distinct and very important effort toward fairer cities.

Perhaps one could cite no better evidences of the extent and earnestness of these efforts along thoroughly practical lines than the American Municipal Improvement Society and the League of American Municipalities. The former of these was organized six years ago. Between sixty and seventy cities are represented in its membership, mainly by mayors, city engineers, and members of the boards of public works. Annual conventions are held, and carefully prepared papers relating to the improvement of cities are read, discussed, and published. The league, which has also the purpose to systematize city building, was the outcome of a convention held at Columbus in 1897. Mayors and councilmen were present from one hundred and one cities in twenty-three states. In the league the membership is held by the cities themselves. It has established an office in New York, and this is intended to serve as a bureau of information on any subject of municipal management. A library is being formed of reports of the departments of the cities that are members.

Of more distinctly æsthetic purpose is effort for the beautifying of the streets. It rests mainly with the people, and properly, since in any case they must be depended upon to protect and cultivate grass, flowers, and shrubbery. Examples of the effort are seen in the greater care of lawns and trees, the removal of front fences, the planting of vines, and the "parking" which gives to city sidewalks vistas almost like country paths. Tree-planting societies afford a good instance of collective effort of this sort. In Washington, the street trees, said to number 78,000, are under the care of a special city commission, which expends about $20,000 a year, and a law of New Jersey makes a similar provision there. In a few cities they are in charge of the park commissioners, and this is to be the rule under the new uniform charter which is to go into effect September 1, 1899, for the cities of Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and Troy, New York. In other instances, as with Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, the trees of certain streets are in charge of the commission; but generally the care of trees is left to the people themselves.

Such is the condition in Brooklyn, where the most conspicuous of the tree-planting societies is located. Founded with enthusiasm several years ago, it languished for lack of a definite plan, and has been but recently revived. It

is now performing a great work, and is known in almost every state of the Union. In the extension and popularizing of its work, it had, up to April 12, 1898, published twenty-four circulars regarding the planting and care of trees. One of these was addressed to children; and another, regarding the injury done to trees by horses gnawing the bark, was put into the hands of practically every horse owner and driver in Brooklyn, it is believed. The society calls frequent attention to the injury done by certain insects, recommends safeguards, and has carried on a movement that amounts almost to a crusade against the posting of advertisements on the trees. It formally states its objects to be "to promote the planting and protection of trees, the erection of drinking fountains, and otherwise to render the city of Brooklyn attractive." Within the limits of the old New York a tree-planting society was started in May, 1896. In April, 1898, it reported that nearly 1000 trees had been planted since the association was formed, as a result of its efforts. It has a special field in the miles of residential streets in New York that are so generally bare and shadeless. In Buffalo a Forestry Association was incorporated last December, to do by persuasion what the municipal government had the right to accomplish, but never did. Staten Island has a tree-planting association that has been working earnestly. In Indianapolis, a number of women, who have banded themselves into a Park Memorial Tree Association, do an interesting work in planting memorial trees, with appropriate ceremonies, besides working on streets and lawns.[1]

This does not exhaust the list of private efforts, but it indicates their character. To this group of societies one for the planting of vines has been added, in New York. Duluth is an example of the short-sighted policy with which too many cities were laid out. When it awoke to æsthetic aspirations, it felt the need of trees so much that their provision was made a city charge. The work was put into the hands of the park commissioners, who in 1896 reported that they had planted along city streets about 5000 trees of the forest class. In Denver, writes Julian Ralph, "the first things that impress you are the neatness and width of the streets, and the number of young trees that ornament them." New Haven, as is well known, gains a sub-title from the beauty of her elms; Cleveland is called the Forest City; and Rochester, which is called the Flower City, gained a reputation some years ago through a crusade of the school children against a pest of caterpillars which threatened to destroy the shade trees. A popular subscription was raised by the Genesee Valley Forestry Association for prizes to the children, and in a few spring weeks 45,000 cocoons were destroyed. The attack was two or three times renewed, with not less success, until the danger was passed. Dayton, Ohio, has lately attained distinction by the wonderful æsthetic redemption of a squalid section through the influence of a manufacturing company which commenced by beautifying its own grounds.

Progress in city lighting owes much to the application of electricity. Public opinion is permitting a more generous use of it than strict necessity demands. When the expense of this extra lighting, which finds in adornment its excuse, reaches a prodigious sum in the eyes of taxpayers, the protest is apt to take the form of a demand for a city plant.

[1] A small but illuminating anecdote may be repeated to illustrate the latter department of effort. The association formed a club of boys who had been thoughtlessly ruining a fine stretch of street lawn. The boys were consulted regarding plans for its preservation, and each was given some task for which he was responsible. It is said that no more neatly kept lawn is now to be seen in the city.

This is significant, but it opens an economic question which has no place here.

The debt which city beauty owes to rapid transit is large. In its prevention of crowding, it makes *rus in urbe* possible, and all that this means. In suburban property the idea of civic beauty is generally emphasized. No unimportant part of the work of this branch of the City and Suburban Homes Company of New York, for example, is in the setting out of model suburban communities, planned in their entirety from an artistic as well as a hygienic point of view. A prospectus, which is a fair type of many, announces houses pretty in themselves, and of varied but harmonious architecture, macadamized streets, "well-laid sidewalks, lines of shade trees, terraced sites, and a perspective of fifteen feet of lawn in front of the houses." Discovery of the means of rapid transit came at a critical point in the swift growth of our cities, and with the telephone it has enabled them to stretch out and make themselves fair, just as the electric light and the smooth pavement came in time to give a practical turn to the awakening æsthetic effort. The burial of street wires, like these other changes, is not required by æsthetic considerations alone, but it is just as effective as though it were. Indeed, it is worth while to reflect that the last quarter of a century must have witnessed a real advance in civic art through the influence of invention, — through the conduit, the smooth pavement, rapid transit, and electric light, — had there been no conscious endeavor.

City parks at once suggest themselves. Two years and a half ago, a writer in The Atlantic Monthly, on The Art of Public Improvement, said that "parks have become a necessity of our cities and towns," and a very interesting sketch was published of their origin with us, and their rapid development. Historically, the thought of large parks for American cities hardly goes back of the early fifties; and "only persistent and unremitting effort on the part of a few determined souls" was able then to get consideration for the project. An official who has made a study of the park statistics of twenty-five principal cities is my authority for saying that, except in a few of the largest, it is only within the last decade that a general interest in park development has appeared. He adds that in every case the park acreage has more than doubled in that time.

There are scoffers who see only robbery in the parks, as they do in the schools, and sneer that the "public-spirited voters of appropriations" are not those who pay the taxes. It is a pity that no comparative statistics have been collected, for an answer would probably be found in the proportion of park lands which are gifts to the municipality. The large gifts of this character to the cities of Cleveland and Hartford are so recent as to be generally remembered. To take, therefore, two cities which are further apart, it appears in the third annual report of the park commissioners of Duluth (1894) that the total value of park property, exclusive of improvements, was $497,263, of which lands worth $228,000 had been donated to the city for the purpose. In the East, Springfield, Massachusetts, reported that of the 24 parcels of land making up the 463½ acres of Forest Park, which is the great park of the city, 19, comprising 339½ acres, had been the gifts of individuals. It may be added that this park included considerable zoölogical and ornithological exhibits, for which not one dollar of public money had been expended for specimens. In fact, private gifts are apt to take this practical turn. The report of the park commissioners of Scranton includes, among those of 1898, a commodious kitchen for the use of picnickers, a lake, a menagerie, and a number of summer shelter tents; and the little city of York (Pennsylvania), setting about a rehabilitation

of the old public common last summer, found associations and individuals ready to present almost everything. A musical society gave the band pavilion, mechanics an iron flagstaff and flag. Each school in the city, private or public, planted a tree. Citizens gave benches and seats, and collectively a fountain, for which the water company furnished free water. In St. Louis, to go back to the larger gifts, the famous Tower Grove Park and Shaw's Garden came from an individual. The latter is a practical school of botany, largely endowed, and the former was enriched by the gift of fine bronze statues of Shakespeare and Humboldt. In his will the donor made provision for two unique and interesting banquets, to be held each year by those who were interested, as he was, in this expression of the city's higher life. This is too picturesque an institution for the student of urban development on æsthetic lines to overlook.

But our cities are not dependent upon private generosity, great as that may be. The park acreage of Greater New York, authorized by public liberality, exceeds that of Greater London or of Paris, and is four times that of Berlin. There is little need here to speak of the park systems of Boston, — the Boston within the city, and the Metropolitan without. For the land alone which is comprised in the first the city has paid something more than $6,000,000, without considering the old Common or the Public Garden; and it has added something more than $7,500,000 for improvement and adornment. The Metropolitan Park Commission, which enables the towns and cities about Boston to coöperate with the big city in the selection of contiguous park lands and their harmonious treatment, was created by legislation only as late as 1893. The commission now controls more numerous large pleasure grounds than are held by any public authority on the continent except the national government. The great systems of boulevards and parkways, which are characteristic of the development of this land, are distinctly an æsthetic feature. They have become a distinguishing part, also, of the fine park system of Chicago, which, through their means, encircles the city on the land side. With proverbial large-mindedness, Chicago is now extending one of them, the famous parkway, Sheridan Drive, with the aid of the towns and villages to the north, along the lake shore clear to Milwaukee, a distance of some eighty miles. New York, taking up this line of æsthetic improvement, has been building a beautiful speedway, and is extending her drives and boulevards as far as Yonkers, constructing noble bridges and costly viaducts for the purpose. In the winter of 1897 alone (though in the fifteen years ending in 1896 the park acreage had been increased nearly fivefold) an expenditure of $13,250,000 was authorized for improvements in parks and associated enterprises. Chicago, within a year, has decided on an improvement in Lincoln Park alone that will cost $5,000,000, while Buffalo has joined the little list of cities that find speedways a civic need.

A peculiar contribution to the proofs of popular esteem for parks is made in the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia. The organization is believed to be unique, though park management often forms the subject of debate at other civic clubs, and an American Park and Outdoor Association, which is national in character, has been lately formed. It holds annual conventions, and its membership is composed of experts; but men, women, and children comprise the 1300 members of the Fairmount Park Art Association, voluntarily banded together for the adornment of Fairmount Park and the city of Philadelphia. For this purpose they pay annual dues, which are graduated according to the kind of membership chosen. A certain part of these

payments is set aside for the permanent funds, which are to be allowed to accumulate until they aggregate $100,000, now nearly reached, when the interest alone will be used. The unreserved balance is expended as opportunity for civic adornment offers. The society was founded in 1871, and incorporated the next year. It is its claim that, in the intervening years, almost every Philadelphian of note has been a member. As yet, the efforts have been devoted mainly to the procurement of fine sculpture for the park.

In New York, an organization of generally similar purpose has made its appearance in the Municipal Art Society. This was organized in March, 1893; but in a new constitution, adopted in 1898, the scope of the work was considerably enlarged. Hitherto it had depended on the subscriptions of its members for funds to provide decorations, sculptural or pictorial, for the public buildings and streets of the city. These are costly, and there had been completed only one piece of decoration, — Simmons's allegorical paintings in the criminal courts building. Arrangements had been made, however, in conjunction with ten other art societies, for the construction of the beautiful Hunt Memorial on Fifth Avenue, against the wall of Central Park. Both these were notable achievements. By its new constitution, the society is able to institute and to control competitions for works of art, for the execution of which it does not pay. An instance is the competition which it was made possible for the society to hold for the ceiling decoration of the new municipal assembly room in the city hall. The former administration had appropriated $10,000 for the purpose, and the Municipal Art Society can increase the efficacy of the grant by conducting a competition and offering prizes. In Philadelphia, the Academy of Fine Arts became the centre for such associated effort to decorate the city hall. The city, with a larger liberality than New York's, made the appropriation for the prize competition.

The New York society further extends its function by securing competitive designs for artistic street lamps, for the most artistic public flagpoles, park benches, drinking fountains, etc. In loyalty to its motto, "To make us love our city, we must make our city lovely," it has begun in a small way a work like that of the National Belgian Society, which is doing so much for the artistic renaissance of Belgian cities. The Architectural League is putting its words into deeds by also offering competitions for practical civic ornaments. Last winter, one of these was for reviewing-stands.

To go a long way from New York, there is in San Francisco an Art Association which takes pride in beautifying the city. That is indeed a field to which art clubs everywhere may well turn their attention. In a letter from the mayor of San Francisco, on æsthetic efforts at the Golden Gate, the special advantages which that city offers for artistic treatment are described. Market Street, the main artery of the city, he says, "is unique in this respect: that it has other streets running into it at unusual angles, thus creating small open places distant from one another by block divisions. In these places it is planned to put fountains." Three have already been erected, and one of them is famous as the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. The Art Association, the Merchants' Association, and the Bohemian Club have been active in this direction, and the first-named has done valuable restrictive work. In Cincinnati, a Municipal Art Society was formed in 1894. Its most important work has been the decoration of the vestibule of the city hall, for which $2500 were raised. This building is notable as having witnessed probably the first example, with us, of municipal art as understood in the cities of Renaissance Italy. The common council threw

open to competition the designs for the stained-glass windows on the staircase. In Baltimore, a Municipal Art Society was organized a few months ago; and no attempt can be made here to name all the clubs that are working in this direction, with more or less singleness of purpose. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Contemporary Club has lately discussed memorial municipal art. In Brooklyn, the Civitas Club, the Urban, the Chicopean, and various others have taken up the matter. In some cases there is nothing except talk, but often club protest does a very important work. A case in point is the emphatic resolutions adopted by the Boston Society of Architects, in 1896, against the threatened destruction of the Bulfinch front of the State House; at the same time the Fine Arts Federation of New York sent a letter: and these protests were finally heeded.

The trouble in all this effort has been lack of concerted action. The National Sculpture Society and the National Society of Mural Painters have been formed, each to unify its special work and take all the cities as its field. Still more recently, the Fine Arts Federation and the National Art Club have been established, to bring together all the various departments of art activity. The sphere of the former is limited to New York, and it was founded in hope that a representative committee, able to express promptly and authoritatively the judgment of the whole artistic conscience of the city, would make united action less difficult and tedious than in the past. The National Art Club, with a large non-resident membership, proposes to knit together the art influences of the country, to keep them in touch with one another by a monthly publication, and in the home which it establishes to supply a centre for art societies and art lovers. Its prospectus contained also this significant promise: "It will try to encourage the fine arts in many directions and the broadest spirit, especially agitating for beauty and good taste in civic architecture, town parks, public sculpture and painting, public processions and pageants and the decoration of streets; and it will keep its members informed of what is being done for civic art, at home and abroad." The National Sculpture Society (incorporated in 1896) has exercised important influence in an advisory capacity in several cities. A number of periodicals devoted wholly to municipal affairs have recently appeared. These are an effect rather than the cause of wide awakening to civic possibilities; but they also tend to unite and harmonize effort.

A large amount of endeavor, however, is informal. Sometimes an individual, whose motive may or may not be public-spirited; sometimes a society, or a collection of individuals united only for a moment by common impulse, and often with the wish for the æsthetic adornment of the city completely secondary to that for perpetuating a memory, offers to give an art object. In this way a degree of adornment has been gained for which our cities might have waited vainly many years, had they depended upon the societies regularly organized for municipal improvement. Recent notable examples are the great Washington Monument, which was presented to Philadelphia by the Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania, and which is said to be the finest of its kind in the country; the Stephen Girard statue, in the same city; the beautiful Shaw Memorial, at Boston; the Grant tomb and the Washington Arch, in New York. The last is a particularly interesting case, having slight excuse other than its own beauty and power of civic adornment. Of temporary construction, to grace an anniversary celebration, it appealed so strongly to the public's æsthetic yearning that the money was raised by popular subscription to make it permanent in marble. Its fairness thus belongs not only to itself, but to its promise.

When one thinks of the monuments to soldiers, sailors, and civilians, of the fountains and other such things which have lately been offered to our cities, it is clear that there is need of an expert examining board in each city to pass on the worthiness of the contemplated gift. Some years ago, a physician, of more enterprise than civic conscience, went through the country offering a drinking fountain to each of several cities. He was hailed as a public benefactor, and some municipalities voted their proudest sites to him for the embellishment. When the fountain came and was set up, it proved to be a zinc structure, containing incidental advertisements of the material and the donor, and capped by a crude life-size figure of its giver. There was a general revulsion of feeling, and in several cases where the municipality did not act, the big fountains were "spirited" away by night. This experience should teach a lesson.

But to realize that all is not art which adopts art's form, and that a thing is not necessarily worthy of acceptance merely because it is a gift, requires a higher degree of popular culture than the instinctive wish to make cities fairer. In some instances, as we have seen, the art societies have tried to exercise this critical function; but, lacking the stamp of official authority, their decisions have not always had popular support. Indeed, disappointed donors have generally looked upon such disapproval as unwarranted interference. Out of this obvious need there have arisen the municipal art commissions. The first of these was established in Boston, and was composed of men of experience and good taste. The charter of the Greater New York provided for the appointment of a similar commission for that city, naming as *ex officio* members the mayor, the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the president of the New York Public Library, and the president of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. It is worth noting that the mayor made his excellent selections of "a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and three other citizens" from a list furnished by the Fine Arts Federation. Baltimore came next, the new charter granted to that city in the spring of 1898 making the provision. In every case the commissioners serve without pay, and no work of art, "which term comprises statues, paintings, mural decorations, stained glass, monuments of any kind, arches, or fountains," may become the city's property by purchase or gift without their approval. Nor can any existing works of art in the possession of the city be removed or altered except by their consent. In each case, also, it is provided that, at the request of the mayor or council, the commission shall "give its advice," to quote from the Baltimore charter, "as to the suitability of the design for any public building, bridge, or other structure." In Philadelphia the establishment of a jury of art experts has been the goal of much earnest effort by the Civic Club; and Brookline has had — and unhappily has lately lost its patience with — an art committee, whose approval a bylaw made essential to the acceptance of the plans of any school or other public building.

There is criticism of municipal art commissions on the ground that their work is so largely restrictive. It is claimed that in action mainly of a negative character there is only discouragement. But, if necessary, public opinion can authorize the bestowal of larger power. The bill for the establishment of an art department in Boston was reported to the legislature unanimously in the winter of 1898. In the state of New York, in the same winter, a law was enacted permitting all cities of more than 50,000 inhabitants to spend a certain sum annually for American works of art, such expenditure to be made under the supervision of an art commission. The sum named was $50,000 a year for cities of

over 250,000 inhabitants, and $25,000 a year for the others. The works of art must have been done by American artists in the United States, but they may include mural paintings, mosaics, and stained or painted glass, which is bought "for the purpose of beautifying" the city. The act requires that when a municipality decides to make such a purchase, if an art commission is not otherwise provided, the mayor "shall" appoint one; and that the commission shall contain art experts, and "may" include women. But the cities have gone little beyond this, and none has yet given to its art commission the suggested initiative power to make a general artistic plan, marking out sites suitable for sculptural and other adornment. Still, the theory of the veto power seems to presuppose an ideal, lack of conformity with which shall be fatal to artistic projects; and the new law referred to, in New York, makes it possible for the commission to assume an initiative, as experience has shown, and ask for the legalized appropriation for a special object.

A distinctive feature of the new charter of New York provides for a Board of Public Improvements, which has a distinct opportunity of this sort. When a plan has received the indorsement of the small local board, whose chairman is the president of the borough, it goes to the board which represents the city at large. The latter consists of the mayor, the corporation counsel, the controller, the presidents of the five boroughs, and the commissioners of the six departments, with a president whom the mayor appoints. The theory is that the individual will have a better chance to be heard, and yet that order and unity will be preserved in the city's development. But the reform now needed most is still restrictive. It is the submission of the plans for public works of all kinds — there is good reason for naming bridges as an example — to the art commissions. This need is too weakly recognized by the charters, and public opinion should change the notice to the mayor from the subjunctive mood to the imperative.

There is a line of civic development in an æsthetic direction which appeals to other senses than sight. The claim of the ear is not forgotten. In Philadelphia and in Boston there is already a municipal band. The mayor of Philadelphia writes that the one in that city has steadily grown in favor. In the summer of 1897 it gave ninety concerts in twenty-three squares. The band in Boston gave its first concert last June. A series followed, one each Sunday on the Common, and two or three every week in public parks and squares. A music commission had been created, as an expression of the city's wish to furnish good free music to the people. The municipal band was of its creation, and was made excellent. A choral society was organized, and the programmes were varied with vocal music, instrumental solos, etc. The popular success was immense, audiences numbering 20,000 persons sometimes gathering on Sunday. The commission also purchased the Mechanics' Hall organ, which it proposed to place in a public building accessible to the people; and when winter came, a series of indoor orchestral concerts was arranged. The commissioners conducted an examination of the instruments of itinerant street musicians, and the ordinance defining the powers of the board states that, with slight restriction, it "shall have the charge and control of the selection of public music, to be given either indoors or in the open air, for parades, concerts, public celebrations, and other purposes." No other American city has yet gone as far as Boston in this direction, though public concerts in the parks are common.

The permanent orchestras, other musical efforts, and various artistic advantages belong, of course, to a city's artistic as much as to its educational group of problems, though in this study it has seemed

best to treat them more fully under the latter head. But for reference to the suppression of city noises there can be no place in these three groups of effort better than is this. A magazine article advocating this movement, not long ago, was received with unusual approval. In most places city ordinances were found to be sufficiently restrictive in letter, and they came to be better enforced; Detroit furnishing a good instance with a successful crusade against steam whistles. City noise has vastly increased with the growth and congestion of traffic, but smooth pavements and rubber tires are now helping civic progress in the direction of greater quiet.

Municipal advance on æsthetic lines has been supported by an interesting economic argument. This was not needed, but of late it has been so much referred to that it cannot be properly passed over. It expresses the value of civic attractiveness in dollars. When the Municipal Improvement Association of New Orleans wished to close one of its printed addresses with a strong appeal, it said: "New Orleans could be one of the most attractive cities in the world, and visitors should come in large numbers; and if this condition of affairs should be reached, then the income derived from this source would be, perhaps, as important as that derived from the trade of the city." The mayor of San Francisco, in an address which has since been printed in pamphlet form, said: "Every visitor . . . adds to the general prosperity. . . . San Francisco could thus be made a great resort, if the people, having an ideal before them, would devote their efforts to its realization from year to year." And then he quoted the stand which Pericles took: "Make Athens beautiful, for beauty is now the victorious power in the world." The Chicago Tribune, which is not a sensational newspaper, made a strong appeal, some time ago, for higher æsthetic progress, by devoting a page to an enumeration of the wealthy Chicagoans who were living elsewhere. It was a remarkable list, telling how the fortunes had been made, and where and how they were being spent. The aggregate of principal was $130,000,000, and the estimated income $5,000,000, which was "spent away from the place where it was earned." The showing filled rival cities with delight, — New York, for instance. But New York would have as long a list of absentees. The lesson that was plainly sought, and as plainly taught, is that it is financially worth while for a city to make itself attractive; lovely to look upon, comfortable to live in, inspiring and interesting. An extraordinary development of the idea, as it will seem to most Americans, is to be found in Brussels, and more recently in Paris. These cities are offering prizes for the most beautiful house fronts. The American Architect says that in Paris the municipal council lately opened a new street, and announced that a jury would be appointed to consider the houses erected on it. Owners of the four houses judged most beautiful were to be entitled to a remission of one half the frontage tax, while the architects who designed the structures were to receive premiums of 1000 francs each. Our increasing leisure class, which is not hampered by landed estates, is sure to gather where there is most that is fair. The condition is not one of discouragement. Those who are bound to any city will always make a beginning of the movement. How much Chicago, with her high ideal and her masterful purpose, has already done! In her permanent orchestra, her noble libraries, her art buildings, her boulevards and parks, there is more than a beginning. Once a start is well made, the wealth that is attracted, or kept at home, will be spent on the very objects that increase the attractiveness of cities. To the city that hath, more shall be given.

But there is other value in municipal beauty than that indicated by money

value. There is a sociological value in the larger happiness of great masses of people, whose only fields are park meadows, whose only walks are city streets, whose statues stand in public places, whose paintings hang where all may see, whose books and curios, whose drives and music, are first the city's where they live. The happier people of the rising City Beautiful will grow in love for it, in pride in it. They will be better citizens, because better instructed, more artistic, and filled with civic pride. The little Florence of the twelfth century, whose few inhabitants were raising the tower of Giotto and the famous Duomo, has written her name above cities a score of times as large. It was possible to say in her, as it should be possible to say with us, that the "noblest sort of heart is that composed of the united will of many citizens."

Charles Mulford Robinson.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Wyndham Bimbashi's career in Egypt had been a series of mistakes. In the first place, he was opinionated; in the second place, he never seemed to have any luck; and, worst of all, he had a little habit of doing grave things on his own lightsome responsibility. This last quality was natural to him, but he added to it a supreme contempt for the native mind and an unhealthy scorn of the native official. He never seemed to realize that, after all, the native knows, in one sure way, a good deal more about his country than a foreigner possibly can; also, that, however corrupt in character Mahommed may be, he is in touch with the mind of his countrymen. But Major Wyndham — which is to say Wyndham Bimbashi — was convinced of the omniscience of the British mind, of its universal superiority. He said as much to Vernet, the French count in the confidence of the Khedive, who had got him his billet at a time when there were scarcely any English officials in Egypt. Vernet chafed, but he had been Wyndham's guest in Sussex, years before, and he contented himself with a satirical warning. In this he deserved credit, for Wyndham's manner, with his unimaginative, bullet-headed cocksureness, his yawning indifference, his unpitying endurance of foreigners' opinions, was provoking, if nothing more.

Bored as he generally was, Wyndham had ideas of reform, — in the army, in the state, everywhere. With all his Englishness, he was for doing what is characteristic of the Frenchman, — transplanting schemes of home government and administration bodily into colonies and spheres of influence. He had not that excellent quality, often found among Englishmen, of working the native up through his own medium, as it were, through his own customs and predispositions, to the soundness of Western administrative methods. Therefore, in due time, he made some bad mistakes, which, in natural sequence, were followed by dangerous mistakes. By virtue of certain high-handed actions he was the cause of several riots in native villages, and he had himself been attacked at more than one village, as he rode between the fields of sugar cane. On these occasions he had behaved very well, — certainly no one could doubt his bravery; but that was a small offset to the fact that his want of tact and his overbearing manner had been the means of turning the Hadendowa Arabs loose upon the country, raiding and killing.

But he could not, or would not, see

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his own vain stupidity. The climax came in a foolish sortie against the Hadendowas. In that unauthorized mêlée, in covert disobedience to a general order not to attack unless at advantage, — for the Gippies under him were raw levies, — his troop was diminished by half, and, cut off from the Nile by a flank movement of the Hadendowas, he was obliged to retreat, and take refuge in the well-fortified and walled house of a friendly sheikh, which had previously been a Coptic monastery.

Here, at last, the truth came home to Wyndham Bimbashi. He realized that though in his six years' residence in the land he had acquired a command of Arabic equal to that of others who had been in the country twice that time, he had acquired little else. He awaked to the fact that in his cocksure schemes for the civil and military life of Egypt there was not one element of sound sense; that he had been all along an egregious failure. It did not come home to him with clear, accurate conviction, — his brain was not a first-rate medium for illumination; but the facts struck him now with a blind sort of force, and he accepted the blank sensation of failure. Also, he read in the faces of those round him an alien spirit, a chasm which his knowledge of Arabic could never bridge over.

Here he was, shut up with Gippies who had no real faith in him, in the house of a sheikh whose servants would cut his throat on no provocation at all; and not an eighth of a mile away was a horde of Arabs, a circle of death, through which it was impossible to break with the men in his command. They must all die here, if they were not relieved.

The nearest garrison was at Berber, fifty miles away, where five hundred men were stationed. Now that his cup of mistakes was full, Wyndham Bimbashi would willingly have made the attempt to carry word to the garrison there. But he had no right to leave his post. He called for a volunteer. No man replied. Panic was upon the Gippies. Though Wyndham Bimbashi's heart sickened within him, his lips did not frame a word of reproach; but a blush of shame came into his face, and crept up to his eyes, dimming them. For there flashed through his mind what men at home would think of him, when this thing, such an end to his whole career, was known. As he stood still, upright and confounded, some one touched his arm.

It was Hassan, his Soudanese servant. Hassan was the one person in Egypt who thoroughly believed in Wyndham Bimbashi. Wyndham was as a god to Hassan, though this same god had given him the taste of a belt more than once. Hassan had not resented the belt, though once, in a moment of affectionate confidence, he had said to Wyndham that when Wyndham got old and died he would be the servant of an American or a missionary, "who no whack Mahommed."

It was Hassan that now volunteered to carry word to the garrison at Berber.

"If I no carry, you whack me with the belt, Pasha," said Hassan, whose logic and reason were like his master's, neither better nor worse.

"If you do, you shall have fifty pounds — and the missionary," answered Wyndham Bimbashi, his eyes still cloudy and his voice thick; for it touched him in a tender nerve that this one Soudanese boy should believe in him, and do for him what he would give much to do for the men under him. For his own life he did not care, his confusion and shame were so great.

He watched Hassan steal out into the white brilliance of the night.

"Mind you keep a whole skin, Hassan," he said, as the slim lad, with the white teeth, oily hair, and legs like ivory, stole along the wall, to drop presently on his belly and make for some palm trees a hundred yards away.

The minutes went by in silence, an hour went by, the whole night went by. Hassan had got beyond the circle of trenchant steel.

They must now abide Hassan's fate. But another peril was upon them: there was not a goolah of water within the walls.

It was the time of low Nile, when all the land is baked like a crust of bread, when the creaking of the shadoofs and the singing croak of the sakkia are heard all the long night, like untiring crickets with the throats of frogs. It was the time succeeding the khamseen, when the skin dries like slaked lime and the face is forever powdered with dust; and the fellaheen, in the slavery of superstition, strain their eyes day and night for the Sacred Drop, which tells that the flood is flowing fast from the hills of Abyssinia.

It was like the Egyptian that nothing should be said to Wyndham Bimbashi about the dearth of water until it was all gone. The house of the sheikh, and its garden, where were a pool and a fountain, were supplied from the great Persian wheel at the waterside. On this particular sakkia had been wont to sit all day a patient fellah, driving the blindfolded buffaloes in their turn. It was like the patient fellah, when the Arabs in pursuit of Wyndham and his Gippies suddenly cut in between him and the house, to deliver himself over to the conqueror, with his hand upon his head in sign of obedience. It was also like the gentle Egyptian that he eagerly showed the Hadendowas how the water could be cut off from the house by dropping one of the sluice gates; while if another was opened, all the land around the Arab encampments might be well watered, the birkets filled, and the bersim kept green for their horses and camels. Which was the reason that Wyndham Bimbashi and his Gippies, and the sheikh and his household, faced the fact, the morning after Hassan left, that there was not a goolah of water for a hundred burning throats. Wyndham understood now why it was that the Hadendowas sat down and waited, that torture might be added to the oncoming death of the Englishman, his natives, and the "friendlies."

All that day terror and a ghastly hate hung like a miasma over the besieged house and garden. Fifty eyes hungered for the blood of Wyndham Bimbashi, — not because he was Wyndham Bimbashi, but because the heathen in these men cried out for sacrifice; and what so agreeable a sacrifice as the Englishman who had led them into this dis aster, and would die so well! Had they ever seen an Englishman who did not die well?

Wyndham Bimbashi was quiet and watchful, and he cudgeled his bullet-head and looked down his long nose in meditation all the day, while his tongue became dry and thick, and his throat seemed to crack like roasting leather. At length he worked the problem out; then he took action.

He summoned his troop before him, and said briefly: "Men, we must have water. The question is, who is going to steal out to the sakkia to-night, to shut the one sluice and open the other?"

No one replied. No one understood quite what Wyndham meant. Shutting one sluice and opening the other did not seem to meet the situation. There was the danger of getting to the sakkia, but there was also an *after*. Would it be possible to shut one sluice and open the other without the man at the wheel knowing? Suppose you killed the man at the wheel: what then?

The Gippies and the friendlies scowled, but did not speak. The Bimbashi was responsible for all: he was an Englishman; let him get water for them, or die like the rest of them, — perhaps before them!

Wyndham Bimbashi could not travel the sinuosities of their minds; and if he

could have done so, it would not have affected his purposes. When no man replied, he simply said: "All right, men. You shall have water before morning. Try and hold out till then."

For a long time he walked up and down the garden of straggling limes, apparently listless, and smoking hard. He reckoned in his mind how long it would take Hassan to get to Berber, and how long it would take for relief to come. He was fond of his pipe, and he smoked now as if it were the thing he most enjoyed in the world. He held the bowl in the hollow of his hand almost tenderly. He seemed unconscious of the scowling looks around him. At last he sat down on the ledge of the rude fountain, with his face toward the Gippies and the Arabs squatted on the ground, some playing mankalah, others sucking the dry lime leaves, some smoking apathetically, and others still gasping and staring.

One man, with the flicker of insanity in his eyes, suddenly ran forward and threw himself on the ground before Wyndham Bimbashi.

"In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful, water!" he cried. "Water! I am dying, effendi, whom God preserve!"

"Nile water is sweet: you shall drink it before morning, Mahommed," said Wyndham quietly. "God will preserve your life till the Nile water cool your throat."

"Before dawn, O effendi?" gasped the Arab.

"Before dawn, by the mercy of God," answered Wyndham; and for the first time in his life he had a burst of imagination. The Orient had touched him.

"Is not the Song of the Sakkia in thine ear, Mahommed?

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:
The Nile floweth by night, and the balasses are filled at dawn.
The maid of the village shall bear to thy bed the dewy gray goolah at dawn.
Turn, O Sakkia!"

Wyndham Bimbashi was learning at last the way to the native mind.

The man rose from his knees. A vision of his home in the Mirkaz of Minieh passed before him. He stretched out his hands, and sang in the vibrating monotone of his people: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:
Who will take care of me, if my father dies?
Who will give me water to drink, and the cucumber vine at my door?
Turn, O Sakkia!"

Then he crept back again to the wall of the house, where he huddled between a Berberine playing a darabukkeh and a man of Fayoum who chanted the Fatihah from the Koran.

Wyndham looked at them all, and pondered. "If those devils out there would only attack us!" he said between his teeth. "Or if we could only attack them!" he added, and he nervously hastened his footsteps; for to him this inaction was terrible. "They 'd forget their thirst if they were fighting," he muttered, and then he frowned; for the groans of the horses behind the house came to his ear. In desperation he went inside and climbed to the roof, where he could see the circle of the enemy.

It was no use. They were three to one, and his Gippies were demoralized. It would be a fine bit of pluck to try to cut his way through the Hadendowas to the Nile; but how many would reach it?

No, he had made his full measure of mistakes; he would not add to the list. If Hassan got through to Berber, his Gippies here would be relieved; and there would be no more blood on his head. Relieved! And when they were relieved, what of himself, Wyndham Bimbashi? He knew what men would say in Cairo, — what men would say at the War Office in London town, at "the Rag," everywhere! He could not look his future in the face. He felt that every man in Egypt, save himself, had known

all along that he was a complete failure. It did not matter while he was not conscious of it; but now that the armor-plate of conceit protecting his honest mind had been torn away on the reefs of foolish deeds, it mattered everything. For when his conceit was peeled away, there was left a crimson cuticle of the Wyndham pride, — of the Wyndham Bimbashi pride! Certainly he could not attack the Hadendowas: he had had his eternal fill of sorties!

And he could not wait for the relief party, for his Gippies and the friendlies were famishing, dying of thirst. He prayed for night. How slowly the minutes, the hours, passed; and how bright was the moon when it rose, — brighter, even, than it was when Hassan crept out through the Arab lines!

At midnight Wyndham Bimbashi stole softly out of a gate in the garden wall, and, like Hassan, dropping to the ground, crept toward a patch of maize lying between the house and the river. He was dressed like a fellah, with the long blue yelek and a poor wool fez; and round the fez was a white cloth, as it were to protect his mouth from the night air, after the manner of the peasant.

The fires of the enemy were dying down, and only here and there Arabs gossiped or drank coffee by the embers. At last Wyndham was able to drop into the narrow channel, now dry, through which, when the sluice was open and the sakkia turned, the water flowed to the house. All went well till he was within a hundred yards of the wheel, though now and again he could hear sentries snoring or talking just above him. Suddenly he heard breathing an arm's length before him; then a figure raised itself, and a head turned toward him. The Arab had been asleep, but his hand ran to his knife by instinct, — too late, for Wyndham's fingers were at his throat, and he had neither time nor chance to cry "Allah!" before the breath left him.

Wyndham crept on. The sound of the sakkia was in his ears, — the long, creaking, crying song filling the night. And now there rose the Song of the Sakkia from the man at the wheel: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:
The heron feeds by the water side; shall I starve in my onion field?
Shall the Lord of the world withhold his tears that water the land?
Turn, O Sakkia!"

. . . The cold white stars, the deep cold blue, the far-off Libyan hills in a gold and opal glow, the smell of the desert, the deep swish of the Nile, the Song of the Sakkia! . . .

Wyndham Bimbashi's heart beat faster, his blood flowed quicker, he strangled a sigh in his breast. Here, with death on every hand, with immediate danger and a fearful peril before him, out of the smell of the desert and the ghostly glow of the Libyan hills there came a memory, — a memory of a mistake he had made years before with a woman. She had never forgiven him for the mistake, — he knew that now. He knew that no woman could ever forgive the blunder he had made, — not a blunder of love, but a blunder of self-will and an unmanly, unmannerly conceit. It had nearly wrecked her life: and he only realized it now, in the moment of clear seeing which comes once in this life to every one. Well, it was something to have seen the mistake at all!

He was near the sluice gate now. It was impossible to open it without the fellah on the water wheel seeing him.

There was another way. He crept close and closer to the wheel. The breath of the blindfolded buffalo was in his face; he drew himself up lightly beside the buffalo, — he was making no blunder now! The fellah still sang: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:
For the chargers that ride the bersim waits."

The great jars on the wheel emptied

their splashes of water into the trough for the channel.

Suddenly Wyndham Bimbashi leaped from behind the buffalo upon the fellah, and smothered his head and mouth in the white cloth he had brought. There was a moment's struggle; then, as the wheel went slower and slower, and the patient buffalo stopped, Wyndham Bimbashi dropped the gagged but living fellah into a trench by the sakkia, and, calling to the buffalo, slid over swiftly, opened the sluice gate of the channel which fed the house, and closed that leading to the Arab encampment.

Then he sat down where the fellah had sat, and the sakkia droned its mystic music over the river, the desert, and the plain. But the buffalo moved slowly; the fellah's song had been a spur to its travel, as the camel driver's song is to the caravan in the waste of sands. Wyndham Bimbashi hesitated an instant; then, as the first trickle of water entered the garden of the house where his Gippies and the friendlies were, his voice rose in the Song of the Sakkia: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:
Who will take care of me, if my father dies?
Who will give me water to drink, and the cucumber vine at my door?
Turn, O Sakkia!"

If he had but one hour more, there would be enough water for men and horses for days, — twenty jars of water pouring, pouring all the time!

Now and again a figure came toward the wheel, but not close enough to see that the one sluice gate had been shut and the other opened. One hour passed, an hour and a half, and then the end came.

The gagged fellah had managed to free his mouth, and though his feet were bound also, and he could not loose them at once, he gave a loud call for help. Here and there Arab sentries sprang to their feet with rifles and lances.

Wyndham Bimbashi's work was done. He leaped from the sakkia, and ran toward the house. Shot after shot was fired at him, lances were thrown, and once an Arab barred his way suddenly. He pistoled him and ran on. A lance caught him in the left arm. He tore it out and pushed forward. Stooping once, he caught up an Arab sword from the ground. When he was within fifty yards of the house, four Hadendowas intercepted him. He slashed through, then turned with his pistol and fired as he ran quickly toward the now open gate. He was within ten yards of it, when a bullet crashed through his jaw.

A dozen Gippies ran out, dragged him in, and closed the gate.

The last thing Wyndham Bimbashi did before he died in the gray of dawn — and this is told of him by the Gippies themselves — was to cough up the bullet from his throat and spit it out upon the ground. The Gippies thought it a miraculous feat, and that he had done it in scorn of the Hadendowas.

Before another sunrise and sunset had come, Wyndham Bimbashi's men were relieved by the garrison of Berber.

There are Englishmen in Egypt who still speak slightingly of Wyndham Bimbashi; but the British officer who buried him hushed a gossiping dinner party, a few months ago, in Cairo, by saying: —

"Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his Gippies have laid him."

And he did not apologize for paraphrasing the famous ballad. He has shamed Egypt, at last, into a sort of admiration of Wyndham Bimbashi, to the deep satisfaction of Hassan, the Soudanese boy, who received his fifty pounds, and to this day wears the belt that once kept him in the narrow path of duty.

Gilbert Parker.

LETTERS BETWEEN TWO POETS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

These letters are the formal record of the friendship between two poets; and while the self-evident reason for putting them before the public must lie in the discussions they contain on matters of literary art, there is a rather special human interest in the relation which called them forth. For this was a friendship which did not mature slowly, restrained by the cautious prudence of alert self-consciousness, but sprang at once into full, generous, and whole-hearted existence, as if aware how brief a time were allotted it.

In Letters of Sidney Lanier,[1] the circumstances which brought about the first epistolary acquaintance appear in detail. Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, and a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Lanier, had sent the younger poet's newly published Symphony to Mr. Taylor; and when the latter's hearty appreciation of this poem reached the author, it called forth the letter which inaugurated their friendship and a correspondence that lasted, almost without a break, until Mr. Taylor's death. Since this correspondence is practically complete (with the exception of a few extracts that appear in the Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor), the text has been allowed to explain itself, with no elucidating comment save in one or two instances.

It should be remembered that at this time Bayard Taylor had been a very prominent figure in the literary world for over twenty-five years. As author, translator, traveler, diplomatist, and lecturer, his position had long been assured; four years before, his twenty or thirty previous volumes had culminated in that great translation of Faust which is in itself a literary heritage that any man might consider sufficient for a life work. Sidney Lanier's name, on the contrary, was almost unknown. Only a few months before had appeared the first poem which brought him any general recognition,[2] and his opening letter expresses his deep sense of generous and sympathetic appreciation from the older man, whose own battle with Obscurity was but a dim memory.

The opportunity was for Mr. Lanier "a noble prospect of realizing an old dream." He writes to Mr. Peacock shortly before addressing Mr. Taylor himself: "I have always had a longing after him, but I have never dared indulge it more than one indulges what one considers only a pet possibility; so that now when I behold this mere shadow of a meeting assume the shape of an actual hand-shaking in the near future, it is as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his Dream standing by his bed."

Early in August, 1875, Mr. Lanier made a trip to New York, and his first letter is from 195 Dean Street, Brooklyn: —

August 7, 1875.

My dear Sir, — When a man, determined to know as well what is under as what is above, has made his plunge down to the bottom of the great Sea Doubtful of poetic endeavor, and has looked not only upon the enchanted caverns there, but upon the dead bodies also, there comes a moment, as his head re-

[1] Letters to Mr. Peacock, edited by William R. Thayer, and published in The Atlantic Monthly for July and August, 1894.

[2] Corn, in Lippincott's Magazine for February, 1873.

emerges above the surface, when his eyes are ablink with salt water and tears, when the horizon is a round blur, and when he wastes strength that might be applied to swimming in resolutely defying what seems to be the gray sky overhead.

In such a moment, a friendly word — and all the more if it be a friendly word from a strong swimmer whom one perceives far ahead, advancing calmly and swiftly — brings with it a pleasure so large and grave that, as voluble thanks are impossible, so a simple and sincere acknowledgment is inevitable.

I did not know that my friend Mr. Peacock had sent you my Symphony until I received his letter inclosing yours in reference to that poem: your praise came to me, therefore, with the added charm of surprise. You are quite right in supposing the Makamât of Hariri of Basra to be unknown to me. How earnestly I wish that they might be less so, by virtue of some account of them from your own lips! I could never describe to you what a mere drought and famine my life has been as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in an atmosphere of art, or when one is in conversational relation with men of letters, with travelers, with persons who have either seen or written or done large things. Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying. . . .

I remember how Thomas Carlyle has declared a man will be strengthened in his opinion when he finds it shared by another mortal, and so inclose a slip which a friend has just sent me from the Boston Transcript, containing some pleasant words about my poems, by Mr. Calvert.

Pray believe that I shall always hold myself, and always rejoice to be held by you, as your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

This letter reached Mr. Taylor while away from home, and it was ten days later that his reply came: —

BOSTON, *August* 17, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I am exceedingly glad that you are to remain for a month, because now I can be sure of seeing you, although not immediately, as I should wish, were I absolute master of my days.

I go from here to Pennsylvania for a week, but shall return to New York on the 28th to attend the celebration of Goethe's one hundred and twenty-sixth birthday, and shall then be nearly a week, alone and idle, at my residence, No. 31 West 61st Street, where I beg you will come, say on Sunday, the 29th, after which we can arrange how to meet again. Or, if you desire to attend the Goethe celebration, — Bryant gives the address, and my unlucky self the ode, — please send me a line to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and I can easily get an invitation for you from the Goethe Association.

I write hurriedly, finding much correspondence awaiting me here, so can only repeat how much joy the evidence of a new, *true* poet always gives me, — such a poet as I believe you to be. I am heartily glad to welcome you to the fellowship of authors, so far as I may dare to represent it; but, knowing the others, I venture to speak in their names also. When we meet, I hope to be able to show you, more satisfactorily than by these written words, the genuineness of the interest which each author always feels in all others; and perhaps I may be also able to extend your own acquaintance among those whom you have a right to know.

Excuse this hurried scrawl, and believe me most sincerely

Your friend,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The next letter is subsequent to the

Goethe celebration (which Mr. Lanier attended), and the visit to Mr. Taylor the following day: —

August 30, 1875.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — The three numbered sonnets inclosed [1] are in continuation of those in the magazine which I mail herewith. Any criticism you may make on them, when we meet again, I will take as a special grace; for they form the beginning of a series which I will probably be writing all my life, knowing no other method of heart's-ease for my sense of the pure worshipfulness which dwells in the Lady they celebrate.

The other two are only a couple of little snatches which were both born last Thursday, and I don't know any other reason for sending them to you save that they 're curiously unlike — for twins.

September 25, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — For some time after my last charming day with you it really seemed as if the ghost of Dr. Sangrado — him of bloody memory — had obtained permission to work his will upon me, as the Devil did upon Job. I was unmercifully phlebotomized: hæmorrhage came upon hæmorrhage.

Which I would not mention, except that I cannot bear you should believe any light cause able to prevent me from immediately acknowledging a note so thoroughly kind and heartsome as your last to me. When it came, I was not allowed the privilege either of speaking or writing.

But I 'm getting in prime condition again, and anticipate with keen eagerness the pleasure of seeing you when you return.

Pray send me a line, to let me know when that will be. I 've moved over to New York, and my address is at the Westminster Hotel, this city.

An accumulation of work keeps me at my desk the whole of each day and much of each night. I pray you, therefore, invert the littleness of these words, and therewith measure the scope of that affection wherein I am

Faithfully your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

September 28, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER, — We are in all the agonies of moving; but a good fate brings us within two short blocks of your hotel. . . . Saturday evening we have the monthly meeting of the Century Club (in 15th Street), and I hope you will be strong enough to go with me. Bryant is president, and you will see Stoddard, Stedman, and many other good fellows. Pray don't make any engagement elsewhere, if you go out evenings.

I need n't excuse my haste this morning: you know what *packing* is. I look forward with delight to many more hours together.

September 29, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Your note comes flushed with good news. For bringing me within two blocks of you I will in the most sublime manner forgive Fate a dozen heinous injuries.

I will eagerly await you on Friday evening, and will be delighted to go with you to the Century Club.

I write in the greatest haste, to-day not being long enough by some six hours for what I have to do before it ends.

Which makes me realize how glorious is Friendship, to whose immortality the poor necessities of night and sleep do not exist.

Friday noon.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — . . . Behold, in this I. sonnet, how this morning the idea which you were good enough to present me last night *would* sing itself in me till I could do no less than put it on paper.

[1] Part of Acknowledgment. (See Poems.) The magazine referred to was the September Lippincott's, which contained the four sonnets called In Absence.

Also tell me, when we meet to-night, if you now have any objections to the II. and III., which you have seen before.

Next comes another hasty undated little note from the same hand, telling of poetic activities: —

Sunday morning.

My dear Friend, — Any time between now and to-morrow night, won't you please look over this Cushman stanza, and tell me, when we next meet, if you do not think it more consistent than formerly? I think to send it to Scribner's, if peradventure it may find favor in their eyes.

And won't you accept the manuscript of this little song? . . .

Hastily (and yet not hastily),
Your friend, S. L.

Two weeks later Mr. Lanier was in Philadelphia.

October 15, 1875.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I hope you'll like this little song,[1] which is but lately an inhabitant of this planet.

I will miss my Saturday night tomorrow; and I would be strongly inclined to consider this a very cross-purpose indeed, if I did not feel myself so indebted to Purpose already.

And perhaps it is well enough for me to be away for a week or two. I want to digest Mr. —— and Mr. ——. I find that spiritually we are cannibals all: we feed upon each other; soul assimilates and makes tissue of soul.

I have n't time to *write* you.

God be praised that you exist, is a frequent ejaculation of

Your friend,
Sidney Lanier.

October 16, 1875.

My dear Lanier, — Just returned from the Century breakfast to Lord Houghton (which was charming, and most inspiriting to all authors). I find your note. . . .

Your song is delightful. I 'm glad to find that you are taking these "swallow flights." They have their true place, and through them the poet often learns a great deal. Forgive me two technical criticisms. The end of verse 2d —

"Say yea, say yea! " —

is too monotonous in sound. The one vowel (and not one of the best vowel sounds) repeated four times is too much, especially as "dares the day" comes two lines before it.

"Ah, say not nay! "

(for instance) gets rid of two of the sounds, and is quite as pleading, though less eager.

Also, the additional foot in the penultimate line of the poem violates its melody. Could you not say,

"That from my soul as leaf from stem may fly
My songs, I pray" ?

I can't see that anything is lost by this change, which preserves the metre. The conception of the little piece is perfect. Of course, you will not accept these suggestions unless they seem valid to your own mind.

Meanwhile, hearty thanks for sending me the manuscript! . . . My round of dreary lecturing begins again, and I must roll a heavy stone over the fountain of my Muse. . . .

October 29, 1875.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I have just received a letter from that lovely Charlotte Cushman, which invites me with such lavish goodness to come to her that I cannot at all resist; and so I 'm going there (Boston, Parker House) for a few days, before returning South. I will stop in New York a day or two on my way back — probably about a week from now — to see you. Will you be there? As I will remain in Boston about a week, I will be glad to avail

[1] Rose-Morals.

myself of your kind offer of letters to Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell. They will reach me if sent to the Parker House, where Miss Cushman is staying, and where I will stop.

On second thought, as her letter contains a message to Lord Houghton (who, it seems, went to Newport to see her, but missed her), which you will much more likely be able to deliver than I, I 'll inclose it herein. Her disease renders her unable to sit at a table: hence she writes in pencil. Pray read her letter, if only to see what a fair large soul it is.

I sent you a paper (The Graphic of 27th) which contains a very pretty compliment to me in the shape of a poem by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, based on a quoted line from my Symphony. The same paper contains an extract from my paper on St. Augustine, which, unfortunately, the scissors wielder clipped off just as the climax was reached. The —— takes occasion to give me some pain, anent this poor St. Augustine article, by first making a statement which is grossly inaccurate, and next basing on it a criticism which would be unjust even if its foundation were not untrue, and finally dismissing the subject with a comparison of my merits and Mrs. ——'s, which is as pure a piece of gratuitous ungentlemanliness as a vulgar soul could well devise. Not that I care in the least for the judgment, or that I shall change my "foible" — foible! — of seeing God in everything; but the point where the pain comes in is simply that it may interfere with one's already very short allowance of bread, by making the magazines shy of giving employment to one who fails to please the ——. What a diatribe I 've written! But such indignation as you detect herein is wholly impersonal, and entirely due to that repugnance with which one sees a really strong newspaper turning over articles to be "criticised" by persons who do not even understand the usages of gentlemen. How differently come *your* criticisms, which I always receive thankfully, whether unfavorable or otherwise! . . .

November 1, 1875.

My dear Lanier, — I hasten to send you the letters, hoping they will reach you in good season. I also return Miss Cushman's letter, thinking you will prefer to keep it. Give her my love, which she has always had since I knew her.

As for the ——, be calm; that is nothing, and will have no effect whatever. I had not seen the article, but found it at the Century, and also read the whole of your St. Augustine, which is poetical in parts, and wholly bright and readable. When you consider that for eight years the —— has snubbed me and sneered at me in the most vulgar way, and "I still live," you will not allow so flippant a notice to trouble you. . . . If Whittier should come to Boston, go and see him: it will be enough to say that you are my friend. He is thoroughly noble, and you will like him.

I breakfast with Lord Houghton tomorrow, and will give him Miss Cushman's message. As Manto says to Faust (Part II.), "On! Be bold!"

Macon, Ga., *November* 24, 1875.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — Poets understand everything: I doubt not you well know a certain sort of happiness which at the same time locks up expression and enlarges fancy, and you will therefore easily comprehend how it is that thirty days have passed without any message from me to you, although there has been no one of them during which you were not constantly in my mind. This happiness of which I speak — which freezes one's pen and tongue while it melts one's heart — means, in the present instance, that I have been at home for ten days past, joyfully reunited with the other — and far sweeter — Moiety of me. My three young men — one of seven, one of five, and one of two

years — keep me in an endless labyrinth of surprises and delights: nothing could be more keen, more fresh, more breezy, than the meeting together of their little immense loves with the juicy selfishness and honest animalisms of the dear young cubs. What a prodigious candor they practice! They 're as little ashamed of being beasts as they are proud of being gods. They accept themselves at the hands of their Creator with perfect unreserve: pug nose or Greek, blue eyes or gray, beasthood or godhood, — it 's all one to them. What 's the good of metaphysical mopings, as long as papa 's at home, and you 've got a mamma to kiss, and a new ball from now till dinner, and *then* — apples!

This is their philosophy: it is really a perfect scheme of life, and contains all the essential terms of religion, while — as for philosophy — it is perfectly clear upon points which have remained obscure from Plato down to George Lewes.

How I wish my lovely two-year-old boy, my royal ——, could look you in the eyes for once, and put his arms deliberately round your neck and give you one of his fervent kisses! Fancy that your big Lars was also a baby, and also a poet, and you 'll have a whiff of it.

Your letters came to me while I was with Miss Cushman, and were the means of procuring for me two delightful afternoons with Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow. I was sorry to miss Mr. Aldrich. I wrote him a little note, to find out when he would be in town. He replied that he could not come until after I had left Boston, but added that he would be in New York during the winter, "when perhaps Mr. Taylor would be good enough — he is good enough for anything — to bring us together."

I 'm sure you 'll care to know that I had a charming visit to Miss Cushman, and that each day was crowded with pleasant things which she and her numerous friends had prepared for me.

I leave Macon for Baltimore on Friday next. . . . I resume my old place as first flute of the Peabody Orchestra, which lasts until March; though hoping all the time still to find some opportunity for getting my longed-for chair of the Physics and Metaphysics of Music established in some college or other. . . .

A month after this Mr. Lanier received, largely through Mr. Taylor's influence, the invitation to write the Cantata for the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, for which Dudley Buck had agreed to compose the music.

January 4, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — General Hawley's invitation has just arrived, and I have sent my acceptance. I will probably see Theodore Thomas here on Monday next, and will try to arrange a meeting with Mr. Buck in New York soon.

There is n't the least use in my trying to thank you for this pleasant surprise; but I *do* wish I could tell you the delight with which I find my name associated with yours in this way.

Are we at liberty to mention our appointment in this behalf to our friends? I only ask, remembering that the name of the Centennial poet has not yet been officially announced, — at least so far as I know. . . .

Your faithful and grateful,

S. L.

January 7, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — I have so many distractions in these days that I really forgot (temporarily) to send you my volume, and am glad of your reminder. I 'll order it done this morning. As the book goes by mail, I can't write your name in it, but I 'll do that afterwards.

I think it best to let the Centennial Commission make the announcement of orators and poets. I 've mentioned my share confidentially to one or two friends, but shall not let it get into print. . . .

I know that General Hawley is quite pleased to have you do the work. I should say eight days would be ample time. You must not exceed fifty lines; my Hymn will be twenty to twenty-four only. . . .

January 9, 1876.

Dear Mr. Taylor, — Yesterday I impressed myself with these following principles: —

1. That the Cantata was to be sung not only at our Centennial, but at a festival where the world was our invited guest to be welcomed.

2. That spread-eagleism would be ungraceful and unworthy.

3. That something ought to be said in the poem.

4. That it afforded room to give the musical composer an opportunity to employ the prodigious tone contrasts of sober reflection, the sea, lamentation, a battle, warning, and magnificent yet sober and manly triumph and welcome.

5. That it ought to be, not rhymed philosophy, but a genuine song and lyric outburst.

Having put this offering on my altar, I waited; and this morning I saw that the Fire had come down from a gracious Heaven, and that it was burning.

Here is the result. Pray read it, and send me word immediately — and with perfect candor — as to such parts of it as strike you unfavorably. I wish I could hear you intone it, *ore rotundo!*

January 12, 1876.

Dear Mr. Taylor, — Being cool next day, I found some flaws in my poem; and having made out a working copy of it (by reading the analysis of movements written in the margin, you will see what immense resources it offers to the musician), I send it to you. Pray let me know freely if the whole is worthy.

Always your friend, S. L.

I have not yet sent it to Mr. Buck.

January 12, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — Just in time! for I must leave to-morrow. Your principles of conception and construction are right, and the execution, as a *whole*, is successful. My task will be to carefully examine details. I have numbered the lines to avoid any mistakes.

2. See if you can't find a better word instead of "larger."

3. "Stairèd" will not do, especially after "hundred-*terracèd*." As you are looking down, why not say "climbing," but never "stairèd."

7 and 8. I think you can get two better lines. "Where" has not a good effect at the end of the line, and I don't quite like "rage in air." How would something like this answer?

> Out of yonder misty deep,
> Where old toil and struggle sleep.
> battle

10. Is "balking" the best adjective?

16. There 's something hard and awkward about this line.

17, 18, 19. The repetition seems to weaken the effect. I would suggest a change like this in the stanza: —

> Unto every scattered band
> At the portals of the land,
> Hunger cries: "Ye shall not stay!"
> Winter cries: "Ye must away!"
> Vengeance cries: "Beware my day!"
> From the shore and from the sea,
> "No! It shall not be!"

22 to 31 inclusive. I like these ten lines least of all. "Tongued" is not agreeable, and "prescribed" and "conscribed" make quite an unpleasant impression, as of artifice. Line 25 is not quite intelligible. The stanza would be much better if lines 24, 25, 26, and 27 were wholly omitted. But I should much prefer a smoother stanza, hinting at toil, patience, growth, and the blending of different old-world elements. The prohibitory strain is carried too far; it reaches a climax in the preceding stanza, and you want something else interposed between that and the new refrain, "It was: it is," etc.

Could n't you make a stanza after this fashion?

> Courage stood and faltered not
> Patience . . . . . .
> Toil . . . . . .
> Cavalier and Puritan . . .
> Holland . . . . . .
> Huguenot . . . . . .
> Wrought, joined hands, welded
> separate links into one chain,
> etc., etc. . . . . .

Then the new movement, it seems to me, would come in with fine effect.

36, 37, 38. Are these lines really necessary? They may be in a musical sense. "Now *still* thee" is not a good expression, and there is a little too evident *purpose* in "underworld" and "thunderworld."

50. "Lover" is not true, and is rather weak here; why not say, —

> "The world's new Host salutes the welcome world"?

There! I have found all the fault I can. If you will only change the lines 22 to 31, I think it will answer admirably, and be most welcome. The plan is entirely poetical, and ought to be made very effective in music. I want, for your sake, to have the Cantata universally liked, but you will be sharply set upon if you use the words "stairèd," "prescribed," and "conscribed," and the line "clothes for men," etc. (25). Why not yield that much, for this once? I also think that the suggestion I make for the change in the stanza will make the whole piece more popular. There is both originality and lyric fire everywhere else. . . .

Always faithfully yours,

B. T.

January 13, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I agree with your main points of objection, and I will change the stanza about which you are most apprehensive. I'm particularly charmed to find that you don't think the poem *too* original. I tried hard to think — in a kind of average and miscellaneousness.

I read and explained it to Thomas last night. He said, "I think Mr. Buck ought to be delighted with the musical conception of the poem;" adding that of course he would not dare to pronounce upon the poetic merits of it beyond saying that the ideas seemed to him very beautiful.

I sent you the copy showing the movements, before I had received your letter. I'll send a final copy when I've finished it. You see I had to compose for the musician as well as the country, and had to cast the poem into such a form as would at once show well in music (where contrast of movement between each adjacent part, in broad *bands of color*, was, from the nature of the art, a controlling consideration) and in poetry. I wished, indeed, to make it as large and as simple as a symphony of Beethoven's. If it does not come up to this, I've failed; but your commendation confirms my own cool feeling about it, which is that it will do.

I think — But I won't, either, for it 's simply absurd. Your criticisms on the piece are invaluable to me; for though I don't agree with all of them, the sharp reëxaminations which they compel me to make develop many things which otherwise would not be developed.

January 13, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — I have barely time (while my wife packs my valise) to say that the change you have made in the next to the last movement is altogether better. Now please rewrite the stanza beginning, "Then the smiting-tonguèd swords." Something expressing patience, toil, and growth is required between the menace of failure and the triumphant success. The transition is too sudden, and the stanza, as it at present stands, mars the beauty of the Cantata. As I said before, "stairèd years" must also be changed. If you doubt

my judgment in the matter, consult Peacock also. I suppose I need n't return this second MS. Good-by!

January 15, 1876.

Dear Mr. Taylor, — You are so far responsible for me as the writer of this Cantata that I don't intend to feel satisfaction until I am sure that you think the poem absolutely worthy of the country and of poetry as an art. Therefore, having, after two days' cooling, found many faults with it myself, I have quite rewritten it, and send it to you, hoping that you will let me know if it seems to you entirely large, simple, and melodious. For it is to this that I have directed all my efforts in it. I have had constantly in mind those immortal melodies of Beethoven, in which, with little more than the chords of the tonic and dominant, he has presented such firm, majestic, and at the same time artless ideas. Of course, with the general world — especially in a Swinburnian time — I do not expect to obtain the least recognition of the combination of childlike candors and colossal philosophies which I have endeavored here to put in words, but I do wish to know whether to you the poem, as *you* now see it, comes near this ideal. I don't believe there is the least necessity for me to beg you not to have the least regard for *me* in pronouncing upon anything that you still find wanting. I desire the poem to be perfect.

I put the Farewell, dear England, into the Mayflower strophe, because Mather relates that the people in the vessel actually stood up and cried out these words as they were departing. I also entirely rewrote the stanza you did not like, and then inserted a whisper chorus (of the Huguenot and Puritan, in dactylic measure), to prepare by its straining pianissimo for the outburst of jubilation.

January 20, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — Thank you!

The revised Cantata, which I have just received through my wife's letter, is in every way better than the first draught. It is what it purports to be, — a cantata, not an ode, — with the musical character inherent in its structure and not to be separated. If the composer seconds you properly, the effect cannot be otherwise than grand and satisfactory. I have only a few slight technical faults to find.

"A weltering flow" — a sluggish, aimless tide — hardly corresponds with "ridged with acts," which indicates billows and a *direction* of the tide. Now, your idea is clear to me, and I think it might be expressed in a more logical figure.

I don't like, either, the molossus "Grown foul Bads," nor the use of "Bads" as a noun. The latter is not incorrect, but it is somehow disagreeable. "Evils grown in alien air" would read better to me.

The Huguenot and Puritan stanza is a great improvement.

The word "stertorous" seems to me out of tone; it sounds more medical than poetical, and the noun "death" makes it worse. In the next line, "brother — wars new — dark" has a heavy effect, and will be very hard to sing. Yet the meaning is just what is wanted. Thence to the end all is excellent.

I have forgotten one other.

> "Noisy lords, tongued with lithe and poisoned swords,"

is much too *forced* an image. You seem to be fond of the word "tongued," but in this instance it may be best to use a little self-denial. It is an expression which will give the spiteful critics a chance. If it were good, I should say, "Damn the spiteful critics!" but I *don't* think it good. Turn the matter over once more in your mind.

There! Is that fault enough to find? I've examined every line severely, and find nothing more. You have already

added fifty per cent to the merit of the work. I am too busy to write more: pardon this abrupt breaking off!

February 27, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — Pray tell me how you are. I wished for you all day yesterday with special fervor, thinking how the bland and sunny air that bathed us all here would have soothed your malady. . . .

It has been uphill work with me to struggle against the sense of loss which the departure of my beloved Charlotte Cushman leaves with me. She and you were the only friends among the artists I have ever had; and since she is gone I am as one who has lost the half of his possessions. The passion to which my devotion to her had grown takes it hard when sight and hearing are both become for evermore impossible. To-day, though keenly desirous to rest after a week of great strain, this little poem teased me till it was on paper. I hope you will think it not wholly unworthy. As I read it over now, a disagreeable fancy comes that the last two lines of it are somewhat like something of somebody else, and these vague "somes" are intolerable. Pray tell me if this is so. . . .

March 4, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — I did n't answer you sooner, because I wanted to send you my Hymn, — to read and ponder over, — and it was not quite ready. Here it is, now, and I ask you to be as frank with me about it as I am wont to be with you. If I take offense, don't believe me again! . . .

Your poem is strong and full of feeling, with which the occasional roughness entirely harmonizes. The idea is a little similar to a poem of mine, The Mystery, but is very differently expressed. I notice no resemblance to anything in the last lines. . . .

March 11, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — I 've only just crawled out of a sick-bed, where I have been spending one of the most unsatisfactory weeks of my existence, — a week whose place in the general plan of good I find as much difficulty in justifying as croton bugs, or children born idiots, or the sausage-grinding school of poetry.

I have particularly desired to write you about the Hymn.[1] Of course, the value of a friend's criticism in this kind is simply that when one has to write in a hurry the friend is in the nature of one's own conscience of beauty (as you have beautifully called your wife), *as that conscience will be after the coolness of time has come.* The friend is a mere anticipation of time, — one's-self-after-a-while. Purely upon this theory I acquire boldness enough to say what follows. 1st. Generally. Inasmuch as the opening verse presents a noble *tema*, or motive, of triple design in the ideas of the God of Peace, Toil, and Beauty, would it not be best to carry on this motive entirely through the poem, making (say) the II. verse converge upon the idea of Peace, the III. upon Toil, IV. upon Beauty (or Art), and (if you choose) V. regathering the whole by means of some common tone, — the whole thus gaining perfect unity of impression? In looking down the poem with this view, one easily sees that, with a very small change of phraseology, it can be perfectly carried out. In the III. verse you have indeed returned to the original motive in a very beautiful manner, — the oak of toil, the rose of art, etc. The II. verse ought on three accounts clearly to be stricken out: (1) it is a departure from the whole plan of the poem; (2) it is explanatory of what all the parties to the Hymn thoroughly understand already to be the situation; (3) it is below the plane of the other

[1] This Hymn was withheld by Mr. Taylor when, by a change in the programmes (see his next letter), his part in the celebration was altered to writing the Ode instead.

conceptions. Conceding these views for a moment (and I think there can be no doubt that your cool judgment, after a while, will estimate the poem precisely according to the success with which it carries out the general scheme indicated), the following will be an outline of the poem as it will finally appear: —

I. Just as you have it, or with any transposition of the lines that may seem desirable to facilitate the new arrangement.

II. For this you can take your number IV., and with a slight change of idea make the whole refer to *Peace*; as, for example, a general supplication that, although our eras are but as dust, yet dust may become fruitful, and Peace may be vouchsafed as the climate favorable, etc.

III. This is nearly ready in the number III. of the poem which closes with the lovely reference to the oak of Toil and the rose of Beauty (or Art). The opposition of these two is so fine that it suffices to authorize the consolidated treatment of the ideas of Toil and Beauty in one and the same verse.

IV. For this your number V. can easily be made to serve by directing its general tone upon the three prominent ideas already treated, having reference to the exchanging of each with each, and the relation of each to the God of the three, thus making a perfect return to the I., and ending, as it were, upon the tonic. This would make the poem perfect in four stanzas: and it can all be done without altering the structure of the verses at all, and with only changing here and there a noun, a verb, or an adjective, so as to make the sense point always towards the thematic ideas. 2d. If, however, this does not happen to meet your fancy, and you decide to retain the poem as it is, there are one or two minor matters to which your attention should be called: —

1st. I am clear that the II. should either disappear entirely or be replaced, for the reasons hereinbefore stated.

2d. In III., the sounds of "thy guidance" (*y* and long *i*) and of "made failure" (two long *a*'s) seem bad, particularly as they come so close to each other.

3d. In IV., the idea in the two lines which come after the first two should be a more closely logical *sequitur* upon them.

4th. The fourth line of V. (I mean "thyself in *him*" only; the rest of the line is perfect) can be justified in one's thought, but it compels one to think hard in order to do that, — and this is a disadvantage. Can you not make it a little more transparent? Again, the last two lines might *so* easily be made to reaffirm and point the first stanza as well as the whole poem; for example:

> All conquering Peace thy gift divine,
> shadowing
> All Toil, all Beauty meeting Thine!
> imaging
> based on

I think, further, in reference to these last two lines, that it would be well to give them either a stronger hold by a verb of some sort, or some turn more precisely parallel with the rest of the verse. The first two couplets commence with "Let each with each" and "Let each in each," which is fine: it is somewhat weakening the force of these to close with a grammatically independent couplet which has no verb at all.

Of course you understand that I like the poem (except the II. verse): all the ideas are noble, and there is a simple grandeur in the expressions which is fine. All my suggestions are made simply with a view to concentrate the impression. The shot are all good: let them not scatter, but strike like one bullet.

Pray let me see the poem again. . . .

Mr. Taylor's answer to this brought the announcement that his part had been changed from writing the opening Hymn to preparing the Ode for the great Fourth of July celebration.

March 20, 1876.

Bravissimo, dear Mr. Taylor! Why, this is the very Fitness of Things: the appointment matches, as a rhyme matches a rhyme; nothing can be more evident than that God has temporarily taken the direction of matters into his own hands. . . . I send you my congratulations and fair wishes with a certain sense of indignant triumph in the coming-to-pass of what ought to have been.

I see, from what you say in reply to my letter on the Hymn, that my musical associations have put me under a certain general suspicion, with you, of a propensity to impart the principles of musical construction into poetry. But this was a principle far larger than any peculiar to music or to any one art. I am so much interested in it that I am going to beg you to let me plead the case with you a moment.

Permit me first to say that I came at it, not by any reasoning prepense, but by examination, afterwards, of wholly unconscious procedure. It revealed itself clearly to me in thinking about a little poem I wrote a few days ago. Perhaps I can best illustrate it by first quoting the poem, which is a pendant to a little song you have already seen, being No. II. of Rose-Morals: —

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tube-rose; hide thee there;
There breathe the meditations of thine Art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave, yet light,
How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
Grow, Soul, unto such white estate
That art and virginal prayer shall be thy breath,
Thy work, thy fate.

Now, it seems to me — as a mere extended formulation of the thoroughly unconscious action of the mind in this poem — that every poem, from a sonnet to Macbeth, has substantially these elements, — (1) a Hero, (2) a Plot, and (3) a Crisis; and that its perfection as a work of art will consist in the simplicity and the completeness with which the first is involved in the second and illustrated in the third. In the case of a short poem, the hero is the central idea, whatever that may be; the plot is whatever is said about that idea, its details all converging, both in tone and in general direction, thereupon; and the crisis is the unity of impression sealed, or confirmed, or climaxed by the last connected sentence or sentiment or verse of the poem. Of course, I mean that this is the most general expression of the artistic plan of a poem: it is the system of verses, which may be infinitely varied, but to which all variations may be finally referred. I do not think that there is, as you feared, any necessary reason why a poem so constructed should present "a too conscious air of design:" that is a matter which will depend solely upon the genuineness of the inspiration and the consummate command of his resources by the artist.

Is not this framework essentially that of every work of any art? Does not every painting, every statue, every architectural design, owe whatever it has of artistic perfection to the nearness with which it may approach the fundamental scheme of a Ruling Idea (or Hero), a Plot (or involution of the Ruling Idea in complexities related to or clustering about it), and a Denouement or Impression-as-a-whole?

I don't mean this for a theory; I hate theories. I intend it only to be a convenient synthesis of a great number of small facts; and therefore I don't stickle at all for calling the elements of a work of art Heroes or Plots or Crises, and the like, only using those terms as the shortest way of expressing my meaning.

Anyway, fair fall the Ode. I hope that God will let you into Heaven, with no limitations as to walking on the grass

or picking the flowers — till you 've got all you want.

Mr. Buck has sent me a copy of the piano score of the Cantata, but I have not yet had time to examine it thoroughly. Anything will go well, though, with a large chorus to sing it and Thomas' Orchestra to play it. . . .

Write me soon, as to your always desirous S. L.

March 24, 1876.

Dear Mr. Taylor, — Don't trouble to write me any elaborate reply. I only sent you this continuation of my thought about the centralization of ideas in poems because I have been studying your work within the last two or three months, and have become clearly satisfied that *that* is the direction in which you should grow. You tend *from* it by reason of the very stress and crowding of the multitudinous good things which you give to the world. I find poems of yours in which every sentiment, every thought, every line, *as* sentiment, thought, or line, is exquisite, and yet which do not give a full white light *as poems* for want of a proper convergence of the components upon a single point. Sometime we will talk of this; I am not at all sure that in my hasty letters — for I am worked almost to the annihilation of sleep and of meals — I have given anything like a clear idea of what I mean. . . .

I am going night and day on *my* Centennial Ode for the Magazine, which is to be illustrated and made the feature of the July number. It has to be furnished early in April, and I am only about half through. Some people will put their hands to their ears, at the doctrine it preaches. My musical engagement here is now completed, and as the poem is the only piece of work I have, I suppose God intends me to feed on blackberries all the summer.

The interesting letter in which Mr. Taylor expresses his own views as to the theories above promulgated may be found in the Life and Letters before referred to.

April 1, 1876.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — Will you do me the favor to read this and send it back to me, if you do not find it objectionable?[1] I am going to offer it to the Tribune. If they print it, so; if they do not, I will try some one else. I have endeavored to speak with the utmost justice towards the Tribune's critic, and modesty as regards myself. If you can make any suggestions to me which will enable me to see it otherwise than a duty *to speak at all*, I will be profoundly thankful to you. In any case of a poem of my own private giving forth, I would never dream of rebuking the most brutal critic for mistaking my artistic purposes as artistic ignorances; but many of the people who will read this Tribune attack are not only incapable of judging its correctness, but will be prevented from seeing the whole poem for yet six weeks, and will therefore come to its final perusal with the prepossession that the author of it was stupidly ignorant of the first principles which should guide a writer of text for music. This prepossession is a wrong on the public, and, without reference to its wrong on me, should be immediately and decisively overturned. . . .

I 'm hard at my Ode, and see the beginning of the end. Tell me how you fare with yours. I fervently pray the God of the poet to give you all such fire as you shall want. . . .

April 3, 1876.

My dear Lanier, — I must write very hastily, as usual; for, in addition to my regular work and extra business matters which come at this season, the Ode is pressing upon me with might, with might!

[1] A defense and explanation of the Centennial Cantata. See Lanier's Music and Poetry, 1898.

I don't wonder you were annoyed at the notice of your Cantata in the Tribune. I was surprised when I saw it; but I have since ascertained how it came there. It is published by Schirmer, and was sent to Mr. —— to be noticed. The advertisement to-day says it will appear *shortly*. Mr. Buck must explain this: I cannot. Mr. ——, of course, supposed it was a legitimate subject to write about; and in talking with him about it to-day I learned, incidentally, that he meant no special criticism of the text, but only used what he thought necessary to illustrate the music. This does not lessen your grievance, but it ought to modify your expressions. I have marked with a pencil certain things which I earnestly beg you to omit. In such matters, the man who betrays his exasperation puts himself at a disadvantage; the reading public never fully apprehends an author's position, and there are not fifty readers of the Tribune who would comprehend your annoyance sufficiently to sympathize with your rejoinder. Were it my case, my first thought would be to reply as you have done; my second thought would be not to reply at all. One result will be the publication of the whole text, at once, by other papers, since they can now so easily get it.

I am very sorry this has happened so; but I think the first blame belongs to the premature publication of the music (which includes the text). Since working on the Tribune I have learned how honest and amiable —— is by nature: he should not have quoted anything, but I *know* that he supposed he was free to do so. I knew nothing of the matter until after I saw the article in print.

I must break off. If I should not write to you again for three weeks, don't imagine I forget you, but my ideas for the Ode are gathering, and the distractions which interrupt them make me almost desperate. I shall probably be forced to run away from New York for a week or so.

BALTIMORE, *April* 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — It suddenly occurs to me — apropos of your connection with the Tribune — that in sending you the article to read I may have rendered myself liable to a fancy on your part (for you have not known me very long) that I was trying in a roundabout way to secure some sort of interference by you in its, or my, behalf.

But no! My only reason for sending you the piece was that I quite distrust my own judgment in such matters. I live so utterly alone that just as a deaf person forgets the proper intonations of voice in speaking, so I forget how matters look, and go, among men; and I therefore sent my article for your judgment and advice to me upon its propriety, knowing that you are more among men than I am. I never asked, and will never ask, help in such a matter; and were this not so, I would ask it directly, or not at all.

By the grace of God my Centennial Ode is finished. I now only know how divine has been the agony of the last three weeks, during which I have been rapt away to heights where all my own purposes as to a revisal of artistic forms lay clear before me, and where the sole travail was of choice out of multitude.

I hope to see you on Thursday, being called by business to New York. Of course you won't care to see my Ode until after you have written your own, — wherein may the God of the artist detach his best angels to your service.

66 CENTRE ST., BALTIMORE, MD., *April* 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — From indications at Philadelphia yesterday, I deem it of very great importance to me that some intelligent criticism of my poem should appear in a journal of standing. Without wishing to *guide* or in any way *direct* criticism, I am keenly desirous that the poem might be judged *on the plane of its principles*, — leav-

ing the critic the utmost freedom in pronouncing how far it has succeeded in carrying them out. I have not yet been able to tell you — in all our correspondence about the poem — what were the main considerations leading to its substance and form. Please let me do so now.

1st. The principal matter over which the United States can legitimately exult is *its present existence as a republic*, in spite of so much opposition from nature and from man. I therefore made the refrain of the song — about which all its train of thought moves — concern itself wholly with the *Fact of Existence*. The waves cry, "*It shall not be;*" the powers of nature cry, "It shall not be;" the wars, etc., utter the same cry. This refrain is the key to the whole poem.

2d. The poem was limited to sixty lines, in which space I had to compress the past and the future of the country, together with some reference to the present occasion. This necessitated the use of the highly generalized terms which occur, — as for instance when, in the Good Angel's Song, the fundamental philosophies of Art, of Science, of Power, of Polity, of Faith, and of Social Life are presented in the simple Saxon words, and in one line each.

3d. I wished that the poem might belie the old slander upon our tendency to Fourth of July uproariousness, buncombe, spread-eagleism, and the like. I tried, therefore, to make it the *quietest* poem possible.

4th. A knowledge of the inability of music to represent any shades of meaning save those which are very intense, and very highly and sharply contrasted, led me to divide the poem into the eight paragraphs or movements which it presents, and to make these vividly opposed to each other in sentiment. Thus, the first movement is reflection, measured and sober; this suddenly changes into the agitato of the second; this agitato, culminating in the unison shout, "*No! It shall not be,*" yields, in the third movement, to the pianissimo and meagre effect of the skeleton voices from Jamestown, etc.; this pianissimo, in the fourth movement, is turned into a climax of the wars of armies and of faiths, again ending in the shout, "No!" etc.; the fifth movement opposes this with a *whispered* chorus, — Huguenots whispering "Yea," etc.; the sixth opposes again with loud exultation, "Now praise," etc.; the seventh opposes this with the single voice singing the Angel's Song; and the last concludes the series of contrasts with a broad full chorus of measured and firm sentiment.

5th. So far I have spoken of the main circumstances determining the substance of the poem. The metrical forms were selected purely with reference to their descriptive nature. The four trochaic feet of the opening strophe measure off reflection; the next (Mayflower) strophe swings and yaws like a ship; the next I made outré and bizarre and bony simply by the device of interposing the line of two and a half trochees amongst the four-trochee lines; the swift action of the Huguenot strophe of course required dactyls. And having thus kept the first part of the poem (which describes the time *before* we were a real nation) in metres which are as it were exotic to our tongue, I now fall into the iambic metre — which is the genius of English words — as soon as the Nation becomes secure and firm.

6th. My business as member of the orchestra for three years having caused me to sit immediately in front of the bassoons, I had often been struck with the possibility of producing the ghostly effects of that part of the bassoon register so well known to the students of Berlioz and Meyerbeer, by the use of the syllable *ee* sung by a chorus. With this view, I filled the ghostly Jamestown stanza with *ee*'s, and would have put in more if I could have found them appropriate to the sense.

Now let me ask your friendship two questions.

1st. Is there any *proper* way in which you could call the attention of the Tribune literary critic, whenever my poem as poem is to be noticed, to these considerations I have above enumerated? Would it be trespassing either upon his, my, or your position, if you should hand him what I have written above?

2d. In view of the fact that the poem is now printed with the piano score, and is liable at any time to be copied, and copied badly, by other papers, would it not be well for me if it were printed by the Tribune, properly?

In fine, I am convinced that if one influential paper would take the initiative in judging the poem from the above standpoint, all the loose opinion would crystallize about it; and if not, I shall be cruelly misjudged and mistreated.

Two reflections make me bold enough to ask this of you: first, that I would so gladly embrace any opportunity of giving you my love in this or any other way; and second, that I feel as if the great wrong done me by Mr. ——'s criticism gave me a half right and claim upon the paper. If the inclosed letter of Dudley Buck's would be of any service in this connection, *let* it be.

Buck showed me Mr. Whittier's hymn yesterday, which was just received. I noticed *the* two lines.[1] It is good.

I trust with perfect confidence to your candor in this matter, if my request seem bizarre or in any the least wise improper.

God bless you.

Your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

P. S. I should like it to be stated that I have been a member of the Peabody Orchestra for three years, under Asger Hamerik.

Mr. Buck's letter was as follows: —

April 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER, — I am sorry that the Tribune article gave you pain; but after you have been dissected, flayed, and otherwise disposed of as many times as I have been, you will not wince at one newspaper article. No, I did not find the poem so difficult to set as it strikes the critic of the Tribune, whose article was as great a surprise to me as to yourself. The "pitfalls" referred to were rather godsends in my case, with exception of the (2) Jamestown and Plymouth lines. The tough spot for me was the first verse, after which everything seemed to fall into shape of its own accord. It is not a matter of number of feet or kind of verse with me so much as whether *I take a fancy* to a poem, which I did in your case. Since the work appeared and the rehearsals commenced in Philadelphia, I have of course heard a multitude of expressions in regard to the poem, and find that my original judgment of its effect on various minds is correct, namely, the more intelligence (more particularly in the line of poetry) a person possesses, the better he likes it. Several have said to me, "These words grow upon me every time I read them." One person in particular astonished me, at the first rehearsal, by saying after reading them through once that he could n't understand them. It was a person of intelligence. I remarked simply that I thought he had better give the poem two or three readings. He came to me last week and said he wanted to take back what he had said about the poem, and he too remarked as above in regard to their growing upon him. This trait is certainly true of a vast number of the best things by the best men, — I think eminently so in case of Tennyson. It was this which made me so desirous to have the poem printed in advance of the music. Then it would have been studied

[1] Used by Mr. Whittier from Mr. Taylor's Hymn (written before he was commissioned to prepare the Ode). See Pickard's Life of Whittier.

and analyzed *per se*, and they would have gotten at the merits of it quicker. Why this was not permitted has always been beyond my comprehension. In a word, I think the intelligence of the country will be on your side, and about the rest I would not trouble myself. Be therefore comforted, and write me a dramatic cantata!

Have you any "bits" lying about that would do for songs?

In haste, very truly yours,

DUDLEY BUCK.

This is the last reference in the correspondence to the criticisms and ridicule of the Centennial Cantata which, as shown here, gave Mr. Lanier no little pain at the time. This was due, however, far less to personal sensitiveness than to the feeling that his critics were falsifying before the public principles of art which seemed to him vital; and it was to combat what he believed to be an obscuring of fundamental truth that he finally sent to one of the New York newspapers a complete statement of his conception (which appears in the recent volume of collected essays, Music and Poetry).

Henry Wysham Lanier.

NOTES ON GLASS DECORATION.

IT is not the object of this paper to give a history of glass decoration nor the story of its revival, but to indicate simply a few leading points which call just now for public appreciation in America. The complete absorption of body and mind requisite to accomplish artistic and permanent results should be more widely understood, and the worth of the work proclaimed. No form of art can exist without beauty; but, like flowers, and all the highest and most common of divine gifts, glass exists to express beauty first, and dignity. It demands large endowment and expenditure. Perhaps the worst thing bad art can be accused of is the making of cheap glass.

The great makers of antiquity would have been satisfied with the blaze of glory which blossomed, from the moment of the rising of the sun, upon their windows; but the people, ever demanding a sign, sought for emblems, until, in response to their desire, came figures of saints and angels. Later, memorial windows with many figures, occasionally portraits, were introduced, until the art assumed its present vast proportions. The main fact, however, should never be lost sight of: that the glory of color, the magnificence of softened light, was, and is, the primal inspiration to the mind of the artist who works in this material.

The making of windows in mosaics of colored glass upon which figures and ornaments are painted "is a mediæval and emphatically a Christian art." Such windows existed in St. Sophia at Constantinople as early as the sixth century, and appear to have come into being at the same period in the two ancient basilicas of Rome, St. John Lateran and St. Peter's. Of this period Professor J. W. Mackail says: "The last words of the Neo-Platonic philosophy with its mystical wisdom were barely said when the Church of the Holy Wisdom rose in Constantinople, the most perfect work of art that has yet been known in organic beauty of design and splendor of ornament; and when Justinian, by his closing of the schools of Athens, marked off, as by a precise line, the end of the ancient world, in the Greek monasteries of Athos new types of beauty were being slowly wrought out which passed

outward from land to land, transfiguring the face of the world as they went, kindling new life wherever they fell, miraculously transformed by the separate genius of every country from Norway to India, creating in Italy the whole of the great mediæval art that stretches from Duccio and Giotto to Signorelli, and leaving to us here, as our most precious inheritances, such mere blurred and broken fragments of their glories as the cathedral churches of Salisbury and Winchester."

In the year 709, Wilfrid, Bishop of York, called upon the French glassworkers to make windows for his cathedral. These famous workers were a colony from Greece,— perhaps an offshoot from the very same monks of Athos who had already made the East radiant. Unhappily, their work at York was destroyed by fire; but there are still remnants of this antique period to be found at the Church of St. Remi in Rheims and elsewhere in France.

As we draw near to the thirteenth century, it becomes apparent that the ability for this particular form of art and the religious spirit which is its inspiration find a centre in Italy. During the lives of the great artists who have made Italy forever famous, the religious fervor of the people was constantly nourished by architecture, pictures, and decoration in glass. Glass decoration, in their hands, was indeed like the perfect flowering of the whole. The living flame of the spirit seemed to descend through it and transfigure arches and statues, columns and the faces of the saints painted on the walls. The splendor and the marvel of it animated all countries, and the work of these religious artists was sought far and wide; but Italy was their home, and the secret passed away for a time with the men of genius who developed it in that period when Italy was consecrated by her great poets and artists.

The key of the wonder lay partly in the humility of the celebrated designers of that long period. They not only conceived the idea of enhancing by color the magnificence of the Christian monuments, but with their own hands, in conjunction with those of the artisan, formed and moulded the material which was to express something of the glories beheld by them with the eye of imagination.

The revival of glass decoration signifies a revival of power in the artisan. La Farge has said, in these later years: "In our work in America, if nothing else had been accomplished, I for one should feel pleased that certain artisans have been trained, owing to the difficult requirements of the profession, to a point of capacity and interest in artistic work that makes them artists without their losing the character of the workman. Of this the public can know nothing; they hear only of the artist in control, yet the foreman answers a requirement as serious as any that are met by the foremost painter of to-day, when his sure grasp of the principles of color and design allows him not only to interpret a faint sketch so as to arrange its color in proper harmonies, but also to use the theory of complementary color contrast, for the modeling of surfaces, for the difference of planes, for making any part of the design recede or advance. And that there are such artisans with us, who have been formed out of nothing, and with no previous education, is the best hope of possible advancement."

Nevertheless, with the death of the artists who have made Italy famous glass decoration dwindled to a trade. Even the appreciation of this form of high art was so far lost that the works of the great period were allowed to decay or disappear. It is surprising how few of the antique windows are preserved in Rome. At Assisi, at Arezzo, and elsewhere examples are to be found, but too many have been lost altogether. In the old parish church at the little town

of Jouarre in France is an exquisite bit of work of this old period. King David is seen playing upon his harp. It is but a fragment, yet it is one of the perfect things which remain to recall the glory of the famous time.

The skill in making glass itself, the crude material, continued to advance, in spite of the decadence of its use for the art of decoration. The workmen of France, Germany, and England vied with one another to produce the largest and clearest plates, and the "lost art," as it has been called, obviously owed its decline to other causes than failure of material. The whole question, when attentively observed, appears to centre in the personality of certain artists. After the beginning of the sixteenth century, and until the latter half of the nineteenth, with the exception of some sporadic achievements under a few great designers, this form of decoration made no progress. Certain developments of the early art, such as the mosaic system, disappeared altogether, while enamel painting has been preserved, especially in Germany, but resulting in very few artistic productions. The wonder is, with the work of the great masters before their eyes, and with sufficient control of the vehicles, how men could escape doing something better, during this long interval.

Even in restoring the ruin time and storm have wrought upon the old glass, and where the new glass is to stand side by side with the great examples, the botching done would be hard to credit if it were not in constant evidence.

A few celebrated artists appeared during the dark period, under whose direction memorable work was achieved; among them, and not the least, may be mentioned Jervais, who executed the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is interesting to recall the personal oversight given by Reynolds to engravers working after his pictures; and we can well believe that his care in this respect did not slacken while the vast labor by Jervais in putting up the great east window of New College, Oxford, was going forward.

Clearly, the degradation of the art of decoration with colored glass came about when the idea began to prevail that the artisan who can handle his tools is alone requisite to accomplish artistic results; when, on the other hand, the prerapha-elite movement originated in England under the imaginative men whose influence swept over the modern world, and when in the United States an impulse began to be felt toward original artistic expression, the old vehicles were sought, having themselves long borne witness to their power of responding to the highest requisitions.

At the time La Farge commenced his work in New York there was very little proper material to be found in America, and almost no educated workmen. Nevertheless, the artist was ready; great churches were springing up around him, inviting decoration; the architect was calling for interior artistic assistance which would supplement and complete his idea; and La Farge, still young and hardly determined in his own mind as to the especial form of art to which he should finally devote himself, was animated to test his ability in order to effect harmony in the interiors already begun.

It was impossible for him to lay his hand upon the necessary glass; foreign glass was difficult to command, but the idea had taken possession of his mind, and he was not daunted. It was his habit to buy all the objects of opaline glass he could find, and any others which suited his purpose, and shatter them to produce the desired effects; he also pressed gems and stones, Japanese metals, and whatever could further his work, into the service of decoration. Even with larger provision of material the work is most laborious and troublesome; the necessity falls upon the artist

not only of making the design and adapting it to the heavy lines of lead in which the various shapes of glass must be set, but of plating and fusing, enameling and painting, and turning each morsel of color, to get from it the highest effect, — sometimes putting more than a thousand pieces into a foot square, as may be occasionally requisite. The impediments are beyond the conception of any but the artist who is striving to accomplish results which may be won with such vehicles alone. He dreams by night and by day of the colors which float before his vision; but by day he must also work with his own hand, melting, combining, altering, until he can assure his men that they may take the glass out of his hand, perfect the surfaces, and make the work permanent.

These general notes are by way of prelude to the consideration of a new and significant work in modern glass, by Mrs. Whitman, lately placed in Memorial Hall, Harvard University. It is a piece of decoration which fulfills many of the great requisitions. In spite of peculiar difficulties arising from the construction of the window, the heavy mullions of which were placed in position long before occasion arose for the present work, a harmony has been achieved by keeping the tone of color very low, which is a beauty in itself, since nothing is lost in brilliancy or intensity, and only so much is sacrificed as could well be spared. We are reminded, of course, of the accusation brought against the mediæval glassmakers, — that light was too much shut out by their decorations; but, as we have seen, the conditions of the Cambridge window were imperative. The exquisite light in La Farge's Infant Samuel and the Angel of Help is not unknown in Mrs. Whitman's smaller pieces, and a second large decoration, under freer conditions, will doubtless find her reveling in the pleasure of higher and fuller light.

This window stands, nevertheless, as a noble and sufficient testament, and one worthy of all consideration. It was primarily intended as a monument to the sons of Harvard who died in the war against slavery, and was projected as such by the donor, Martin Brimmer, "alumnus, fellow, and perpetual benefactor" of the university. While the window was in progress Martin Brimmer died, and the work at once became also a memorial to his name. It is a monument not only to the soldiers, forever young, but to the noble life of one of Massachusetts' most lamented citizens. The rose window blossomed into peculiar radiance, the violet hues in their soft glory and the ruby of the heart bringing tears to the eyes of those who look at it for the first time. On either side of the rose angels appear, each holding one end of the scroll, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy Name be the Glory." Every thought of the giver, of the maker, of those who lost their lives in battle or who have gone on to other spheres, — the long battle of life being ended, — is merged, while looking at the splendor of the rose, in the one thought of praise and adoration. The song of color, the song of light, the song of faith, — they are one with the song of eternal joy, eternal beauty, eternal peace, as imaged in the unspeakable shining which falls on the human heart.

The whole work should be more properly considered, however, from below upward, beginning with the idea of the donor, from whose wishes the decoration sprang, and in whose memory the following inscription runs across the foundation: "Martinus Brimmer, alumnus, socius, donum dedit 1829–1896."

The middle panel dedicates the window to the soldiers in whose honor it was projected, saying in Latin: "The men whose names are written on these walls laid down their lives in ardent youth or vigorous prime that the republic might live. Ye living, who reap the fruit of

their sacrifice, live as they died, to make men freer, happier, and more united."

Two figures representing the soldier and the scholar give dignity and significance to the lower half of the window. These serious and spirited forms are set in frames of green, which suggest growth and youth and perpetual springtime. However brilliant with many colors the spaces are in which they stand, the prevailing sense is of the living green of nature.

Above these figures are four angels bearing what may be called the standards of conduct which animate the ideal scholar and soldier. The words Love, Honor, Courage, Patience, are inscribed thereon.

Finally comes the great rose, of color unspeakable.

> "Luce intellettual piena d' amore,
> Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,
> Letizia che trascende ogni dolzore."

We recognize afresh to-day, by the examples to which we have alluded, that glass is now used as a decoration in the most distinguished positions. It is again one of the first accessories to the highest forms of architectural work, and brought into connection with the most sacred associations and memories of humanity. Less than almost any other means of expression can it afford to descend to the trivial, the grotesque, the startling, the merely commonplace. As Flaubert has said of the best work in letters: "Ce n'est pas de faire rire, ni de faire pleurer, ni de vous mettre en fureur, mais d'agir à la façon de la nature, c'est à dire de faire rêver."

Why is it, men ask nowadays, that Rheims and Chartres and Bourges, Rouen, Cologne, and Antwerp, and many cathedrals in Italy and England are looked upon and visited as shrines, however remote they may be from the path of the traveler? Is it not, in large measure, because of

> "the giant windows' blazoned fires"?

And why, although we in America choose new shrines, memorial halls, chapels, libraries, public buildings, for decoration, instead of churches only, as of old, — why should we not more generally recognize the difficulties and the seriousness of our modern labor? It is much to know that we have at this hour, in America, artists who stand in the front rank of the world's workers. Their impediments in the past have been far too great, yet not greater, perhaps, than in modern England, where some of the fine windows of Burne-Jones have also suffered from architecture unsuited to them. A better period appears to open, a time when architect, artist, and artisan will understand their natural and close relation each to each. Such a result will again produce the harmony which in early centuries brought forth the monuments we worship.

In one of the old translations of the Sermon on the Mount it is written, "Blessed are the beggars for light." It was the spirit of this saying which blossomed in the windows through which the sun rays fell upon the early worshipers.

The religious spirit of our own age is taking on new life, and finding many and beautiful manifestations. One expression of this new spirit shines in the light that falls through emblems and holy figures imaged upon resplendent windows in our sacred places.

Annie Fields.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING.

I REMEMBER to have heard a very interesting discussion, in Oxford, in the spring of 1883, apropos of the Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which had just appeared. The editor of the correspondence was criticised with extreme severity, many of the warmest friends of the Carlyles feeling it no less than an outrage that the deepest privacies of the Chelsea household should have been so ruthlessly laid bare to the gaze of the vulgar. Somewhat to my surprise, the Master of Balliol, the late Dr. Jowett, — "the Master" *par excellence* to all who knew the Oxford of his day, — did not altogether go with the censors. I wish I could recall his exact words, which were surely the best possible and the simplest; but he said in substance that there were certain people so distinguished by nature, so original in type, so indispensable to the student of human character and its possible variations, that their fellow beings needed, and had a right, to know all that could be known about them after their death, even to the most trivial details. Judged by this rule, the shades of Robert and Elizabeth Browning have forfeited, by sheer pre-eminence, the privilege of privacy in the grave. Morally no less than intellectually, these were two very remarkable persons, — the most remarkable, so far as we know, ever made one flesh in holy wedlock. The secrets of that rare communion of kindred spirits, guarded so fastidiously while either lived, are now the legal property of the reading world; and the legacy having been made over freely and with businesslike dispatch, the public may at least enter without scruple upon its enjoyment.

The time seems appropriate, therefore, for a review of the whole series of memoirs, which began with the appearance of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's Life and Letters of Robert Browning in 1891, was continued by that of the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in 1897, and concludes with the publication in full of the almost daily and sometimes bi-daily correspondence which passed between the two poets from January 10, 1845, to September 12, 1846, the date of their ever memorable and most romantic marriage. A small volume also appeared in 1877, containing the letters of Miss Barrett to Richard Horne, the author of Orion and A New Spirit of the Age, through whose influence she first, in 1835, became a contributor to periodical literature. Robert Browning's home letters, and as many more as he could easily recover of those addressed before his marriage to other *familiares*, he himself destroyed about four years before his death; but the Browning annals are so voluminous without them that their absence is hardly felt.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr's Life of Robert Browning is neither a very thorough nor a very pleasing performance. A great deal too much space is given to her own criticisms of his various works in the order of their publication; she strangely misjudges the relative merit of his later and his greater poems, and her tone toward Mrs. Browning is unsympathetic, from first to last. Her memoir is now valuable chiefly through furnishing the data which enable us to compare, step by step, the converging careers of the predestined pair, and to note some curious coincidences between them of time, home atmosphere, and accidental influence.

It was one effect of the ingenuous modesty and lasting youthfulness of the woman's spirit that the six full years of seniority on her side barely counted. Elizabeth Barrett Moulton - Barrett — the correct form of her unwieldy maiden name may be given *in extenso* for once,

but the simpler and more familiar one will suffice for the future — was born March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, the estate of a maternal uncle, a few miles from the ancient cathedral town of Durham. Robert Browning was born May 7, 1812, in the remote London suburb of Camberwell. The parents of both were Dissenters, in easy circumstances. Mr. Moulton-Barrett was, indeed, at one time, very wealthy; and the elder Robert Browning, the father of the poet, might have been so but for the honorable disgust he came to feel, after serving a year's apprenticeship in the West Indies, for the system of slave labor under which the fortunes of both families were accumulated.

It is a pity to endeavor to minimize, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr does in the case of Robert Browning, the influence upon the mental and moral development of a very clever child of being born and bred, in a country like England, outside the privileged circles of the state Church, and, by consequence, of the great world. It is only an accident, but it is an accident, so to say, of astrological moment. It is not thus that one would choose to be born in England; but it is astonishing what a proportion of those who have most profoundly influenced the thought and the conduct of serious English readers during the last fifty years have labored under this apparent disadvantage, and had this invisible and yet "invidious bar" to break before finding their true place. Ruskin, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and, in a lesser degree, the Martineaus and the whole circle of sober-minded East Anglian heretics, Quakers, Unitarians, and others, are instances which will readily occur to the memory of all. There are names enough to build an induction after Mill's own most approved pattern. Moral earnestness, the species of angularity which ever belongs to an untrained and unsupported but vigorous conscience, a kind of other-worldliness in early life, which may become a noble unworldliness with advancing years, but may also become the exact reverse, intellectual independence, and a certain racy provincialism of spirit are more or less characteristic of them all.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the similarity of their early traditions had much to do with the instinctive and complete comprehension of each other's mental processes which the Brownings always evinced.

If the childhood of both had not been so sequestered, — the girl's on the beautiful estate of Hope End, among the Malvern Hills, which her father bought in 1809, the boy's in the social desert of Camberwell, — they would have incurred less danger of being set up and admired as infant phenomena. Both were so admired to a somewhat appalling degree, but they were creatures too fine to be spoiled. While Elizabeth Barrett paced, in ankle-tied shoes, the garden alleys of Hope End, meditating her Epic on the Battle of Marathon, which was printed at her father's expense when she was thirteen, Robert Browning was measuring off heroic couplets on the edge of the family dining table, which he could just reach with the tips of his outstretched hands, or having his curly hair brushed, as he used long afterward humorously to relate, to the tune of Watts's hymns, with a heavier stroke on every strongly accented syllable: —

> "Fools *never* raise their *thoughts* so high;
> Like *brutes* they live, like *brutes* they die."

The boy's home was less opulent than the girl's, but his education, in the best sense of the word, was more liberal and his environment more stimulating. His mother was so sweet and wise a saint that she suffered in prayerful silence even her boy's brief lapse into religious infidelity. It came of reading the poems of Shelley, which she herself, in the simplicity of her heart, had bought for him at his request, and it passed before he was twenty, never to return. His father,

on the other hand, was a man of great native distinction of mind, a discriminating lover of good books, good pictures, and good music, with all of which young Robert was on terms of easy familiarity from his earliest remembrance.

Elizabeth Barrett's mother seems to have left no trace whatever upon her daughter's mind; while her father, though a man of astounding force of character, was so flagrantly what is now called a *degenerate* that one is driven to doubt whether the lambent pearl of his daughter's unique genius could have been secreted under conditions of health. All the more certain is it, as her lover and husband invariably averred, that her native endowment, her simple God-given *ingenium*, was more signal and surprising than his own.

Properly speaking, neither had any regular mental training. Robert Browning went, as a lad, to an insignificant private school. From fourteen to sixteen he had a French tutor at home, who taught him the French language thoroughly, but little beside. For one year, his eighteenth, he was a member of the London University, and he was well instructed in music, for which he had a great natural gift. He had a circle of musical friends in Camberwell, too: his cousins, the Silverthorne brothers, gay fellows, who both died young, and whose mother paid for the printing of Pauline in 1833; and Alfred Domett, afterward premier of New Zealand, and immortalized by the poet as Waring. This was the period at which Robert Browning, with his fond father's full consent, gravely adopted poetry as a profession, — a thing one cannot conceive of his doing, at that age, had he been a public school and university man. Yet Wisdom was justified of her child, and nobly. The first notable fruit of that resolve was Paracelsus; and Paracelsus lives, and will continue to live, not so much through the subtlety of its metaphysical speculations, and through certain scattered passages of the narrative, which are instinct with the highest kind of imaginative beauty, nor even through the rich and haunting music of the superb song, "Over the sea our galleys went;" but because in it the youth of twenty-three discovered his own distinctive and surpassing gift, — the divination of individual human character as an organic whole. Nobody had known for several hundred years, nor cared particularly to know, what manner of man Paracelsus was. The callow youth at Camberwell resuscitated and evoked him out of the past; not without patient research, to be sure, yet still by a species of magic. The dry and laborious investigations of later students have all gone to confirm the main truth to historic fact of what then seemed the creation of an audacious fancy.

Paracelsus, in the nature of things, could never have won more than a success of esteem; but incidentally it brought its author the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Talfourd, Horne, and Landor, and fairly launched him among men of letters.

His practical sponsor and first warm public eulogist, however, was W. J. Fox, the editor of the Monthly Repository. The very name of the periodical excites an involuntary smile in those who remember Harriet Martineau's description of her own first appearance in print, which was made there. Her contribution was anonymous, and she awaited with some natural excitement the comments thereon of her clever family circle, where Mr. Fox's paper was, of course, taken in. "The best thing in the Monthly Repository for some time," she had the tempered satisfaction of hearing. "But no one," she dryly adds, "not acquainted with the pages of the Monthly Repository can realize how slight the encouragement was!" At Mr. Fox's house in Bayswater Robert Browning also met Macready, with whom he was for some years very intimate, and for

whom he wrote Strafford; and at Macready's country seat, Elm Place, he met Euphrasia Fanny Haworth, — the Eyebright of Sordello, — his lifelong friend, who, as he afterward confessed to Elizabeth Barrett, had so nearly been something more than a friend.

During all this period of the poet's early expansion and recognition the life of the poetess was becoming every year more narrow, solitary, and externally sad. An active girl until she was fifteen, though far from robust, she received at that age an injury to the spine, one of whose results was the pulmonary disorder which made her an invalid for life, and of which she had almost died before the world ever heard of her name. She never grew in bodily stature after that time, but nothing could arrest the growth of the mind which her fragile frame barely sufficed to contain. She absorbed knowledge, in her seclusion, as naturally as a plant absorbs moisture and aliment from the most unlikely-looking soil; transmuting what she appropriated, with plantlike unconsciousness, into color, fragrance, and wonderful intricacies of form. She became a prodigy of learning without knowing that she was learned. The modern European languages and Latin came to her without effort. Greek she snatched from her brother's tutor, and felt it like a living language; extracting from it much of the essence of that "Greek spirit" of which there was less chatter in those days than now, though — to quote her own "plea of confession and avoidance," in Aurora Leigh — she never *wrote* anything more pretentious than "lady's Greek without the accents." Her one literary associate and guide, in the earlier of these days, was the blind and very cranky old scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd. To him, in her girlish voice, "somewhat low for αις and οις," she read aloud her unaccented Greek; not Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus alone, but the hymns and homilies of the Greek Fathers of the Church. Even then, and all inexperienced and undisciplined as she was, the exquisite quality of her intelligence made her literary judgments far keener and surer than her teacher's; and when he pronounced Ossian superior to Homer, she knew he was talking nonsense, though her sweet humility and respect prevented her saying so in any but the most diffident and deprecatory manner.

In 1832 heavy pecuniary losses compelled Mr. Moulton-Barrett to sell Hope End, and remove his family, first to a hired house at Sidmouth in Devonshire, which came near tumbling down over their heads, and later to that most featureless quarter of London, the neighborhood of the Regent's Park and the northern squares, which has served as the nursery of so much genius, from the days of Mrs. Siddons to our own.

> "Dark house by which once more I stand
> Here in the long unlovely street."

Mayfair is not to be mentioned as a place of pious pilgrimage, beside this gaunt but ever sacred and beloved Philistia.

It was plain from the first that London was the worst residence which could have been chosen for the fragile creature, who was nevertheless to wear out a ten years' captivity there, in her room and upon her couch, with only the one tragical interruption of the visit to Torquay during which her favorite brother Edward was drowned. But the fiat of her father, *instans tyrannus*, had gone forth, and there was no power within her little sphere strong enough to stay it. He had devoted his brilliant child to death, — unwillingly, we must suppose, but as unflinchingly as Agamemnon devoted Iphigenia; and though he had parental vanity enough to pay for the printing of some of her faulty and yet astonishing first essays in authorship, he made no secret of his conviction that her thoughts "ought to be in the next world."

Her sleepless thought, indeed, was in

both worlds and in all worlds. The four walls of her dingy and conventional London chamber were no barrier to her shifting but ever splendid vision of "Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind." She possessed within her own luminous consciousness the irrefragable evidence of things unseen. No other woman, before or since her day, has been endowed with anything like her sustained imaginative power. Her sense of form and her sense of rhythm were both defective, but the faculty which we call original, or creative, was hers; and the mere fact that her precocious debauch of ill-regulated study did not smother and extinguish it altogether shows in what a preëminent degree it had been bestowed.

Little by little, however, the rays of that divine spark that was in her pierced the thick vapors in which her life was involved. One by one, appreciative and congenial friends from without found courage to surmount the artificial and absurdly accumulated barriers by which she was hemmed in. She had always written a great number of letters, and very long ones. An educated lady was expected to do so, at that time, and some old-fashioned ladies keep up the practice. But now the list of her regular correspondents begins to include people of some note, like Richard Horne, Miss Mitford, Theodore Hook, Henry Chorley and other editors and publishers, to whom her compositions are formally submitted. Her letters of this period have been before the world for some years; and very delightful reading they are, and will always remain. If ever there was a *schöne Seele*, it was hers. The invincible amiability, the graceful mingling of intelligence, docility, and sweet independence with which she receives criticism, whether of her bizarre phraseology and lawless rhymes or of her too effusive and, so to say, personal and "evangelical" religiosity, are only to be surpassed by her sympathetic appreciation of the work of others, and the fine exactitude with which she estimates its value. She says, from her sofa, the last word, almost upon the first occasion, concerning Miss Mitford's Rienzi and Talfourd's Ion, and many another favorite of the moment, and the youthful Tennyson is "divine" to her, while the world of letters is yet ringing with the contemptuous pronunciamento of the great titular autocrat of criticism that his stuff "will never do."

It was in 1838 that Miss Barrett first began to see intimately and to love, as he so well deserved, her elderly kinsman, John Kenyon, who had also been a schoolmate of Robert Browning's father, and who was destined not merely to bring the two poets together, but to smooth their pathway through life, in so signal a manner. Her first small volume of collected verses, The Seraphim and Other Poems, appeared in the spring of that year; and almost at the same time the disease under which she labored received an all but fatal impulse by the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs. She faced the doubtful issue with surpassing serenity, discussing it freely and cheerfully with her ever loving sisters and her other friends. An inner voice, it may be, told her that she was not then to die, and that the instinctive and universal prayer, so often mysteriously denied, had in her case mysteriously been granted: —

> "Oh, let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet,
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet!"

But the sharpest bereavement that ever befell her — her brother Edward's untimely death — had yet to be endured, and the darkest passage of an existence of more than half a century traversed, before she escaped from the bonds that confined her, and came to her ideal fruition of singular and exalted happiness.

All this while the young author of Paracelsus was growing, and producing.

Sordello belongs to this time, and almost the entire series of Bells and Pomegranates, which began with Pippa Passes in 1841, and includes the greater part of the songs, dramas, romances, and dramatic lyrics by which the poet is most widely known, and will probably be longest remembered. This is not the place to speak of the force and passion, the depth of human understanding, the breadth of human sympathy, and the mastery of human speech which these works disclose. There are Browning societies, if not Browning colleges, which exist for the sole purpose of studying critically what Robert Browning has written. My purpose is to follow, as closely as may be, the development in sun and air of the man's genius, side by side with the hothouse growth of the woman's.

During this period Robert Browning had passed a winter in Russia, and had been twice to Italy. The former experience was to serve him incidentally — as every experience must serve a great mind — in after years; but the latter had a decisive influence upon his fate. He fell instantly under the spell, and received the seal, of the enchantress land, and became one of the foremost interpreters to men of her magnificent *humanism*. He even fell in love, at first sight, with his own latest home, in Titian's country, and received the first suggestions for that long line of astute and illuminating studies of Italian character which, beginning rather turgidly with Sordello, was to include Pippa, the Gondola, the Bishop at Saint Praxed's, and scores beside of memorable numbers in Bells and Pomegranates, Men and Women, and Dramatis Personæ; culminating a quarter of a century later in that monumental work, The Ring and the Book. In these years between twenty and thirty-five, Robert Browning was exceedingly handsome, and, like Bulwer, Charles Dickens, Disraeli, and other his young contemporaries of the full-blown romantic period, he had a florid taste in dress and was decidedly *muscadin*. Still unknown to the world of high fashion, he went much into the society of the literary clique which had adopted him, and was especially adored, as was but natural, by its women.

In 1844 the poems of Elizabeth Barrett were collected and published by Moxon in the two well-known volumes which established her fame, and which took their title from The Drama of Exile. Cowper's Grave, The Cry of the Children, The Lost Bower, Sleep, The Dead Pan, and the Rhyme of the Duchess May were all there; nevertheless, the publisher found the volumes too thin, materially, and requested something more to increase their bulk. She responded to this appeal by sending him the ballad of Lady Geraldine's Courtship, one hundred and forty of whose fifteen-syllable lines were composed in one day.

Assuredly the poem is not one of Mrs. Browning's best. For all its *verve* and volubility, it is even one of her worst, in the wild irregularity of some of its rhymes — *virtues* and *certes* — and in the broad and glad contempt for common sense and common probability which characterizes the plot, and which is made the more conspicuous by its modern *mise en scène*. But it was this poem which won Robert Browning's heart, and led him to importune Mr. Kenyon for an introduction to its author. Was it the ardent though rather awkward compliment to himself in Lady Geraldine which he found irresistible?

> "Or from Browning some *Pomegranate*, which,
> if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a
> veined humanity."

Five months, at all events, after the forced production of Lady Geraldine's Courtship, on January 10, 1845, Robert Browning writes his first letter to Elizabeth Barrett from Hatcham in Surrey,

whither his father had now removed, and it begins on this wise: —

"I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett — and this is no off-hand, complimentary letter that I shall write — whatever else, no prompt, matter-of-fact recognition of your genius, and there a graceful and natural end of the thing. . . . Even now, talking with whoever is worthy, I can give a reason for my faith in one and another excellence, — the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true, new, brave thought; but in thus addressing myself to you, your own self and for the first time, my feeling rises altogether. I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart, and I love you too." [1]

She is by no means moved from her delicate poise, the slight creature in her sick-room, by this energy of *attacco*. She replies the next day, frankly, gracefully; a little more temperately than he had written, and with unaffected humility: —

"I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. You meant to give me pleasure by your letter; and even if the object had not been answered, I ought still to thank you. But it is thoroughly answered. Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear, very dear to me; but the sympathy of a poet, and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me. Will you take back my gratitude for it? — agreeing, too, that of all the commerce done in the world, from Tyre to Carthage, the exchange of sympathy for gratitude is the most princely thing?"

She then begs for his criticism, — that he will tell her what seem to him her most salient faults as a writer; for she will not presume to request that he will "tease" himself by naming them in detail. She adds an earnest word concerning what she has long owed to Mr. Kenyon, who has now brought her this best gift of all.

Is it possible that a correspondence begun in so high a key should be long maintained at the same pitch, without let or stay, occasional anti-climax or serious lapse into bathos? It *is* thus maintained, to the tune of some two hundred and fifty letters on either side; and it shows no intellectual or emotional decline, but rather a slow and steady increase of intensity, until it ends in the union of the writers.

Robert Browning paid his first visit to Wimpole Street on May 21 of the same *annus mirabilis*. They prepared their souls for that meeting as for a first communion, and meditated on it afterward in the same rapt and solemn spirit. The most intimate of their inter-devotional exercises are, in very truth, too sacred for quotation. One is abashed even to have read them. Let us take the lady in her charming lighter mood, in one of her lucid intervals — more frequent, it must be confessed, with her than with him, at that time — of exquisite common sense. An admirer had written her a letter from America (it will be wholesome for us to observe that all the most glaring absurdities come from America), addressed to "Miss Barrett, Poetess, London," and it had actually arrived.

"Think," she says, "of the simplicity of those wild Americans in 'calculating' that people in general here in England know what a poetess is! . . . And if you promised never to tell Mrs. Jameson nor Miss Martineau, I would confide to you, perhaps, my secret profession of faith — which is — which is — that, let us say and do what we please and can, there *is* a natural inferiority of mind in women, — of the intellect, not by any means of the moral nature; and that the history of art and of genius testifies to this fact openly. Oh, I would not say so to Mrs. Jameson for the world! I believe I was a coward to her altogether, for when she denounced carpet-work as

[1] Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

'injurious to the mind,' because it led the workers into 'fatal habits of reverie,' I defended the carpet-work as though I were striving *pro aris et focis*, and said not a word for the poor reveries which have frayed away so much of silken time for me." [1]

Love doubtless could "find out a way" through the tangled phrases which follow, and which were written when the poet first learned, to his surprise, how much "more elder" was his lady "than her looks" or her lover: —

"Do you understand, my own friend, — with that superiority in years, too! For I confess to that — you need not throw that in my teeth — as soon as I read your Essay on Mind, from preface to the vision of Fame at the end, and reflected on my doings about that time, 1826, — I did indeed see and wonder at your advance over me in years. What then? I have got nearer to you considerably — if only nearer — since then, and prove it by the remark I make at favorable times, such as this, for instance, which occurs in a poem you are to see, which advises nobody who thinks nobly of the Soul to give, if he or she can help, such a good argument to the materialist as the owning that any great choice of that Soul, which it is born to make, and which (in its determining, as it must, the whole future course and impulses of that Soul) — which must endure forever, even though the object which induced that choice should disappear, — owning, I say, that such a course may be scientifically determined." [2]

But we need not pursue the writer through the page or so more of parentheses and sub-parentheses which he takes to complete his thought. One thing at least is clear from this dense passage, namely, that the involved and obscure style, which has often gone near to maddening some of Robert Browning's most willing disciples, was indeed a part of the man. His mood, at this time, was one of noble candor; the sentiment which possessed him was elementary in its simplicity; but it was natural to him to express himself thus. Severe mental discipline in early years might have mitigated the fault, but could never wholly have eradicated it.

Miss Barrett's physicians had said, clearly and repeatedly, that the climate of London was deadly to her, but that a winter in the south might benefit her greatly; and the lovers, all through that first summer, had permitted themselves to look forward to a meeting in Italy, in the autumn. But Elizabeth was now definitively forbidden, by her father, to dream of such a journey; and she submitted, for the moment, to the seemingly brutal decision with her accustomed resignation, while even Robert was not immediately roused by it from his trance of content with their exquisite actual relation.

"Do not be angry with me," she writes. "Do not think it my fault, but *I do not go to Italy*. . . . Am I wrong in the decision? Could I do otherwise? I had courage and to spare, but you see the decision did not rest with myself. . . . For the rest, the *unforbidden country* lies within these four walls. Madeira was proposed in vain, and any part of England would be as objectionable as Italy, and not more advantageous to me than Wimpole Street. To take courage and be cheerful, as you say, is left as an alternative; and — (the winter may be mild!) to fall into the hands of God rather than of man." [3]

His answer runs thus: —

"Be sure, my dearest love, that this is for the best, and will be seen for the best in the end. It is hard to bear now, but *you* have to bear it. Any other person could not. And you will — I know, knowing you — *will* be well this one winter, if you can, and *then* — since I am

[1] Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 116.

[2] Ibid. vol. i. p. 132.

[3] Ibid. vol. i. p. 242.

not selfish in this love to you, my own conscience tells me — I desire, more earnestly than I ever knew what desiring was, to be yours, and with you, and, as far as may be in this life and world, You." [1]

The correspondence of the months immediately succeeding this crisis is, again, so intimate that one reads by snatches, and turns the pages fast, ashamed, when all is said, of having been betrayed into violating the privacy of two such hearts. There is a dazzling purity and unworldliness about it all, a swift kindling of responsive thought, a passion of mutual faith, a rivalry in self-abasement of these two élite creatures, which is at once fantastic and very touching. As though Heaven itself were moved to indulgence by so rare a spectacle, the winter of 1845–46 proved one of almost unheard-of mildness in England; and the invalid, under the combined stimulus of that *ver perpetuum* and of her own great happiness, gained surprisingly in physical strength. The sacred and quintessential personalities of which I have spoken form, after all, but a small part of the voluminous communications which continue to pass between them, even though Robert Browning was now fully established on the footing of a calling acquaintance in Wimpole Street, and saw his lady regularly twice or thrice a week. The fuller understanding of the world and of real life which Elizabeth gained through him, and the strong and heretofore untried tonic of hope for herself, imparted a new sparkle to her comments on men and books and things. The sweetness of her disposition is invincible, but she indulges in a good deal of playful satire; and it must be owned that this famous pair, after the manner of lesser lovers, discern a striking inferiority in all the rest of the world to their own highly favored and hardly to be idealized selves.

"Dear Miss Mitford comes to-morrow," writes Elizabeth on February 5, "and I am not glad enough. Shall I have a letter to make me glad?" While Robert replies on February 7: "And Miss Mitford yesterday, and has she fresh fears, for you, of my evil influence, and *Origenic* power of raying out darkness, like a swart star?" The poet's antipathy to Miss Martineau may well have been a matter of temperament, but he cannot even allow her to extol the virtuous frugality of the Laureate's life at Ambleside, — that Laureate who was also, it must be remembered, Robert Browning's Lost Leader.

"I am very glad to hear so much good of a very good person, and so well told. She plainly sees the proper use and advantage of a country life, and *that* knowledge gets to seem a high point of attainment, doubtless, beside the Wordsworth she speaks of; for *mine* he shall not be, so long as I am able. Was ever such a 'great' poet before . . . dissertating with style of the 'utmost grandeur that even you can conceive'? (Speak for yourself, Miss Martineau!)"

One pardons the note of bitterness here, because the slaughter of an early moral ideal — even a fictitious one — is always a tragic thing. But when the lovers bemoan, as they do freely, later on, the occasional interruption of their high tête-à-tête by Mrs. Jameson [2] and Mr. Kenyon, our sympathies lean a little to the side of the intruders. For, if conventional use and common prudence were to be defied, — as it became more and more evident they would eventually have to be, — these were unquestionably the two among their common friends on whom odium, so far as there was odium, would principally fall. Yet it was Mrs. Jameson who was to act as *balia* to the helpless bride on her precarious wedding journey; while the devoted John Ken-

[1] Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 243.

[2] Author of Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Madonna, etc.

yon, who had introduced these two, was their strong defense always against the world's criticism, and their perpetual benefactor. He made them an allowance from the time of their son's birth, and left them in his will a sum which delivered them forever from all sordid anxieties.

Robert Browning had twice proposed marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, during the first year of their acquaintance, and she had sorrowfully, but decidedly, refused him. It was not until the last day of January, 1846, a year and three weeks from the date of their first interview, that she wrote : —

" Let it be this way, ever dearest. If, in the time of fine weather, I am not ill, *then — not now* — you shall decide, and your decision shall be duty and desire to me both. I will make no difficulties." [1]

Her wholly natural and noble fluctuations of feeling were being silently recorded all this while in the series of incomparable sonnets afterward published as from the Portuguese. It is the finest love poetry ever written by a woman,[2] at once the most impassioned and the most immaculate. The husband paid high poetic tribute to the wife, after marriage, in By the Fireside, in One Word More, in the heroic Prospice, which has sustained so many fainting hearts, and in frequent incidental appeals or brief invocations to his " Lyric love, half Angel and half Bird," which we all tenderly remember. But he wrote nothing to compare, for concentrated emotion and sheer intensity of white fire, with these beautiful sonnets.

As the summer of 1846 — the " time of fine weather," for which Elizabeth's promise had been given — wore away, the now affianced pair addressed themselves fitfully, and with a curiously child-like inadequacy and inconsequence, to the question of ways and means for their marriage. The man will borrow a hundred pounds from his doting father for their wedding journey, but feels within himself the power abundantly to provide for all their needs, after the deed is done, by the labor of his own pen. Or he will apply to Mr. Spring-Rice (afterward Lord Mounteagle) for a literary pension, if she approves. But the high-spirited wraith, when consulted, most emphatically does *not* approve; and then she goes on, diffidently and much afraid of wounding his feelings, to mention that she has between three and four hundred pounds a year of her own, *which nobody can take from her.* He will none of that, of course, and is shocked, as well he may be, when the lifelong invalid apologetically suggests that she will perhaps have still to keep her maid, Wilson, — " a very expensive servant, sixteen pounds a year." In the end it proved a matter of some importance that the small income of the poetess was inalienable ; for it furnished the main support of the unworldly pair during all the enchanted first years of their life in Italy. That histrionic old anachronism Mr. Moulton-Barrett continued obdurate, as all the world now knows, until his own latest breath, and literally disinherited his daughter for disobedience in marrying at the age of exactly forty ! On the other hand, though the ripest and soundest fruit of Robert Browning's virile genius was all either produced or prepared in the fifteen years of his wedded life, his popularity in England did not increase during that period, — hardly passed, indeed, beyond the restricted limits of his first circle of personal admirers ; and his noble work was destined to bring him no great remuneration, either in fame or in money,

[1] Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 440.

[2] Unless Sappho's were all it is reported to have been ; and unless the anonymous author of that peerless Provençal alba with the refrain, " Oy dieus Oy dieus che l'alba tan tost ve," were indeed a woman.

until his wife lay sleeping in her Florentine grave.[1]

Meanwhile, the accord of these two spirits on all high and immaterial things appears to grow more perfect, if this were possible, as the last weeks of their probation pass away. When it comes to discussing the religious form under which the clandestine marriage, now fully resolved upon, shall be celebrated, "The truth, as God sees it," writes Elizabeth, — and it is upon the feast of the Assumption that she unconsciously so writes, — "the truth, as God sees it, must be something so different from these opinions about truth, — these systems which fit different classes of men like their coats, and wear brown at the elbows always! . . . Still, you go quickest there where your sympathies are least ruffled and disturbed, and I like beyond comparison best the simplicity of the Dissenters, the unwritten prayer, the sacraments administered quietly and without charlatanism! And the principle of a church as they hold it, I hold it too, quite apart from state necessities, — pure from the law."[2]

And Robert replies: —

"Dearest, I know your very meaning in what you said of religion, and responded to it with my whole soul. What you express now is for us both; those are my own feelings, my convictions beside, — instinct confirmed by reason. Look at that injunction to 'love God with all the heart and soul and strength,' and then imagine yourself bidding any faculty which arises toward the love of him be still! If, in a meeting house with the blank white walls and a simple doctrinal exposition, all the senses should turn from where they lie neglected to all that sunshine in the Sistine with its music and painting, which would lift them at once to heaven, why should you not go forth, to return just as quickly when they are nourished into a luxuriance that extinguishes?"

All summer the invalid had been timidly trying her new strength by pathetic little walks about the London squares and streets, with only her maid and her beloved spaniel Flush in attendance; and it is quaint to hear her say that she always looked for her lover at every corner, and to compare this naïf confession with his own of the almost hyper-refined scruple which had forbidden him even to glance down Wimpole Street during the interval when, having already declared his love for her soul, he was entreating permission to pay his homage to her in person. Thus time slipped away, until the morning in early autumn, September 12, 1846, when they met at the parish church of St. Marylebone (of all unromantic places!), and were united, after all, by the Anglican rite; the bride accomplishing her final evasion about a week later, by gliding out of the Wimpole Street house, under the escort still of the faithful Wilson and the immortal Flush, while the stage father and the sympathetic but trembling sisters were at dinner. Husband and wife took the boat, that night, from Southampton to Havre; three weeks later, in memory of Petrarch and Laura, he had carried her in his arms up the valley of the Sorgue to the fountain of Vaucluse; and before the end of November they were settled in Pisa for their first Italian winter.

The manner of life upon which they now entered was to be theirs, with but few interruptions, while Mrs. Browning lived. Their winters were passed chiefly in Florence, at that Casa Guidi which is so peculiarly associated with her name; where a tablet has been set to her memory by the affectionate peo-

[1] I myself have heard, as late as the early eighties, a well-connected and presumably well-instructed Englishwoman, of the military caste, stoutly deny that there were *two* poets of the name of Browning, — a man as well as a woman!

[2] Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. ii. p. 427.

ple she loved so well and served with her pen so gallantly. In the summer they went to the baths of Lucca or to Siena, and occasionally to England; though these latter visits were always painful on account of the stubborn alienation of the men of the Barrett family, while the damp summer climate of her birthplace was as dangerous to her as it had always been. She ceased for a time, indeed, to own herself an invalid. Mrs. Jameson had said of her, in the first winter after her marriage, that she was not so much improved as *transformed;* and a miracle of healing did really seem, at first, to have been wrought upon her, by removal to a kindlier clime and by her own rare domestic felicity. But the physical taint remained, congenital and incurable; and now that Mrs. Browning had attained her full intellectual stature, and had come up, though late, with her own limitations, the mental taint which inevitably accompanied it was to become increasingly conspicuous in all her published utterances. It was not that her eccentricities of manner and language grew more marked; on the contrary, they diminished for a time, and very noticeably. She had never before, except in the most inspired of the Portuguese sonnets, written verse as limpid, as harmonious, and as nearly classical in form as that of Casa Guidi Windows, her first important production after marriage. It is a curious fact that both the Brownings wrote more intelligibly during the period of their married life than either had ever done before, or than Robert Browning ever did afterward. They wrote quite independently. They rarely, if ever, confided their literary projects to each other, compared notes, or asked advice about unfinished work. Yet the style of both improved after they wrote side by side.

But the woman's voice, ever soft, sympathetic, and musical by the fireside, sounded thin and shrill when uplifted in high argument upon the political and social questions which more and more solicited her muse. Even in her generous advocacy of the cause of Italian independence she was fitful and flighty; now uplifted by extravagant hope, now plunged into unreasonable despair. In her cloistered early days, Elizabeth Barrett, as we have seen, had given evidence of a singularly fine and correct judgment in books; but the faculty seemed strangely to desert her when she turned her attention to the march of public events and the responsible actions of living men. She became a prey to prepossessions as passionate as they were fickle. Pio Nono was an angel of deliverance; he was a demon of deceit. Carlo Alberto was a traitor; he was a martyr. Only Louis Napoleon, third of his line, was invariably disinterested, broad-minded, and beneficent! Cavour, the true sponsor of united Italy, the one great creative statesman of our time, "shown by the fates," and then so tragically withdrawn, — Cavour she never comprehended until the all-illuminating hour of her own death, which so nearly coincided with his.

"Cavour, to the despot's desire
Who his own thought so craftily marries,
What is he but just a thin wire
For conducting the lightning from Paris?
Yes, write down the two[1] as compeers,
Confessing (you would not permit a lie)
He bore up his Piedmont ten years,
Till she suddenly smiled and was Italy."

The Poems before Congress, from which these astonishingly bad verses are taken, were one sustained shriek of poignant disappointment and helpless wrath on Italy's behalf. Only a great cantatrice, one may say an historic voice, could have held so high a note so long; and it is but fair to offset against the above lines the last stanza of Mrs. Browning's poem on the First News from Villafranca, which, though it be but an hysterical woman's cry, yet furnishes a signal instance of the sheer might of hu-

[1] Cavour and Napoleon III.

man language when launched by simple emotion : —

" Peace you say ? Yes, peace in truth !
But such a peace as the ear can achieve
'Twixt the rifle's click and the rush of the ball,
'Twixt the tiger's spring and the crunch of the tooth,
'Twixt the dying atheist's negative
And God's face — *waiting, after all !* "

The hysterical note does indeed mar the effect of the most moving songs with which she was inspired by Italian political themes ; even of Mother and Poet, and the brilliant but slightly meretricious Court Lady. Nor is it, alas, at any time quite absent from Mrs. Browning's longest, and in some respects most considerable poem ; the fruit of her best married years, and the work, as she herself says in her preface, which embodied her " most mature convictions on art and life." The modern subject and setting and the socialistic purpose of Aurora Leigh (it upheld the so-called Christian socialism of the fifties, which was then in the dawn of its brief day) gave the book instant and wide popularity, and seemed to bring its author more closely in touch with the actual world than she had ever been before. Reviewed after the lapse of forty years, however, it seems both sensational and ineffective. The old fervor and abundance are here, the generous purpose, the unflagging imagination, the wealth of simile and allusion, together with something more than the writer's early sharpness of occasional epigram. But poise, proportion, tem perance, unity of conception, and sanity of spirit, — these things are painfully absent. Those " mature convictions " of hers availed to make the metrical romance on which so much of her bes power was lavished neither an epitome of art nor a reflection of life. Involuntarily, we recall the profane ejaculation of Edward Fitzgerald when he heard of Mrs. Browning's death, " Thank Heaven, there will be no more Aurora Leighs ! " And while we love the aged Browning all the better for the furious defense he made of his wife's genius against the shade of her incorrigible censor, we know that Fitzgerald was right. More Aurora Leighs would have been a heavy misfortune to letters.

The bells were in truth jangled beyond repair which had rung so thrilling a peal above Cowper's grave, so sweetly in the Portuguese sonnets. The altered balance, or rather the fatal overbalance, of Mrs. Browning's fine faculties, appears yet more plainly in the enthusiasm with which she embraced spiritism, and her credulous interest in the palpable charlatanry of its most vulgar " manifestations." She had never been strong enough to go into general society, and her husband, who was formed to enjoy it, renounced it gladly for her sake. For a time the very best of the transient company of Florence came naturally to them ; but now Mrs. Browning, though always and invincibly true to early friends, was inclined to admit no new pretenders to her intimacy, save fanatics and visionaries who shared her freshly adopted views of things occult. What her husband really thought of some of the idols of her later worship he was to tell the world, long after, in Mr. Sludge, " the Medium," and Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. For the present, he was content to sit apart and pursue his own subtle and penetrating studies of typical men and women.

No shadow of serious misunderstanding ever fell between these two. They had allowed each other, from the first, the widest spiritual room, and no mere difference of speculative opinion could put them asunder now. He stood manfully between her and the attacks provoked by her violent later utterances, which appeared ill-tempered to those who did not know her, and were at least intemperate. As her strength declined, she became, what she had never been before, morbidly sensitive to hostile criticism. It astonished as well as distressed

her. Charges of atheism and anarchism, founded on the wild cries on behalf of *all those in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate*, which she uplifted in her strained and breaking voice, seemed to her to spring either from dense misunderstanding or from wanton malignity. She positively could not see why poems like the Summing Up in Italy and A Curse for a Nation should excite resentment and call forth stinging retort. She was deeply wounded, though she bravely tried to make light of it, when her well-intentioned but very outspoken poem Lord Walter's Wife was most tenderly and apologetically declined by Thackeray for the Cornhill; and it must be admitted that, for a professed philosopher and man of the world, he does appear a bit of a Philistine in this transaction. Robert Browning suffered for these things because his wife suffered, and did his loyal best to screen and comfort her. He felt a sad presentiment that she had received her deathblow in the sudden and seemingly complete frustration of her hopes for Italy in 1859; and as the months went by, and she did not rally from the depression of that season, the fears of all about her were confirmed. For herself, she had none. In this, at least, her mind was always healthy: that she made no study of her own sensations, and was too well used to physical pain to mind a slight increase of it. There was a sense of prostrating fatigue upon her, to which she did reluctantly own in some of her letters and in one most affecting poem, but she never dreamed that it was mortal: —

"You see we 're tired, my heart and I.
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we 're tired, my heart and I."

On June 7, 1861, the day after Cavour's death, Mrs. Browning wrote to her husband's sister, meekly praying to be forgiven because their promised visit to the home friends in England had been postponed, *for that year*, on her account, and adds: "We came home into a cloud here [in Florence]. I can scarcely command voice or hand to name Cavour. That great soul which meditated and made Italy has gone to the diviner country. If tears or blood could have saved him to us, he should have had mine. I feel yet as if I could scarcely comprehend the greatness of the vacancy. A hundred Garibaldis for such a man!"

The clouds were breaking. The devoted guardian, and for fifteen years the true preserver of his wife's fragile existence, might have said (in the words of his own departing Paracelsus), as he watched her now: —

"The hurricane is past
And the good boat speeds thro' the brightening weather."

Within three weeks after the date of the letter last quoted Mrs. Browning had a bronchial attack, like scores which she had had before and surmounted. But the last time was come, and in Casa Guidi, on the night of June 29, "smilingly happy, and with a face like a girl's," she died in her husband's arms.

Another life in this world of nearly thirty years was reserved for Robert Browning, after the dissolution, in the order of nature, of this rarely beautiful union. It was a life pitched in a lower key (I will not say lived upon a lower plane) than his wedded life had been; otherwise he himself would hardly have survived to the age of seventy-seven. It was an active, kindly, conspicuous, and increasingly prosperous existence; passed chiefly in his native land, whither he returned very soon after Mrs. Browning's death, and where he did his best to transform into an English schoolboy and train to be an English citizen the child who had been born a Florentine, and, so far, bred an artist.

To one who, like his biographer, knew the poet only in that after life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that the sequel should have seemed the more important part of the story, — demanding as much space as all the rest, — and his marriage merely a romantic episode. The world at large will not be inclined so to regard it. Robert Browning won, in the end, such recognition as is rarely accorded to a living writer. It was universally conceded that in England none but Tennyson outranked him. He had what must have been a truly inconvenient following of personal admirers and neck-or-nothing disciples. He even became, in some sort, the fashion; and Mrs. Sutherland Orr feelingly enumerates the great English country houses and the historic drawing rooms of which he was made abundantly free. His late popularity, however, was in no wise due to the Fifines and the Red Cotton Night-Cap Countries, and still less to the spirited translations and adaptations from the Greek with which he amused his more worldly days, but to work either done in provincial obscurity before he knew Elizabeth Barrett, or produced by her side and under the stimulus of her society. He had used a lover's pardonable hyperbole when he spoke of himself, in By the Fireside, as "named and known" by the "feat" of winning her. But the "little more" of her faltering and twice-withholden yes was indeed "much" to him, and there is a very real sense in which it may be said that her persistent refusal would have meant "worlds away" from his fame. We may at least thank them both for having made it clear to mankind that two individuals of extraordinary gifts *can* marry without either being false to their vows or incurring harrowing wretchedness. We rejoice, too, that the man should have been better than his own last word in Any Wife to Any Husband ("and yet it will not be"), and that he should have remained faithful unto the long-delayed end, "'mid all who followed, flattered, sought, and sued," to the woman's unrivaled memory.

> "Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments."

And there is the less need to do so, either in the Shakespearean sense or in the one which naturally occurs to a theorist of to-day, because, in the beneficent order of nature, minds of unusual calibre are seldom moved to marry together. Science, physiological and psychological, may demonstrate that the woman, in this memorable case, ought never to have married at all; and that it would have been better for the race if the man had taken to himself a *helpmeet*, indeed, but one with no claim to rank as his intellectual equal. There is one thing, however, which has thus far escaped the dominion of any formulated law, and that is human volition; and we may the more cheerfully dismiss from our minds any carking anxiety on behalf of the race, because the conjunction of two such stars as these will not occur again, until we have had a few more æons in which to study the proper scope of science and the exact limits of law, if any limits there be.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA.

We must base our dealings with the Cubans on the understanding that they are as yet but children. The word describes them almost exactly. Ignorance, delight in seeing or owning pretty trifles, curiosity, the tendency to tell an untruth whenever telling the truth may have unpleasant results, cruelty, wanton destruction of inanimate things which have been obstacles in their path, fondness for personal adornment, intense desire for praise, and a weakness for showing off, — these are the attributes of children. Savages display them, too; and many observers have put the Cubans down as barbarians. But, on the whole, they wear these qualities as children wear them. Docility, except under abuse, is their most marked trait. They yield without opposition or question to the strong hand; and our government has made its chief mistake in dealing with them weakly, and allowing its policy to seem shifting, vacillating, and uncertain. Most Americans in Cuba maintain that if, after the Spaniards had been driven out, we had taken the stand that we were going to assume permanent control of the island, put it in good order, and govern and develop it ourselves, the great majority of the Cuban people would have accepted the arrangement and been satisfied with it. This was impossible; but the uncertain manner in which the campaign of regeneration in Cuba has been conducted from Washington, and the fact that the administration did not show any definite policy, have been serious drawbacks. Everything done seems to be decided on with an eye to the two possible futures, — independence and American sovereignty. Our government seems to be trying to ride two horses, to prepare for two contingencies, and to do nothing which shall militate against either.

The Cuban country people are natural, — in all senses of the word, — kind, simple-hearted, and generous, except on occasion. They have many fine qualities, including that kind of disinterested hospitality which springs from the heart, and beautiful manners which amaze foreigners. Finally, they are malleable to a surprising degree. Like children and unlike savages, almost anything can be made of them. We have before us the task and the responsibility of training them up in the way they should go. Under suitable government, education, treatment, and guidance, they can be developed and uplifted to an extent amounting to transformation. Their extreme teachableness, and their quickness to adopt new habits of mind and action which promise to benefit them, render it not impossible that the children of another generation may be fit for citizenship.

The Cubans are not a religious people, either outwardly or inwardly. They have the sort of religion natural to children. It is undeveloped. So is their moral sense. The approach to paganism is astonishingly general. This is a far-reaching fact which throws much light on the Cuban character. The Spanish priests represented the Spanish government; in other words, oppression. They bought and sold benefices, and tried to make the maximum of money out of their parishioners. These things drove the Cubans out of the Church. The priests charged high fees for baptizing, marrying, and burying. Few Cuban babies, it would seem, are baptized nowadays, except in the centres of population. Marriages are usually performed by the alcalde, and a Cuban burial is too barbarous and revolting for description. From all accounts, the priests whom the Spanish government sent to Cuba, and paid well because they aided to keep up

the Spanish power, were men of unsavory lives and ambitions. The Cubans naturally forsook a church whose representatives violated its most sacred precepts. Some of them found in Freemasonry a refuge, a ground of union, and a medium for transmitting political secrets. In a recent walking trip from Santiago to Havana, I saw, outside of eight large towns, only one building that had been designed for a church, until I reached Matanzas province. That one had evidently not been so used for many years. In Manzanillo, perhaps the prettiest, the brightest, and the most attractive town on the island, a very persistent bell called fifty women, out of fourteen thousand inhabitants, to Sunday morning service.

The Cubans are exceptionally quick-witted, even for a race of Latin descent, and if American sovereignty were brought to pass they would take as readily to our ideas of government as they are doing to our ideas of business. But the change to be made is very great. The quartermaster of one of our regiments tried lately to buy some supplies from a Cuban firm. The provisions were all right, but several amicable conversations with the members of the house failed entirely to bring about anything like an arrangement concerning the price. He grew impatient at what seemed to him their stupidity and tardiness. At last one of them came to him and made a clean breast of it: "You see, captain, we can't specify any price until we know how much we shall have to pay *you*." Another firm deposited in the post office a large number of letters, unstamped. They were returned, and the head of the house called to make an indignant protest. A small steamer employed by his house had carried the mail for the Spanish government to a certain near port, and in return all letters bearing the firm's label had been delivered, unstamped. He was told that he must stamp all his letters, and that if we wanted to send mail to that port by his steamer we would make a contract with him. He thought a moment, and exclaimed in amazement, "Why, that 's getting things down to a cash basis!" He was told that that was the intention: whereupon he took to the new idea with delight, and made a contract to carry the mail. The Cubans are not far-sighted, and they have little desire or regard for knowledge for its own sake; but, like all people whose entire resources in the way of information are in their own heads, they are shrewd, and quick to perceive all the bearings and operations of any innovation which affects or promises to affect themselves. Mentally, they are a remarkable combination of keenness, intelligence, and readiness to learn new things, with ignorance so dense as to discourage any attempt to fathom it.

They know how to construct a rancho of small trees, branches, and palm leaves, which will keep out the floods of rain that fall in the rainy season; how to make the best coffee in the world; how to dig boniatos and yuccas, clear scrub, cut cane, capture bees, and do other little things in the way of agriculture; in short, they know how to exist in their environment. Also, they know the local gossip and a few echoes of doings in the world beyond half a day's ride. But further than this most Cubans living outside of the towns know absolutely nothing. The United States is to them a vague tract of land in the north, more or less the size of Spain, from which come minnows in yellow cans, and roast beef, which may be bought at the cantinas, where even bread can sometimes be obtained; likewise big men in blue shirts and felt hats, who ride colossal horses and drive the biggest mules in the world, but cannot speak Spanish and do not bother about courtesies. These Americans take kindly to the remark, "Americano mucho bueno, Espagnol mucho malo;" not less kindly than the Cubans take to American silver, which they find

preferable to Spanish money. But the average Cuban never goes from home further than he can ride his little single-footer in three or four hours. He exists, in the cheerful contentment which is one of his worst traits, on what he can pick up around his hut. Even if he be a man of unusual energy, and take split palm leaves or boniatos or tobacco to the village to sell, he comes in contact only with the few people who have always lived within two or three leagues. I was repeatedly amazed and dumfounded at the number of men and women who did not know the path to the nearest village, or even whither the trail led which went past their own doors. Getting out of the towns was a long, tedious, and exceedingly annoying matter. You might ask man after man, and not one would know how to find the only road that led to the next village. Unfortunately, a Cuban hates to admit that he does not know; and he will give you, with perfect confidence and abundant courtesy of manner, a direction that has no discoverable relation to the right path. Cubans never travel in their own island for pleasure, and very rarely for business: to ninety-nine out of a hundred of them any province but their own is unknown except by hearsay, — unless in the case of men who accompanied Garcia's raid through the island. Town-bred Cubans differ from their rural fellows chiefly in being cleaner, in meeting more kinds of people, and in the fact that they sometimes see a tiny Havana newspaper with its short, unreliable cablegrams.

It is often hard to tell whether a Cuban lies to you from ignorance or from malice. On ordinary occasions, and about matters that do not promise to affect himself, he is fairly truthful; but he seems to know no reason why he should not tell a lie if he wants to. To the average Cuban who has always lived on his own island, a lie is a thing to tell whenever it will serve any useful purpose. Here the absence of a moral sense becomes apparent. With the Cuban, lying is a matter, not of right, but of policy, his short-sightedness preventing him from perceiving that to-day's advantage may be to-morrow's loss. Though the Cubans usually tell the truth, nearly all of them dissimulate or equivocate whenever they see occasion. Hence it is not always easy to tell what a Cuban thinks or how he feels about the future of the island. He sometimes tells you what he thinks you want to hear. Every man of property wants Cuba to be under American control, but he will not admit it before a crowd, or even to another Cuban, unless convinced that he too is heartily in favor of it.

It is needless to say that the glowing descriptions given by the Cubans of the performances and the glorious victories of their somewhat mythical army are not intentional, deliberate, cold-blooded lies. Carried away by imaginations as fertile as the soil of their island, they believe their own monstrous inventions. For, after all, the Cuban loves better than all other things on earth to strike an attitude, to pose, to strut and brag and make himself out a great man and his fellow islanders a great nation. Thousands of Cubans firmly believe that there was once a band of men worthy to be called a Cuban army, and that they fought battles. Others say that there were merely little companies of starving stragglers, who sometimes fired their two cartridges apiece from ambush at Spanish scouting parties, and then scattered. But they all think they did great execution. Get some American or Englishman who was with them to give you his view of it. It will be discouragingly different. Cuba is infested with "after the war" soldiers, braggadocio mock heroes who took no part in the fighting.

If one can keep his face straight, it is worth while to start one of these "brigadier generals," and say "Whew!" at critical moments. He will romance by

the hour about the battles he has fought, the victories he has won, and the Spaniards he has killed. It is one of the pleasant features of the unconventional life of Cuba, at present, that you can chat with anybody. When you tire of these fairy tales, and your eyes begin to wander, perhaps you will notice in a corner of the café a little wizened negro, who does not look too clean for work, and whose machete scabbard is short, plain, old, and dirty. Go over and talk with him, if you want to know how the Cubans saved themselves from total annihilation and made the conflict drag along. But do not believe all he says; he is touching it up for your benefit, too. It is not best to dispute assertions. It may be there was once a Cuban army, properly constituted, which occasionally stood up to its opponents; and possibly the "Conquering Army," the "Army of Liberation," numbers forty-five thousand men, all of whom fought three years against the Spaniards. Do not admit that you have been credibly informed that a Cuban regiment consisted of twenty-five men, of whom seventeen were officers, or that a Cuban warrior of rank below sergeant is an object of extreme interest for his rarity. It is too hot to dispute; besides, it is not worth while.

As a matter of fact, there *is* a formidable army in Cuba to-day. It does not quite correspond to the aggregation of men who are looking for shares of our three-million-dollar gift, though most of the latter also belong to it. This is the "Army of Expectation," as it has been well called, — the men who are making all the money possible out of the United States, as interpreters and in other ways, and doing all they can to browbeat Cubans who favor permanent American control and to hasten our removal from the island, to the end that they may get office under the Cuban republic. They are formidable because they all pull together, because they have nothing to lose, and because they are animated by a common desire for gain. They are masters of grandiloquent phrases and specious arguments and false yet persuasive assertions, and they have just brains enough to delude the well-meaning, generous, ignorant peasants and workingmen. Native shrewdness and the habit of taking for granted that every one has an axe to grind may lead the peasants to discount some shams, but they also prepare them to regard shams as things to be expected.

Pretense, unhappily, plays a large part in the Cuban character; and there is, one is sadly disposed to admit, some warrant for the statement that the Cubans are to some degree like a race of slaves. Their villainous faces, their habit of suspicion, and a sullen, resentful manner, developed under habitual subjection, all go to give one the impression which an ill-concealed and deep-seated subserviency strengthens. A Cuban's face, at first sight, looks sinister and defiant, as if he were ready to commit murder solely by reason of the absence of cause to the contrary. Yet instinct tells you that he will not attack you in fair fight; so you bid him good-day without the slightest trace of deference, and your greeting straightway transforms your murderous-looking pirate into a courteous gentleman, who will chat with you, offer you a cigarette, interest himself in your affairs, and give you any help in his power, and at parting commend you to God, — all with the most beautiful and appropriate manners and the most graceful gestures in the world. Most Cubans, by the way, "talk from their hips up;" their hands move as fast as their tongues. As soon as you get below the surface you find this kind of man, and he will remain just about the same as long as you know him. But you will shortly perceive that there is a third stratum, the nature of which you can only guess at. You wonder what the man really thinks; how he really feels toward

you; whether he means what he says about the future of Cuba and the other topics you discuss. If you stay in his company for some time, however, and if he has no military leanings, you will gradually come to perceive that he is a sincere fellow at heart. Converse with him alone, and he will tell you his real sentiments, which will correspond closely to what he told you offhand when you first met him.

All things seem to have conspired to bring to the surface the potential bad traits in the Cuban character. The Spaniards treated the Cubans as slaves, thereby implanting in them the characteristics of slaves, including falsehood, meanness, and vengefulness. The American common soldiers, who, during the past winter, have not been the best behaved people in Cuba, found them devoid of the fundamental qualities that we demand of men, and treated them correspondingly; with the result, in many cases, of confirming the worst side of their disposition. You will not make a better man of any one by calling him a rascal, or by treating him with continued and overbearing contempt and insult. He will probably respond to your opinion by acting according to it. It is perfectly true that many Cubans have behaved very badly since we took possession of the island, and some of them were amenable to no other treatment than physical compulsion; but the race as a whole is peaceable and well disposed, and it is not fair to estimate it from a few refractory or dishonest examples. It is unintelligent, moreover, to blame the Cuban people for the bad qualities forced upon their character during Spanish rule, when deception became almost necessary.

Ungratefulness is the charge that has been most often brought against the Cubans since Santiago. After it had been borne in upon them that they were not to be allowed to demolish, for pure spite, all the Spanish fortifications and official buildings, they still had to learn that they would not be permitted to maltreat civilian Spaniards as they chose. Even after they had learned this much of our character, and had indisputable proof, in the work of cleaning up cities and improving streets, of our disinterestedness, their only thought seemed to be to get all the money they could out of our people. Prices were doubled, tripled, and quadrupled for Americans, as they always are in foreign countries for American tourists; but they speedily came down, thanks to the poverty and the shrewdness of the American common soldier.

Though the Cubans are doing what they can, in these ways, to make money, less can be said for their industry in more laudable directions. Three years of enforced idleness and guerrilla warfare have unfitted most of them to settle down and cultivate the land. Lack of tools accounts for part of this disposition to let the land lie undeveloped; temperament and their recent habit of life for most of it. The owners of sugar mills complain bitterly of the impossibility of getting laborers enough to run their mills at full capacity, and say that the gangs are constantly changing. Meantime, on the streets of Santiago two thousand unemployed men clamor for work. None of these went to the mines at Guantanamo, when work was offered; instead, the men in charge brought sixteen hundred unemployed men from Cienfuegos, many, if not all, of whom were badly needed on the neighboring sugar plantations. Perhaps work in the cities for the government has spoiled these men for the less exciting life of the country.

By far the greater part of the island presents the spectacle of extremely fertile cleared land with which absolutely nothing is being done. You may travel through miles and miles of just such country, particularly in Puerto Principe and Santa Clara. It is so in Santiago, also, except that the scenery is more varied and the land more wooded, so

that you do not notice so constantly the prevalence of flat, uncultivated country, and do not so quickly tire of seeing nothing else. Offhand, you would say that the eastern two thirds of the island had never been brought under cultivation. In Matanzas and Havana provinces the case is only a little less pronounced. Except in spots Cuba seems virgin soil, just as its people offer an unbroken field to the missionary. Where agriculture used to be carried on there is now nothing but desolation, and the overgrown ruins of houses and huts and Cuban camps and hospitals. Pinar del Rio, the famous tobacco country, is said by those who have traveled through it to present the same aspect of desolation. Left to themselves, the Cubans would never develop their country, — not in centuries. They are not shiftless; every man of them can shift for himself so long as he stays in the country. The trouble is that it is so easy to get along and have plenty to eat without doing much work. The women and children dig boniatos and yuccas, which are said to grow year after year where they have once been planted; the men shoot deer or agouti or guinea hens; one who happens to be passing a field of sugar cane takes along a few stalks, the juice of which goes to sweeten the coffee. Perhaps the husband and father finds a swarm of bees in the woods. He brings it home on his shoulder, and installs it in a hollow trunk behind his hut. Part of the honey will enable him to buy green Brazilian coffee, dried fish, a lump of pork, possibly even a couple of rolls as a special treat. The wax, manipulated by deft fingers, becomes candles, and solves the entire lighting problem. Why work when one can live so well without?

During the war almost the entire rural population had to live on boniatos, which are an exceedingly watery and innutritious kind of yam, not unlike our sweet potato. One result of the struggle was seen in the excessively distended stomachs and the spindling arms and legs, from which, as from a widespread epidemic, the people are recovering. There was another and more striking result. The Cubans multiply rapidly, as do all tropical peoples. Now, the mortality of the war among the adults was horrible enough, but among the children it resembled extermination. During nearly two months spent in traveling in Cuba I saw but one child between the ages of one year and five. That frail little creature of two years might have weighed twelve pounds. I have reason to believe that in the cities the mortality among the babies was less sweeping.

The lack of facilities for transportation — one might almost say the absence of such facilities — of course discourages agriculture; still, it is used rather too much as an excuse. The few railroads charge high rates; as for the highroads, all but a few of the *caminos reales* are mere trails, only wide enough for men on horseback to travel single file. The *camino real* seems to be so called on account of its resemblance to the *palma real*. It is about the width of the trunk of the palm tree, and sooner or later it disappears among the foliage. Lack of confidence, however, is the chief obstacle to progress, because it lessens ambition, and prevents residents and foreigners with capital to invest from taking up more land or undertaking new enterprises. An astonishing number of Cubans now working in the cities are land poor. You often meet men in humble circumstances who own thousands of acres of land, highly valuable for its timber, or its fertility, or its adaptability to cane, tobacco, or coffee, which is entirely unsalable because no one has sufficient confidence to develop it. Hence every man of property in Cuba, as well as every merchant or shopkeeper, is an earnest advocate of permanent American control. He knows that it is for the good of his country, and that it will enhance enormously the value of

his land and the volume of his business. Ask any intelligent man in Cuba, of whatever nation, "What is the chief need of Cuba?" He will instantly reply, "Annexation." (This word, by the way, is used throughout Cuba to signify permanent American sovereignty and occupation, and does not carry with it the idea of statehood.) Ask him to tell you the other needs of Cuba, and he will answer that this is the whole story. Security, confidence, capital, immigration from America, intelligent development, railroads, and highways that can properly be called roads, which comprise all the other requisites, will follow quickly enough. Nobody ventures to buy land now, though miles and miles of it are offered at various prices from fifteen cents to twelve dollars an acre, because everything is uncertain. Conditions are even worse than they were five years ago. We made a pledge that we would give the Cubans a chance to govern themselves; but the events of every day make it increasingly doubtful whether they will ever be able to establish, still less to maintain, a strong government. Cuba under a republic would be a very unsatisfactory place to Americans. The Cubans cannot be judged by one who brings them to the touchstone of the virtues which Anglo-Saxons regard as essential. If we leave out the best of them, which means those who have come into contact with American life, the Cubans are sometimes good servants, but they are utterly unfit to be masters of themselves or of anybody else. They are by inheritance unfit for responsibility; and in this respect they will change but slowly, if ever. Americans in Cuba have seen this so clearly that, although there are magnificent opportunities for profitable business, they are not making investments; for, cheap as most of the land is now, it would be worthless if Cuba should be handed over to its inhabitants.

There are certain other significant phases of the economic condition of Cuba to-day. Some of these are the scars of the long war; others are the results of the imperfections of American control. In some places sugar mills have been burned, so that it is impossible to grind the cane; in others all the oxen have been killed, so that it is impossible to convey it to the mills. Weyler carried off nearly all the cattle (two hundred and forty thousand, according to general estimates) from Puerto Principe and Santa Clara provinces, and shipped them to Spain, to be sold for his own benefit. During the war Garcia swept through this part of the island, destroying or carrying off the remaining cattle and all other eatable things, with the ostensible aim of starving out the Spaniards. Aside from sugar-growing, cattle-raising has always been the chief occupation in these two provinces; and to-day hundreds of square miles of the finest grazing land in the world are lying idle because there are no cattle to feed on them. These are the fairest and most orderly parts of Cuba, though they are under very slight cultivation. The local rural guards have been chosen out of the best of the Cubans who took part in the insurrection, and they make active and efficient police. The people seem to be of a better sort than those in Santiago province. They have much pleasanter faces, and the negroes are few in number and well disposed. Moreover, Puerto Principe offers special attractions to Americans, because a large number of the men in business in its chief city have been educated or trained, or both, in the United States. In these provinces the people like us very much, and are thoroughly satisfied and pleased with American rule. They want us to stay. Hundreds of people in Puerto Principe have said that they would go out with our troops. Business is better there, the work of cleaning up the cities has been more appreciated, and our soldiers have been more orderly, than almost any-

where else on the island. The country people I found friendly and disinterested, in most cases; and some of the roads are passable for wagons, which must sooner or later replace the heavy, cumbersome bullock carts that are now the only vehicles of transportation.

In other portions of the island American control has been less effectually established. In Matanzas province, where there are as yet no rural guards, I heard dolorous tales of brigands. One man said that he knew of fifty in his neighborhood, who kept the country in a state of terror, and robbed and raided at will. He added that he did not dare to complain to the authorities in the city, because they would do nothing about it, and the brigands would kill him. The next day we were surrounded by a band of sixteen men, who conversed with us awhile, learned that we were Americans, and rode away. In Santiago, the wildest, the most impassable, and the most mountainous of the six provinces, the brigands have been committing depredations of late.

One of the eternally funny things about Cuba is the strong rivalry between the provinces. The people in each section think that theirs is the best and the richest province, that its people are the finest in the island, and that its men did all the fighting in the late war. Now, everybody else will tell you that the people of Santiago are the worst in Cuba, — the scum, the refuse, of the island; but the Santiagoans insist that they are the most intelligent, since the insurrections have all started in their province. It would seem that they are predisposed to rebel against the established order. General Wood has done a great work in the city and the province under his control; but he had a far harder task, in proportion to the resources at his disposal, than any one else, and he has been hampered in various ways not necessary to detail here. The rural police are not sufficiently formidable to their former companions-in-arms. The mountainous regions of the province seem to have attracted thieves and other unruly members of society from various parts of Cuba, and it is too big and too wild a province to be easily overrun by our soldiers. The people are more disposed to be surly in Santiago than elsewhere in Cuba; and the city was in so horrible a condition last August that far more of intelligent effort than has been expended elsewhere has not brought it up to the level of other Cuban cities.

Permanent American control seems to be the most probable future for Cuba. We are responsible for good government in the island, and it is doubtful if this can be established in any other way. This becomes clearer every day, even to people at a distance; down there, anything else is seldom thought of or suggested, save by the unruly elements and by those persons who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by a state of affairs in which the shrewdest and most unscrupulous man wins, and who still cling to the old fetish of "Cuba Libre." It is so doubtful whether the Cubans can ever govern themselves that few Americans who have been to Cuba and know the conditions expect them to do it. Under American direction, Cubans have performed some of the work incidental to government in a more or less satisfactory manner. Some of the post-office clerks are less inefficient than the majority. The city police and the rural guards are vigilant, energetic, and determined, and they have kept order to the best of their ability; but they are sometimes cowardly, and often disposed to bully and browbeat. They are inclined to be arbitrary and domineering, simply because they have always seen authority exercised in that manner. Doubtless they will gradually outgrow this disposition; but it is a good illustration of the fact, of almost universal application, that the vices forced upon these people by the Spaniards have be-

come part of their natures, and will have to be slowly and painfully outgrown. It will be a slow process, because, among other reasons, the Americans who are to set the Cubans an example are not all paragons of honesty, truthfulness, and probity.

The negroes, who number at least one third, and possibly one half, of the population, are said to belong to the party which clamors for independence. Those in Havana are probably antagonistic to the Americans and to the upper classes of Cubans, because they have not been given places on the police force; the riots of a few weeks ago would lead to this opinion. Those in Cienfuegos also have a standing grudge against the whites, because they are not allowed on the Plaza in the evening. The negroes in Santiago province are of a very different stamp from ours or those in the western end of the island. By comparison, they are gentler, better-mannered, and more intelligent and docile. According to the best authorities, they are sprung from a different African race, and they have always been kindly treated, except by a few British and American slaveowners.

As for the lowest class of white Cubans, the city laborers, most of these have probably been talked over to the Army of Expectation. The opinion seems to be generally held that the poor, hospitable, courteous, much-abused, cheerful, kind-hearted peasant is on that side, too; but this I believe to be largely an error. A number of them, all the way along the road, asked me, "Is the United States going to take us?" in a way which intimated a desire in that direction. The sentiment is certainly growing among them that it would be a very good thing for Cuba to be under our protection. Several times I heard the same argument advanced, — that if Cuba should become a republic, she would be at the mercy of any foreign power with a gunboat and a citizen who thought himself injured. For the rest, there are a good many Cubans who will go with the crowd; if the matter comes to a vote, they will side with whichever party they think likely to win.

Two ways in which our control may be made permanent are much discussed by Americans in Cuba. We can say to the world: "The Cubans are unable to govern themselves, and incapable of learning self-government within any reasonable time; we will therefore keep the island under our control, and govern it as we have governed our territories." Or we can take the ground that, since we have pledged ourselves to give Cuba independence, we are bound to put the island into reasonably good working order, and then to remove our troops and officials. The result, as every one except a few Cubans will admit, will be disorder, fierce contention between the leaders, and then civil war of the old familiar guerrilla kind, degenerating into butchery; and we shall have to come back and take up again the regeneration of Cuba from the beginning. It is hard to decide which is right of these two plans, and whether the one that is right is also expedient; and an honest man may be excused for hesitating between the two courses.

Most people favor the former plan, which represents the progressive spirit. We are already on the ground, they say; the work of regeneration has been well begun, and is going on satisfactorily; and all the best people want us to stay, — the people of property and intelligence, the men whose opinions and desires deserve attention and respect. What is the sense or the necessity of throwing overboard all that has been gained for Cuba, and leaving the island to its own ill devices, when we know perfectly well that we shall have to come back and do our work all over again? It would be an unintelligent and a foolish proceeding. There was once a popular idea to the effect that the long-suffering Cubans

were models of all the virtues, and that if the yoke of Spain were removed they would form at once a stable government which would make Cuba an ideal place for residence; but that was exploded long ago. Why should we feel obliged to sail away from the island, pretending that we had established a government, and allow the Cubans to massacre one another? Is it either right or expedient to expose to the fury of the negroes, and the other inflammable elements of the populace which the demagogues will stir up, the resident Spaniards, the other foreigners (including our own people), and the Cubans who have proved friendly to us? The first thought of the Cubans, after the protection of the Spanish troops was withdrawn, was to murder the Spanish civilians, particularly in the small towns where the Spaniards, being men of honesty, industry, and stamina, kept the stores and owned most of the property. Are we to learn nothing by experience? Have we a right to wash our hands of a responsibility which we assumed not only voluntarily, but aggressively, and march away from that powder magazine, when we know beyond a reasonable doubt that there are those who only wait for our departure to fire it? Europe has already taken it for granted (unofficially) that we are in Cuba to stay. Putting aside the enormous expense and the disturbance connected with moving our troops away from Cuba and then sending them back, are we called upon to put Cuba at the mercy of a half-barbarous rabble, with the inevitable result of having to go back there in force, reconquer the island, and do all over again the splendid work of the past year?

To be sure, it may be said with much plausibility that if a vote were taken tomorrow, the people of Cuba would by a large majority request us to leave the island, and that we ought not to go into the business of government without the consent of the governed. It is probably true that the Cubans who want us to go outnumber those who want us to stay. The point is that if all, or nearly all, the people whose convictions deserve respect are on one side, mere numbers should not be allowed to decide the matter.

If we set theories aside, and look at the situation squarely, it becomes evident that the event will not be determined by any logical or *a priori* considerations. Our possession of the island is growing more firmly rooted every week, and Americans are forming interests and connections in it which will slowly change the face of things. With every life and every dollar we send to Cuba our hold on the island is being strengthened. We shall stay to take care of our own, and thus, by imperceptible stages, the present situation will glide into permanent control.

Herbert Pelham Williams.

BEREAVEMENT OF THE FIELDS.

IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, WHO DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain;
For never more, by wood or field or croft,
Will he we knew walk with his loved again;
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain.

Soft fall the February snows, and deep,
Like downy pinions from the moulting breast
Of all the mothering sky, round his hushed sleep,
Flutter a million loves upon his rest,
Where once his well-loved flowers were fain to peep,
With adder-tongue and waxen petals prest,
In young spring evenings reddening down the west.

Soft fall the February snows, and hushed
Seems life's loud action, all its strife removed,
Afar, remote, where grief itself seems crushed,
And even hope and sorrow are reproved;
For he whose cheek erstwhile with hope was flushed,
And by the gentle haunts of being moved,
Hath gone the way of all he dreamed and loved.

Soft fall the February snows, and lost,
This tender spirit gone with scarce a tear,
Ere, loosened from the dungeons of the frost,
Wakens with yearnings new the enfranchised year,
Late winter-wizened, gloomed, and tempest-tost;
And Hesper's gentle, delicate veils appear,
When dream anew the days of hope and fear.

And Mother Nature, she whose heart is fain,
Yea, she who grieves not, neither faints nor fails,
Building the seasons, she will bring again
March with rudening madness of wild gales,
April and her wraiths of tender rain,
And all he loved, — this soul whom memory veils,
Beyond the burden of our strife and pain.

Not his to wake the strident note of song,
Nor pierce the deep recesses of the heart,
Those tragic wells, remote, of might and wrong;

But rather, with those gentler souls apart,
He dreamed like his own summer days along,
Filled with the beauty born of his own heart,
Sufficient in the sweetness of his song.

Outside this prison-house of all our tears,
Enfranchised from our sorrow and our wrong,
Beyond the failure of our days and years,
Beyond the burden of our saddest song,
He moves with those whose music filled his ears,
And claimed his gentle spirit from the throng, —
Wordsworth, Arnold, Keats, high masters of his song.

Like some rare Pan of those old Grecian days,
Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,
Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,
His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn
From Nature's lips reverberate night and morn,
And fled from men and all their troubled maze,
Standing apart, with sad, incurious gaze.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower
Plucked in the early summer of its prime,
Before it reached the fullness of its dower,
He withers in the morning of our time;
Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Songs in our ears of winds and flowers and buds,
And gentle loves and tender memories
Of Nature's sweetest aspects, her pure moods,
Wrought from the inward truth of intimate eyes
And delicate ears of him who harks and broods,
And, nightly pondering, daily grows more wise,
And dreams and sees in mighty solitudes.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft
He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her
He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,
The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur
About his silence, while in glooms aloft
The mighty forest fathers, without stir,
Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet worshiper.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

BOBOLINKS AFTER SUNSET.

WAIT: I follow! After the wasted day
What hear I? Bobolinks in twilight gray
Withdrawing immeasurably far away,
Following the sunset. Day has passed me by.

I follow: wait! After the wasted year,
Like fallen rain refalling tear on tear
Of memory, the bobolinks phantom-clear
I hear unseeing. Spring has passed me by.

Oh wait! I follow! They hold the merry sun
Strange in the twilight, dying one by one.
After the waste of life, I rise, I run,
Catching his skirts. . . . But love has passed me by.

J. Russell Taylor.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

No lifeless thing of iron and stone,
  But sentient, as her children are,
Nature accepts you for her own,
  Kin to the cataract and the star.

She marks your vast, sufficing plan,
  Cable and girder, bolt and rod,
And takes you, from the hand of man,
  For some new handiwork of God.

You thrill through all your chords of steel
  Responsive to the living sun;
And quickening in your nerves you feel
  Life with its conscious currents run.

Your anchorage upbears the march
  Of time and the eternal powers.
The sky admits your perfect arch,
  The rock respects your stable towers.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START.

LEAVE the early bells at chime,
Leave the kindled hearth to blaze,
Leave the trellised panes where children linger out the waking-time,
Leave the forms of sons and fathers trudging through the misty ways,
Leave the sounds of mothers taking up their sweet laborious days.

Pass them by! even while our soul
Yearns to them with keen distress.
Unto them a part is given; we will strive to see the whole;
Dear shall be the banquet table where their singing spirits press,
Dearer be our sacred hunger and our pilgrim loneliness.

We have felt the ancient swaying
Of the earth before the sun,
On the darkened marge of midnight heard sidereal rivers playing;
Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we plunged and all was done:
That is lives and lives behind us, and our journey is begun!

Careless where our face is set
Let us take the open way:
What we are no tongue hath told us. Errand-goers who forget?
Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people gone astray?
We have heard a voice cry, "Wander!" That was all we heard it say.

Ask no more: 't is much! 't is much!
Down the road the day-star calls;
Touched with change in the wide heavens, like a leaf the frost doth touch,
Flames the failing moon a moment ere it shrivels white and falls;
Hid aloft a shy throat holdeth sweet and sweeter intervals.

Leave him still to ease in song
Half his little heart's unrest;
Speech is his, but we may journey toward the life for which we long.
God who gives the bird its anguish maketh nothing manifest,
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

XIII.

When I joined the Circle of Tchaykovsky, I found its members hotly discussing the direction to be given to their activity. Some were in favor of continuing to carry on radical and socialistic propaganda among the educated youth; but the greater number thought that this work had no other aim than to prepare men who would be capable of arousing the great inert laboring masses, and that the chief activity ought to be among the peasants and workmen in the towns. In all the circles and groups which were formed at that time by the hundred, at St. Petersburg and in the provinces, the same discussions went on; and everywhere the second programme prevailed over the first.

We often spoke, of course, of the necessity of a political agitation against the absolute government. We saw already that the mass of the peasants were being driven to an unavoidable and irremediable ruin by foolish taxation, and by still more foolish selling off of their cattle to cover the arrears of taxes. We "visionaries" saw coming that complete ruin of a whole population which by this time, alas, has been accomplished to an appalling extent in Central Russia, and is confessed by the government itself. We knew how, in every direction, Russia was being plundered in a most scandalous manner. We knew, and we learned more every day, of the lawlessness of the functionaries, and the almost incredible bestiality of many among them. We heard continually of friends whose houses were raided at night by the police, who disappeared in prisons, and who — we ascertained later on — had been transported without judgment to hamlets in some remote province of Russia. We felt, therefore, the necessity of a political struggle against this terrible power, which was crushing the best intellectual forces of the nation. But we saw no possible ground, legal or semi-legal, for such a struggle. Our elder brothers did not want our socialistic aspirations, and we could not part with them. Nay, even if some of us had done so, it would have been of no avail. The young generation, as a whole, were treated as "suspects," and the elder generation feared to have anything to do with the youth. Every young man of democratic tastes, every young woman following a course of higher education, was a suspect in the eyes of the state police, and was denounced by Katkóff as an enemy of the state. Cropped hair and blue spectacles worn by a girl, a Scotch plaid worn in winter by a student, instead of an overcoat, were evidences of nihilist simplicity and democracy. If any student's lodging came to be frequently visited by other students, it was periodically invaded by the state police and searched. So common were the night raids in certain students' lodgings that Kelnitz once said, in his mildly humorous way, to the police officer who was searching the rooms: "Why should you go through all our books, each time you come to make a search? You might as well have a list of them, and then come once a month to see if they are all on the shelves; and you might, from time to time, add the titles of the new ones." The slightest suspicion of political unreliability was sufficient ground upon which to take a young man from a high school, to imprison him for several months, and finally to send

him to one remote province of the Urals, — "for an undetermined term," as they used to say. Even at the time when the Circle of Tchaykovsky did nothing but distribute books, all of which had been printed with the censor's approval, Tchaykovsky was twice arrested and kept some four or six months in prison; on the second occasion at a critical time of his career as a chemist. His researches had recently been published in the Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences, and he had come up for his final university examinations. He was released at last, because the police could not discover sufficient evidence against him to warrant transporting him to the Urals! "But if we arrest you once more," he was told, "we shall send you to Siberia." In fact, it was a favorite dream of Alexander II. to have somewhere in the steppes a special town, guarded night and day by patrols of Cossacks, where all suspected young people could be sent, so as to make of them a city of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants. Only the menace which such a city might some day offer prevented him from carrying out this truly Asiatic scheme.

One of our members, an officer, had belonged to a group of young men whose ambition was to serve in the provincial *Zemstvos* (district and county councils). They regarded work in this direction as a high mission, and prepared themselves for it by serious studies of the economical conditions of Central Russia. Many young people cherished for a time the same hopes; but all these hopes vanished at the first contact with the actual government machinery.

If any one were to tell the true history, for example, of the teachers' college of Tver, or of any similar undertaking of a Zemstvo in those years, with all the petty persecutions, the prohibitions, the suspensions, and what not with which the institution was harassed, no West European, and especially no American reader, would believe it. He would throw the book aside, saying, "It cannot be true; it is too stupid to be true." And yet it was so. Whole groups of the elected representatives of several Zemstvos were deprived of their functions, ordered to leave their province and their estates, or were simply exiled, for having dared to petition the Emperor in the most loyal manner concerning such rights as belonged to the Zemstvos by law. "The elected members of the provincial councils must be simple ministerial functionaries, and obey the minister of the interior:" such was the theory of the St. Petersburg government. As to the less prominent people, — teachers, doctors, and the like, in the service of the local councils, — they were removed and exiled by the state police in twenty-four hours, without further ceremony than an order of the omnipotent Third Section of the Imperial Chancelry. No longer ago than last year, a lady whose husband is a rich landowner and occupies a prominent position in one of the Zemstvos, and who is herself interested in education, invited eight schoolmasters to her birthday party. "Poor men," she said to herself, "they never have the opportunity of seeing any one but the peasants." Numerous guests came to this party, the schoolmasters among them. Next day, the village policeman called at the mansion and insisted upon having the names of the eight teachers, in order to report them to the police authorities. The lady refused to give the names. "Very well," he replied, "I will find them out, nevertheless, and make my report. Teachers *must not* come together, and I am bound to report if they do." The high position of the lady sheltered the teachers, in this case; but if they had met in the lodgings of one of their own number, they would have received a visit from the state police, and half of them would have been dismissed by the ministry of education; and

if, however, an angry word had escaped from one of them during the police raid, he or she would have been sent to some province of the Urals. This is what happens to-day, thirty-three years after the opening of the county and district councils; but it was far worse in the seventies. What sort of basis for a political struggle could such institutions offer?

When I inherited from my father his Tambóv estate, I thought very seriously for a time of settling on that estate, and devoting my energy to work in the local Zemstvo. Some peasants and the poorer priests of the neighborhood asked me to do so. As for myself, I could have been content with anything I could do, no matter how small it might be, if only it would help to raise the intellectual level and the well-being of the peasants. But one day, when several of my advisers were together, I asked them: "Suppose I tried to start a school, an experimental farm, a coöperative enterprise, and, of course, also took on myself the defense of that peasant from our village who has lately been wronged, — would the authorities let me do it?" "Never!" was the unanimous reply.

An old gray-haired priest, a man who was held in great esteem in our neighborhood, came to me, a few days later, with two influential dissenting leaders, and said: "Talk with these two men. If you can manage it, go with them and, Bible in hand, preach to the peasants. . . . Well, you know what to preach. . . . No police in the world will find you, if they conceal you. . . . There 's nothing to be done besides; that 's what I, an old man, advise you."

I told them frankly why I could not assume the part of Wiclif. But the old man was right. A movement similar to that of the Lollards is rapidly growing now amongst the Russian peasants. Such tortures as have been inflicted on the peace-loving Dukhobórs, and such raids upon the peasant dissenters in South Russia as were made last year, when children were kidnapped so that they might be educated in orthodox monasteries, will only give to that movement a force that it could not have attained five-and-twenty years ago.

As the question of agitation for a constitution was continually being raised in our discussions, I once proposed to our circle to take it up seriously, and to choose an appropriate plan of action. I was always of the opinion that when the circle decided anything unanimously, each member ought to put aside his personal feeling and give all his strength to the task. "If you decide to agitate for a constitution," I said, "this is my plan: I will separate myself from you, for appearance' sake, and maintain relations with only one member of the circle, — for instance, Tchaykovsky, — through whom I shall be kept informed how you succeed in your work, and can communicate to you in a general way what I am doing. My work will be among the courtiers and the higher functionaries of the palace. I have among them many acquaintances, and know a number of persons who are disgusted with the present conditions. I will bring them together and unite them, if possible, into a sort of organization; and then, some day, there is sure to be an opportunity to direct all these forces toward compelling Alexander II. to give Russia a constitution. There certainly will come a time when all these people, feeling that they are compromised, will in their own interest take a decisive step. If it is necessary, some of us, who have been officers, might be very helpful in extending the propaganda amongst the officers in the army; but this action must be quite separate from yours, though parallel with it. I have seriously thought of it. I know what connections I have and who can be trusted, and I believe some of the discontented already look upon me as a possible centre for some action of this sort. This course is not the one

I should take of my own choice; but if you think that it is best, I will give myself to it with might and main."

The circle did not accept that proposal. Knowing one another as well as they did, my comrades probably thought that if I went in this direction I should cease to be true to myself. For my own personal happiness, for my own personal life, I cannot feel too grateful now that my proposal was not accepted. I should have gone in a direction which was not natural, and I should not have found in it the personal happiness which I have found in other paths. But when, six or seven years later, the terrorists were engaged in their terrible struggle against Alexander II., I regretted that there had not been somebody else to do the sort of work I had proposed to do in the higher circles at St. Petersburg. With some understanding there beforehand, and with the ramifications which such an understanding probably would have taken all over the empire, the holocausts of victims on both sides would not have been made in vain. At any rate, the underground work of the executive committee ought by all means to have been supported by a parallel agitation at the Winter Palace.

Over and over again the necessity of a political effort thus came under discussion in our little group, with no result. The apathy and the indifference of the wealthier classes were hopeless, and the irritation among the persecuted youth had not yet been brought to that high pitch which ended, six years later, in the struggle of the terrorists under the executive committee. Nay, — and this is one of the most tragical ironies of history, — it was the same youth whom Alexander II., in his blind fear and fury, ordered to be sent by the hundred to hard labor and condemned to slow death in exile; it was the same youth who protected him in 1871–78. The very teachings of the socialist circles were such as to prevent the repetition of a Karakózoff attempt on the Tsar's life. "Preparation in Russia a great socialist mass movement amongst the workers and the peasants," was the watchword in those times. "Don't trouble about the Tsar and his counselors. If such a movement begins, if the peasants join in the mass movement to claim the land and to abolish the serfdom redemption taxes, the imperial power will be the first to seek support in the moneyed classes and the landlords and to convoke a Parliament, — just as the peasant insurrection in France, in 1789, compelled the royal power to convoke the National Assembly."

But there was more than that. Separate men and groups, seeing that the reign of Alexander II. was hopelessly doomed to sink deeper and deeper in reaction, and entertaining at the same time vague hopes as to the supposed "liberalism" of the heir apparent, — all young heirs to thrones are supposed to be liberal, — persistently reverted to the idea that the example of Karakózoff ought to be followed. The organized circles, however, strenuously opposed such an idea, and urged their comrades not to resort to that course of action. I may now divulge the following fact which has never before been made public. When a young man came to St. Petersburg from one of the provinces with the firm intention of killing Alexander II., and some members of the Tchaykovsky circle learned of his plan, they not only applied all the weight of their arguments to dissuade the young man, but, when he would not be dissuaded, they informed him that they would keep a watch over him and prevent him by force from making any such attempt. Knowing well how loosely guarded the Winter Palace was at that time, I can positively say that they saved the life of Alexander II. So firmly were the youth then opposed to the war in which later, when the cup of their sufferings was filled to overflowing, they took part.

XIV.

The two years that I worked with the Circle of Tchaykovsky, before I was arrested, left a deep impression upon all my subsequent career. It was life under high pressure, — that exuberance of life when one feels at every moment the full throbbing of all the fibres of the inner self, and when life is really worth living. I was in a family of men and women so closely united by their common object, and so broadly and delicately humane in their mutual relations, that I cannot recall now a single moment of even temporary friction marring the life of our circle. Those who have had any experience of political agitation will appreciate the value of this statement.

Before abandoning entirely my scientific career, I considered myself bound to finish the report of my journey to Finland for the Geographical Society, as well as some other work that I had in hand for the same society; and my new friends were the first to confirm me in that decision. It would not be fair, they said, to do otherwise.

Meetings of our circle were frequent, and I, at least, never missed them. We used to meet then in a suburban part of St. Petersburg, in a small house of which Sophie Peróvskaya, under the assumed name and the fabricated passport of an artisan's wife, was the supposed tenant. She was born of a very aristocratic family, and her father had been for some time the military governor of St. Petersburg; but, with the approval of her mother, who adored her, she had left her home to join a high school, and with the three sisters Kornílоff — daughters of a rich manufacturer — she had founded that little circle of self-education which later on became our circle. Now, in the capacity of an artisan's wife, in her cotton dress and men's boots, her head covered with a cotton kerchief, when she carried on her shoulders her two pails of water from the Nevá, no one would have recognized in her the girl who a few years before shone in one of the most fashionable drawing rooms of the capital. She was a general favorite, and every one of us, on entering the house, had a specially friendly smile for her, — even when she, making a point of honor of keeping the house relatively clean, quarreled with us about the dirt which we, dressed in peasant top boots and sheepskins, brought in, after our walks in the muddy streets of the suburbs. She tried then to give to her girlish, innocent, and very intelligent little face the most severe expression possible to it. In her moral conceptions she was a "rigorist," but not in the least of the sermon-preaching type. When she was dissatisfied with some one's conduct, she would cast a severe glance at him from beneath her brows; but in that glance one saw her open-minded, generous nature, which understood all that is human. On one point only she was inexorable. "A woman man," she once dubbed an effeminate fellow, saying it without interrupting her work, and the expression and the manner in which she said it are engraved in my memory like a sentence of condemnation.

Peróvskaya was a "popularist" to the bottom of her heart, and a revolutionist at the same time, a fighter of the truest steel. She had no need to embellish the workers and the peasants with imaginary virtues, in order to love them and to work for them. She took them as they were, and said to me once: "We have begun a great thing. Two generations, perhaps, will succumb in the task, and yet it must be done." None of the women of our circle would have given way before the certainty of death on the scaffold. Each would have looked death straight in the face. But none of them, at that stage of our propaganda, thought of such a fate. Peróvskaya's well-known portrait is exceptionally good; it records so well her earnest courage, her bright intelligence, and her loving nature. The

letter she wrote to her mother a few hours before she went to the scaffold is one of the best expressions of a loving soul that a woman's heart ever dictated.

The following incident will show what the other women of our circle were. One night, Kupreyánoff and I went to Varvara B., to whom we had to make an urgent communication. It was past midnight, but, seeing a light in her window, we went upstairs. She sat in her tiny room, at a table, copying a programme of our circle. We knew how resolute she was, and the idea came to us to make one of those stupid jokes which men sometimes think funny. "B.," I said, "we came to fetch you: we are going to try a rather mad attempt to liberate our friends from the fortress." She asked not one question. She quietly laid down her pen, rose from the chair, and said only, "Let us go." She spoke in so simple, so unaffected a voice that I felt at once how foolishly I had acted, and told her the truth. She dropped back into her chair, with tears in her eyes, and in a despairing voice asked: "It was only a joke? Why do you make *such* jokes?" I fully realized then the cruelty of what I had done.

Another general favorite in our circle was Serghéi Kravchínsky, who became so well known, both in England and in the United States, under the name of Stepniák. He was often called "the Baby," so unconcerned was he about his own security; but this carelessness about himself was merely the result of a complete absence of fear, which, after all, is often the best policy for one who is hunted by the police. He soon became well known for his propaganda in the circles of workers, under his real Christian name of Serghéi, and consequently was very much wanted by the police; notwithstanding that, he took no precautions whatever to conceal himself, and I remember that one day he was severely scolded at one of our meetings for what was described as a gross imprudence. Being late for the meeting, as he often was, and having a long distance to cover in order to reach our house, he, dressed as a peasant in his sheepskin, ran the whole length of a great main thoroughfare at full speed in the middle of the street. "How could you do it?" he was reproached. "You might have awakened suspicion and have been arrested." But I wish that every one had been as cautious as he was in affairs where other people could be compromised.

We made our first intimate acquaintance over Stanley's book, How I Discovered Livingstone. One night our meeting had lasted till twelve, and as we were about to leave, one of the Korníloffs entered with a book in her hand, and asked which of us could undertake to translate for to-morrow morning at eight o'clock sixteen printed pages of Stanley's book. I looked at the size of the pages, and said that if somebody would help me the work could be done during the night. Serghéi volunteered, and by four o'clock the sixteen pages were done. We read to each other our translations, one of us following the English text; then we emptied a jar of Russian porridge which had been left on the table for us, and went out together to return home. We became close friends from that night.

I have always liked people capable of working, and doing their work properly. So Serghéi's translation and his capacity of working rapidly had already influenced me in his favor. But when I came to know more of him, I felt real love for his honest, frank nature, for his youthful energy and good sense, for his simplicity and truthfulness, his courage and tenacity. He had read and thought a great deal, and upon the revolutionary character of the struggle which he had undertaken it appeared we had similar views. He was ten years younger than

and perhaps did not quite realize what hard contest the coming revolution would be. He told us later on, with much humor, how he once worked among the peasants in the country. "One day," he said, "I was walking along the road with a comrade, when we were overtaken by a peasant in a sleigh. I began to tell the peasant that he must not pay taxes, that the functionaries plunder the people, and I tried to convince him by quotations from the Bible that they must revolt. The peasant whipped up his horse, but we followed rapidly; he made his horse trot, and we began to trot behind him; all the time I continued to talk to him about taxes and revolt. Finally he made his horse gallop; but the animal was not worth much, so my comrade and I did not fall behind, but kept up our propaganda till we were quite out of breath."

For some time Serghéi stayed in Kazán, and I had to correspond with him. He always hated writing letters in cipher, so I proposed a means of correspondence which had often been used before in conspiracies. You write an ordinary letter about all sorts of things, but in this letter it is only certain words — let me say each fifth word — which has a sense. You write, for instance: "Excuse my hurried letter. Come to-night to see me; to-morrow I will go away to my sister. My brother Nicholas feels worse; it was late to make an operation." Reading each fifth word, you find, "Come to-morrow to Nicholas, late." We had to write letters of six or seven pages to transmit one page of information, and we had to cultivate our imagination in order to fill the letters with all sorts of things only to introduce the words that were required. Serghéi, from whom it was impossible to obtain a cipher letter, took to this kind of correspondence, and used to send me letters containing stories with thrilling incidents and dramatic endings. He said to me afterward that this correspondence helped to develop his literary talent. When one has talent, everything contributes to its development.

In January or February, 1874, I was at Moscow, in one of the houses in which I had spent my childhood. Early in the morning I was told that a peasant desired to see me. I went out and found it was Serghéi, who had just escaped from Tver. He was strongly built, and he and another ex-officer, Kogachóff, endowed with equal physical force, went traveling about the country as lumber sawyers. The work was very hard, especially for inexperienced hands, but both of them liked it; and no one would have thought to look for disguised officers in these two strong sawyers. They wandered in this capacity for about a fortnight without arousing suspicion, and made revolutionary propaganda right and left without fear. Sometimes Serghéi, who knew the New Testament almost by heart, spoke to the peasants as a religious preacher, proving to them by quotations from the Bible that they ought to start a revolution. Sometimes he formed his arguments of quotations from the economists. The peasants listened to the two men as to real apostles, took them from one house to another, and refused to be paid for food. In a fortnight they had produced quite a stir in a number of villages. Their fame was spreading far and wide. The peasants, young and old, began to whisper to one another in the barns about the "delegates;" they began to speak out more loudly than they usually did that the land would soon be taken from the landlords, who would receive pensions from the Tsar. The younger people became more aggressive toward the police officers, saying: "Wait a little; our turn will soon come; you Herods will not rule long now." But the fame of the sawyers reached the ears of one of the police authorities, and they were arrested. An order was given to take them to the next police official, ten miles away.

They were taken under the guard of several peasants, and on their way had to pass through a village which was holding its festival. "Prisoners? All right! Come on here, my uncle," said the peasants, who were all drinking in honor of the occasion. They were kept nearly the whole day in that village, the peasants taking them from one house to another, and treating them to home-made beer. The guards did not have to be asked twice. They drank, and insisted that the prisoners should drink, too. "Happily," Serghéi said, "they gave us the beer in such large wooden bowls that I could hold mine to my mouth as if I were drinking, but no one could see how much beer I had imbibed." The guards were all drunk toward night, and preferred not to appear in this state before the police officer, so they decided to stay in the village till morning. Serghéi kept talking to them, quoting texts from the Bible; and all listened to him, regretting that such a good man had been caught. As they were going to sleep, a young peasant whispered to Serghéi, "When I go to shut the gate I will leave it open." Serghéi and his comrade understood the hint, and as soon as all fell asleep they went out into the street. They started at a fast pace, and at five o'clock in the morning were twenty miles away from the village, at a small railway station, where they took the first train, and went to Moscow. Serghéi remained there, and later, when all of us at St. Petersburg had been arrested, the Moscow circle, under his inspiration, became the main centre of the agitation.

Here and there, small groups of propagandists had settled in towns and villages in various capacities. Blacksmiths' shops and small farms had been started, and young men of the wealthier classes worked in the shops or on the farms, to be in daily contact with the toiling masses. At Moscow, a number of young girls, all of rich family, women, had studied at the Zürich University and had started a separate organization, went even so far as to enter cotton factories, where they worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and lived in the factory barracks the miserable life of the Russian factory girls. It was a grand movement, in which, at the lowest estimate, from two to three thousand persons took an active part, while twice or thrice as many sympathizers and supporters helped the active vanguard in various ways. With a good half of that army our St. Petersburg circle was in regular correspondence, — always, of course, in cipher.

The literature which could be published in Russia under a rigorous censorship — the faintest hint of socialism being prohibited — was soon found insufficient, and we started a printing office of our own abroad. Pamphlets for the workers and the peasants had to be written, and our small "literary committee," of which I was a member, had its hands full of work. The books and pamphlets which were printed abroad were smuggled into Russia by thousands, stored at certain spots, and sent out to the local circles, which distributed them amongst the peasants and the workers. All this required a vast organization as well as much traveling about, and a colossal correspondence, particularly for protecting our helpers and our bookstores from the police. We had special ciphers for different provincial circles, and often, after six or seven hours had been passed in discussing all details, the women, who did not trust to our accuracy in the cipher correspondence, spent all the night in covering sheets of paper with cabalistic figures and fractions.

The utmost cordiality always prevailed at our meetings. Chairmen and all sorts of formalism are so utterly repugnant to the Russian mind that we had none; and although our debates were sometimes extremely hot, especially

hen "programme questions" were under discussion, we always managed very well without resorting to Western formalities. An absolute sincerity, a general desire to settle the difficulties for the best, and a frankly expressed contempt for all that in the least degree approached theatrical affectation were quite sufficient. If any one of us had ventured to attempt oratorical effects by a speech, friendly jokes would have shown him at once that speech-making was out of place. Often we had to take our meals during these meetings, and they invariably consisted of rye bread, with cucumbers, a bit of cheese, and plenty of weak tea to quench the thirst. Not that money was lacking; there was always enough, and yet there was never too much to cover the steadily growing expenses for printing, transportation of books, concealing friends wanted by the police, and starting new enterprises.

At St. Petersburg, it was not long before we had wide acquaintance amongst the workers. Serdukóff, a young man of splendid education, had made a number of friends amongst the engineers, most of them employed in a state factory of the artillery department, and he had organized a circle of about thirty members, which used to meet for reading and discussion. The engineers are pretty well paid at St. Petersburg, and those who were not married were fairly well off. They soon became quite familiar with the current radical and socialist literature, — Buckle, Lassalle, Mill, Draper, Spielhagen, were familiar names to them; and in their aspect these engineers differed little from students. When Kelnitz, Serghéi, and I joined the circle, we frequently visited their group, and gave them informal lectures upon all sorts of things. Our hopes, however, that these young men would grow into ardent propagandists amidst less privileged classes of workers were not fully realized. In a free country they would have been the habitual speakers at public meetings; but, like the privileged workers of the watch trade in Geneva, they treated the mass of the factory hands with a sort of contempt, and were in no haste to become martyrs to the socialist cause. It was only after they had been arrested and kept three or four years in prison for having dared to *think* as socialists, and had sounded the full depth of Russian absolutism, that several of them developed into ardent propagandists, chiefly of a political revolution.

My sympathies went especially toward the weavers and the workers in the cotton factories. There are many thousands of them at St. Petersburg, who work there during the winter, and return for the three summer months to their native villages to cultivate the land. Half peasants and half town workers, they had generally retained the social spirit of the Russian villager. The movement spread like wildfire among them. We had to restrain the zeal of our new friends; otherwise they would have brought to our lodgings hundreds at a time, young and old. Most of them lived in small associations, or *artéls*, ten or twelve persons hiring a common apartment and taking their meals together, each one paying every month his share of the general expenses. It was to these lodgings that we used to go, and the weavers soon brought us in contact with other artéls, of stone-masons, carpenters, and the like. In some of these artéls Serghéi and Kelnitz were quite at home, and spent whole nights talking about socialism. Besides, we had in differents parts of St. Petersburg special apartments, kept by some of our people, to which ten or twelve workers would come every night, to learn reading and writing, and after that to have a talk. From time to time we went to the native villages of our town friends, and spent a couple of weeks in almost open propaganda amongst the peasants.

Of course, all of us who had to deal with this class of workers had to dress

like the workers themselves; that is, to wear the peasant garb. The gap between the peasants and the educated people is so great in Russia, and contact between them is so rare, that not only does the appearance in a village of a man who wears the town dress awaken general attention, but even in town, if one whose talk and dress reveal that he is not a worker is seen to go about with workers, the suspicion of the police is aroused at once. "Why should he go about with 'low people,' if he has not a bad intention?" Often, after a dinner in a rich mansion, or even in the Winter Palace, where I went frequently to see a friend, I took a cab, hurried to a poor student's lodging in a remote suburb, exchanged my fine clothes for a cotton shirt, peasant's top boots, and a sheepskin, and, joking with peasants on the way, went to meet my worker friends in some slum. I told them what I had seen of the labor movement abroad. The eyes of my listeners glistened; they lost not a word of what was said; and then came the question, "What can we do in Russia?" "Agitate, organize," was our reply; "there is no royal road;" and we read them a popular story of the French Revolution, an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's admirable Histoire d'un Paysan. Every one admired M. Chovel, and burned to follow in his footsteps. "Speak to others," we said; "bring men together; and when we shall be more numerous, we shall see what we can attain." They fully understood, and we had only to moderate their zeal.

Amongst them I passed my happiest hours. New Year's Day of 1874, the last I spent in Russia at liberty, is especially memorable to me. The previous evening I had been in a choice company. Inspiring, noble words were spoken that night about the citizen's duties, the well-being of the country, and the like. But underneath all the thrilling speeches, like a leading theme in an opera of Wagner, one note resounded: How might each man preserve his own personal well-being? Yet no one had the courage to say, frankly and openly, that he was ready to do only what would not endanger his own dovecote. Sophisms — no end of sophisms — about the slowness of evolution, the inertia of the lower classes, the uselessness of sacrifice, were uttered to justify the unspoken words, all intermingled with assurances of each one's willingness to make sacrifices. I returned home, seized suddenly with profound sadness amid all this talk.

Next morning I went to one of our weavers' meetings. It took place in an underground dark room. I was dressed as a peasant, and was lost in the crowd of other sheepskins. My comrade, who was known to the workers, simply introduced me: "Borodin, a friend." "Tell us, Borodin," he said, "what you have seen abroad." And I spoke of the labor movement in Western Europe, its struggles, its difficulties, and its hopes.

The audience consisted mostly of middle-aged people. They were intensely interested. I never minimized the dangers of our agitation, and frankly said what I thought. "*We* shall probably be sent to Siberia, one of these days; and you — part of you — will be kept long months in prison for having listened to us." This gloomy prospect did not frighten them. "After all, there are men in Siberia, too, — not bears only; where men are living others can live." "The devil is not so terrible as they paint him." "If you are afraid of wolves, never go into the wood," they said as we parted. And when, afterward, several of them were arrested, they nearly all behaved bravely, sheltering us and betraying no one.

XV.

During the two years of which I am now speaking many arrests were made, both at St. Petersburg and in the provinces. Not a month passed that we did not lose somebody, or learn that members of this or that provincial group

had disappeared. Toward the end of 1873 the arrests became more and more frequent. In November one of our main settlements in a suburb of St. Petersburg was raided by the police. We lost Peróvskaya and three other friends, and all our relations with the workers in this suburb had to be suspended. We founded a new settlement, further away from the town, but it had soon to be abandoned. The police became very vigilant, and the appearance of a student in the workmen's quarters was noticed at once; spies circulated among the workers, who were watched closely. Dmitri Kelnitz, Serghéi, and I, in our sheepskins and with our peasant looks, passed unnoticed, and continued to visit the haunted ground. But Dmitri and Serghéi, whose names had acquired a wide notoriety in the workmen's quarters, were eagerly wanted by the police; and if they had been found during a nocturnal raid, they would have been arrested at once. Poor Dmitri had to hunt every day for a place where he could spend the night in relative safety.

Early in January, 1874, another settlement, our main stronghold for propaganda amongst the weavers, was lost. Some of our best propagandists disappeared behind the gates of the mysterious Third Section. Our circle became narrower, general meetings were increasingly difficult, and we made strenuous efforts to form new circles of young men who might continue our work when we should all be arrested. Tchaykovsky was in the south, and we forced Dmitri and Serghéi to leave St. Petersburg, — actually forced them, imperiously ordering them to leave. Only five or six of us remained to transact all the business of our circle. I intended, as soon as I should have delivered my report to the Geographical Society, to go to the south-west of Russia, and there to start a sort of land league, similar to the league which became so powerful in Ireland at the end of the seventies.

After two months of relative quiet, we learned in the middle of March that nearly all the circle of the engineers had been arrested, and with them a young man named Nizovkin, an ex-student, who unfortunately had their confidence, and, we were sure, would soon try to clear himself by telling all he knew about us. Besides Dmitri and Serghéi he knew Serdukóff, the founder of the circle, and myself, and he would certainly name us as soon as he was pressed with questions. A few days later, two weavers — most unreliable fellows, who had even embezzled some money from their comrades, and who knew me under the name of Borodin — were arrested. These two would surely set the police at once upon the track of Borodin, the would-be peasant who spoke at the weavers' meetings. Within a week's time all the members of our circle, excepting Serdukóff and me, were arrested.

There was nothing left us but to fly from St. Petersburg: this was exactly what we did not want to do. All our immense organization for printing pamphlets abroad and for smuggling them into Russia; all the network of circles, farms, and country settlements with which we were in correspondence in nearly forty (out of fifty) provinces of European Russia that had been slowly built up during the last two years; and finally, our workers' groups at St. Petersburg and our four different centres for propaganda amongst workers of the capital, — how could we abandon all these without having found men to maintain our relations and correspondence? Serdukóff and I decided to admit to our circle two new members, and to transfer the business to them. We met every evening in different parts of the town, and as we never kept any addresses or names in writing — only the smuggling addresses had been deposited, in cipher, in security — we had to teach our new members hundreds of names and addresses and a dozen ciphers, repeating

them over and over, until our friends had learned them by heart. Every evening we went over the whole map of Russia in this way, dwelling especially on its western frontier, which was studded with men and women engaged in receiving books from the smugglers. Then, always in disguise, we had to take the new members to our sympathizers in the town, and introduce them to those workers who had not yet been arrested.

The thing to be done in such a case was to disappear from one's apartments, and to reappear somewhere else under an assumed name. Serdukóff had abandoned his lodging, but, having no passport, he concealed himself in the houses of friends. I ought to have done the same, but a strange circumstance prevented me. I had just finished my report upon the glacial formations in Finland, and this report had to be read at a meeting of the Geographical Society. The invitations were already issued, but it happened that on the appointed day the two geological societies of St. Petersburg had a joint meeting, and they asked the Geographical Society to postpone the reading of my report for a week. It was known that I would present certain ideas about the extension of the ice cap as far as Middle Russia, and our geologists, with the exception of my friend and teacher, Friedrich Schmidt, considered this a too far-reaching speculation, and wanted to have it thoroughly discussed. For one week more, consequently, I could not go away.

Strangers prowled about my house and called upon me under all sorts of fantastical pretexts: one of them wanted to buy a forest on my Tambóv estate, which was situated in absolutely treeless prairies. I met in my street — the fashionable Morskáya — one of the two arrested weavers whom I have mentioned, and thus learned that my house was watched. Yet I had to act as if nothing extraordinary had happened, because I was to appear at the meeting of the Geographical Society the following Friday night.

The meeting came. The discussions were very animated, and one point, at least, was won. It was recognized that all old theories concerning the diluvial period in Russia were totally baseless, and that a new departure must be made in the investigation of the whole question. I had the satisfaction of hearing our leading geologist, Barbot-de-Marny, say, "Ice cap or not, we must acknowledge, gentlemen, that all we have hitherto said about the action of floating ice had no foundation whatever in actual exploration." And I was proposed at that meeting to be nominated president of the physical geography section, while I was asking myself whether I should not spend that very night in the Third Section.

It would have been best not to return at all to my apartment, but I was broken down with fatigue and went home. I looked through the heaps of my papers, destroyed everything that might be compromising for any one, packed all my things, and prepared to leave. I knew that my apartment was watched, but I hoped that the police would not pay me a visit before late in the night, and that at dusk I could slip out of the house without being noticed. Dusk came, and, as I was starting, one of the servant girls said to me, "You had better go by the service staircase." I understood what she meant, and ran quickly down the staircase and out of the house. One cab only stood at the gate; I jumped into it. The driver took me to the great Perspective of Névsky. There was no pursuit at first, and I thought myself safe; but presently I noticed another cab running full speed after us; our horse was delayed somehow, and the other cab passed ours.

To my astonishment, I saw in it one of the two arrested weavers, accompanied by some one else. He waved his hand as if he had something to tell me. I told my cabman to stop. "Perhaps,"

gift-aght, "he has been released fro.? hest, and has an important communication to make to me." But as soon as we stopped, the man who was with the weaver — he was a detective — shouted loudly, "Mr. Borodin, Prince Kropotkin, I arrest you!" He made a signal to the policemen, of whom there are many along the main thoroughfare of St. Petersburg, and at the same time jumped into my cab and showed me a paper which bore the stamp of the St. Petersburg police. "I have an order to take you before the governor-general for explanation," he said. Resistance was impossible, — a couple of policemen were already close by, — and I told my cabman to turn round and drive to the governor-general's house. The weaver remained in his cab and followed us.

It was now evident that the police had hesitated for ten days to arrest me, because they were not sure that Borodin and I were the same person. My response to the weaver's call had settled their doubts.

It so happened that just as I was leaving my house a young man came from Moscow, bringing me a letter from Serghéi, and another from Dmitri addressed to a friend, Polakóff. The former announced the establishment of a secret printing office at Moscow, and was full of cheerful news concerning the activity in that city. I read it and destroyed it. As the second letter contained nothing but innocent friendly chat, I took it with me. Now that I was arrested I thought it would be better to destroy it, and, asking the detective to show me his paper again, I took advantage of the time that he was fumbling in his pocket to drop the letter on the pavement without his noticing it. However, as we reached the governor-general's house the weaver handed it to the detective, saying, "I saw the gentleman drop this letter on the pavement, so I picked it up."

Now came tedious hours of waiting for the representative of the judicial authorities, the procureur or public prosecutor. This functionary plays the part of a straw man, who is paraded by the state police during their searches: he gives an aspect of legality to their proceedings. It was many hours before that gentleman was found and brought to perform his functions as a sham representative of Justice. I was taken back to my house, and a most thorough search of all my papers was made: this lasted till three in the morning, but did not reveal a scrap of paper that could tell against me or any one else.

From my house I was taken to the Third Section, that omnipotent institution which has ruled in Russia from the beginning of the reign of Nicholas I. down to the present time, — a true "state in the state." It began under Peter I. in the Secret Department, where the adversaries of the founder of the Russian military empire were subject to the most abominable tortures, under which they expired; it was continued in the Secret Chancelry during the reigns of the Empresses, when the Torture Chamber of the powerful Minich inspired all Russia with terror; and it received its present organization from the iron despot, Nicholas I., who attached to it the corps of gendarmes, — the chief of the gendarmes becoming a person far more dreaded in the Russian Empire than the Emperor himself.

In every province of Russia, in every populous town, nay, at every railway station, there are gendarmes who report directly to their own generals or colonels, who in turn correspond with the chief of the gendarmes; and the latter, seeing the Emperor every day, reports to him what he finds necessary to report. All functionaries of the empire are under gendarme supervision; it is the duty of the generals and colonels to keep an eye upon the public and private life of every subject of the Tsar, — even upon the governors of the provinces, the minis-

ters, and the grand dukes. The Emperor himself is under their close watch, and as they are well informed of the petty chronicle of the palace, and know every step that the Emperor takes outside his palace, the chief of the gendarmes becomes, so to say, a confidant of the most intimate affairs of the rulers of Russia.

Under Alexander II. the Third Section was absolutely all-powerful. The gendarme colonels made searches by the thousand without troubling themselves in the least about the existence of laws and law courts in Russia. They arrested whom they liked, kept people imprisoned as long as they pleased, and transported hundreds to Northeast Russia or Siberia according to the fancy of general or colonel; the signature of the minister of the interior being a mere formality, because he had no control over them and no knowledge of their doings.

It was four o'clock in the morning when my examination began. "You are accused," I was solemnly told, "of having belonged to a secret society which has for its object the overthrow of the existing form of government, and of conspiracy against the sacred person of his Imperial Majesty. Are you guilty of this crime?"

"Till I am brought before a court where I can speak publicly, I will give you no replies whatever."

"Write," the procureur dictated to a scribe: "'Does not acknowledge himself guilty.' Still," he continued, after a pause, "I must ask you certain questions. Do you know a person of the name of Nikolai Tchaykovsky?"

"If you persist in your questions, then write 'No' to any question whatsoever that you are pleased to ask me."

"But if we ask you whether you know, for instance, Mr. Polakóff, whom you spoke about awhile ago?"

"The moment *you* ask me such a question, don't hesitate: write 'No.' And if you ask me whether I know my brother, or my sister, or my stepmother, write 'No.' You will not receive from me another reply: because if I answered 'Yes' with regard to any person, you would at once plan some evil against him, making a raid or something worse, and saying next that I named him."

A long list of questions was read, to which I patiently replied each time, "Write 'No.'" That lasted for an hour, during which I learned that all who had been arrested, with the exception of the two weavers, had behaved very well. The weavers knew only that I had twice met a dozen workers, and the gendarmes knew nothing about our circle.

"What are you doing, prince?" a gendarme officer said, as he took me to my cell. "Your refusal to answer questions will be made a terrible weapon against you."

"It is my right, is it not?"

"Yes, but — you know. . . . I hope you will find this room comfortable. It has been kept warm since your arrest."

I found it quite comfortable, and fell sound asleep. I was waked the next morning by a gendarme, who brought me the morning tea. He was soon followed by somebody else, who whispered to me in the most unconcerned way, "Here 's a scrap of paper and a pencil: write your letter." It was a sympathizer, whom I knew by name; he used to transmit our correspondence with the prisoners of the Third Section.

From all sides I heard knocks on the walls, following in rapid succession. It was the prisoners communicating with one another by means of light taps; but, being a newcomer, I could make nothing out of the noise, which seemed to come from all parts of the building at once.

One thing worried me. During the search in my house, I overheard the procureur whispering to the gendarme officer about going to make a search at the apartment of my friend Polakóff, to whom the letter of Dmitri was addressed. Polakóff was a young student, a very

gifted zoölogist and botanist, with whom I had made my Vítim expedition in Siberia. He was born of a poor Cossack family on the frontier of Mongolia, and, after having surmounted all sorts of difficulties, he had come to St. Petersburg, entered the university, where he had won the reputation of a most promising zoologist, and was then passing his final examinations. We had been great friends since our long journey, and had even lived together for a time at St. Petersburg, but he took no interest in my political activity.

I spoke of him to the procureur. "I give you my word of honor," I said, "that Polakóff has never taken part in any political affair. To-morrow he has to pass an examination, and you will spoil forever the scientific career of a young man who has gone through great hardships, and has struggled for years against all sorts of obstacles, to attain his present position. I know that you do not much care for it, but he is looked upon at the university as one of the future glories of Russian science."

The search was made, nevertheless, but a respite of three days was given for the examinations. A little later I was called before the procureur, who triumphantly showed me an envelope addressed in my handwriting, and in it a note, also in my handwriting, which said, "Please take this packet to V. E., and ask that it be kept until demand in due form is made." The person to whom the note was addressed was not mentioned in the note. "This letter," the procureur said, "was found at Mr. Polakóff's; and now, prince, his fate is in your hands. If you tell me who V. E. is, Mr. Polakóff will be released; but if you refuse to do so, he will be kept as long as he does not make up his mind to give us the name of that person."

Looking at the envelope, which was addressed in black chalk, and the letter, which was written in common lead pencil, I immediately remembered the circumstances under which the two had been written; they had nothing in common, and belonged to two quite different periods. "I am positive," I exclaimed at once, "that the note and the envelope were not found together! It is *you* who have put the letter in the envelope."

The procureur blushed. "Would you have me believe," I continued, "that you, a practical man, did not notice that the two are written in quite different pencils? And now you are trying to make people think that the two belong to each other! Well, sir, then I tell you that the letter was not to Polakóff."

He hesitated for some time, but then, regaining his audacity, he said, "Polakóff has admitted that this letter of yours was written to him."

Now I knew he was lying. Polakóff would have admitted everything concerning himself; but he would have preferred to be marched to Siberia rather than to involve another person. So, looking straight in the face of the procureur, I replied, "No, sir, he has *never* said that, and you know perfectly well that your words are not true."

He became furious, or pretended to be so. "Well, then," he said, "if you wait here a moment, I will bring you Polakóff's written statement to that effect. He is in the next room under examination."

Of course there was no such statement. I met Polakóff in 1878 at Geneva, whence we made a delightful excursion to the Aletsch glacier. I need not say that his answers were what I expected them to be: he denied having any knowledge of the letter, and did not know who V. E. was. Scores of books used to be taken from me to him, and back to me, and the letter was found in a book, while the envelope was discovered in the pocket of an old coat. He was kept several weeks under arrest, and then released, owing to the intervention of his scientific friends. V. E. was not molested, and delivered my papers in due time.

I was not taken back to my cell, but half an hour later the procureur came in, accompanied by a gendarme officer. "Our examination," he announced to me, "is now terminated; you will be removed to another place."

A four-wheeled cab stood at the gate. I was asked to enter it, and a stout gendarme officer, of Caucasian origin, sat by my side. I spoke to him, but he only snored. The cab crossed the Chain Bridge, then passed the parade grounds and ran along the canals, as if avoiding the more frequented thoroughfares. "Are we going to the Litóvsky prison?" I asked the officer, as I knew that many of my comrades were already there. He made no reply. The system of absolute silence which was maintained toward me for the next two years began in this four-wheeled cab; but when we went rolling over the Palace Bridge I understood that I was going to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

I admired the beautiful river, knowing that I should not soon see it again. The sun was going down. Thick gray clouds were hanging in the west above the Gulf of Finland, while light clouds floated over my head, showing here and there patches of blue sky. Then the carriage turned to the left and entered a dark arched passage, the gate of the fortress.

"Now I shall have to remain here for a couple of years," I remarked to the officer.

"No, why so long?" was his reply. "Your affair is almost terminated, and may be brought into court in a fortnight."

"My affair," I replied, "is very simple; but before bringing me to a court you will try to arrest all the socialists in Russia, and they are many; in two years you will not have done." But I did not then realize how prophetic my remark was.

The carriage stopped at the door of the military commander of the fortress, and we entered his reception hall. General Korsákoff, a thin old man, came in, with a peevish expression on his face. The officer spoke to him in a subdued voice, and the old man answered, "All right," looked at him with a sort of scorn, and then turned his eyes toward me. It was evident that he was not at all pleased to receive a new inmate, and that he felt ashamed of his rôle; but he seemed to add, "I am a soldier, and only do my duty." Presently we got into the carriage again, but soon stopped before another gate, where we were kept a long time until a detachment of soldiers opened it from the inside. Proceeding on foot through narrow passages, we came to a third iron gate, opening into a dark arched passage, from which we entered a small room where darkness and dampness prevailed.

Several non-commissioned officers of the fortress troops moved noiselessly about in their soft felt boots, without speaking a word, while the governor signed the officer's book acknowledging the reception of a new prisoner. I was required to take off all my clothes, and to put on the prison dress, — a green flannel dressing gown, immense woolen stockings of an incredible thickness, and boat-shaped yellow slippers, so big that I could hardly keep them on my feet when I tried to walk. I always hated dressing gowns and slippers, and the thick stockings inspired me with disgust. I had to take off even a silk undergarment, which in the damp fortress it would have been especially desirable to retain, but that could not be allowed. Of course I began to protest and to make a noise about this, and after an hour or so it was restored to me by order of General Korsákoff.

Then I was taken through a dark passage, where I saw armed sentries walking about, and was put into a cell. A heavy oak door was shut behind me, a key turned in the lock, and I was alone in a half-dark room.

P. Kropotkin.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

My Babes in the Wood.

During an experience of seventeen years as supervisor of rural schools in one of the most favored counties in the South, it has been my habit, several times a year, to travel twenty or thirty miles a day, often for five days of the week, visiting schools.

I have frequently driven for hours along dreary stretches of sandy road, with scrub oaks on both sides, here and there a pine grove, an abandoned field, or sometimes a freshly ploughed one; and when I have reached the schoolhouse, hidden away in a thicket, and seen thirty or forty children, I have wondered where they came from. No house appears in sight, and to one's question the teacher answers, "Oh, they come from all about here, from two to three miles."

The one-room schoolhouse, which is the rule here, is generally about twenty by thirty feet, with six windows, two doors, no piazza, and no cloakroom. Sometimes it is painted, — white, with green blinds, the inevitable combination in our rural districts. A flue in the centre of the room makes an outlet for the stovepipe, and the stove is always a box stove for wood, holding half a dozen sticks, usually of the rich resinous pine so abundant in the Southern woods. There is never any lack of fuel in our schools, for all that is needed is to organize the large boys into a wood brigade, and a few minutes' foraging in the neighborhood provides without cost an abundant supply for the day. The teacher hears from twenty to thirty recitations a day in all grades, from the A B C department to an occasional class in Latin, grammar, and algebra. He begins at half past eight in the morning, giving an hour known as "noon recess," and dismisses the school for the day at four, or even later, in time for the children to walk home before dark.

Such conditions give rise to many amusing and pathetic scenes. I recall a visit I made over fifteen years ago to as poor an apology for a schoolhouse as existed anywhere, — twenty-five miles from town, in the very backwoods. I rode up, tied my horse to a tree, and went into the cabin that served for a school. There was neither window sash nor glass, only shutters to keep out the light and let in the cold; there were no desks nor seats, only long benches made of slabs of pine fastened to supports, with pegs driven into holes at each end; no stove, only a large open fireplace with a log of fat lightwood smouldering in a heap of ashes. On the benches sat twenty or thirty pale-faced, thinly-clad, trembling children. The teacher, a very tall, lanky, yellow-haired man, sat in a low chair, and when he rose to greet me he went up like an extension ladder. He gave me a unique and very interesting exhibition exercise in reading that serves to illustrate what might be going on in the rural schools. He called up his pupils, and they stood in line, forming a scale from a lanky six-footer to a tiny six-year-old. The reading book was the New Testament, — old and dingy copies from the American Bible Society. The class opened at a certain page, and on a given signal started in concert, every pupil reading as fast as he could and as loud as he could. The one first reaching the bottom of the page held up his hand and won a small card; when five cards had been thus won the exercise ended. The reading sounded like bedlam, but it was great fun, and why inquire of its value? Besides, it was instructive in the matter of methods. After several other exercises of a similar sort, intended to enliven the hour and instruct the visitor, nothing would do but that I must make a speech to the school. When

I concluded my short exhortation I was followed to the buggy by the teacher, who commented on my visit by saying: "I am glad you came out to see the school to-day. You saw us in our every-day clothes. Your speech was good, and was just what I tell them every day. A variety is always good, however: we ought not to eat cake every day, but sometimes corn bread comes in mighty well." After this pleasant compliment I departed in a meditative mood.

I recall a similar visit, on which I came near losing my dignity while making a speech to a country school. It was early springtime, and the children, about twenty in number, had come in after recess hot and panting from their play. To my surprise, every now and then during my talk I saw a pupil reach under the bench, draw out a big whiskey bottle, and take a long pull. This kept going on all over the room, and sometimes more than one bottle was held up in the air to the undisguised satisfaction of the drinkers. I was much amused, on turning round to ask the teacher what this meant, to catch her in the act of taking a drink out of a bottle bigger and blacker than any of the others. I stopped, and said, "What are you all drinking so industriously?" The teacher answered, "Water." "Well, why drink it that way?" I inquired. The teacher replied, "We have no well here, and no spring inside of a mile; so everybody brings a bottle of water from home in the morning, and whiskey bottles are the biggest we can get."

Some time ago we proposed to consolidate the schools in one of our rural districts. We ordered seven small schools to be closed, hired three wagons to move along the highways and take the children to school, enlarged one of the buildings to accommodate a hundred children, and had a fine programme laid out. It should have been successful, but it came to grief, because every man wanted to do the "hauling." After the contract was given out, one man said he was not going to trust his children behind "them old runaway mules;" another complained of the driver, who was accused of taking a nip on a cold day; and a third objected to the wagon. The result was that everybody refused to be hauled, and the wagons went back and forth almost empty for a month. The men who had the contract for a dollar a day to drive the wagons hauled nobody but their own children. They were content, but they alone. A petition with many signatures came up before the Board of Education, and the committee which was appointed to go over the whole matter declared consolidation was a good thing, but that it did not work. So the wagons were dismissed, the little schools were reopened, and the district is now drifting along sleepily, with its seven separate groups of twenty to twenty-five children, scattered about five miles apart. The plan may have been badly managed, but I feel sure it was in advance of the times. Our people had not grown up to it.

One of the delightful traditions of the country school is the closing exercises, or "commencement" as it is called. This is one of the demands made upon the schools by the rural population that cannot be refused. The terrible monotony of country life seeks this dissipation, and the community for ten miles around gives itself up to it. Preparations are made a month in advance, and when the time comes every child in school appears several times on the programme, and the exercises last all night.

Upon one occasion I was asked to "come out to the closing" of one of the best country schools I know of, twenty-five miles from town. The last five miles I went in a buggy that was sent to meet me. After an early supper at a neighbor's, I walked to the schoolhouse near by, and found that the schoolroom itself was to be used as a dressing room, the piazza had been enlarged for

a stage, and the audience was seated in the open air, on rough boards laid across felled trees in front of the school. Blazing pine fires on stands served for light. An audience of several hundred had arrived from many miles around, driving in all sorts of vehicles, that gradually closed in on the area devoted to the exercises, until it was almost impossible to get through the packed mass of horses, mules, buggies, and wagons. There were dogs and babies in abundance. The night was as soft as a June night in the South can be. The stars were bright above, and the pine forest made a deep black curtain behind the blazing red fires that lit the grounds. The stage, bright with lamps and Japanese lanterns, and decorated with pine boughs and bamboo vines, fitted its setting admirably. The effect of night and space was heightened, as the exercises went on, by an occasional wail from an uncomfortable baby, a fight among the numerous dogs, or a kicking fit of a suspicious mule.

There were forty numbers on the programme, and the exercises began promptly at nine o'clock. The children did their part well, the speeches were good, the songs were sweet, and the drills were interesting. The teacher had paid for nearly all the costumes, selected all the pieces, drilled the children, and staked her reputation on the success of the performance. It is pleasant to be able to say that the occasion was a memorable one, and the exhausted young teacher had reason to be proud of her triumph. The hours of the night wore slowly on. I was the guest of honor, and could not move out of my conspicuous position, so with patient impartiality I laughed at everything and applauded everybody for five laborious hours. The programme came to an end at half past two by my watch. As the crowd was dispersing, I asked one of the young men who had come in wagons with their best girls, how far he expected to drive. "Ten miles," he answered, and added, "Then get breakfast and go to ploughing."

Cyrano Speaks.

I, Cyrano de Bergerac,
Can have nor sleep nor peace, alack!
In my poor semblance now they rage,
And fiercely strut upon the stage.
The actors are a worthy crew, —
Coquelin and Irving, Mansfield too.
I bid them all go hang and pack, —
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

I, Cyrano de Bergerac,
The mimic world upon my track,
Ah, rare Roxane, before all men,
We are impaled on Rostand's pen.
Once every tumult filled my breast,
And now they will not let me rest,
But I am dragged, unwilling, back, —
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

British Novelists on Show.

We should like to know if the British novelist has not at last worn out his welcome as a public reader in the United States. Not his welcome as a visitor and a friend, — that is quite another matter. Public readings themselves were of interest many years ago. The winter lecture course was invaluable to many towns, when books were less accessible than they are now. But in addition to the loss of minds adapted to the peculiar requirements of the old reading desk, the audiences also have changed. Instead of giving the reader an environment of thoughtful attention, they envelop him in a sudden breeze of vapid curiosity. "Is that the great man who wrote What's its Name? Well! he is not much to look at, is he?" And away they go, looking for another victim. One might suspect that even the British novelist, thrice armed as he sometimes is in the complete steel of his self-conceit, would see unpleasant weapons of offense in the eyes of an assemblage which may figuratively be said to have left its ears

at home. The world has a quaint suspicion that a waning literary reputation furnishes the motive of these advertising pilgrimages. It suspects that the original message which the author had for his readers has already been written out and delivered, and it begins to look now in every new work from his pen for the same round of characters with which it is familiar, and for a moral which was hoary with antiquity ere novelists began to be. He must feel the injustice which treats him as if he were a specimen astray from some museum. To be the plaything instead of the master of fashion is fatal. The only recourse is to evade the fashion. What shall we suppose would have happened to Sir Walter, if he had resorted to public readings when he found that Byron was supplanting him as a romancer in rhyme? He never would have been the Wizard of the North, even with all his later achievement.

The outcome of the kind of exhibition to which Americans have been treated of late cannot fail to be unpleasant. It was tried long ago in a case that is conclusive. The Greekling, the small-minded man of letters, who hastened from the East to lecture his rude Western contemporaries, created a contempt in the obtuse Roman mind for everything Greek that was never to be effaced. Yet, in spite of this supply of genius ready at their doors, the Romans who really wished to learn found themselves obliged to go to Athens. The men who preserved the literary traditions of Greece waited to be sought. Things will hardly come to such a pass again. The younger civilization of the United States will not be forced to judge the older culture across the ocean by heralds neither called nor sent. The great men of Europe will be found as of old in their own places. As a figure in history, the Greekling remains positive evidence of the irreparable injury which can be done to a wise and thoughtful nation by men ready to take advantage of an instrumentality, in the form of rhetorical schools or public platforms, that was meant for instruction. The great Roman writers attest the influence of another class of Greeks. These let their writings speak for them; and of all Romans, the one who knew them best was he who never saw anything of them but their books until his own fame was made beyond the unmaking power of all time.

It is an open question, among English men of letters who have influenced American life in the last half century, which class was the more powerful, — that which never visited America, or that which came often and stayed late. It is doubtful if Dickens and Thackeray, in the second class, balance the weight of De Quincey, Carlyle, Tennyson, Jowett, Browning, Gladstone, and their like. Of course, it would be absurd to say that Americans are not glad to see Englishmen as guests and travelers. But the business of exhibition and instruction is overdone. Lecturing people who are lectured, without alien aid, to the full measure of endurance, and telling stories to people who need restraint rather than example in such practices, are things that lack even the saving merit claimed by St. Paul for his sermons, to wit, foolishness.

One of these days, John Bull, who is older than Methuselah was at the time of his decease, and Uncle Sam, whose age is near that of Enoch when he became too good for this world and had to be translated, — novelists good enough to translate are getting very rare, — will get their heads together and will say: "Young friends, we have seen the fable of the fly and the coach enacted so often, in the course of our long lives, that we are tired of it. Stop where you are, and let the coach go. It will go, never fear." Perhaps, after the young friends have stayed at home long enough to do a little thinking, we shall have a book from one side of the water or the other worth reading through, or even reading a second time.

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